From: Snapshot-Content-Location: https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/176ob4/reddit_regardless_of_your_opinion_of_the_occult/?utm_source=reddit&utm_medium=usertext&utm_name=Thetruthishere&utm_content=t3_1ufm7a Subject: Reddit, regardless of your opinion of the occult or supernatural, what is the most downright creepy or unexplainable thing that you've ever experienced? : r/AskReddit Date: Wed, 15 Apr 2026 21:12:36 -0230 MIME-Version: 1.0 Content-Type: multipart/related; type="text/html"; boundary="----MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEoey----" ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEoey---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/176ob4/reddit_regardless_of_your_opinion_of_the_occult/?utm_source=reddit&utm_medium=usertext&utm_name=Thetruthishere&utm_content=t3_1ufm7a Skip to main content Reddit, regardless of your opinion of the occult or supernatural, what is the most downright creepy or unexplainable thing that you've ever experienced? : r/AskReddit

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r/AskReddit

13y ago

[deleted]

···

Reddit, regardless of your opinion of the occult or supernatural, what is the most downright creepy or unexplainable thing that you've ever experienced?

I know these sort of threads turn up fairly often, but there's always new and genuinely interesting responses to them. So I'll start. Make me unable to fall asleep tonight Reddit.

Edit: A lot of hate for starting this thread and getting to front page for some reason? Whatever. I was just interested in hearing some weird shit.

Archived post. New comments cannot be posted and votes cannot be cast.

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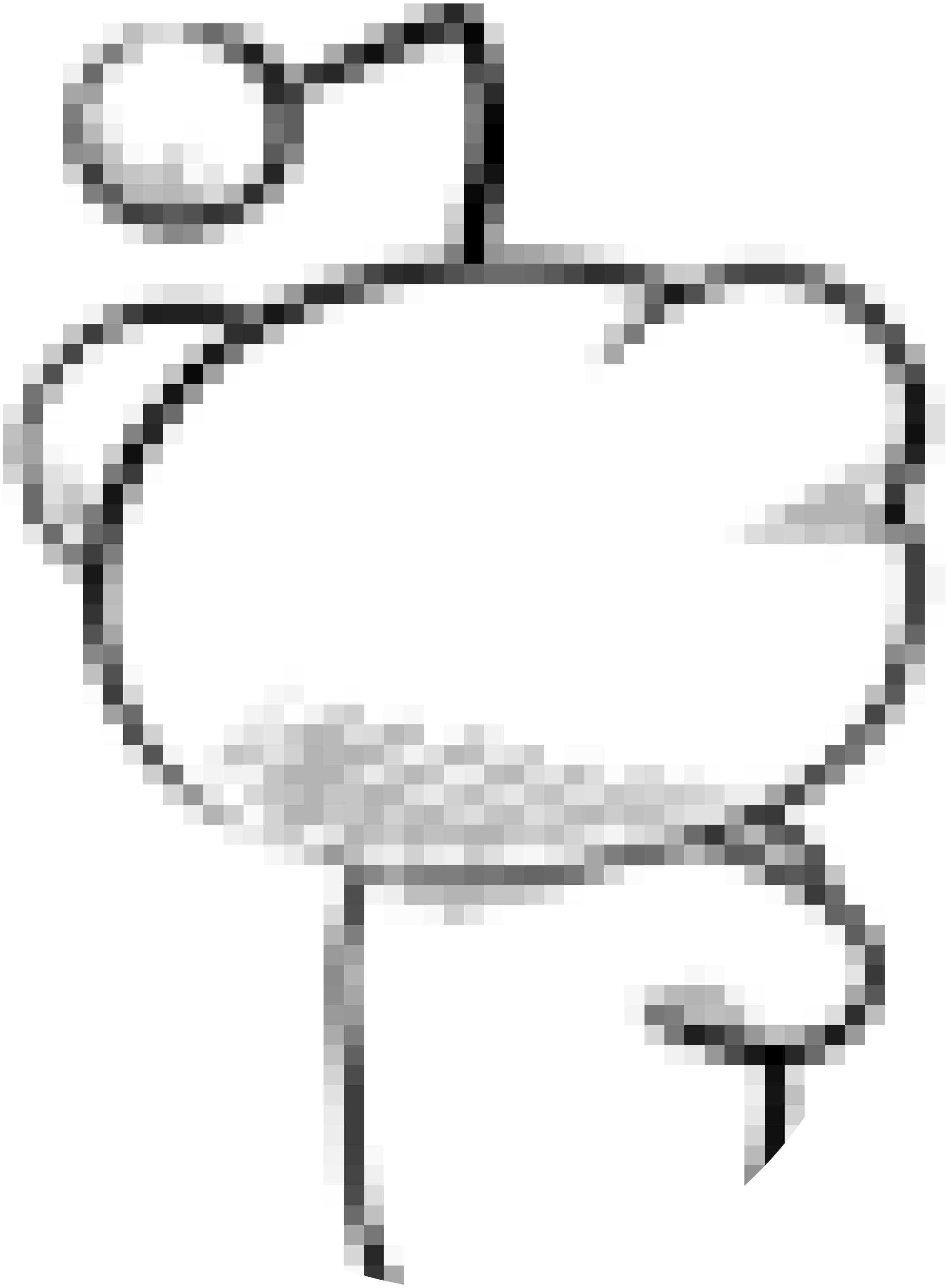

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I live in the north of Switzerland. We have a lot of old military bunkers from the Second World War. When I was 7 or 8 years old, three friends of mine and I went out to explore one of these bunkers who was built on a hill inside a small forest. The main door was jammed, so we had to break it up. We found a big log nearby and used it as a battering ram. After many tries the door wonâ€™t budge. But there was a peephole. It was about 10 cm (4 inch) in diameter. We opened it and illuminated the dark inside. There was a long, ruined and dark hallway with rooms on the left and right side. We couldnâ€™t see the end of the hallway. It was just too long. Every one of us wanted to catch a glimpse of the inside, when one of my friends says: â€œThere is a small light at the end of the hallwayâ€. This light was not there when I watched trough the peephole. So I pushed him away and took a second look. What I saw gave me a shiver. There was not a small light, it looked more like a flashlight pointed directly towards me and behind it was a silhouette of a person. I walked a few steps back and said: â€œThere is someone in there!â€ At the same moment someone (or something) knocked on the door from the inside of the bunker. This was the moment we got into panic, start screaming and run away. I was so scared I run straight home and locked the door. On the next day in school, my friends and I talked about the event. We came to the explanation that probably some older Kids have played a prank on us. One week later we went to the same bunker again. But as we saw, the welded connection, that should keep the door locked, where rusty and not broken, we just left without saying a word to each other. It was impossible someone opened this door before us, and this was the only entrance. I still life in the same region. But since then I have never visited the bunker again.

TL:DR You can find scary things in a Second World War Bunker.

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bodycounters

â€¢ 13y ago

Years ago I fell asleep on my mother's living room sofa. She was already in bed but my brother was out somewhere. Some time in the middle of the night I woke up to see someone standing over me and covering me with a blanket. It looked like a man wearing a bandana. I assumed it was my brother but thought it was strange for him to be wearing that. The next morning I asked him about it and he said he didn't even come into the living room when he came home and it wasn't him who covered me up. My mother also denied doing it and no one else was in the house that night.

I didn't really find that creepy until a while later when one of my aunts stayed at my mom's house and reported the exact same thing happened to her. Apparently there was a ghost in that house that wanted to make sure people were tucked in when they fell asleep on the sofa. Could be worse!

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Tucker48
â€¢ 13y ago

My mother in law was a very funny and cool woman. She and my wife were really close and sadly, she passed away when our son was about 4 months old. Flash forward a few years. We live in an old 1930s era craftsman house in Pasadena, CA. Our son is about 3.

I was giving him a bath one night and he starts looking over my shoulder, not at random stuff, but at something. A moment passes and he asks me why Grandma calls Mommy a funny name. Long pause. I asked him what he meant thinking he was talking about MY mom. He then says why does Grandma call Mommy ****** (My mother in laws nickname for my wife). I was really set back by this. My wife and I never used the nickname, it was just what her mom called her since she was a baby. I asked him where he heard that. His reply:

"The Farmer told me"

I asked him who the farmer was and he replied "his friend" I tell my wife this story later and shes of course reduced to tears over the whole nickname thing. We both know there is no way for him to know this and we just kinda marvel at it.

Flash forward to the next weekend and my son is playing in his room. My wife is at work (retail) and I'm home (I worked M-F).

I hear him start talking like he's having a conversation. He's saying things like "yes" "no" "I dont know that" then some laughing. I go into his room and ask him what hes doing and he says playing. I ask with who. He says The Farmer.

At this point I'm already thinking about the fucking Exorcist movie and Captain Howdy. It's a little unsettling. I ask him where the Farmer is. He says he left when I came in.

THE FUCK. So my wife gets home and I tell her this and now shes just as weirded out as I am. We have no idea what do and figure if it happens again we'll do something.

A few days later in the middle of the night we both over hear our son saying the following: "Grandma says you and I can't be friends anymore"

Wife and I go check on him, both of us a little freaked. He's just sitting up in bed. I ask if he's ok and he says yea, Grandma says i cant play with the Farmer anymore.

He never once mentioned the Farmer again. Not ever. He's 13 now and doesnt remember any of it. We do tho.

TL;DR My deceased mother in law prevented a full on Exorcist like thing in our home.

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ReDdiT_JuNkBoT
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Was at a friends house when I passed out on the couch. Woke up a bit later and realized it was time for me to go. Got up and noticed my buddies light on in his room but the door was shut. Walked by the door and told him I was leaving because I had to work in the am. He said "YUP, SEE YA!" Went to fridge to grab my drink. Walked back by his room and said "later dude". He said "YUP". Something didn't seem legit, didn't sound quite like him so I opened the door..... No one there.... No one in the house. Went outside and his truck was gone. I freaked the fuck out. Called his cell an he had left to go to McDonald's 15 minutes prior. I bolted outside and waited for him to get home. He told me the kid that use to live there years ago hung himself In the attic an ever since he lived there he has notice strange things and voices. This was confirmed by the neighbor... The kids older brother! After that just about anyone who goes over there has a weird experience. My buddy has delt with it for years. When it gets weird. He yells out loud "LEAVE ME ALONE" and he says the weird vibes stop for a bit. But they always come back.

EDIT; so it seems a few people are interested in hearing this and the rest of the stories from this house. If you guys let me know and tell me you want to hear the rest ill create a new post and link to this post with the stories I have witnessed or been told from this house. Where should I post it ? What sub?

EDIT 2; ok I'm going to post the stories in r/paranormal. I'm trying to figure out how to make a link from here to there!? Halp me someone. I'm on alien blue

EDIT 3; OK HERE IS THE POST I MADE IN PARANORMAL ABOUT THIS HOUSE. PLEASE TAKE A BIT TO READ.

(http://www.reddit.com/r/Paranormal/comments/178pb7/strange_happenings_at_a_friends_house_details/)

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admiraljohn
â€¢ 13y ago

I have two stories:

When my son was about six months old I had a dream that I was at my grandparent's house with him. My grandfather was holding my son and crying while I talked to my grandmother... I told her that I wished her and my grandfather were still alive to see my son and she said "Don't worry, we see him."

I didn't think anything else of it until about five years later I was talking to my sister and I mentioned that I'd had a dream about our grandparents. She said "Was Papa Joe (what we called our grandfather) holding your son while he rocked in his chair, and did Grandma tell you they were watching you?" I said yes and asked how she knew and she said "I had the same dream when my son was six months old."

And more recently... my son (he was 20 at the time) was driving home from work late one night. As he drove he said he very clearly heard my mother (who had been dead for two years) say "Johnathan, stop the car." Out of reflex he did, and as soon as he stopped three dear ran out in front of him. Had he not stopped the car he'd have hit them.

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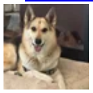

BoozingCactus

â€¢ 13y ago

Pretty late to the party, but I've always wanted to recount this story.

When I was in high school, a group of friends and I did an archeological dig of a Roman fort in Southsheilds, UK. I had never been out of the US, so we took the train up to Edinburgh for some sightseeing. We really enjoyed ourselves, until the evening when we went out for drinks. As we were walking back to our hotel, a group of two women, and one man approached our group. For whatever reason, I was overcome with anxiety. As they got closer I saw that they were three of the most beautiful and arrogant looking people I'd ever seen. Bright blue eyes, perfect hair, perfectly fitted, all black clothing. Everyone is my group noticed, they seemed (for lack of a better term) 'powerful'.

What happened next blew my mind, they came up to us, and inquired as to what we were doing, etc. we sort of half-lied, and stood there awkwardly. Someone mentioned that we were heading to London the following day. One of the women looked at us and said that we must avoid the tube and buses, and that it would be best to get out of the country ASAP.

By that point we were all extremely creeped out, but made it to our hotel, the following morning we took an early flight back to London, and took a cab to our hotel. That was the day of the London tube bombings.

Six years later I'm visiting my girlfriend who was getting her MS at the university of Edinburgh, we're at some pub, and I see the woman and man who talked to me half a decade ago, she approached me and said that I was right to have taken her advice (I look completely different now)

It was he single most spine-chilling event of my life, and I don't think I'll ever forget it.

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x988766

â€¢ 13y ago

Just as an FYI, if any of you folks are renters out there living in one of these demon houses / apartments who is moving out, do us a favor and just like, leave a symbol of a reddit-alien holding a pitchfork so we know it's a demon house.

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toothpasteponies

â€¢ 13y ago

Once I woke up to a drip on my eye, I wiped it away and discovered it was a cold drop of blood.... I still have no idea how it got there since my roof was fine.. freaked me out a little

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danish-one

â€¢ 13y ago

My mom had a seizure in her sleep (she was epileptic), got wrapped up in her blankets, and suffocated herself. Paramedics were able to get her breathing again, and loaded her into an ambulance. This was very early in the morning, like 4:30 am.

I was tasked with calling family to tell them my mother was in the hospital. The first and most important phone call I had to make was to my grandmother, her mother. Before I had a chance to grab the phone and call, the phone rang. It was my grandmother calling. This would have been about 5:30 in the morning, but about 2:30 in the morning in her time zone. She wanted to tell us that she'd seen my mother bathed in golden light, and claimed they'd talked and that she was dead, but headed to a better place now.

At this point I didn't know my mother was going to die. My father was at the hospital with her, and didn't know she was going to die yet. The doctors didn't know she was brain dead yet. But somehow my grandmother knew and contacted me.

Incredibly spooky.

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Hoodooz39
â€¢ 13y ago

There was this lady (we'll call her Annie) that was a friend of my mom's and I lived with her for a few months after college.

I worked 2nd shift, so I was up late watching TV after everyone else was in bed. Annie comes walking into the living room, half asleep. I say, "What's going on, Annie?" and she says, "My grandmother just called."

I'm like, "Nooooo, no one has called."

She insists that she just talked to her grandmother and that her grandmother called to tell her goodbye and now she wants to call her family to check on her.

"Nonsense," I say. "It was just a dream. Don't bother your family in the middle of the night. Go back to bed and call them in the morning." And she goes back to bed.

About an hour later, I'm just getting into bed when the phone rings. No, shit. And it's her family calling to tell her that her grandmother died about an hour ago.

The grandmother was old, but not sick or on death's bed or anything. Annie did not remember any of this the next day and we never spoke of it. I thought about this for years and struggled with labeling it a ghost story or just an eerie coincidence. My skeptical and logical tendencies decided to label it a coincidence. The only times I have re-told this story have been to people who do not know Annie in situations where everyone is telling their "ghost-stories."

THEN

About a decade later, Annie died unexpectedly. I went to her funeral and her brother delivered a eulogy. In it, he tells this story.

When Annie was about 4, her great-grandmother died. All the family was gathered in the house and someone noticed that little Annie had disappeared. After a brief search, they found her in a bedroom, rolling on the floor laughing.

"What on earth are you laughing about, Annie?" and little Annie replies, "Great-grandma was tickling me. She came to tell me goodbye."

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I moved into my current home around 3 years ago. There's no real "creepyness" to this story, but it's very much unexplained.

We live about 100 yards from the local church which has a bell tower. Every year in winter (happening currently) the church bells chime for 6pm. 6 Single chimes.

There is a smell which takes over my home for around 30 seconds. I can't describe this smell. It's a mixture of sweet & sour, dark & cold, wet & dry. It's just not a smell I can put my finger on.

I mentioned winter because the only pattern I can see is that this only occurs when it's dark at 6pm (Only really in winter).

My girlfriend and I have lived here a fair while and are very much used to this, as is the dog now.

We did a lot of research on the house but couldn't find anything of interest. We spoke to our land lord who said he'd never noticed anything, although he's never actually lived in the house. We let it drop when we couldn't find anything out. It became part of daily routine.

About 4 months ago now, our neighbour unfortunately passed away, he was a quiet man who never really spoke other than to be polite. Good morning, how are you etc etc.

His daughter was clearing his house a little while after and I got chatting to her when she explained that the past tenant in MY house was a widower, the same as her father. He lived away with his son in the summer but would spend winters at home. Everyday at 6pm, when the church bell rang, the two of them would cook dinner together. Apparently they were a bit crazy with there recipes and ended up making all sorts of concoctions. Apparently you could smell them cooking up the street.

TL:DR Last (passed) tenant of my house and (passed) neighbour are haunting me with there shitty cooking.

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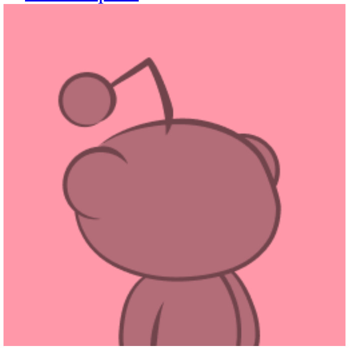

DjangoFlugelhorn
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Many years ago, as a 14 year old, staying overnight at a friends house, with 3 other friends, similar ages. We'd all grown up together, except one, who was a cousin of the kid who lived there, and we'd never met him before. His older sister, 16 at the time, was the babysitter while the parents were out for the evening.

She decides to unearth a ouija board from a cupboard somewhere, and thinks it'll be a laugh to scare us shitless. This was back in the days, when you could buy ouija boards as a 'board game' from your local toy store.

So we all gather round, and she starts off with a kind of yes/no lie detector, directing questions to the each of us in turn. Cue nervous giggles, but also a feeling of unease, as we all began to feel like this was awesomely amazing, like some kind of secret that we'd all been unaware of before.

Shit gets strange, when the sister asks out loud, that 'if anybody is here, please show yourself'. A pause of a few seconds, and then a framed picture falls off the wall, and onto the floor. Naturally, we all freak the fuck out. She calms us all down, and insists we go back to the board, because we have to help whoever knocked the picture down.

Ashen faced, and hearts pounding, we start asking questions (And I should also add, the pointer is moving smoothly and rapidly, in a completely different manner than before.)

Are you in the room? pointer says yes. Are you a man? pointer says no. Do you need help? pointer says no Whats' your name? pointer spells out S-A-R-A-H Tell us a secret, we ask... pointer spells out FLIPACOIN

So we did. Someone leaves the table and gets a 10p piece from out of the loose change jar in the kitchen. This was in the days when 10p coins were big and chunky. The coin goes spinning high up into the air...

...as we watch it coming down, it stops spinning and serenely falls edge down to land on the table. When I say land, it didnt bounce, it didnt rock, it just came down and met the table, perfectly balanced on it's edge, as if someone had reached out, and gently placed it there

Breaking the silence, the pointer starts moving again. Seemingly random letters, we soon realise they're initials, including middle names. Family tradition for my friend and his sister was to have 3 middle names, something not all of us knew. Aside from the brother and the cousin, no-one else would have known the older sister's full name, and we'd met the cousin for the first time that night. Somehow, every person present, had their initials correctly spelled out to them.

Pointer pauses, and then spells out 3 last words. CHILDREN. STOP. NOW.

Took me many many weeks to be able to sleep properly. No-one told their parents, and over the years it became our collective shared secret. Couldnt rationalise it then, still cant rationalise it today.

Freaky as fuck

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[mistatroll](#)

â€¢ [13y ago](#)

good guy ghost. entertains you for an hour, tells you to stop when bad ghost is coming

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[Iwalktherain](#)

â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Age: 9

Walking to the local skate park when I turn a corner, just in time to watch a seemingly homeless man against a building wall shoot himself from under his chin. I ran like hell, screaming. It was like a 10 minute walk/run back to my house at which point I told my dad everything, he calls the police and drives to where i said it happened, 30 minutes or so later he comes back and says there was nobody there, no blood, no gun, no nothing.. 3 cops questioned me and I got accused of lying at first, but the sincerity of my horror and detail led them to believe I was developing schizophrenia and hallucinated it. I have never hallucinated a day in my life..

:L i don't know, maybe it was a mean prank he pulled.. I booked it immediately but I did see what I thought was a blood spray .. and it was my first time hearing a gunshot in person, so.. could have been a mean ass prank.

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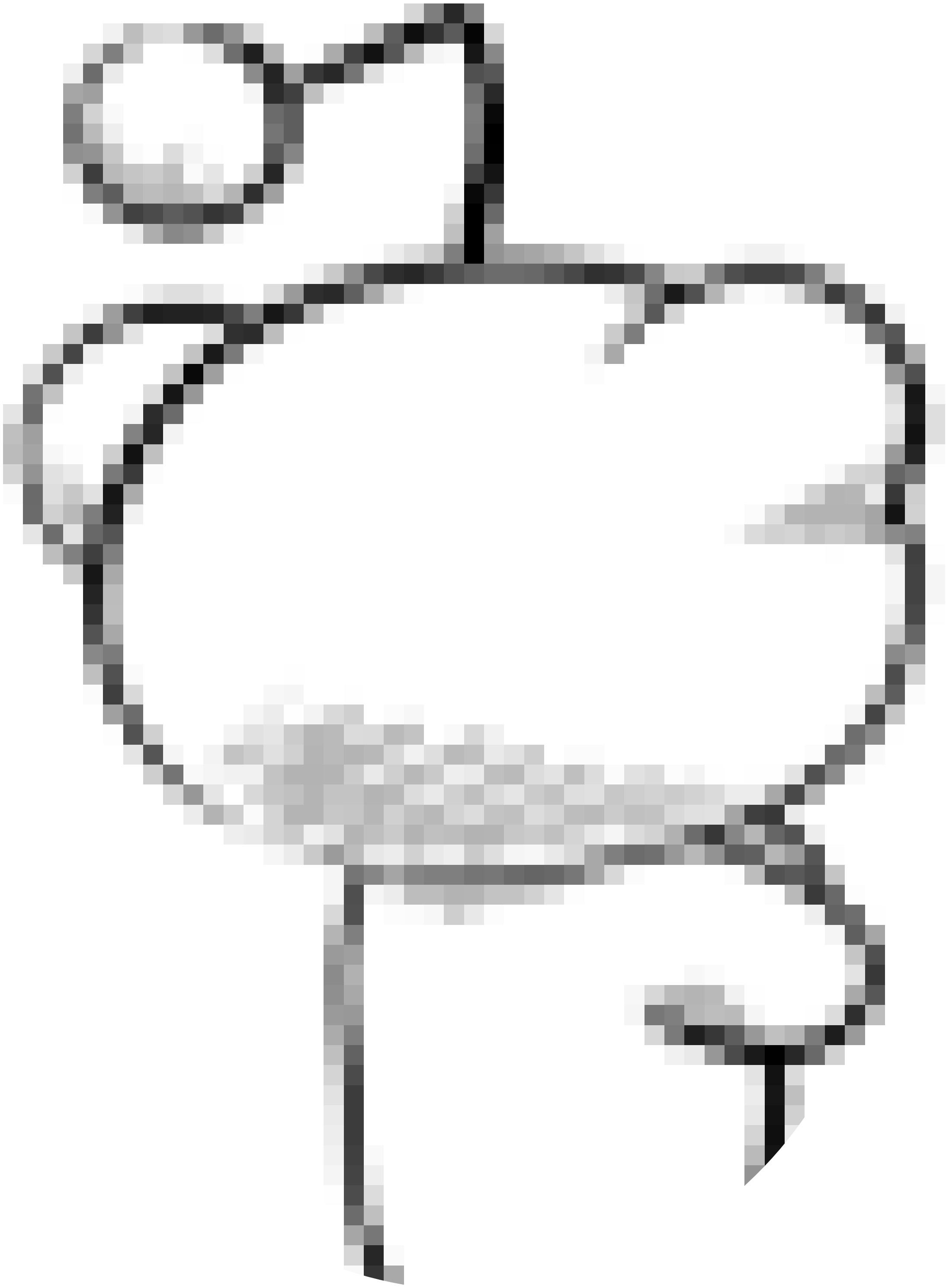

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I had just booted up my new computer for the first time, and plugged in my headphones. I was fiddling with some boot settings, no other programs running, clean system nothing installed yet. Suddenly, I heard in my headphones a voice "Hang on a sec. Ok go." Then another voice started yelling "HEY HEY HEEEEEY!" (slightly raspy). Startled, I pulled the headphones off. That was it. Never heard it again.

Reply Share

roltrap
â€¢ 13y ago

Some headsets and speakers can occasionally pick up radio signals. Could it be that?

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DerpyIsBest
â€¢ 13y ago

Did the voice then say "IT'S FAAAAT ALBERT!" ?

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chucky_z
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I'm super skeptical but my friend does all kinds of ghost hunt things. I go along with him sometimes because it's very different and always a silly experience.

Except once, when we were 'going over the evidence.'

I do a lot of his sound work, and I was with him this particular time so we're going through the audio and he hears something that sounds like a piano playing, I stick it into goldwave and clean it up immensely. It fades in slowly, and fades out slowly; it's clear as day.

There was no piano in the house, no power in the house, no access to radio (this was in the middle of NOWHERE), and the closest neighbor was approx 1 mile away. We also didn't hear it during the time it was playing, so only the equipment picked it up.

Goddamn it gave me chills with zero explanation. There were several other unexplainable pictures/noises that we picked up but NOTHING to that magnitude. I think I still have it on my computer and I'll post it later if I can find it. Not a creepy clip at all, but the context makes it so I think.

Double-edit (for all the 'i'm saving this post!' redditors :])
http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/176ob4/reddit_regardless_of_your_opinion_of_the_occult/c836dck

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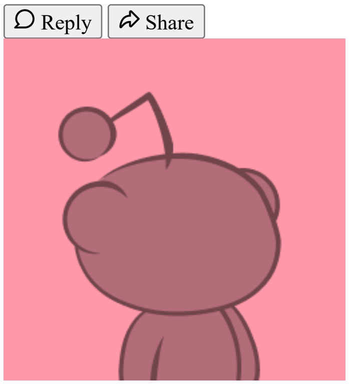

glitchwizard
â€¢ 13y ago

yeah soundcloud that shit for the win

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ninjiste
â€¢ 13y ago

http://i.imgur.com/2GoHFqr.jpg

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SalMinella
â€¢ 13y ago

It'll be buried, but fuck it. It's not really creepy, but it's certainly inexplicable.

My grandmother had a giant window in her family room that looked out on the backyard. It was a good sized yard that backed up to fields and wooded area. The deer would made daily trips to her yard to hit the provided salt-lick and steal pears off the trees. My grandmother would sit in her chair and watch the deer, and it would be uncommon to visit her and not see several deer walking through the yard.

So grandmother got very old like grandmothers do, and developed a cancer that couldn't be treated. She went from her chair to lying on the couch, still able to enjoy the deer outside.

Eventually the decision was made to move her to hospice. My father, uncle and sister were there that day (I live several states away, though I had traveled to say my goodbye not long before). It was obviously a very emotional process to take someone from their home (home of 60 years) for the last time.

As they were doing a final trip through the house (why can't I stop crying) they went through the family room and saw 15-20 deer in the backyard. The deer were all *sitting*, and all looking at the house. Normally they just wander around for a few minutes and move on. But they were all sitting there, and stayed that way while my family stared back. My father, uncle, and sister all swear by the story.

Maybe it was a weird weather day, or the deer had a meet-up scheduled that day anyway, but I like to think that they came to say goodbye to a longtime friend.

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tomyownrhythm
â€¢ 13y ago

I find that less creepy and more beautiful. I'm sorry for your loss.

Reply Share

bluntismaximus
â€¢ 13y ago

animals know whats up. i had an awesome, awesome cat just recently pass away at my parents house so unfortunately i couldnt have any last moments with my cat but one interesting thing stuck out. my mom said that on the day he passed away that morning, my mom let him inside the house. my mom said that instead of purring or going to the food bowl the cat just stood in front of my mom and looked at her for a second and then did a bowing motion. my mom sensed that the cat was trying to say good bye or thank you, that was the feeling that she got. my mother was the one who picked out our cat from the litter and the first human he saw. i like to think that my cat was saying thank you to my mom for all the years and thank you for taking me in off the streets and giving me a good life. RIP meowmeow

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pawpawpapaya

â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 12 I had a sleep paralysis experience. I didn't know it was called that at the time. I woke up sensing a presence in my room but only my eyes can move. I see a figure in the periphery. Then I feel gradual heavy pressure on my stomach. My head is facing to the right, I look left to see what's there and sitting on me is a grey alien with big black eyes. Eventually I can move my body and I pull the covers up and call out for my mum. Needless to say I was terrified. Science tells me it was all in my head but it felt very real.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I've actually spoken to a friend about this, because she had a sleep paralysis experience too. Apparently the figure sitting on your chest thing is very common, and had been reported for fucking ever, so much so that sleep paralysis actually used to be called "Old hag syndrome" because many people reported seeing a terrifying old woman sitting on them. /shudder

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howmanykarenarethere

â€¢ 13y ago

I got this at least a couple of times a week from the age of 12 to the age of about 20...i still occasionally get it. The person in my peripheral vision was a woman in black...

eh so I went to see the muppet movie with my boyfriend and it was sold out so we went to see the woman in black...which i knew nothing about...

i couldnt be alone in any room in my house for about three weeks afterwards...

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isocline
â€¢ 13y ago

This happens to me pretty regularly. I wake up, can't move, and there is a shadow man in the corner of my room watching me. It's been happening since I was little - used to scare the shit out of me, but now I can recognize what is happening, and just keep calm until the shadow man slowly disappears and I can move again. I also have auditory hallucinations sometimes - usually it sounds like someone whispers my name into my ear. Hair raising if you don't know that it's all in your head.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

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[Nebakanezzer](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

same here. was terrified of aliens into my teens until lycos (google wasnt as popular yet) told me what sleep paralysis was.

that explained some of it. I still felt it was weird to see stuff, but came to my own conclusion that being half asleep and partially paralyzed probably fucks with your interpretation of your surroundings.

felt a lot better years later reading the wiki on it:

"Many people that experience sleep paralysis are struck with a deep sense of terror, because they sense a menacing presence in the room while paralyzedâ€”hereafter referred to as the intruder. This phenomenon is believed to be the result of a hyper vigilant state created in the midbrain.[7] More specifically, the emergency response activates in the brain when individuals wake up paralyzed and feel vulnerable to attack.[15] This helplessness can intensify the effects of the threat response well above the level typical to normal dreams; this could explain why hallucinations during sleep paralysis are so vivid."

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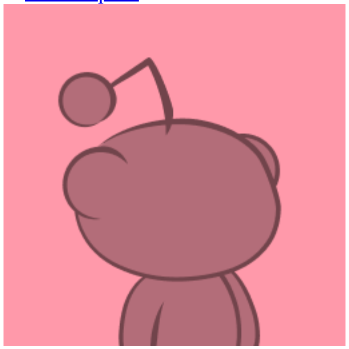

[HybridAA](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I had the same once. But I have never been so fucking scared as I was then, and to this day I am still paranoid because of it. When I was 10 I woke up in the middle of the night after a nightmare, and I couldn't move, I was completely terrified, and then I looked up in the ceiling, and a demon like body, with crocked legs and giant fucking hands with claws was staring at me. I couldn't move for 10 minutes of terror. When I could, I screamed for my mom, she came into the room and asked me what the matter was, then when the light turned on the demon thing vanished, and I have never seen it again. This has kep me sleepless for so many nights...

Tl;Dr: A demonlike body was staring at me from my ceiling.

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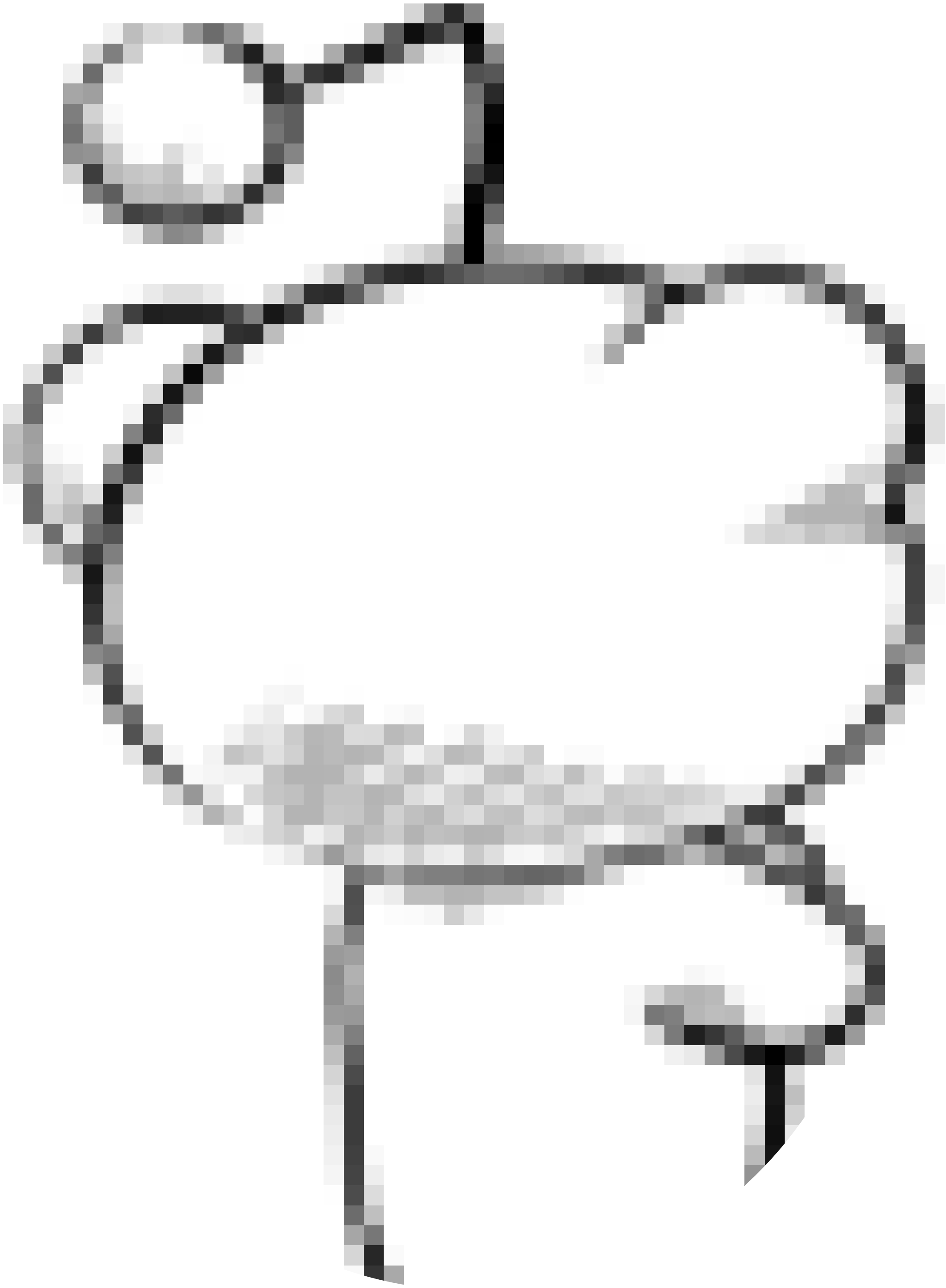

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â€¢ 13y ago

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mitten-troll
â€¢ 13y ago

I think your child laughing hysterically would have completely scared the shit out of me. Laughing babies are cute, but that sounds terrifying.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

> they're very mexican

and that's pretty fucking scary. you should totally look into the history of your place.

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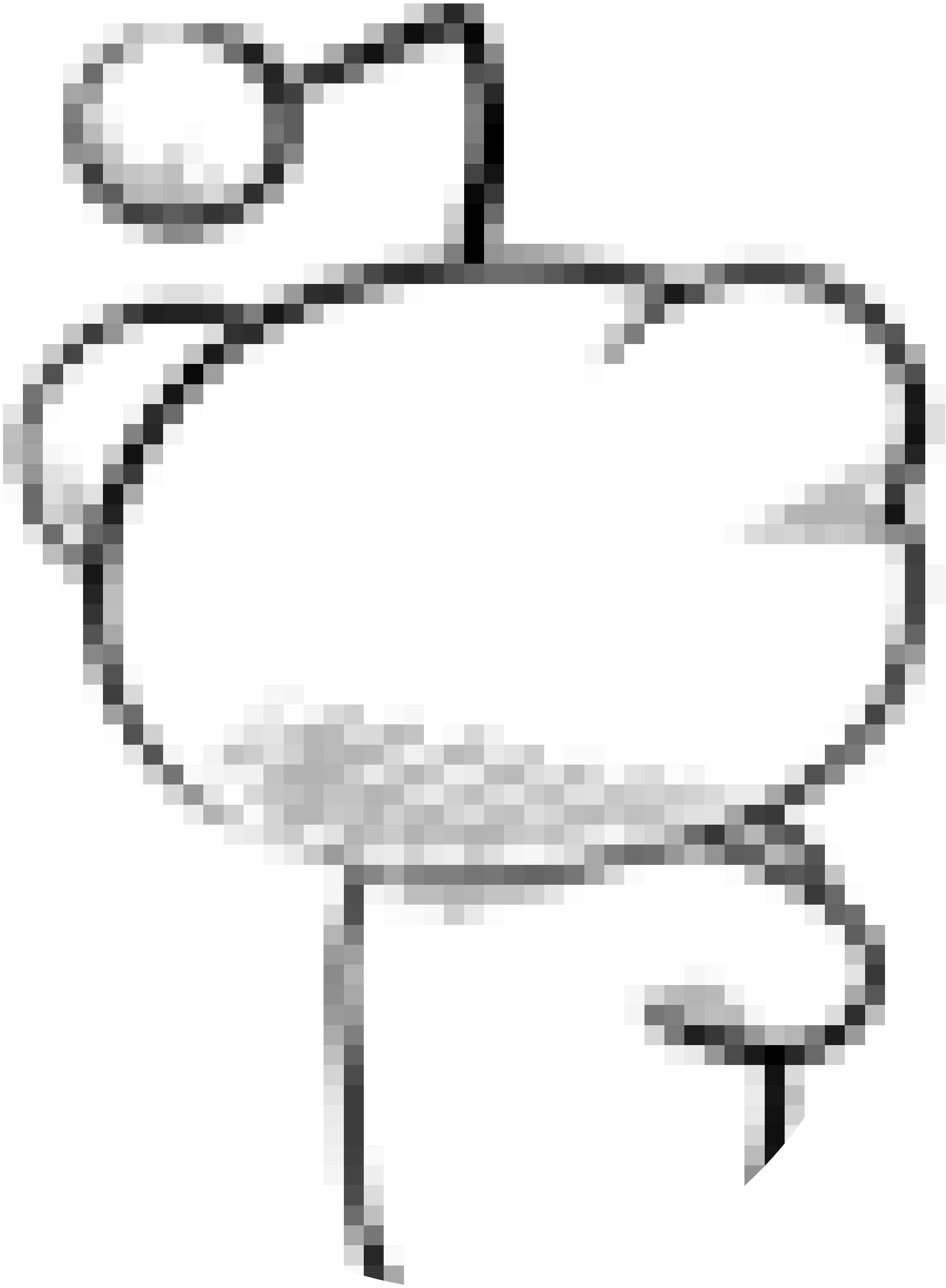

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â€¢ 13y ago

Comment removed by moderator

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TripTrop
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I was sleeping peacefully one night when I awaken to my husband in the room. He's randomly wearing a red hat and just standing close to the door. I lift my head and say, "what are you doing?", then fall back asleep because I was so tired. He never answered me. I kind of awaken slightly again a minute or two later and he isn't there anymore.

So now I'm struggling with just going back to sleep or getting up cause I'm curious to know if he needed to ask me something. So a couple minutes later I muster the energy to get up. I find him in the garage and ask him why he was staring at me in my sleep. He has no idea what I'm talking about. I tell him about the hat, but he doesn't own one. He also says he's been in the garage for hours.

I was completely creeped out and have no idea how I went back to my room that night. In the morning I realize that I was probably sleeping and just imagined the whole thing, but a small part of me still fears "the man in the red hat".

EDIT: yes, I understand that I was dreaming or hallucinating, hence my last sentence. It was still scary. I'm also afraid of closing my medicine cabinet while looking into its mirror because I'm convinced something will be behind me one day. I am a chicken.

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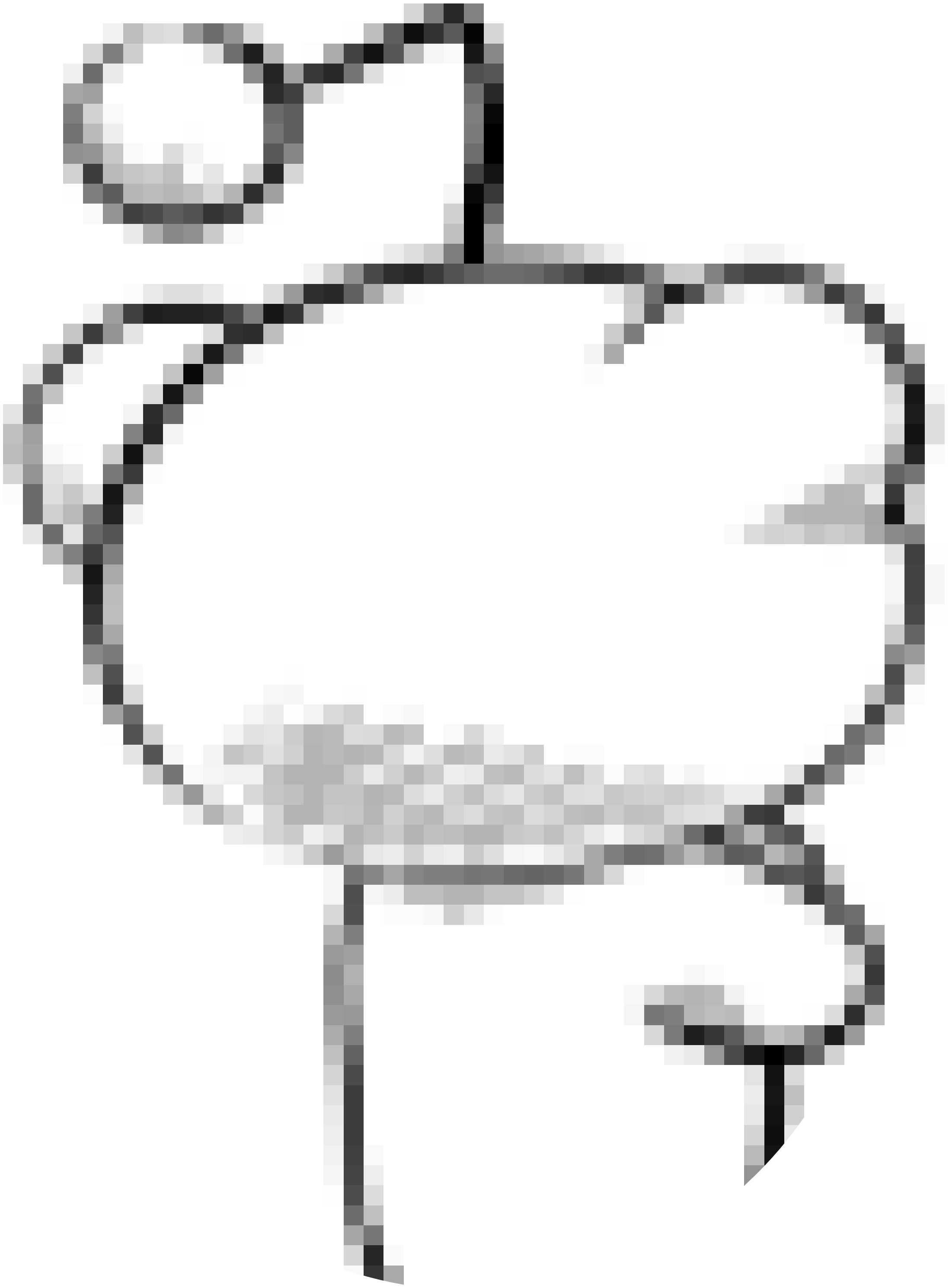

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â€¢ 13y ago

Mario was looking for his "princess."

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hailsatansmokemeth
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a skeptic. I'm the kind of guy who believes in what he sees/experiences. I didn't even believe in Santa when I was a child. I don't believe in the paranormal, but I can remember a few things that were unexplainable in my life.

When I was really young, around 1.5-3 years old, I was always sick, and quiet. (Some things don't change lol). My parents moved us from Alaska to Oregon so they could be closer to family to help raise me. We moved around a few times, renting crappy old houses. There was one house we lived in in particular that was old, creaky, the works. Even had an insane land lord. Literally insane, she went to the hospital for psychotic /schizophrenic episodes, and her husband was trying to keep himself together while taking care of her, and trying to manage renting out houses. What I'm saying is that it was not a happy place. My parents could feel it, my grandparents could feel it, and I could too. I told my parents there were skeletons in my closet watching me. When my grandma was alone with me, I told her "man with gun". And that's all I said. We were close to the city, so it would not have been anything normal to see a man with a gun around the house.... Me saying small things like that persisted the entire time in that house. I never said anything about monsters, or skeletons, or ghosts, before and after that house. The weirdest part was about a month before we moved out. Someone(s) broke into our house, but didn't steal or touch anything. There was human feces and urine smeared in weird patterns around the house and walls. Needless to say we gtfo'd to a different house. I have a couple stories about the next house, one was the most terrifying thing that has happened to me, and the other was a mix of scary/happy.

Most terrifying moment: I was 6 or 7 when it happened, and it scared the piss out of me, so I can remember it very well. I was just starting to wake up out of a night's rest, gaining my senses slowly. I was laying on my bed facing towards the door. I saw the door open, and a large man walk in, who I assumed to be my dad. I remember a pressure on my legs that felt like hands, and they were shaking me lightly, as if trying to wake me up, but I decided to be a shit-head that morning and pretended like I was still completely asleep. After a moment the shaking stopped. Then I felt a small breeze under my blanket, as if someone was lifting up the blankets by my feet. Right as I felt the chill, two large hands grabbed both of my legs HARD. They started pulling me off the end of the bed, as if trying to drag me underneath. This whole time I thought it was my Dad messing with me, or just trying to wake me up, but the moment I felt those hands on me, trying to pull me off the bed, I was terrified. I had never been scared of my Dad, what was going on? Why did these hands feel so angry? I was clawing at my bed to get a grip on something to pull myself away from the hands. At some point they just let go after resisting for 30-60 seconds. I ran out the door of my room as soon as I was free. I ran to the kitchen and saw both of my parents standing there making breakfast. I was crying, and confused, end even though my dad was standing in the kitchen, I asked him in between sobs something along the lines of "Dad, why did you do that? You scared me. And that hurt." He just looked at me flabbergasted and said, "I haven't been in your room to wake you up yet. Are you ok?" I think that was the most confused and scared I've ever been in my life.

The last story I have is actually not so bad, and kind of comforting. My little brother was born 4 years after me, and we had already moved into the house that we still live in in Oregon. My parents bought it from this sweet old widow, who we will call "Trudy" just for the sake of the story. (Can't remember her name ATM) This old woman was lonely, not any family close by, dead husband, and only cats for companions. She took a liking to my then-young parents, and did everything she could to ward off other buyers, and worked with my parents to make sure they got the house. She was lonely and trying to help a young couple with a small child. So we live there for a couple years, my parents still keeping in contact with Trudy. After 2 years or so Trudy passed away Now, my little brother had never met Trudy, and he was 2 or 3 when this happened. I remember him running out of his room (after he had been put to bed) to the living room, very excited, saying to my parents that he visited Grandma Trudy and that she says hi. 0_0

That's all. Hope someone reads these :)

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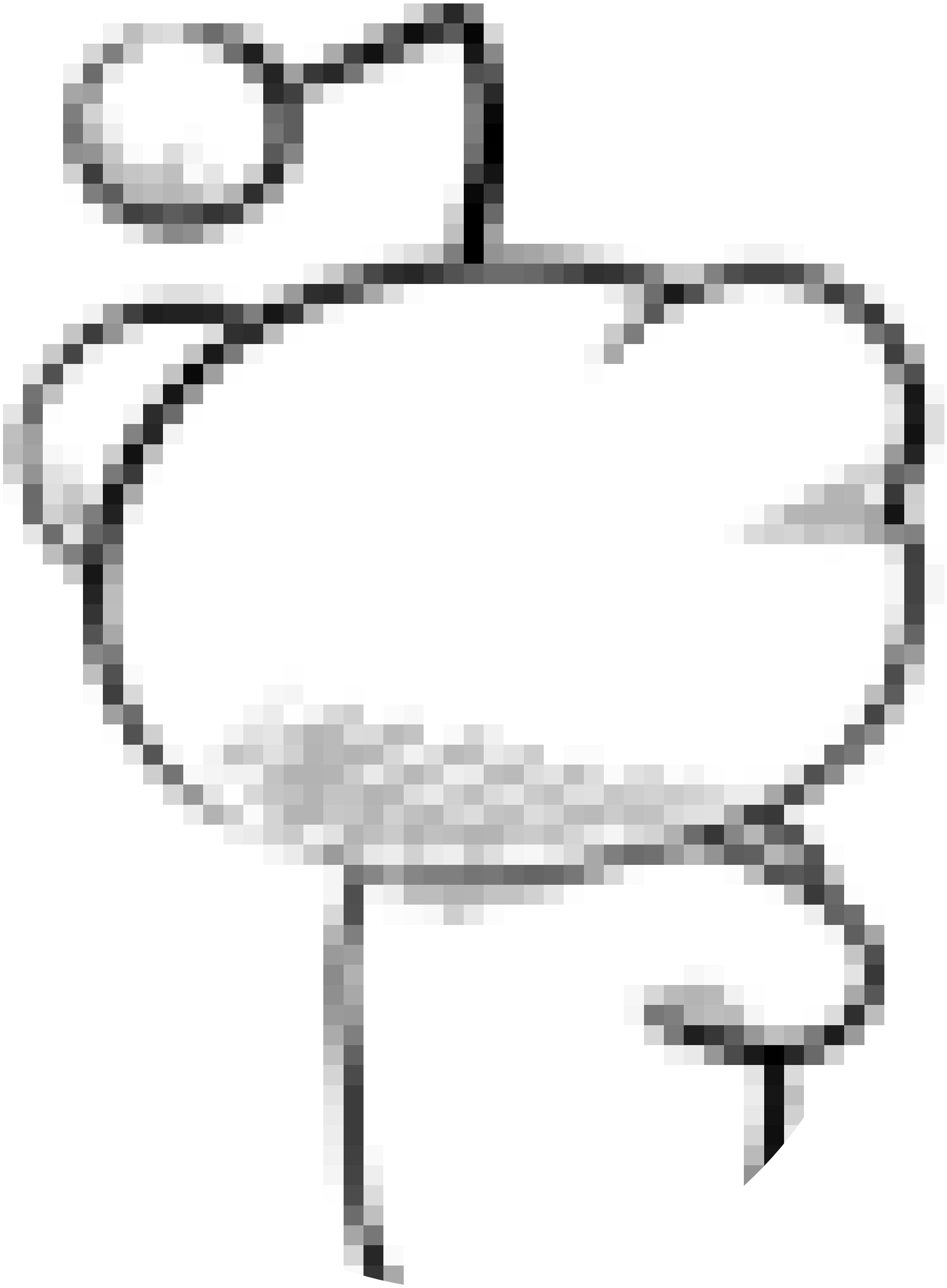

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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I'm sure people have had creepier experiences than me, but I will share mine anyway.

It was in my fathers old house. This house was huge, it had 5 bedrooms and was on quite a lot of land. It was a very secluded house, it couldn't be seen from the road or nearby park, and was surrounded by bush land. Note that it was winter, so there were no windows open and we didn't have heaters in the house.

It was probably around 10pm at night, I was the last one awake and decided I wanted to call it a day. I did the usual routine before bed and lay down to go to sleep. I was laying there for probably 10 minutes when I could feel some kind of pressure on the bottom of my bed. I thought that maybe I was entering the sleep stage so thought nothing of it. Then the pressure started going around my legs, not on them but all around and between my legs. I freaked out, and did what any normal person does, I froze and hoped it would go away. After probably 5 more minutes of just pressure on my legs, it lifted.

I remember my heart beating so fast, and I sat up in bed to move and try to shake off the adrenaline when I felt a hand press against my face and a massive gust of air blow my hair back. I freaked the fuck out and slept on my dads floor that night. We moved soon after because my step mother started to have weird experiences too.

I'm not saying it was paranormal, it was just something that I couldn't and still can not understand or explain.

Edit: I don't think it was sleep paralysis. I get sleep paralysis from time to time and it's probably scarier than this experience.

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[aredditaccounta](#)

â€¢ 13y ago

"Smell it! Whiff mortal, whiff!"

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mnch

â€¢ 13y ago

I've felt shit like that a couple of time also. I remember when I was 10 years old I was lying in my bed trying to go to sleep, when I felt a light pressure come across my body. I tried to move my arms, but they wouldn't budge. I saw a dark figure, the shape of a person, enter my room. I watched it walk across the front of my bed and out of my vision. The whole time I was trying to scream for my mom, but couldn't make any noise. Until about 30 seconds after the guy walked across my bed.

That's the weirdest thing that's happened to me.

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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I was in an ambulance carrying me from the hospital in small provincial town towards the big hospital in the capital. I had bad pneumonia which was not responding well to (weak, old and not very effective) oral antibiotics doctors were giving me. In the ambulance I was choking, unable to breathe from (what was later found to be) 750 grams of fluids accumulated in my lungs. The ambulance was jolting, I was short of breath, and next thing I remember was I felt SEVERE blow that kicked me out of my body. I later read stories by other people in similar near dead situations who reported seeing a tunnel and a light, but this was not what I experienced. It was just a blow, a kick which threw me out of my body. I was looking at my body from the side, and also seeing a medical sister which was trying to put a breathing mask on my face.

At first I thought that something happened with my vision and I panicked. I was seeing everything in 2D, like on a movie screen, and also nearly black and white. It was not completely black and white, it was like the colors were very darkened, as if everything was a shades of gray with very little color in it. I know that this seems strange, I mean, I looked at my body from the side and yet I panicked for my eyes and vision, but that was what I thought then. I was 14 year old at the time, and in a state of panic, and I guess my logic was weak and weird at this moment. I severely panicked for my eyes and vision and that was a moment when I thought of my mother, and in an instant, I was looking at her.

She was traveling together with my father and my uncle in a car following the ambulance on a road to the capital. It was my uncle's car. I started talking to my mother, telling her that my eyes are not ok, that something happened to my eyes and I cannot see well. She did not heard me. They continued to talk, cursing and lambasting the incompetent doctors at provincial hospital, discussing how those doctors tried to coax them to sign some papers after the ambulance left, how they refused to sign, and how they arranged for me to be admitted in the department led by an experienced and very competent doctor with strange name (assoc. prof. Koiundurliev). This was unique name which I remembered.

At that point the gravity of situation hit me. I finally realized that something weird happened, that I shall not be in this car, and I panicked even more. I began to think of my friends at school and of the girl I liked, and as soon as thought of someone was really "sharp enough" in my mind (I don't know how to explain this in writing), but as soon as thought about someone was "sharp enough" I instantly saw them as if I was standing next to that person in this very moment. Then the panic hit me even harder, I started jumping from place to place, from memory to memory, in an ever increasing pace, and everything became a kaleidoscope of people and places.

This jumping from place to place abruptly stopped when an old lady came. She was very old, with a white hair, white like completely snow white, not white like the grey shadows of other colors I was seeing. She took me by the hand, insisted that I looked at her and repeated several times that I should calm down my mind so that this random jumping from place to place stops. I realized that she was somehow helping me to remain calm, to look only at her and to set at rest and be quiet.

Then she proceeded to explain that now I am going to fall asleep, and when I wake up I will be at the hospital. She told me that doctors will start giving me injections, that some of them will be painful, but I shall be brave like a man and endure the pain, and that my condition is going to improve. But after two months doctors will propose a surgery. She insisted, several times, that immediately when I wake up I MUST tell my mother to refuse to sign papers for the surgery, to refuse to let them do the surgery. She told me that if they do the surgery I am going to die, and insisted again, several times, that I should explain this to my mother as soon as I wake up. She also told me that if I am a good boy and do as she told me to do, my uncle is going to bring me a lot of delicious chocolates in the hospital.

So, long story short: I woke up at the ER, told everything to my mother, she was shocked by my detailed description of what they talked about in the car, I distinctly remember her eyes grew WIDE OPEN when I told her the strange name of the doctor, and she listened to my frenetical demands from her to refuse to sign the papers for the surgery. She was not understanding what I am talking about, as at this moment no one was talking about any surgery. My mother told me that everything is going to be ok, that there is not going to be any surgery and generally tried to calm me down.

I slept a lot in the hospital, was very weak. Doctors drew up the fluids from my lungs using long and thick needles inserted through my back. It was indeed very painful. Christmas came and passed. They gave me strong antibiotic injections and I recovered. 45 days later they saw on X-Rays one particular spot on my left lung which was refusing to heal. Two months later is was still there - still same size. On next X-Ray - again. They proposed a surgery to remove this spot.

My mother resisted to them initially, but eventually, as time passed, there were many doctors insisting that surgery must be done, and my mother finally gave in to their pressure and signed the papers. But this delayed the surgery for many weeks, and when they did a final X-Ray before the surgery to see how big the spot is - it was gone, and the planned surgery was canceled. They all (my mother and the doctors) lied to me, my mother was telling me that there is not going to be a surgery, but they were actually secretly preparing to do it. I only later found out what really happened.

My mother also told me how she watched, not believing her own eyes, how my extremely stingy uncle was bringing me chocolate after chocolate in the hospital. This happened in a then socialist country (Bulgaria), my uncle was working as a driver of big truck for international transportation and that was where he bought the chocolates. On our country local market those chocolates were EXTREMELY expensive and nowhere to be found. And my uncle was (and is, to some extent, to this day) very stingy bastard. My mother told me that, above all, this particular piece of my story convinced her to refuse signing surgery papers for so long, despite the intense pressure from the doctors.

I have a lot of other weird memories from these events, but I decided to not share them, as I am not sure how reliable my memories are. I am only talking about memories I was able to successfully verify with my relatives. Years later I made my mother and father and uncle tell what they remembered, I recorded their words on tape, and I drew the line around what I consider to be the reliable part of the story and what may be the distortions of my memory from the time passed.

Note that I am not religious, my relatives are also atheists. Neither I nor any of my relatives became religious after this incident.

tl;dr: We humans do not (yet) know a shit about life and death.

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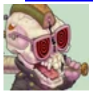

TwEE-N-Toast
â€¢ 13y ago

So many posts in here I doubt this will be seen.

About 10 years ago, I would have been in my early 20s, me and two of my friends decided one night to head down some train tracks and "break in" to an old abandoned coal mine on the outskirts of town. My friend had been there a week before exploring with a buddy, and so we climbed through a hole in the fence they had cut.

This place was pitch black and I had no experience with mining yards, so I could only imagine what these giant looming towers and silos were all around us. I could just barely make out these darker patches that were giant doors and holes in the structures and here scuttling noises beyond. Those noises could easily be explained as pigeons or bats so we were not too fazed. So we continued to our destination. We knew that our town was surrounded by old wwII forts and bunkers and there was one on a hill in the middle of the mine yard. As we slowly crept towards our goal I kept hearing a small tapping noise. Not too alarming, just a small "tink tink tink" coming from the dark behind us in the direction we had come.

We make it to the base of the hill that holds the bunker and find some way to sneak around the only pole light in the yard and up the hill. The whole time we hear the soft "tink tink tink" behind us. Having made it up the hill and faced with the option to head into the bunker us brave men decide to pass. Little too creepy for us with no lights to find our way in or out. Instead we decided to head around back and this is were things get interesting.

We find ourselves standing around a hole with a ladder leading down into a lower level of the bunker with that relentless "tink tink tink" coming from somewhere out in the shadows. Now On two sides of us are the steep drop off of the hill, on the other two sides are the walls of the bunker. We were boxed in on all sides with only a small path leading out and with the hole and ladder in ground at our feet. So we decide this is as good a place as any to light our joint and so I break it out. With my back to the drop off of the hill a few feet behind me and the hole directly at my feet I try. Well Im on top of a hill without much cover from the wind and having a difficult time getting the joint lit and Im growing frustrated. Not to mention that "tink tink tink" is starting to get annoying. Up until this point I assumed it was a metal sign hanging on the fence we climbed through, gently blowing in the wind, and so ignored it.

Frustrated with the joint and getting annoyed with the sound I turned around and stared in its direction. I asked my friends what they thought it was and tried again to light the joint, but this time I was facing the noise and did not try to conceal the flame. As soon as the lighter flashed the noise changed from a soft "tink tink tink" into a thunderous "boom boom boom". "Oh shit, security guards!", is the first thing that pops into my head. That booming noise is them running down metal stairs in one of these dark towers. They saw my face when the lighter's fire illuminated it and are now on the way.

All 3 of us crouch half way between flight and fight, unsure if we should run, hide or do nothing. We decide to wait. Its too dark for them to find us easily and they're so loud that we'll hear them the minute they get close. "Boom boom boom" the noise just wont stop and I swear its getting louder. "How long are those stairs" I think, "this is weird". And I swear I hear movement in the grass in the darkness at the bottom of the hill. We all agreed it was probably just the wind in the grass but decide it was time to sneak our way back out of this place. Slowly crouching through the dark we move through the mining yard towards the our exit when we run into a problem. Whatever is making that noise is in-between us and the exit. We squat down the middle of an open gravel road to try to figure out our next move, safe in the thought it was just too dark for anybody to see us sitting there in the dirt. But just to be sure we picked a spot that placed a large chain link fence between us and that god awful "Boom boom boom" of the charging security guards. Now at this point I decided to upgrade the guards to Cops in my mind and was becoming a bit antsy, but we decided to wait them out. I guess at this point we all realized that none of this is making any sense and those "guards or cops" should have reached the bottom of those stairs by now. Thats when things got weirder.

With the "Boom boom boom" in front of us and nothing to do but wait if we want to use our only known exit we start to hear something else. In the dark all around us, but some where close and on the same gravel we are crouching on. Things start to move. There was a "thud" noise and then a slow scraping noise as something was dragged across the gravel. Then again from somewhere else, quiet but very close. These noises were all around us, thuds then a slow dragging across gravel, but we could not really pin point in what direction they were coming from. At this point I go from rational adult to scared kid and I think of all the people who died at this mine, or what could be living in those tunnels. In my mind the noise went from guards/police, shot past ghosts and now is smack dab in the middle of goblin and giant rat town.

Of corsrsr we have to get the hell out of there and decide that climbing the fence behind the mine, running into the woods and making our way to the highway is our only option. And so we pick our butts up out of the dirt and sneak as fast as we can the hell out of there. We're making it, the noise are behind us and not getting any closer and we find rows and rows of empty coal train cars, perfect! We can walk freely between them with no chance of being spotted from a distance. With the end of the mine yard close by and with the protection of the train cars we relax a bit and talk in less hushed whispers. I guess that was a mistake.

A few seconds after entering the rows of train cars the first car explode in noise "BOOM". Whatever was making that booming noise was right behind us only feet away. I have never in my life, nor will I ever, I'm sure, move so swiftly again. The hundreds of feet between me and the fence to the outside world flew by and I still do not understand how I got over the ten foot fence so easily, I just remember leaping off it into the dark. We make it to the road and head back to town. The road bends around the mine and we can still hear that relentless " boom, boom, boom" of something smashing that train.

My friends get too uncomfortable talking about it and seem happy to forget anything weird ever happened, but my curiosity is drives me nuts and I've gone back a few times over the years. Nothing out of the ordinary happened and the last time I went by myself and everything was torn down and taken away.

TLDR; Me and some friends decide to explore an abandoned mine yard one night and got messed with by somebody or something. Possibly goblins or rat men.

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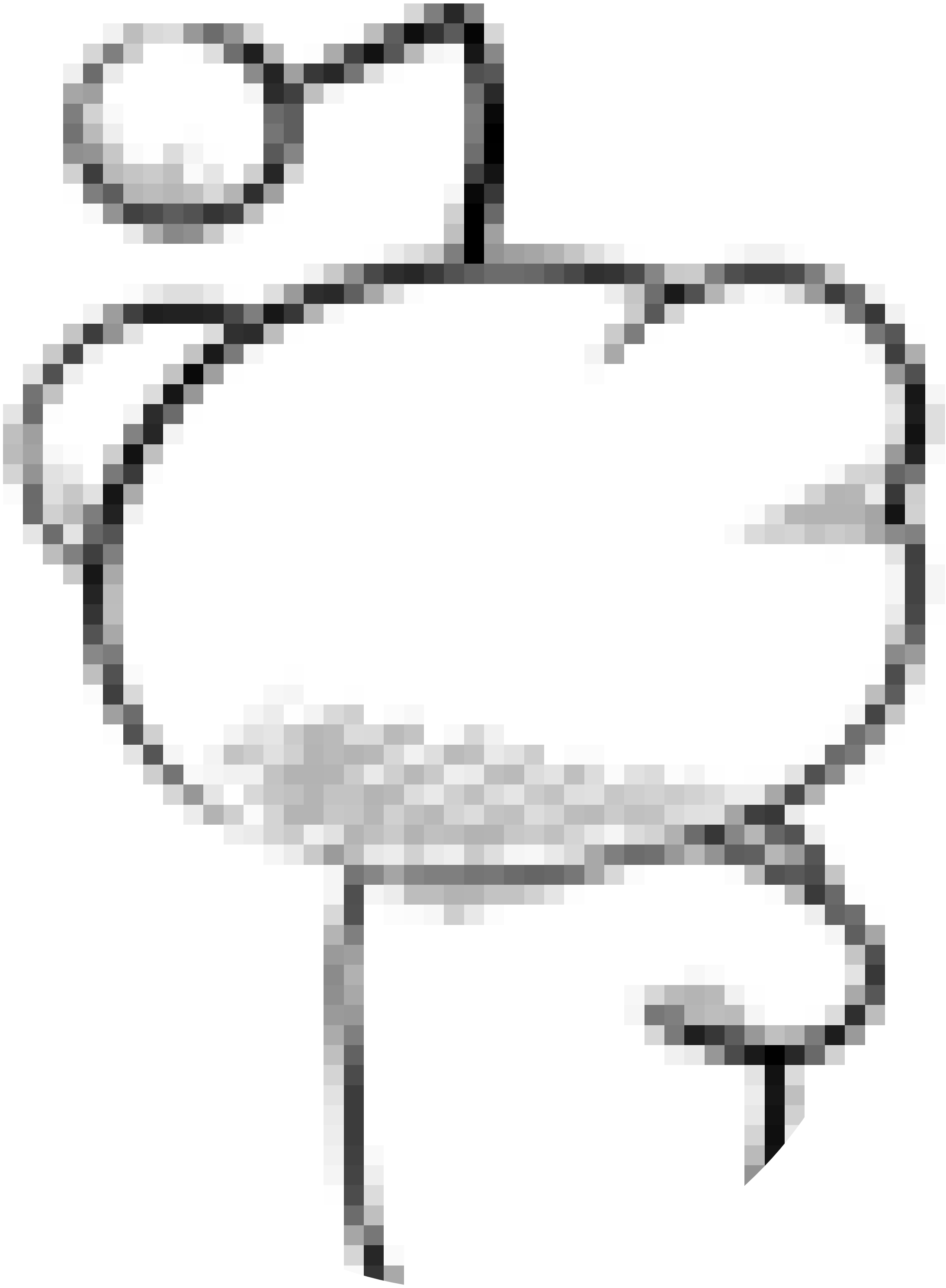

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I lived in some really unsettling places. One of the events that stuck with me the most is probably this.

I woke up one morning and as usual I walked to the mirror to brush the teeth and fix the hair. Now, I'm in a relatively small place with a balcony and sink in the same room without openable windows. I looked in the mirror and I see one of my plants moving, like there's wind blowing against it. I turn around and walk over to the plant - that is next to the door - and check if the balcony door is closed. It was.

For some reason, while walking back to the mirror my eye fell on one of the pens lying on my desk. When I arrive at the mirror the first thing I notice are all these pen markings on my face. My heart stops and there's goosebumps everywhere. I cleaned up and fled the room. When I came back the door to the balcony was open.

Needless to say, I didn't enjoy being there for quite some while after.

Reply Share

[unforgiven_sis]

â€¢ [13y ago]

You should definitely watch the Doctor Who episode called "The Impossible Astronaut"

In the show, there are these creatures called "Silence." You see them and talk them when you're looking directly at them, but the moment you look away you forget that they were there and that you even saw them. So some characters in the show take to making tally marks on their skin *while* talking to the creatures, every time they see one, so even after they forget there's a physical tally on their body telling them that they just saw another Silence.

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ntmg
â€¢ 13y ago

I think I saw this on a Dr. Who episode. You just don't remember what happened.

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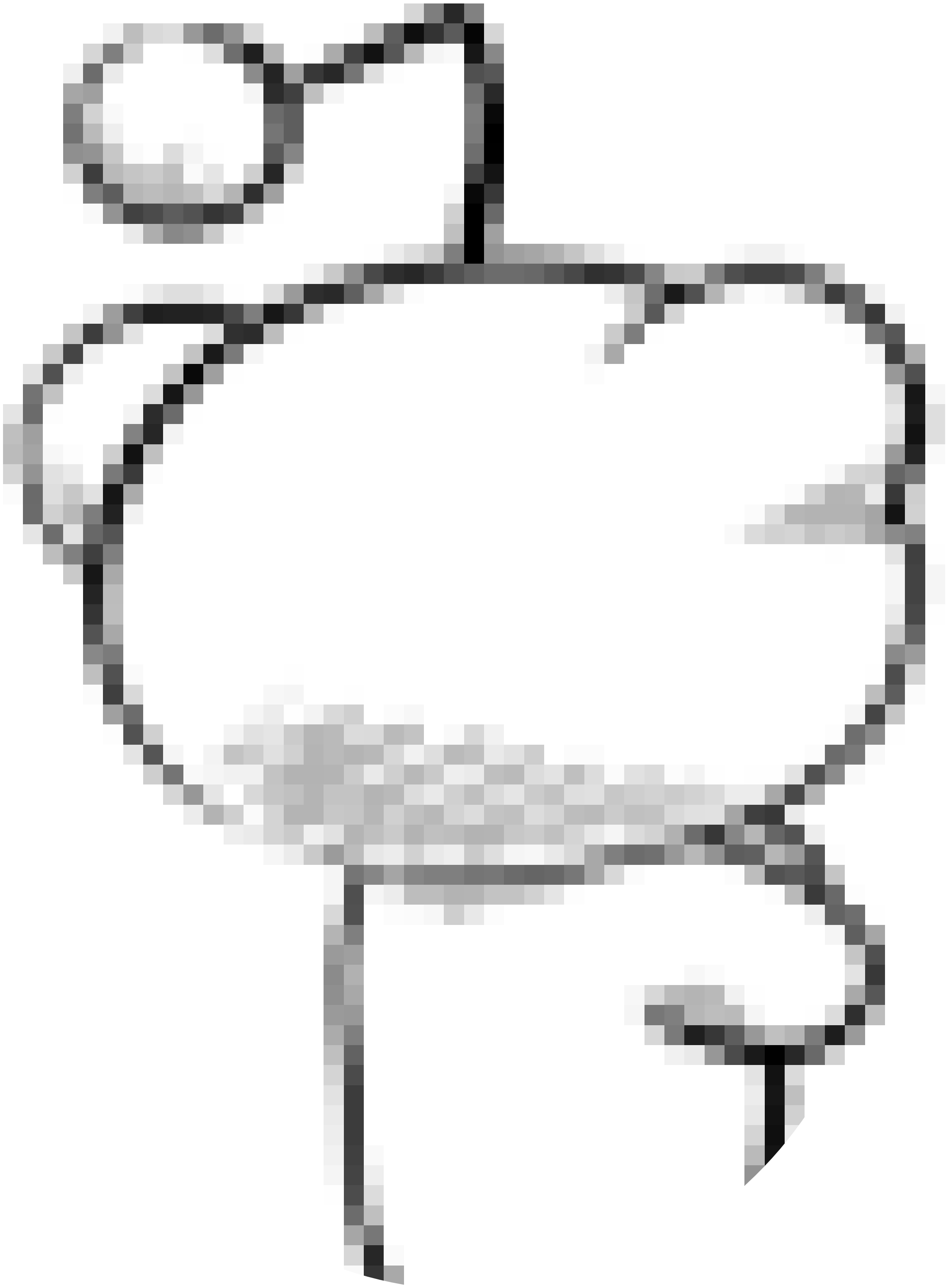

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â€¢ 13y ago

D:

Was it drawings or words or just like, marks?

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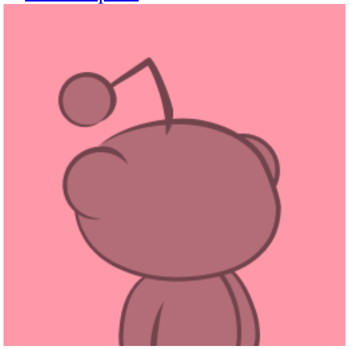

glitchwizard
â€¢ 13y ago

Pen marks?!?!?! WHAT?! That's freakin' crazy, but nothing touched your face?

Did any other creepy shit happen?

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⊕ 61 more replies

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

As I was going over Latin phrases in my head, a friend nearby--a friend with no knowledge of Latin--began to babble in Latin.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Weird. I've had similar things (though not to such an extent) with close family members and friends, when I'm humming or singing a song in my head, then they randomly hum or sing the song I was thinking of. Always weirds me out.

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Maavrick
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm gonna preface this by saying I went to boarding school for 6 years. This boarding school was in the middle of a one stop light town and on a hill 800 ft up. The school used to be an old monastery. It was hundreds of years old and huge. 4 stories including a basement where there was a boiler room and long hallways.

Not all of these stories happened to myself, but the people who told me them were reliable enough to believe. Also, the school didn't want us telling stories to other people because they were afraid that it would make them not want to go to the school due to it being haunted.

The first one happened to me. I used to be in charge of cleaning the gymnasium at night. Every student had a job that they had to do either at night or in the morning to help take care of the school. Taught you some practical things and all.

Anywho, I was there by myself that night getting ready to start sweeping the gym. The gym had 2 floors to it. The upstairs part was the weight lifting area, and you could see it fully from the bottom part of the gym where the basketball court was. As I stepped into the gym, one of the basketballs starts rolling a bit. I look around to see if any doors are open, none are. I chalk it up to randomness, but see that it is continuing to roll. As I watch it, it makes a full circle around the entire gym and stops right next to my feet.

At this point, I'm a bit scared, but figured it was nothing. I heard a creaking coming from the second floor and look up. There is a girl there, just staring right at me. As soon as I made direct eye contact with her, she bolts to the stairs that would take her too me. She let out a scream that I can not describe. I was terrified and froze in place. Thankfully, she didn't come to me, but took a left and bolted through the main doors of the gym. They didn't open, she just went right through them.

I noped the hell out of there.

I'll update with more later if people are interested. I just have 3 month old baby on my lap and it's not the easiest thing to type through.

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ulisesatorrez
â€¢ 13y ago

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woolyboy76
â€¢ 13y ago

4 years ago, I woke up in the middle of the night. We had a 2-month newborn sleeping in the room next door. I had a video monitor on my bedside table, so that my wife and I could easily check on him.

So, I clicked the button that turns on the video image, and what I saw scared me like nothing ever before.

My baby boy was gone.

Now, I know that instincts should have made me run right into the baby's room. Instead, I froze. I looked over, and my wife was sleeping next to me.

Finally, I moved. But not to run into the other room, like I should have done. Instead, I turned up the volume on the baby monitor.

I heard another woman's voice singing a lullaby. I'm not kidding. Another woman was singing to my baby in a very soft, gentle and melodic voice. I don't remember what song it was, something like "Go to sleep, little baby".

Finally, my freeze broke. I jumped up, ran through the hallway and burst into my boy's room.

He was sound asleep in his crib. No woman. No singing.

Turns out, the monitor was picking up my next-door neighbors' monitor. They had just bought the video monitor for their own newborn (on our recommendation).

Nothing supernatural here, but I don't know if I've ever experienced something scarier.

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[YouArentReasonable](#)

â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Too bad you got into the thread so late. That is a great story.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Hi Reddit. Long time lurker, 2nd or third time poster.

Sorry, this is a long one.

When I was in high school I was a horrible student. One time after my usual poor report card, my punishment was to help my dads janitorial company by cleaning the newest account he had picked up. It just so happened to be a church.

Due to the church keeping odd hours, I would usually start cleaning around 10 or 11pm. The first night, my dad helped me out by showing me what to do/helping me. We arrived a little early (8pm?) so he could meet with the pastor and get the keys. During the brief meeting with the pastor, I got the major creep vibe, but my dad seemed cool with it, so whatever...

Cut to an hour or so later, my dad and I are cleaning separate rooms. I feel somebody watching me so my head shoots around. To my relief if was my dad. I noticed he was pale while and he said "you weren't just in the other room with me were you?". I said no and he told me that he had just seen me standing there watching him. He had asked what I needed and I didn't respond. Then he said I put my hand on his shoulder just as he started to say "I get a weird feeling from these people" (referring to the people of the church). He told me that just as he finished saying that, the hand on his shoulder squeezed hard enough to bring him to his knees. He turned and nobody was there. So, that probably should have been enough to make us stop cleaning the church, but we had a job to do, so we did it.

I started cleaning the church weekly and nothing else happened. One week, since I had just turned 18, my buddy wanted to take me to the strip club, so he agreed to help me clean if it would speed things up. At one point he took the trash out to the back alley, and I suddenly hear him running back in screaming "WHAT? WHERE ARE YOU?". I run out to see whats going on and ask what he's talking about. He said he stopped outside to smoke a cigarette and he heard a huge crash of broken glass and that I started screaming his name in a blood curdling scream. He had been standing about 30 feet from where I was, and I heard absolutely nothing. To this day, I don't know if he was joking with me, but he swears he wasn't.

Finally, I was there cleaning the community part of the church by myself one night. The layout was a set of double doors in the front which followed by an open area. If you walked straight through, you would go straight to the back door and to either side along the way, there were rooms (classrooms, kitchen, daycare etc...). The last two doors on the left, before you reached the backdoor were the men's and women's bathrooms. The front double doors were always locked with a chain and padlock wrapped around the outside door handles. When I took the chain off, I would always wrap it around the inside handles, but I wouldn't lock it. It was mainly just to keep the wind from blowing the doors open.

So I am cleaning the closest bathroom to the backdoor when I hear the water start running in the other bathroom. I stop what I'm doing and go see whats going on. I get there and see the toilet filling up, like it had just been flushed. I watch for a moment, and see the water fill to the line and stop. Ok, faulty plumbing I assume. After the toilet stops, I still hear the water running, so I take a quick look for the culprit. I don't see anything, so I head back to the original bathroom. I walk in and immediately the blood rushes from my face when I see all three of the bathroom sinks pouring full blast. Steam is rising from the sinks and I realize its the hot water. I gather my composure and turn all the sinks off. I turn to walk out and just as I get to the hallway, the front door starts bucking, as if somebody were trying to get in. The two doors are thrashing back and forth. Because they are only held closed by the chain wrapped around them, they are opening far enough for me to see that nobody is there. If there was somebody there, the would be the worst door opener ever.

I don't know what to do, so I just stand in the bathroom doorway. I'm praying and chanting and doing whatever else I can think to do. Suddenly the door stops moving. And INSTANTLY the back door, which is about a foot to my left starts doing the same thing. This is a standard single door which is fully locked, but the knob is turning wildly and the door is bowing towards me, like somebody is pushing it in. There is a window to the left of the door and again, I can see that nobody is out there.

Finally, just as quickly as it started, everything stops. I immediately turn and get in my car and go... I didn't even dust the pulpit, you guys. THAT'S how scary this was.

I get home and my dad is sitting at the kitchen table, awake, which is out of the ordinary. He takes one look at me, and says, we are canceling the church account. Nothing more needed to be said. To this day, whenever I ask him about it, he just says, he had a bad feeling about it.

TL;DR. I walked in on a ghost in the bathroom and it got so embarrassed it tried to leave through TWO locked doors.

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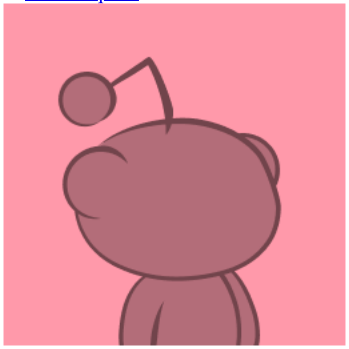

FongoBongo

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Here's my story.

It was second year at university and I was living in this creepy ass townhouse. It overlooked a giant ravine filled with trees - had a very unsettling feeling when you looked out our huge living room windows. Also, our living room was the second floor and our basement had a walkout to said ravine. So while living at this place I experienced lots of weird shit but this one rises well above the rest.

So one night I was watching television in our living room. The T.V was setup so that it was in front of the living room windows. Keep in mind, we didn't have any window curtains cause we were broke ass poor students. So the whole time you had this eerie ravine in the background at all times. I was cooking pasta and it fogged up our windows completely (it was -20C outside Canadian Winter). As I'm coming back from the kitchen I sit down and continue watching television. Half way through my pasta my eyes look at the windows since something caught my eye. I literally drop my fork and my mouth is gaping wide open. There is a fresh hand print that has been streaked across the window from INSIDE of the house with moisture dripping down. I walk closer since I'm skeptical and my fears are realized. Someone or something just put its hand across the window. At the moment a sheer feeling of terror was all around me. NOPE! I ran the fuck outta there in my shorts and tshirt in the freezing cold to my friend's house.

TLDR - Watching T.V. in second story living room, windows fog up since it's middle of freezing Canadian winter, hand print appears on window streaking across, moisture dripping down, scared shitless

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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

If someone previously had residue on their hand and then placed it on the window, could it create that effect?

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slim_chance2311

â€¢ 13y ago

I'm sitting comfortably in my college library procrastinating and you just gave me the ever-loving chills. I think i'll go do some math now.

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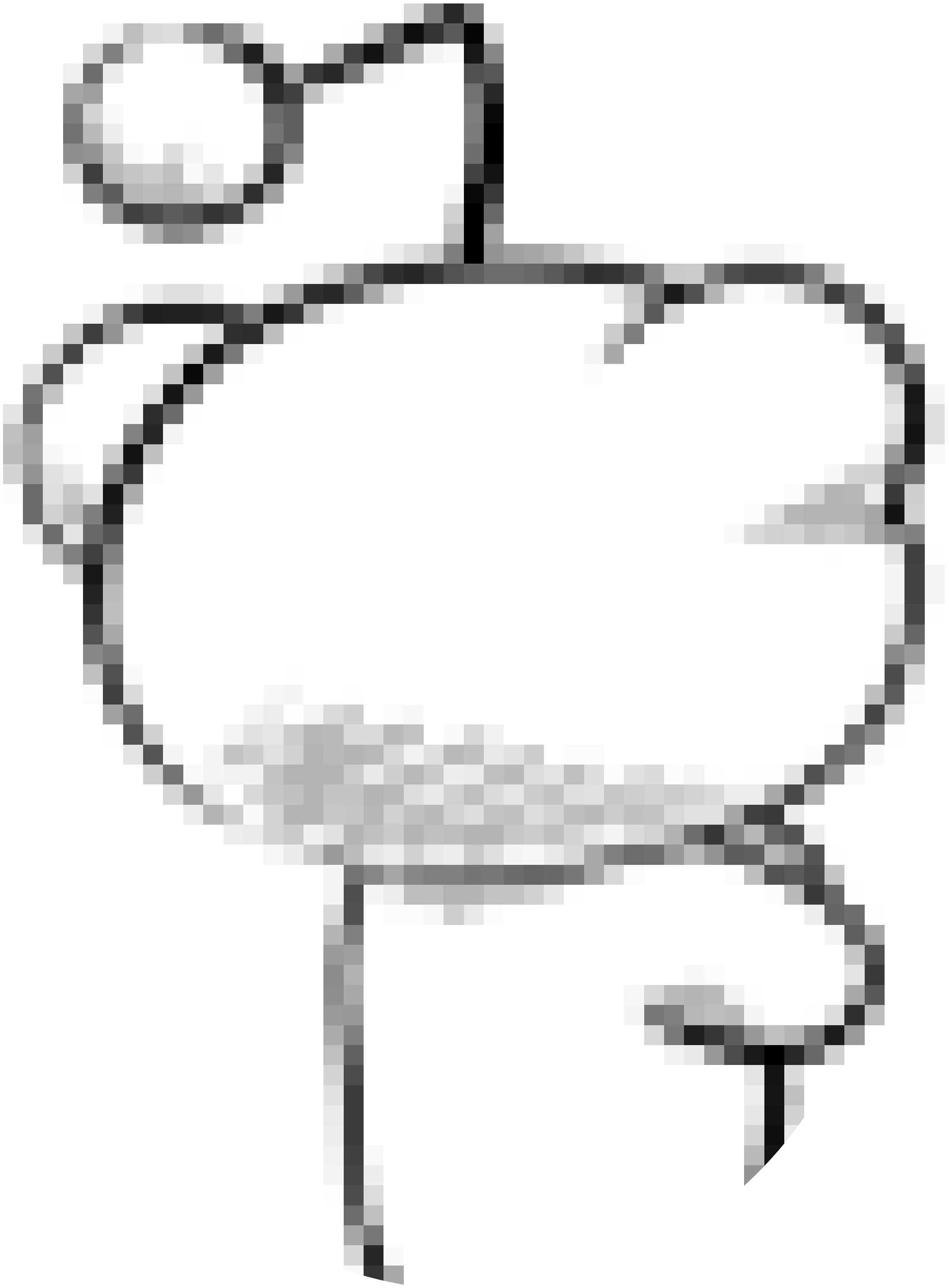


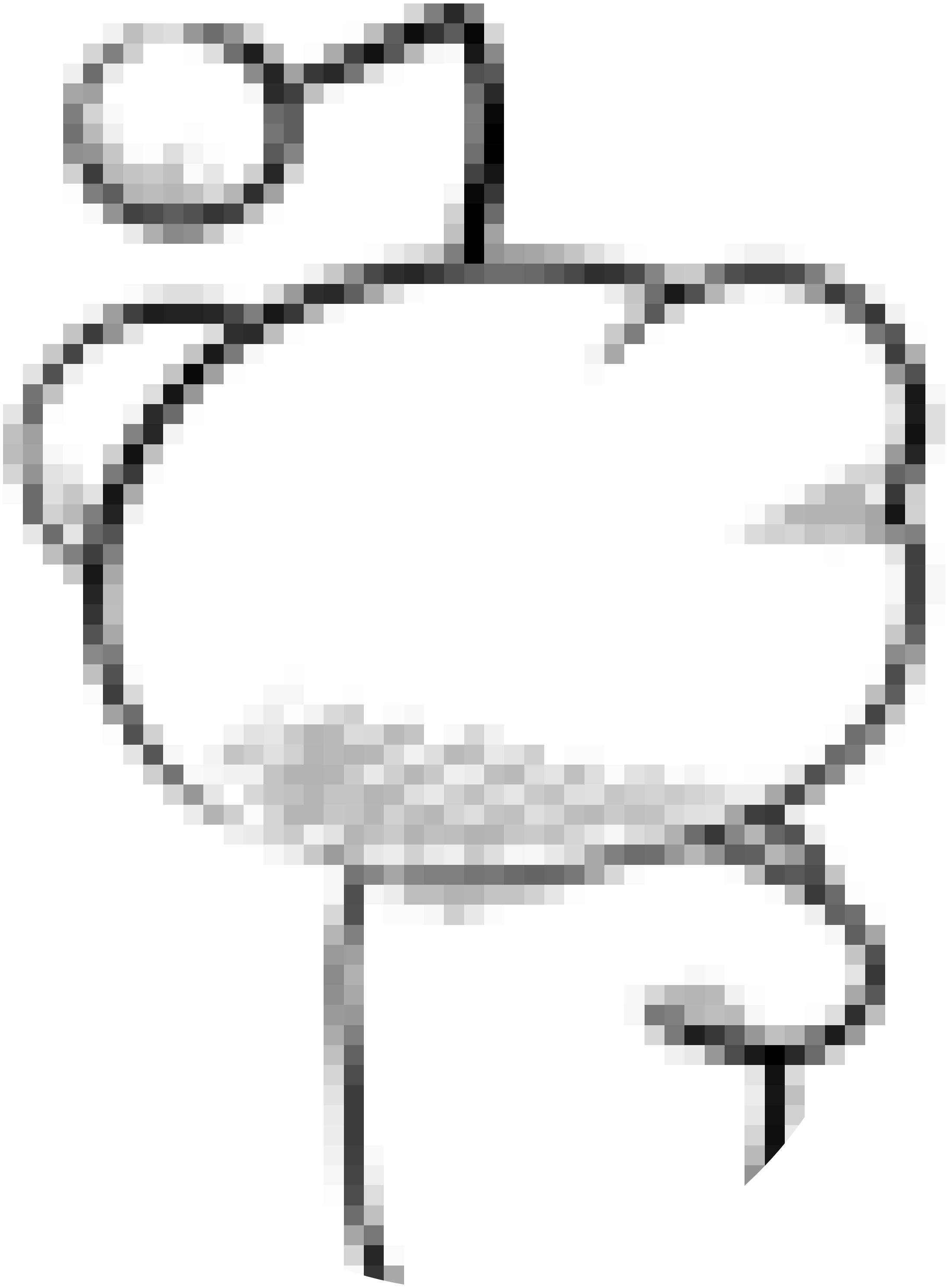
pizza143
â€¢ 13y ago

There was a series of occurrences at my parents house a couple years ago when I was home from college for Christmas break and then it stopped. These things are not overly creepy, but in the span of 2 weeks, it really scared me.

First, I was drying my hair upstairs in the bathroom. When I finished drying my hair as I had done hundreds of times before, I obviously shut off the dryer. There's no way I could have accidentally left it on because that sound is not so subtle. The only other person in the house at this time was my mom, who was downstairs waiting for me to finish getting ready. Anyway, I went downstairs and we heard a weird sound coming from upstairs--the hairdryer just resting on the counter had been turned on somehow. This happened again later in the same week.

I was given an iHome for Christmas. Two nights after Christmas, I still hadn't opened it up from its packaging, all of a sudden at like 3am, there's BLASTING static blaring throughout the house. We didn't know where it was coming from. Then I realized it was the iHome which hadn't gone off the previous night and it wasn't even plugged in or anything.

The final incident was my jewelry box. It is one of those kinds that wind up and play music. I hadn't opened it in some time which was evident from the dust outline from a candle I had on top of it. Anyway, I'm sleeping and in the middle of the night, the box starts blaring music. I was super scared after this in particular.



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â€¢ 13y ago

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â€¢ 13y ago

"I always HATED this curtain!"

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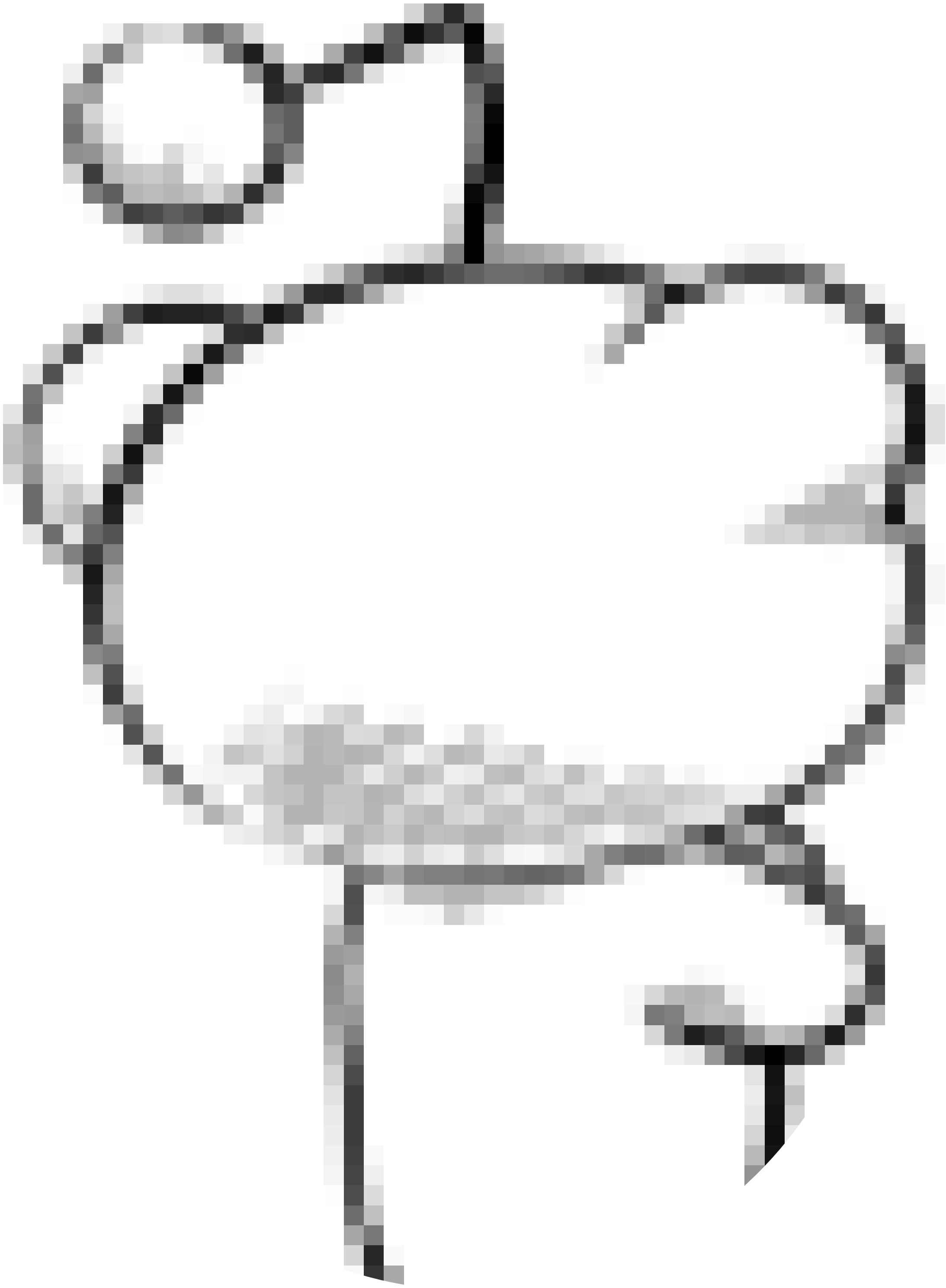

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â€¢ 13y ago

I've posted this in threads before, but here it is again..

I'm walking home from a friends who lives on a country road a few kilometers out of my home town in March 2001. Another friend is with me. As we walk we both notice an orange light in a field a few hundred meters to our left. We both glanced at it but both ignored it, putting it off as a tractor or farm vehicle of some sort. We keep walking when we both get a strong whiff of ozone.

Both of us turned and looked at the field, just in time to see what we can now appreciate to be an orange ball of light a few meters round rise and then fucking *rocket* into the air, soundlessly.

We both stood still for a few seconds, then bolted like hell down the road, sprinting until we both nearly collapsed. We ran most of the way back to his place, and told his parents what we'd seen. They pretty much laughed at us, and his dad suggested if we had seen anything at all, which he doubted, then it was probably just "ball lightning".

No-one else really believed us either, and there weren't any sightings reported in our local paper. But yeah, that's the most weird thing that ever happened to me.

Edit: back*

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â€¢ 13y ago

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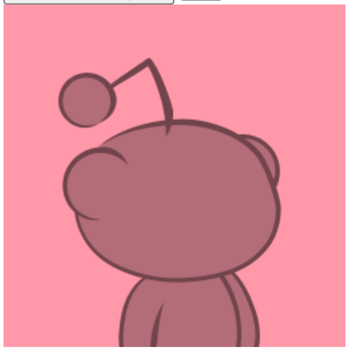

armchairpessimist
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Sounds like his dad got it right. You described ball lightning very well there. Not "*un*explainable," just rare and not yet perfectly understood.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ball_lightning#Characteristics

~~Brightness of a household lamp? Check~~

Bright enough to see in daylight? Check

Orange color? Check

Several meters around? Check

Ozone smell? Check

Edits: Op corrected one of my checks and I corrected words.

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virginiaraine
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Okay, mine isn't creepy and it will be buried, but enjoy. My parents used to talk about the afterlife a lot. They once even had a convo about "if I die first, I will send you a sign so you know I'm okay." They even agreed on the sign, and specified that said sign would have to occur at the same time everyday to confirm and rule out randomness. My dad's sign to my mom was to be a single red rose.

So, years later my dad dies. After the wake, my mom was sitting on a bench outside, and a strong wind blew up and a rose, maybe from the cemetery across the street, rolled across the lot and stopped at her feet. It was 4:30. The next day, after the funeral, we were carrying the flower arrangements into my uncle's house, and found a red rosÃ© in the driveway. None of the arrangements had roses. It was 4:30. The next day, my mom goes to a bank to make a deposit, and the cashier name was Rose. She stamped the deposit slip, and it was 4:30.

Nothing happened for a few more days, but that next weekend, we went to a dance event, and some close friends of ours performed a tribute dance to my father. They presented my mother with a bouquet of flowers... All assorted, but with one single red rose. They did not know the story. The video is time stamped... Guess what time it was? :)

So not creepy, actually a feel good story. But I know dad is looking out for us wherever he is. And tried very hard to let us know that be was okay, and that he loved us.

EDIT: on a sidenote, sometimes my mom will still recieve a rose...like a certain picture she has of a rose (bought after the funeral/episodes as a "remembrance") will fall of the wall for no reason. Once, she went to have a Glamour Shot taken, and the photographer handed her a rose to pose with. Or a license plate on a passing car will reference "rose" in some way. This usually also happens at 4:30. It's been 13 years since his death, but maybe he is still sending reminders of his love. And maybe it's just random shit. Don't care!

Edit: Wow, Reddit Gold? I am really honored! And on my cakeday too...my highest rated comment. I really am blessed! And I'm also glad that this story had touched so many of you, or maybe just at least made you smile. It has been many years since my Daddy left me, and I think about him every day. If this story has managed to bring comfort to anyone...then I am so very glad!

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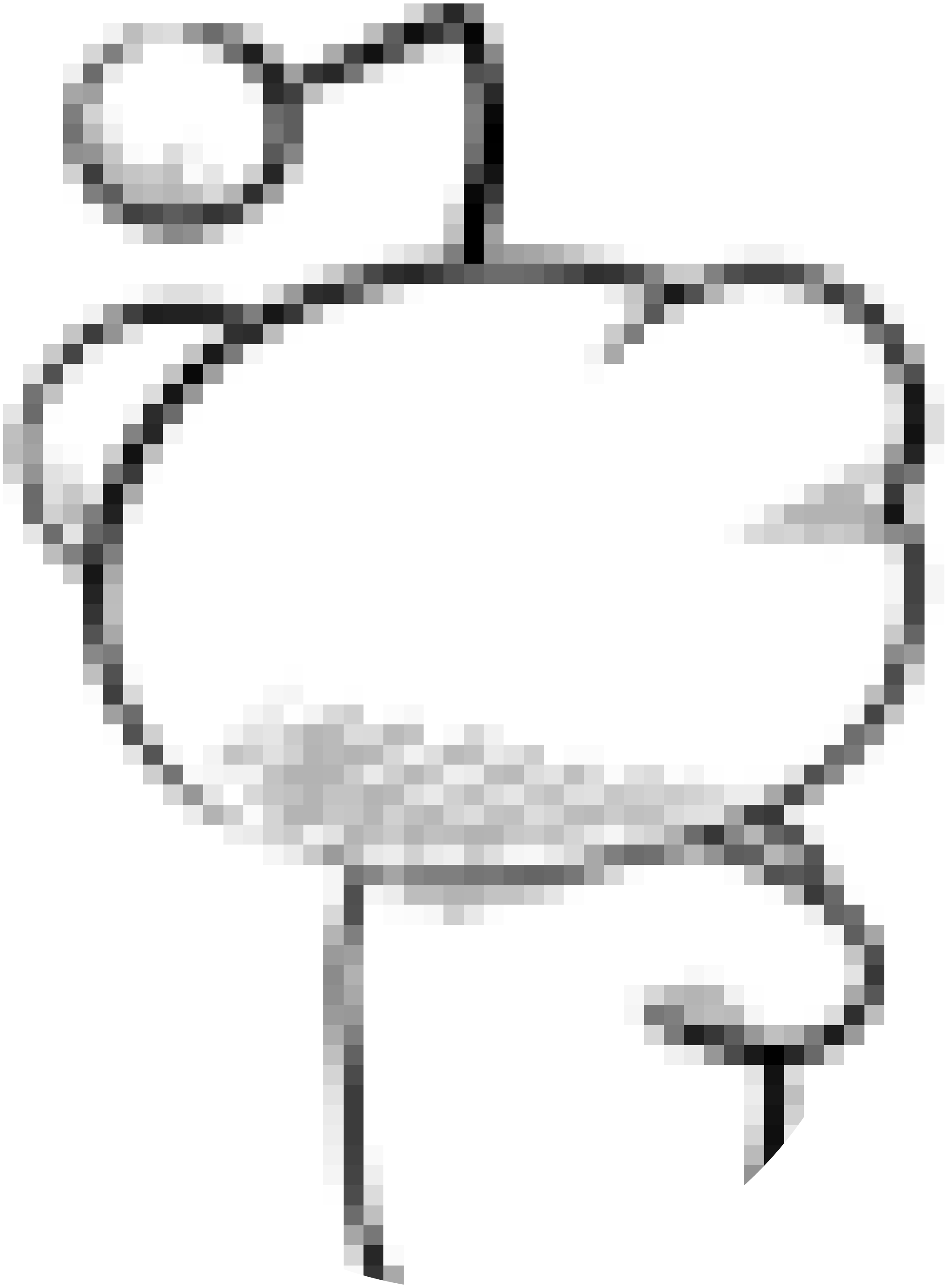

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When my cousin Mary was 20 (about 12 years ago), she called and said she was on her way home from her boyfriends house. Mary's friend was waiting at my aunt's house to go shopping. My aunt's house has been in the family for decades, and the wood floor shakes and creaks when someone walks in the front door. So about 10 minutes after the call, my aunt and Mary's friend are in the back of the house and hear the door open and close, floor shake/creak, and dogs go nuts. They figure Mary had come in and went to her bedroom. After a few minutes, when Mary didn't come to join them, they go check and realizes Mary wasn't there. They thought it was weird. My aunt starts calling Mary and couldn't get ahold of her. She gets nervous about 45 min-1 hour after the initial call and decides to drive to the boyfriend's house. She drives up on the scene of a major car accident. Mary had been ejected from the car and died at the scene. She and the friend are convinced that Mary came home that day.

After that, my aunt spent about 5 years going to the grave site from about 9-5 each day (she didn't work). One day, she decided to take a picture of the grave stone. When she got it developed, there was a white aura type thing in the photo. I realize that you can pick up reflections in photography, but my aunt is convinced it was her spirit frolicking around the grave site. TL;DR- my aunt is convinced my cousin's spirit made it home after she died in a car accident.

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kkrusky
â€¢ 13y ago

I really like this! You are very fortunate to have this happen in my opinion

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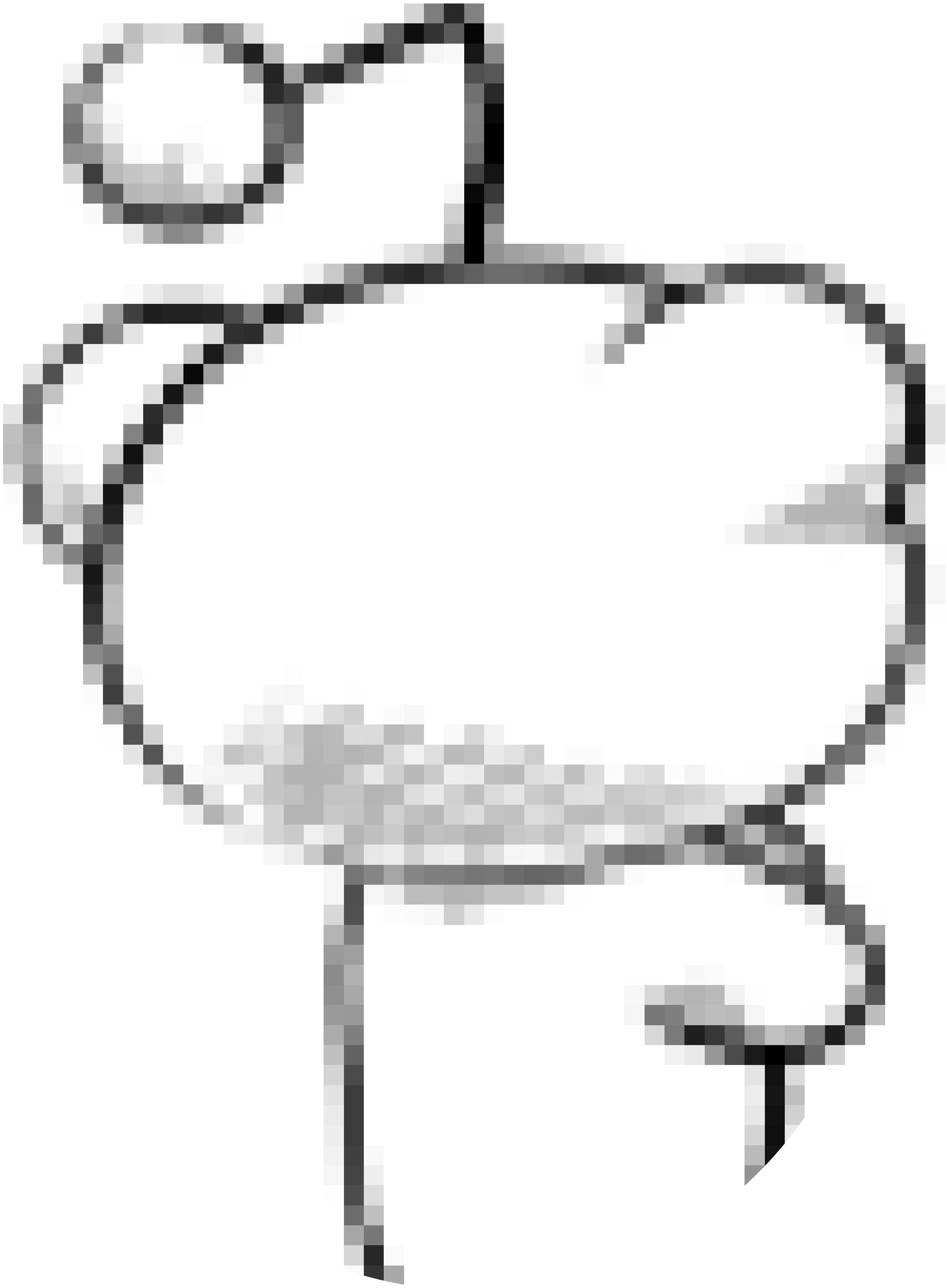

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â€¢ 13y ago

Waiting for my daughters' dance to finish down by Lake Ontario I decided to go near the water's edge to check out the stars (I'm into amature astronomy and looking over the lake is the darkest sky in my city).

I'm looking at Orion and I notice a very bright "star" about 20 degrees up, due South. I thought it was Sirius except that night Sirius was more Southwest and about 40 degrees up in the sky. So I'm thinking to myself "What the Hell is that?" It wasn't moving so it wasn't the ISS, it was WAY too late to be Venus, Jupiter was high in the sky and Saturn was not in view. This thing was as bright as the ISS... really bright.

So I'm wondering what "it" is when I hear a noise closer to me and notice a pure white coyote/wolf (it was bigger than a normal "brush wolf" or coyote, but not as big as a wolf) walking along the water's edge. It's odd to see a coyote in the city, but not beyond expectations... it can happen. Since I was only about 20 feet from it I decided that it was better if this animal knew I was there so I made a bit of noise... no reaction, so I made louder noises... still no reaction at all. The thing didn't even look at me.

It continues along and I notice the "star" I had been watching go bright, then suddenly fade to black. There were no clouds in the sky and I sail so I'd recognize a ship's light. It wasn't that.

Perplexed, I turned my attention back to the wolf... it was gone too. The time was 12:30 am

I shook my head and dismissed it all then picked up my daughter and drove home.

The next morning (Sunday) I was woken up with a phone call. It was my best friend's dad. He was crying. My best friend lived in Norway (6 hours difference) had passed away at 6:30 am Oslo time in his sleep from a heart condition.

After I hung up, I realized that my buddy had died at the exact same time (6:30 am Oslo time equals 12:30 am Toronto time) I had seen my star/wolf weirdness... then a bigass shiver went down my spine.

It could be a really freaky coincidence, but it makes me feel good thinking my buddy was saying goodbye to me.

RIP Dave.

Reply Share

whattheduck23

â€¢ 13y ago

Not as complex as your story, but last December in the middle of the night I woke up really randomly around 2 or 3 am, and the only thing I could think was the word "death". No emotions with it at all, just like reading a sign that said only the word death, and then fell back asleep. I woke up the next morning and had completely forgotten about it, until my dad called me a few hours later and told me that my grandpa had died in the middle of the night, and the time of death would have been roughly 3 am. I cannot explain what this was, but the whole death announcement thing really creeps me out.

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LTG16

â€¢ 13y ago

Now I want to be a badass wolf when I die.

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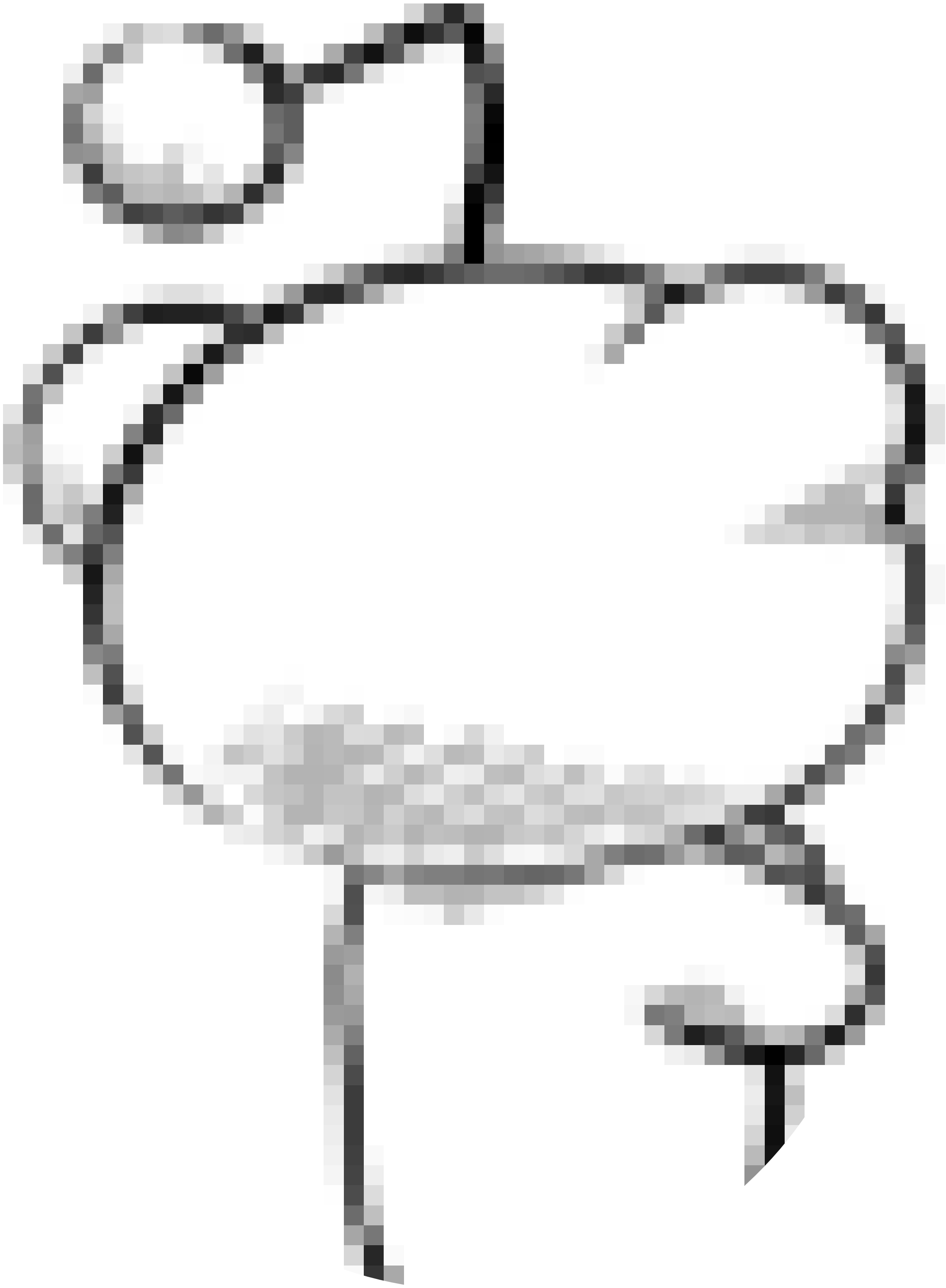

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â€¢ 13y ago

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[Logan8690](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

This is the best thing I've read on reddit in quite some time.

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therealcb
â€¢ 13y ago

I also felt shivers reading this.

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whatchuknowboutthat
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm hoping this doesn't get buried because I've been hoping to share this for years. So, here it goes:

I'd like to begin saying that there have been many happenings in this house, but I'll share the most frightening. Backstory: the area where my house is was once open prairie and we have found Native American artifacts laying around the area. When my parents divorced when I was a young teenager my mother and I moved into this house. Now, at first it seemed great! There was plenty of space and it had a very cozy feel to it. However, as time went on strange things became to happen. The more I noticed them the more frequent they would become. I'd hear someone walking downstairs as I was brushing my teeth and would assume it was my mom, but whenever I'd check no one would be there. Footsteps began to be a very common sound in my house, especially at night. So, after some time I came to the realization that, oh shit, my house is haunted!

Now here is where things got really weird. One day my good friend and I had just gotten done from being out in the sun and decided to retreat to my moms house. Considering she had been away on a business trip we figured this would be awesome. My friend and I could go drink or do whatever mishchievous actives we wanted to. We were wrong.

We walked inside and headed straight for the basement where it was cooler than the rest of the house. While walking down the stairs I noticed that The Beatles Yellow Submarine poster hanging at the bottom of the stairwell was tilted slightly to the left. No bother I figured, it must have gotten bumped by me or something. I fixed it and we walked into the main room. Mind you, we had pictures and posters hanging everywhere in the basement. What my friend and I saw instantly creeped us out. All 10-15 pictures on the walls were each tilted slightly to the left. Just as the Beatles one had been. But the weirdness of the situation didnt stop there. The storage room (essentially a dirt floored room that is lifted about 4 feet off the ground) had its door cracked open. So I walk over and see a golden glow emanating out. There is a pull chord light located about 10 feet from the door that is turned on. So I hop up and into the storage room, crawl on my hands and knees to the light, and turn it off. Hoping that all of this had a natural explanation I call my mom up and ask her about it. She says she has no idea what I'm talking about and hasn't been in the basement for weeks before she left on her trip. Shivers shoot down my spine. I look back into the storage room, and in the dirt there's a footprint. The most distorted and mangled footprint imagineable. I'm frozen in fear. My friend is too. Without words we look at one another each feeling a sickening, gut wrenching feeling. I slammed the storage space door shut, locked it, and we bolted out of my house as fast as we could. Ill never forget how sickening and mangled that footprint looked, and thinking that I had crawled in there to turn off the light still gives me shivers to this day.

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Jonathonathon
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My wife and I used to live in this kinda run down duplex. Through the front door was the living room connected to the kitchen with a hallway that went to the rest of the rooms in the place. One night I was walking back to our bedroom and looked up to see a man with a faint blue glow wearing one of the old time railroad outfits. I could see him in my peripheral but when I went to focus on him he was gone. Now this really unsettled me because my grandfather had died not too long prior and he used to work for Frisco. So I moped back into the living room thinking that I was just upset with having lost him and my imagination was playing tricks on me.

Well, in walks my wife from our room down the hallway and she's a shade paler than usual. I ask her if she's alright and she just kind of shakes her head. "This is going to sound crazy, but I just saw a guy glowing blue wearing this weird uniform kind of like what you see in movies for guys that used to work on railroads." My jaw kind of hit the floor.

Neither of us were really freaked even though we were a little startled, but my grandfather passed away before I was with my wife and I never told her what he did for a living.

Bonus creepy factor: a few days prior, my wife had drawn a salt line at the front door to keep slugs from coming into the house.

Reply Share

Yunired

â€¢ 13y ago

As a habit, if I walk to the kitchen or some other place in the house during the night, I don't turn on any lights. I can see fairly well with little light, so it doesn't bother me and I'm used to it. Used to do the same at my GF's place.

This specific day we were cooking and I went to her bedroom to get something. As usual, I didn't bother turning on the lights; I knew the house layout fairly well. Going through the hallway, I get this weird persistent shiver and start crying for no apparent reason. I didn't think much of it, continued my way to the bedroom, get whatever I need and head back. Passing the exact same place, the exact same thing happens. When I finally get to my GF, still crying, she asks me what's wrong to which I automatically ask her who died in that spot. I don't know why I asked, and it made no sense since the place was fairly new.

She makes this shocked face and doesn't say a thing until her parents arrive. As she proceeds to tell her mother what happened, her mother almost faints; apparently their house was rebuilt from an older house, and that spot in the hallway was previously a bedroom. To be more precise, it was the exact spot where the bed was. I learned that my GF's grandfather died in that very same spot a few years ago.

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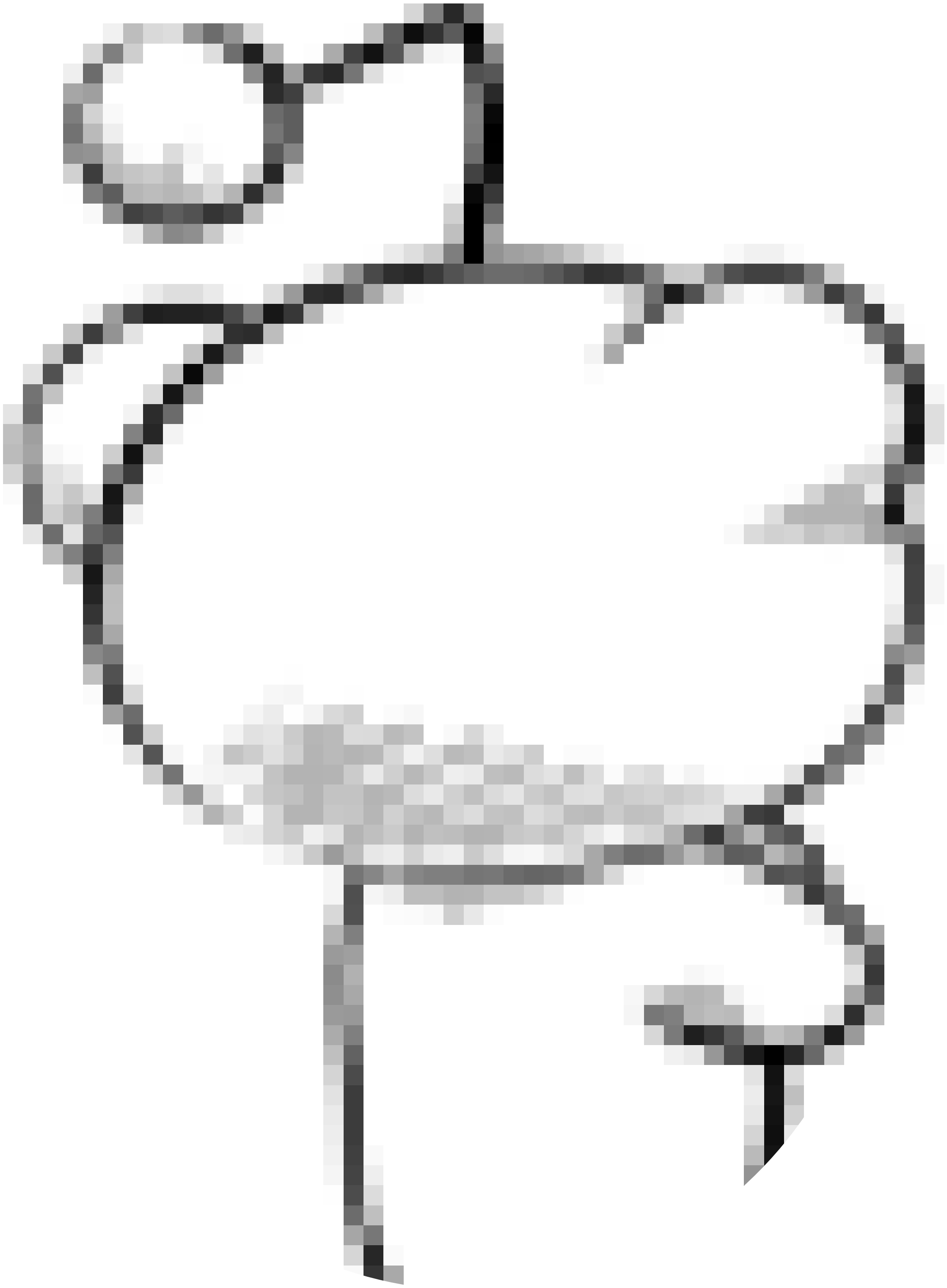

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â€¢ 13y ago

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ohbubbles

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Okay, here's my two stories.

The first, I still don't know if there's a reasonable explanation for it, my mom tried suggesting a few back when it happened. But nope, it still makes no sense at all.

Back in high school, me and my friend had a class that took place in a building situated outside the main school. The building had a fence surrounding it with a gate near the entrance of the classroom. The teacher was always supposed to let the whole class in through that gate. There was another gate way on the other side of the building, but we weren't supposed to enter through that.

Anyway, me and my friend had a class there after lunch one day. We started walking to it a little early, and waited outside the gate. The bell went just as we arrived. By this time, at least half the class should have been there. My friend looked at her watch: exactly the time the class should be starting. Just a side note: absolutely no-one was there. Not even other people in the distance, which was really weird even though classes had started by this time.

We hung around for fifteen minutes, then went to the secretary back at the main school (If I remember correctly, we had some important thing happening in the class that day, which we had to attend and complete in groups, and we were a bit panicky about missing it).

Our obvious thought was that the place where class was taking place had changed and we forgot about it or didn't hear about it. However, the secretary got the teacher on the line and was annoyed. She let us know that the teacher had opened the gate twenty minutes ago and that we were idiots who had been at the wrong gate. No, we weren't.

We went back, and found the gate open. The teacher laughed at us when we told her we had been at the correct gate at the right time. Apparently, the whole class had been where we had been at the time class had started. After class, I spoke to another friend. Coincidentally, she had been on the second story of the building as class was due to start. A window looks out below to the gate that leads to the class. She had seen the entire class going through the right gate at the right time, and she went down and went to class. We ended up checking with a lot of people because it sounded crazy. They had all been at the same place we had been at the same time. My friend's watch wasn't wrong or broken (we checked). They had been at the same gate. So, although this story doesn't have anything to do with ghosts or something like that....still freaks me out the most.

TL; DR: I think me and my friend fell into a wormhole or slipped into a parallel universe. I'm not clued up on the technical differences between that type of stuff, all I know is this was weird in that type of way.

Second story is much quicker to explain. I was sleeping one night and woke up abruptly. As I was lying there, I heard clearly someone exhaling in my ear. As if the person was lying next to me and sighed in my ear. I froze up in fear and finally looked around. Nothing there. Needless to say, I didn't sleep well that night.

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jahlove24
â€¢ 13y ago

My brother in law (atheisist, skeptic) was at a red light during regular traffic. The light turned green and no car moves, in any direction. He opened his windows to listen for sirens and there was nothing. He honks his horn, nothing. Nearly 20 cars frozen. The light turns yellow then red then green again and everything returns to normal. Pretty wild.

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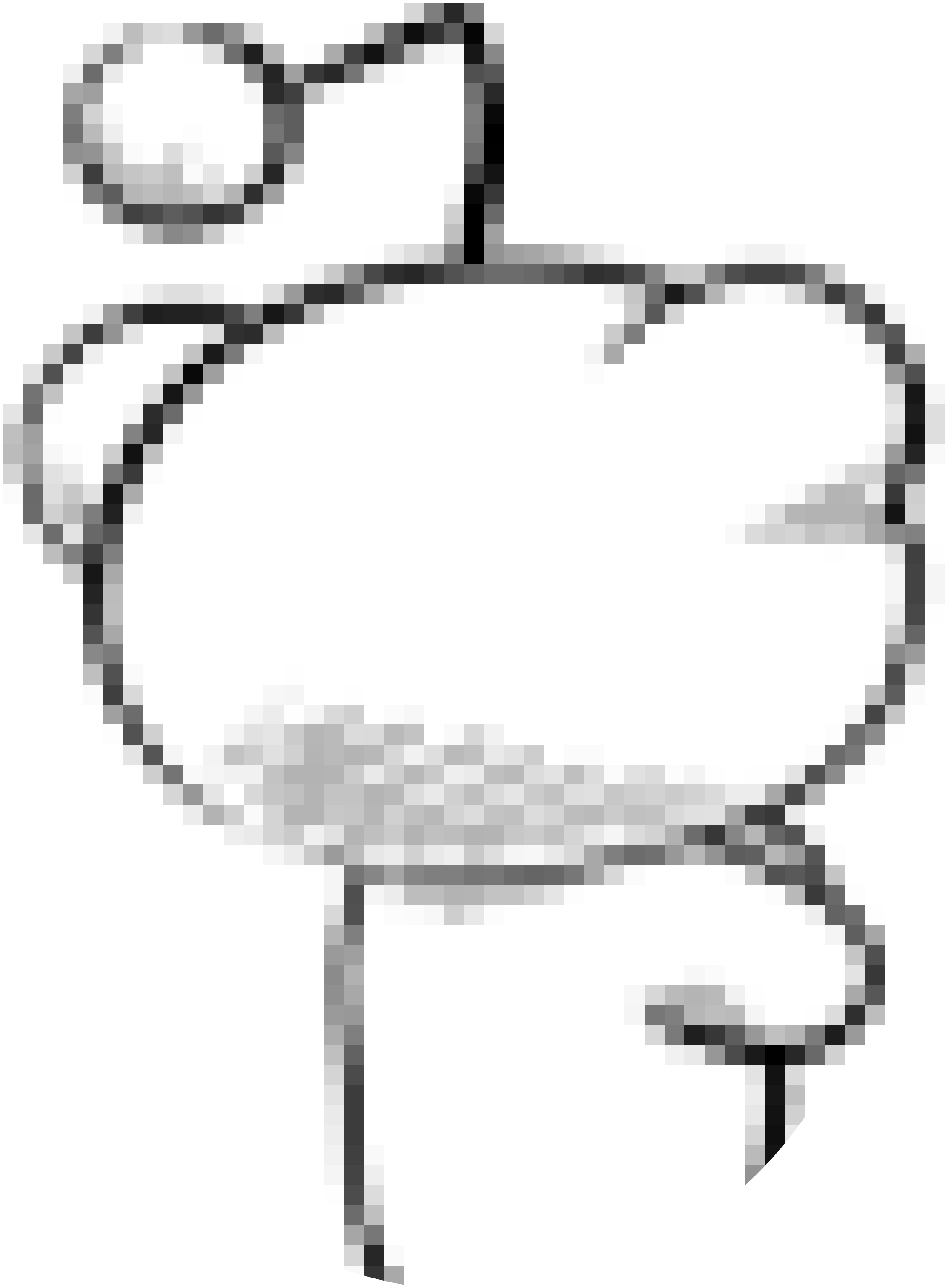

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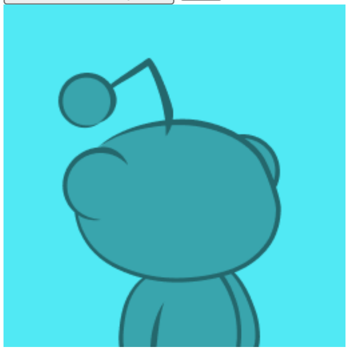

youngoffender

â€¢ 13y ago

I actually had something kind of similar happen to me in high school. I should probably preface this with a note that I had suffered a traumatic head injury about 5 months beforehand, which required surgery and caused headaches, some memory loss, and some other minor issues for some time. So, I think it's likely that the following experience is related, but it still kind of creeps out:

I was in 10th grade. I went to an all-girls Episcopal school and we had to go to chapel every morning at 10:15. Following chapel we had a short break before our next class. Normally my friends and I would congregate in the 10th grade lounge during this interval.

Well, on this day, I left chapel and headed to the basement of the main admin building to get something from the vending machine. I told my friends I'd meet them in the lounge. But when I came up from the basement, absolutely no one was visible on campus, where normally people would be hanging out on the green, etc., and when I reached the lounge it was also completely empty. I checked my watch and the clock in the lounge and confirmed that it was only 10:25. We'd usually hang around until about 10:40, then head over to class for 10:45.

I was confused but assumed that for some reason everyone had decided to head to class early, and began to make my way toward the academic buildings. When I got there, my English class, which was supposed to finish at 11:40, was just letting out. I looked at my watch and confirmed that it was indeed 11:40. Somehow I'd lost an entire hour. I don't have a clue what happened. My friends asked where I'd been but I was worried that I was going crazy so I lied and said I'd just decided to skip. Luckily nothing like this has happened to me since.

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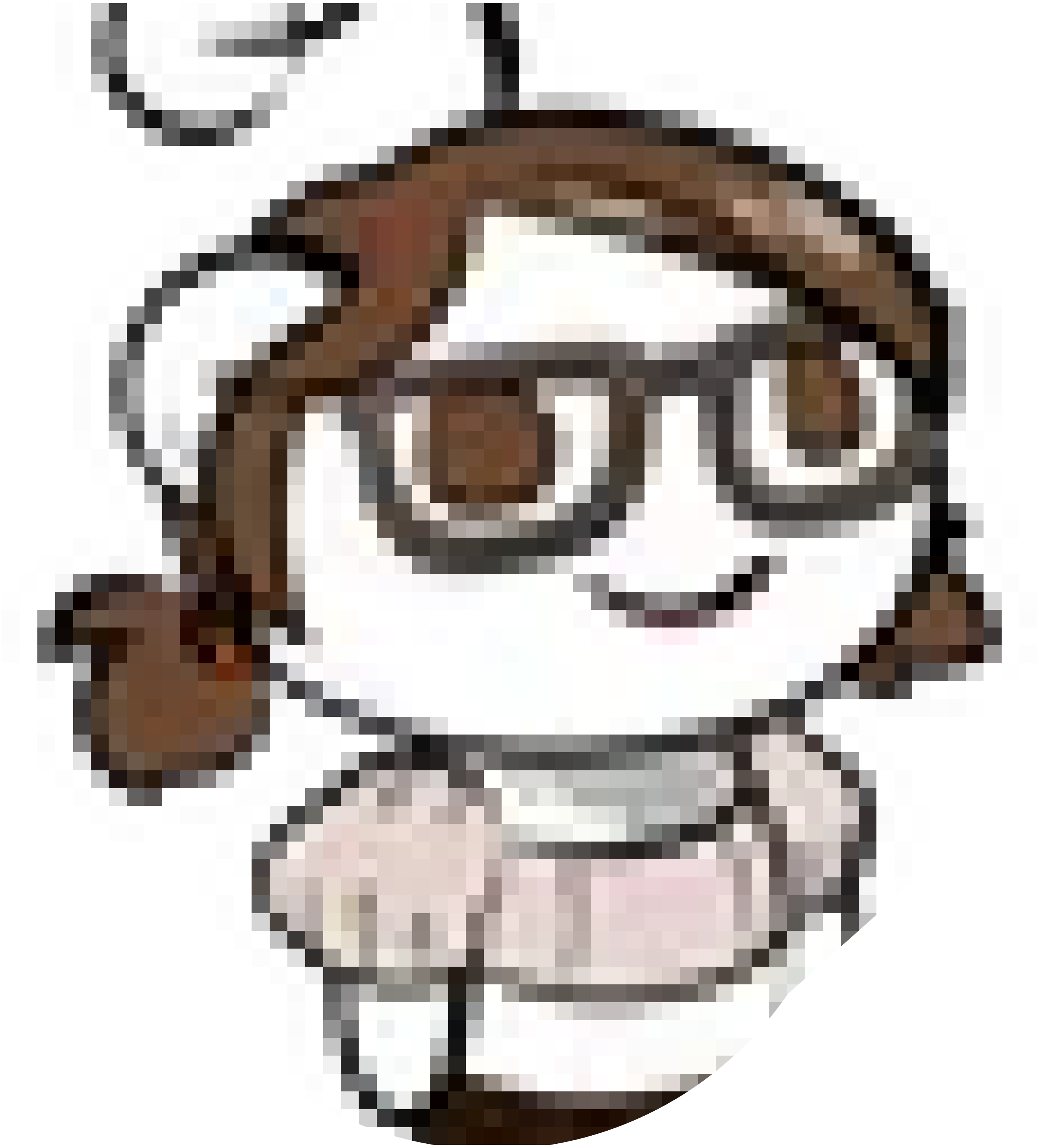

president_of_burundi
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I had something like the first story happen to me.

I live in NY and have for a number of years. I spend most of my free time in Central Park to the point that I could be dropped into any part of it, know where I was, and find my way to any other point in the park without issue. Which is why this was so disturbing.

I was walking home in the evening from the West Side of the park. I had to walk directly across a wide open field to the East Side of the park. No winding paths, no obstructions to get around. Just walk straight across some ball fields while looking directly at a distinctively ugly building on the east side.

I walk for about fifteen minutes toward the Distinctively Ugly Building, which puts me on the east side of the park. I pass some guys playing baseball and a playground with a big concrete climb-y thing in it, walk another couple of minutes and exit onto the street.

Immediately I know something is wrong, but it's so bizarre that it takes me a minute to figure out what, exactly. The park is on the wrong side of me. Sure enough, I look up and the sign says W100th . I'm back where I started, feeling incredibly disoriented and all around confused.

Okay, that was weird. I must have just...spaced out, somehow, and gotten turned around. Back into the park I go and this time I make it a point to keep checking that the Distinctively Ugly Building on the east side is in my line of sight and *concentrate*. I walk halfway across the field, check the Distinctively Ugly Building. I walk past the same baseball game. Distinctively Ugly Building, still good to go. I walk out off of the field onto the path, past the playground with the climb-y thing and follow the path out of the park.

My heart sinks immediately. W 100th street. Now I'm legitimately freaked out. I can't decide if it's some weird *House of Leaves* bullshit or if I'm having some kind of black-out and neither idea is comforting. I try to logic it out and figure out where I could have possibly been turned around. And I can't- I didn't walk *back* past anything. Not the ballplayers, not the playground, not the field.

I seriously consider just taking a cab, but I suddenly feel sympathy for every idiot horror movie protagonist, because I just *have* to know.

I walk into the park again. I retrace my steps exactly, keep my eye on the Distinctively Ugly Building, just like last time. Walk past the same baseball players. Just like last time. Onto the path. Past the playground with the concrete climb-y thing. Follow the path. Out of the park.

E 100th street.

I still have no idea how it happened. I've never been able to replicate it. Logically there must be something weird about the line of sight or the little stretch of path heading out. Less logically, Olmstead was a creepy wizard who did some non-Euclidean park planning and created a portal to R'lyeh or I took a quick stroll through the Twilight Zone.

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Tonykart44

â€¢ 13y ago

Regarding the first story, is it possible your teacher and your friends pulled of one giant prank on you?

⊕ 5 more replies

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theabyssstaresback
â€¢ 13y ago

So I have a lot of stories, like the man in black everyone used to see at the coffee shop where I used to work, or when I got plates dropped on my head in my kitchen, or the woman who was only feet.... But I'll just tell two more recent stories.

First one was when I was walking to work, I was talking on the phone to my friend using those iPhone headphones with the microphone. We're talking, and then all of a sudden, there is a clattering sound, like she had dropped her phone. I actually thought she had. So I'm expecting her to apologize for dropping the phone, but instead, there's this really deep guttural laugh. Then there are howls and squeals and what sounds like a car crashing, tires squealing, then a man yelling "Burn, burn, burn!"

I freaked out, and hung up. I called her back, and she was angry for me not responding to her - apparently for about a minute, she had been hearing me, but I was hearing this awful sound.

My other creepy experience was a few years ago, and I lived in this basement apartment. My roommates were in the living room, and I was sitting on the floor of my roommate's room, working on something. I heard movement in the doorway behind me, and thinking it was my roommate, I just said hi, and kept working. She stepped up beside me (I thought) and ran her fingers through my hair. I asked her something, and when she didn't answer, I leaned off her leg, which I had been leaning on, and turned to look at her.

Only she wasn't there.

Weirded out, I went into the living room to ask my roommates if either of them had been in the other room, and they have me a weird look, and said they'd been there watching tv and eating the whole time. Never got an explanation for who had been there.

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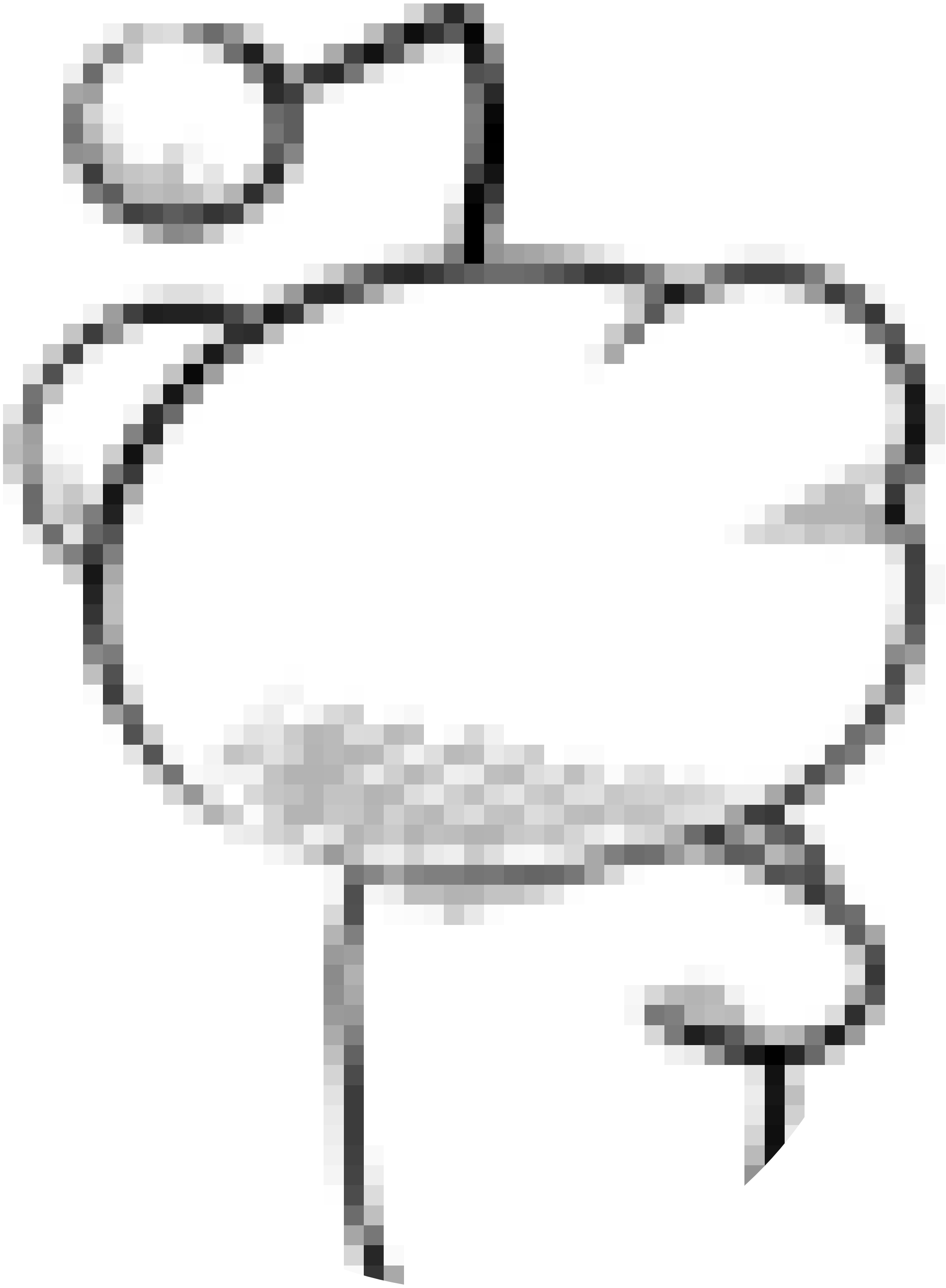

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â€¢ 13y ago

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__nathan
â€¢ 13y ago

Schizophrenia?

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idontsugarcoat
â€¢ 13y ago

In all seriousness, you should seek evaluation. You seem like a highly intelligent person so I'm pretty sure you already knew that. I'd hate for the imagery to spiral out of control. Worth a shot.

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[megdonalds](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My dad died (very unexpectedly) in 2007 at about 1:30am. We left the hospital, went home, slept, and got up the next morning to make funeral arrangements. I was 20, we were all shellshocked and just trying to get through it. Coworkers brought his things from his office, including a digital picture frame, but they'd forgotten the cord. My mom really wanted it at the service so I went to Best Buy to find an adapter or something.

I went to the checkout lanes with the cord and I'm sure I looked like a ghost, just totally running on fumes and not all there. I remember the cashiers were two women, one in her 20s who was training one in her teens. She kept prompting her to ask stuff - did I need warranty, etc. etc. - and the trainee asked me if I wanted to use my rewards card. I said sure. Scanned the card, I'm still looking off in space when she asked, "Are you (my dad's name)?" because it was the one on the account. Being a girl, I clearly didn't have a dude's name, so the trainee and the cashier laughed a little. I IMMEDIATELY burst into tears at the sound of my dad's name.

I mean, I just started to lose it. I felt so bad for this poor trainee, but I couldn't get a grip. Now for the unexplainable.

Best Buy has the overhead music system, and it was playing some crappy song. The very **second** after I started crying, the song stopped. Just stopped dead, no overhead music, just silence. Then it started playing a song by my favorite band. Not from the beginning, like in the middle at the chorus. The week before he died, I had just introduced my dad to this band. He had loved them and wanted more, but he got sick and we never had a chance.

It was the only thing that made me stop crying and get out of there. I felt like he reached out and comforted me. I know there are probably a lot of real explanations for what happened, but just the way it FELT at the time was so unexplainable to me.

That was 5 years ago and I've not felt any otherworldly connection to my dad since.

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shelbygt500

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Late to the game, but I'll share anyway:

I *love* scary movies. I have no idea why I like torturing myself, but I love getting scared and then having to watch cartoons before bed.

Anyway, my boyfriend took me out on a date night for dinner and a movie. I was super stoked because we were going to see the next Paranormal Activity movie, and the first one had me jumping out of my seat more than a few times. So we go see the movie, I was all hyped up and scared, but it was a good time, everything was normal.

We get in the car and drive home to our apartment and my stomach drops. Our front door is open. My boyfriend immediately asks if I forgot to lock the door and I admitted that I remember him locking the door since I decided against bringing my keys. After a moment of 'what do we do', my boyfriend enters first and quickly takes a look around before deciding that no one was there and nothing was stolen. We make sure to lock and chain the door so we can relax before bed.

I'm in the kitchen when my boyfriend yells for me. I walk over and he looks freaked out. He explains that he was about to open the bedroom door, when it opened by itself. It had to be just a draft right? Right.

So we get ready for bed and I go to leave the bedroom and the door does the same thing for me. Okay...*weird.* But not impossible there was some kind of draft.

Eventually we head to sleep.

I woke up to pitch black to hearing my boyfriend talking. My eyes were still adjusting to the dark but I could tell he was feeling around the blankets, as if he was looking for something. I finally am able to see he is sitting upright and muttering to himself, like he's frantically searching for something. I groan and push at him, **"What are you doing?"** My boyfriend huffed, **"I'm looking."** I knew he was sleep talking, so I played along. **"Looking for what?"** I smiled, waiting for a stupid silly response that I could have endless hours of making fun of him the next day.

"I'm looking for -her.-" he stressed, now sounding worried and confused. My stomach tightened in nervousness and I quickly scanned our room and saw nothing out of place. After a few moments, I went to ask him what he was talking about. His reply was the same. **"I'm looking for --her.--"** Now he sounded incredibly stressed, like his sister was missing or something. I pushed him again and told him to go back to sleep, but he wouldn't budge and kept feeling around.

That was when he froze. Absolutely stopped moving and breathing. I watching him, my heart beating against my rib cage. Then he smiled and his whole body relaxed. **"Ah that's right....She's under the bed."** and promptly laid down and went back to sleep.

edit: formatting

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[sweetalkersweetalker](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

WAKE UP MOTHERFUCKER YOU AND I ARE GOING TO SEARCH THIS WHOLE HOUSE TOGETHER

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Reesch

â€¢ 13y ago

Reading this thread was a bad idea.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My house is definitely haunted. Actually, I don't know if it's a haunting, or if my son managed to bring in a poltergeist. They say emotionally disturbed children attract them, so that could be it too.

Anyway, my house was built in 1889. It's inevitable that someone would have died here. There are two that we know of for sure. One was a child, and he died of an illness, it was listed as natural causes in 1944. The other was an older gentleman, he died of undetermined causes in 1979. Both in the house. The boy died in my bedroom, the older man died in the area that was once the enclosed front porch and is now my daughter's room.

The little boy is mean, not evil, but mean. I have pictures of him, in silhouette, standing in my bedroom. I will dig them out and scan them if I can find them. The only thing he's ever done that was potentially harmful was push a dresser down the stairs. The dresser was sitting at least a foot back from the top of the stairs, on solid ground, was not leaning at all. All of a sudden, when my roommate was about 3/4 of the way down the stairway, it comes flying down the stairs. He threw himself out of the way, and the dresser hit the bottom of the stairs so hard that it literally exploded. Creepy shit.

The old man doesn't do much, just hangs around in our entryway. He covers my daughter up when she's cold and she claims to have talked to him, but I have never actually seen him myself. When we moved in, there was a satchel full of dried red peppers hanging in the entryway. I took it down and threw it away, it was put back up. This went on for literally months before I asked him to please stop putting them back up, because they had a potpourri smell to them and it was making my roommate really sick. He let me throw them away for good after that. Not that creepy.

There's a female here too, but I know nothing about her, and no death of a female was disclosed to us when we bought the house. The guys hear her more than I do. My husband has heard her come on to him when he was the only one in our bedroom, multiple times. I've only heard her once. Clear as day, in a room that should have only had my husband and I in it, a female said, "Who is this bitch? I thought you wanted to be my daddy." That freaked me right the fuck out. I blessed the house, with holy water, even though I am not religious. (In fact, I'm leaning towards a belief in no god, but I was fucking scared.) No one slept that night. We heard a woman crying, pounding on the side door, which we use as the front door, begging us to let her in. That door has a peephole, and it was winter, so we could have either seen anyone that was really out there, or seen tracks leading to the porch by looking out our window. There was neither. By dawn the screaming had faded out to crying and by 8 a.m. it was completely gone. My husband and roommate think that whatever it was is gone. I think it was a ruse and she is still here. Just a gut feeling.

There's more, but this already turning into a text wall. I'd love to have one of those ghost hunting shows in here. I think they'd get proof of something.

Okay, I'm off to look for the picture of the little boy now.

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LeoKhenir
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

When I was a student, the campus was located on what had only 20 years before been an old asylum for the insane. Like, batshit crazy people. They did lobotomies there and what not. Most of the buildings had been refurbished into "normal" school buildings with lecture halls, study group rooms et cetera. Seemed pretty normal, except the small study group rooms that only had one window, that was 1 square feet, 15 feet up on the wall, with bars in front of it. Yeah. Now, walking around the halls at night was creepy enough in it self, but one experience I will never forget.

I was the leader of a student/professor team that was in charge of evaluating lectures, professors, timetables et cetera, and we usually had our meetings after hours. This one time, we were sat in what used to be the old employee cafeteria (according to one of the old professors, who had been around for a long time). Now, I had seen the original blueprints from back when it was an asylum, so I knew what buildings had been the women's cell wing, the men's wing, administration (including morgue) et cetera. A little while into the meeting, suddenly *all* of us (8 people in total) turn at the same time, everybody hearing what seemed like a woman's scream coming from an open window towards the old women's wing. We all knew we were the only ones at the campus at the time (small part of a larger college), and we had all heard it - as evidenced by the fact that everyone turned their head.

Now that was fucking creepy.

Picture of the front facade of the building, for a little reference

Edit: For those asking, the building pictured is Rotvoll Sanatorium in Trondheim, Norway.

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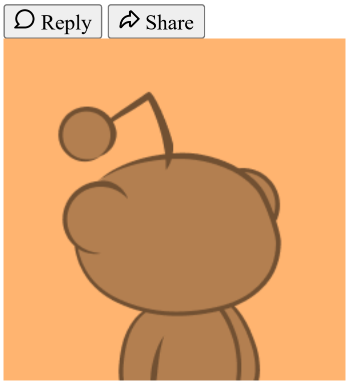

GingerkidJack
â€¢ 13y ago

Nope.

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savoytruffle
â€¢ 13y ago

I haven't really experienced anything like that. Recently I have a cat so if there's ever an unexplained bump in the night it's just that asshole.

Reply Share

SUSAN_IS_A_BITCH
â€¢ 13y ago

So I'm lying in bed, just back from a late night showing of Paranormal Activity. As I go to bed I check to make sure I'm alone and quickly sprint up the stairs. It's *kind of* hard to sleep since my head is freshly filled with the thoughts of demons dragging me out of my bed and into my closet to rape and murder me or some shit.

Everyone knows that sometimes your house makes noises at night just to screw with you. I can deal with those, no problem. But this night I got a special treat.

A *thump* at the base of the staircase outside my door. And two seconds later another *thump* on the stairs. *Thump...thump...thump...*

If you haven't seen Paranormal Activity, those pounding sounds right outside your door are not something you want to hear. Usually it means a chicken-footed troll demon is about to come fuck your shit up. Now I'm clutching the blanket around my head because it's 3 AM and *I am going to die*. All I can do is just lie there in bed, waiting. *Thump...thump...**thump**...*

Just as I'm ready to cry out for my mommy it reaches the top of the stairs. I hear the jangling of metal and heavy panting.

Fortunately, I was not killed by a demon that night. It was just my old dog being my old dog and deciding to climb the stairs at 3 in the fucking morning.

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Rauhta
â€¢ 13y ago

Midsummer's eve, about ten years ago. Me and my ex-SO were planning on spending a romantic weekend at his mother's childhood home, which was now serving as a summer cottage. The cottage was located in a tiny island, and in order to reach it you had to first leave your car by the road (it was really remote, so this could be done), then walk about 2 km through the woods and finally row a boat across a small river.

When we reached the cottage, we found the key to the front door was missing. I was already feeling like there was something out of place, but decided I was probably just a bit tired from the journey. My then-SO was really long and skinny, so he managed to wiggle his way in through a small window and open the door from inside. We then proceeded to unpack our stuff and got a fire going to warm up the sauna (a must on Midsummer around here). My ex told me we were going to sleep in the first room on the left, the old master bedroom, and I went in to make the bed ready for us. As I entered I was at once hit by a strong feeling of dread: we were not welcome here. I tried to shake it off, because I didn't want to ruin our weekend, and so said nothing about this to my ex.

We decided to have a bite to eat before going to the sauna, and as we were eating I noticed my ex start to look a bit pale. When I asked him if he was okay he told me he was feeling really ill all of a sudden, and there was a chill running through him constantly. I put my hand on his forehead; he was clearly running a high fever. He was feeling just fine before, so we were both a bit puzzled by this sudden illness. We thought it would be best for him to rest for a while, so we went into the bedroom to lie down. I wasn't thrilled about going in there, but it was the only place with a bed at that time so we really had no choice.

I remember very vividly what happened next. We were lying on the bed; my ex with his eyes closed and breathing heavily, sickly warmth pouring from him like crazy, and me very much awake and alert. It began as a cold feeling of dread, just like before, but this time it kept escalating to the point of pure fear. My heart was pounding faster and faster as I realized we were in the middle of nowhere, we had no phone, and my ex was the only one of us who could even drive. Then I saw it in the doorway.

A shadowy figure, clearly male, was standing on the doorstep. It was leaning toward us, radiating hate. It seemed reluctant to step all the way in, but made sure I knew if it chose to do so, it could. There was no other way out of the room except though the window, but that was sealed shut. I mustered all of my strength, shook my ex by the shoulder and explained to him that we had to leave NOW. He was still very weak, but I managed to get him up and packing. The figure was nowhere to be seen; it had vanished when I focused on getting my ex to his feet.

So, we packed in a hurry and left. I told my ex I had felt and seen something strange, but mainly I explained our haste with the fact that he was ill, and we needed to get back to civilization while he was still able to travel. But what do you know: by the time we had crossed the river he was feeling a lot better, and his fever was all gone before we reached the car. He mentioned something about maybe going back now that he was okay, but I quickly refused.

We drove back to his parents' house, where there was a small Midsummer family gathering taking place. People asked why we returned so soon, but I didn't say anything to anyone about what had happened; only that we came back because my ex was feeling ill. We had a couple of drinks, chatted with his relatives, everything seemed back to normal. So much so that I was starting to doubt myself; had I really even seen something? I must have been overreacting, imagining things. Then my ex's uncle speaks up: "By the way, did you know the place is haunted?" I felt my stomach curling up with fear, as if I had swallowed an ice cold stone. He continued: "Yeah, it really is! I remember my dad telling me about it. He said that even before he was born there were strange things happening down there all the time, according to his own father. Then one day a weird old man appeared to the door and said he was there to help. He then proceeded to draw lines across the yard with some kind of metal wire while chanting silently to himself. When the guy was finished, he said he had re-conducted the energy flows around the property so that the house would from now on be left untouched by evil, then went on his way. I remembered all this when my brother said he had done some landscaping at the cottage, and removed a bunch of old wire that was running on the grounds. I wonder if the ghost is back now! I heard he really liked to frequent the master bedroom, isn't that where you guys were sleeping?" He laughed heartily at his last comment, I just sat there feeling sick to my core. I didn't dare to ask more details about this claimed entity, why it was thought to be there or what it had previously done to make itself known, but could not stop wondering what would've happened if we hadn't left when we did.

Never went back to the cottage. Never saw of felt anything like that again.

TL;DR Went to remote cottage, got kicked out by a pissed off ghost.

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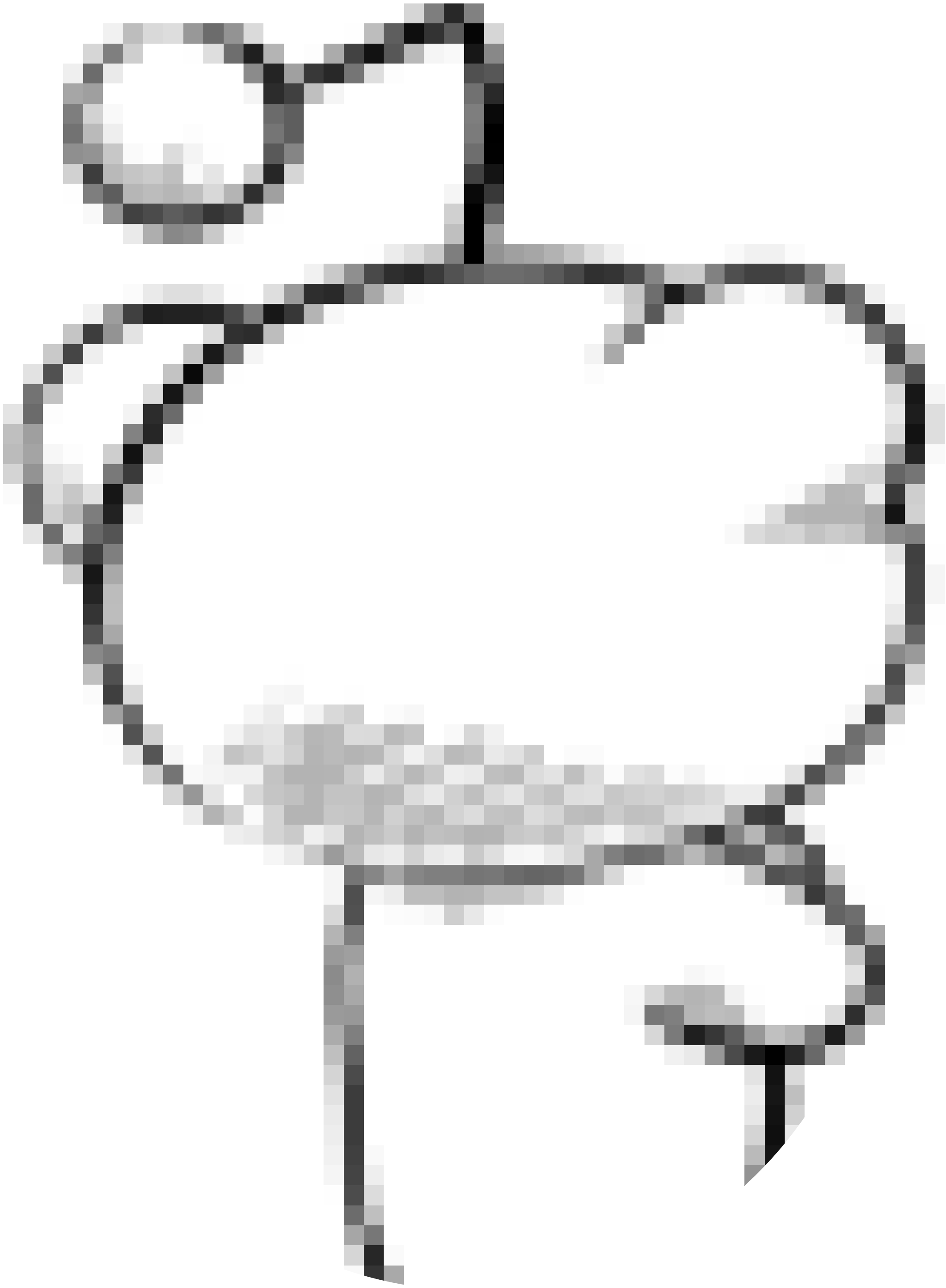

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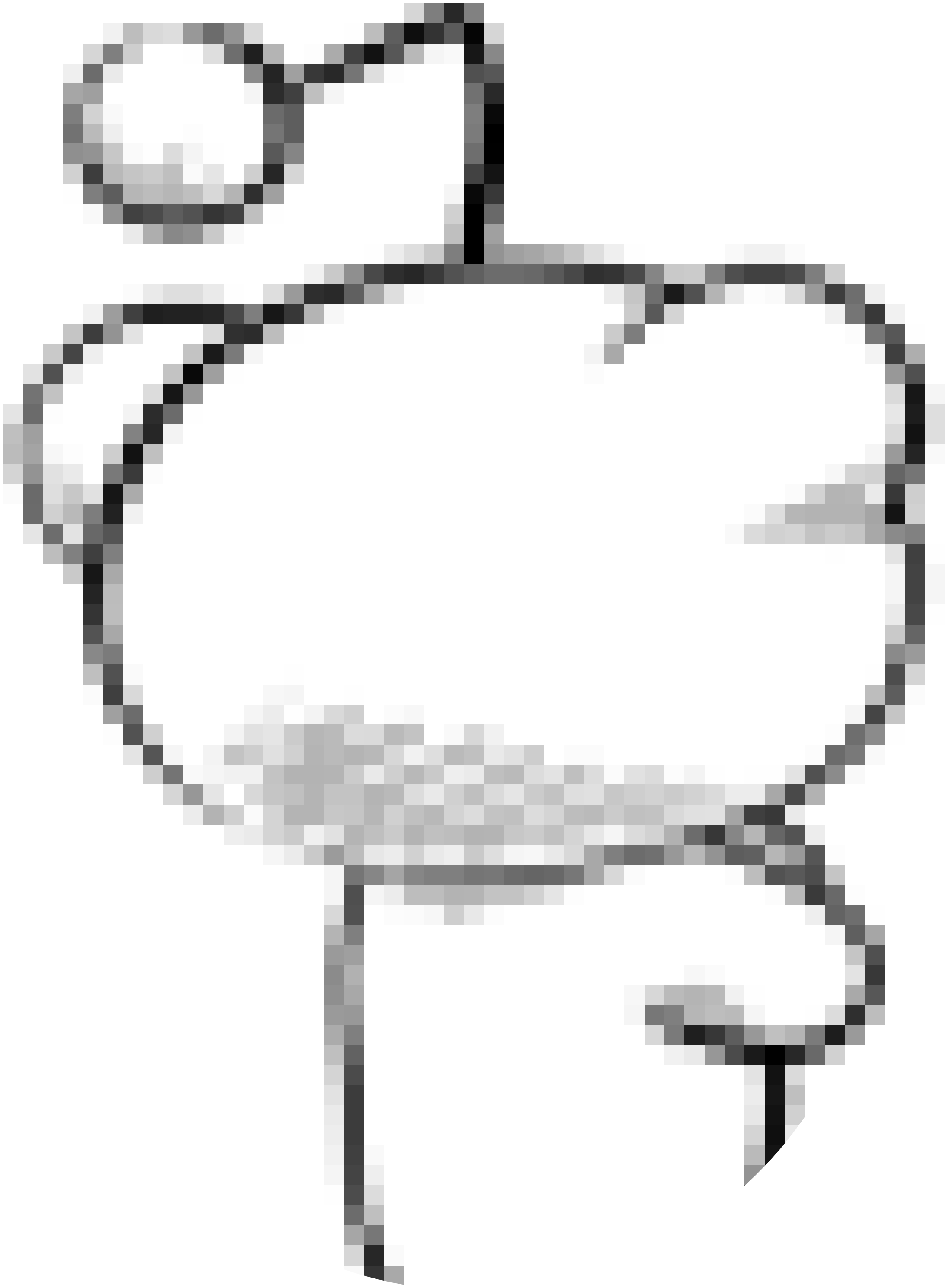

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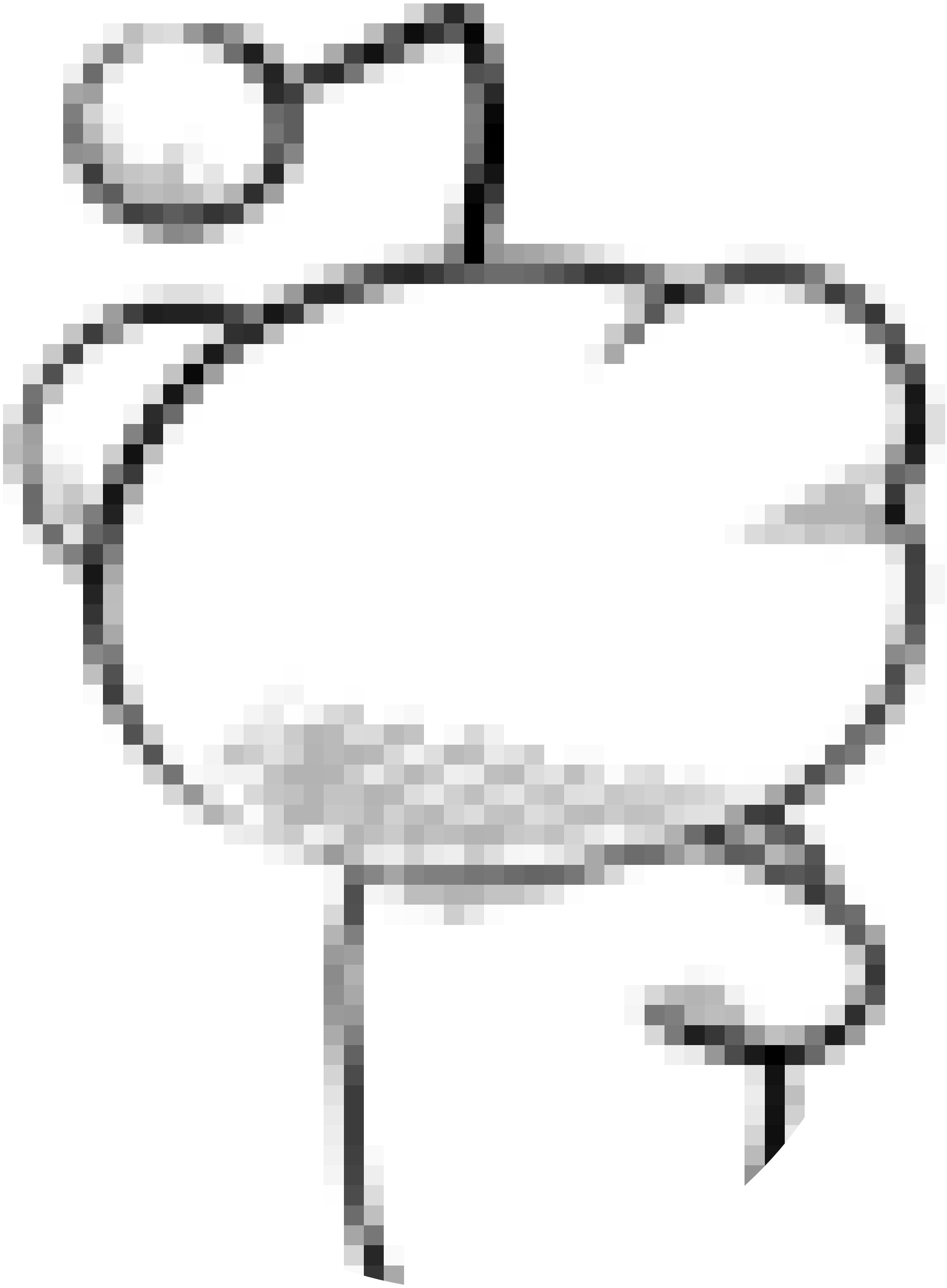

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Madeleine227
â€¢ 13y ago

Dude... maybe he stole your soul?!

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⊕ More replies
⊕ 11 more replies
⊕ 11 more replies

mikeydblock
â€¢ 13y ago

This didn't happen to me, but a childhood friend of mine named Michael. He and his dad were really close, and whenever his dad was home (I guess he worked a lot) they would play gran turismo on PlayStation. When we were five or six, michaels dad was unfortunately killed in a car accident. After a few months of grieving, Michael and his mom went home and found that not only had his tv been turned on, his PlayStation was also on, and gran turismo was running. He says he left spyro in the PlayStation. To this day I have absolutely no explanation for that.

TL;DR: my friend Michael and his dad always played gran turismo. After dying, michaels dad came back from the dead to play PlayStation and fuck with the living

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Lurkin_Dirty
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Well...this one is quite personal and I have been living with it for the past few years. No ghosts or anything just an unexplained phenomena that nobody has been able to figure out in my life.

I by the way, am no way crazy and live a somewhat normal life. Basically I'll keep it as short as I can for you to get the gist of it, and I'll be honest I have a really hard time explaining this to people because it just does not make sense to them. It is so real to me though.

Well here it is. Since about the June of 2009 I have developed a mind-body thing that seems like a curse. Basically I get these fasciculations through my body. Often times they are in my legs, scalp, feet, but every where really. They happen every day at about 5 times or so a minute if I had to estimate.

It is like a signal sent through my brain to the nerve cells in my body and the neurotransmitters or electrical charge (I don't do science)and send a slight "zap."

Here is the kicker though. The neurons in my brain act like an electrical wire like everybody elses, but I send out these electrical messages that are completely involuntary and often happen when I am nervous. For those I have lost by now think Gambit from X-Men. Here are some examples of things that happen to me everyday. The electrical charges I send out through my body often:

- flicker lights when I walk into a room (my bathroom every time as it is weakly lit),
- will mess with the TV screen pixels
- will cause my dog to bark (other animals like the rooster in the morning)
- turn my computer on and off---shut down, or when on sleep mode it will power back on
- during a lightning storm is when I get most nervous because I know one of my twitches can easily turn the * power off the whole house like it is nothing. It happens every time during a bad storm.

Before you write me off as crazy, let me just say **I have thousands upon thousands of reference experiences.** This is no fluke. Coincidence is not even close to a logical explanation. It happens every single fucking day. This is 100 percent real. People reading this may feel like it is some super power, but it is a huge burden, trust me.

I have become more and more introverted over the years because this is the worst part, it effects people around me. Just this past weekend I went downstairs and had one of my neurological electric shock things and woke up my friend. I didn't make a noise, when it happens it is like bang-bang. Clock-work. That happens A LOT. Walking down the street I cannot tell you how many people I have made drop their keys without even touching them. I have made a few people even drop their drinks and stuff like that. It is unexplainable, really. The weird part is I can't even really explain it to them, but i know deep in my friends sub-consciousness they know something is up when they are around me, but they can not explain it enough to even bring it up through words. It is the elephant in the room, but it is too faint to bring up.

STORY Here is kind of a side story that is kind of freaky. I have come across this a couple of times. People don't usually know what is happening of course when they get "shocked," but there was 2 times I can recall where the "victims" knew. It is out of this world. The one time I was across the bar and a charge happens and the girl drops her drink and it shatters on the floor. I act like nothing happened, feeling kind of guilty though still, but I just ignore it.

To my shock and to her friends shock, she immediately points at me and says, "it was him." Pointing at me, and I am probably a good 15 feet away, not moving at all just watching the TV, and I barely made eye contact with her through the night. It was really out there because it was just us two that knew what just happened, but everybody else just figured she was drunk and dropped her drink.

She said it with such conviction, she kept trying to explain to them that it wasn't her, while I just sit there acting like I am watching TV, as my mind's eye watches this phenomena unfold right in front of me.

I would see her through town a lot and I would barely talk to her, and she would always know my "deal." It was unsettling, but I have come across a few people who seem to kind of *get it.* Very strange. Women btw tend to sense it way more.

I never had the courage to just talk to a pedestrian about it because it is very embarrassing to me. At first I embraced it like it was some cool super power, but the randomness of it sucks, and how it effects people around me makes me always self aware and conscious.

OTHER STORY The other story I'll make short. Basically I was at a bar playing pool or beer pong and my "thing" was happening. And in the corner I am conscious of these girls staring at me in amazement. It wasn't in a good or bad way really, they were just like "how the fuck is he doing that?" and they murmured it a couple of times. They were creeped out by it.

Now imagine living with that. I think of it as something like a curse. Nobody can explain this to me, though I have sought out not as much help as I would like. Doctors just went to give me pills which don't really help. I explained this to my mom and my grandma and they listen but they don't get it. It is a vicious cycle because it happens most prominently when I am nervous, and when I don't want it to happen that makes me suddenly nervous, etc.

This is my first time even speaking on this issue since I sought out help on some medical forums about a year ago so it is something I am ashamed of, even though I know I don't have control of it.

tl:dr I get these neurological charges sent from my brain to my nerves in my body that I guess send out this electric current to the outside world. Think Gambit from X-Men. It has been a phenomena that nobody has been able to explain and what might seem like a superpower is the burden of my life

EDIT: Also I am not the best writer, I realize that, but thanks for reading. I tried my best. I hope to one day find a cure. Sometimes I wish I had cancer because at least I would be diagnosable. I am not trying to say that those with cancer is anything is easy...I just hope you get what I mean by that.

Thanks.

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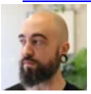

mrdavidpoe
â€¢ 13y ago

I posted this story in r/nosleep about a year ago. Was/is an actual experience.

Note: The body of this story takes place between August & October 2009.

I was a graphic designer at an agency shortly after I left college. Every day was incredibly stressful; they never knew how to say â€˜noâ€™ to the client and always over promised and under delivered. Every project was an emergency. Finally my (then girlfriend, now wife) suggested that I try meditation. I am in no way a religious guy but I can admit strange and unexplained things happen outside the realm of what we understand is â€˜normalâ€™. So I did some minor research and started off with Kundalini meditation and borrowed an album, from a co worker, to guide me through it. The first time I did it, I was just a little dizzy, there are a lot of breathing methods implemented in most meditations but Kundalini asks you to do several different types.

The next time it was around three-a.m (this was also to help me sleep), my girlfriend was asleep and I was sitting on the floor in the bedroom by the bed. I could hear my breathing and my gf's breathing and, distinctly, the breathing of someone else. My eyes snapped open and I turned around expecting Tina to be standing there. Nothing. I turned back around and was facing the door way that leads out into a short hallway. That was where I fist saw it: it was human-esque but standing awkwardly, like this is not how it normally stands; it looked like it was struggling to stay on two feet. I could not make out details, it was entirely black (not to be confused with an absence of light, but black as a color) and it was standing in a dark hallway. We have a wireless switch for our fan/light, I hit the light. Nothing was there. The next day I tossed it off to it being late and a weird breathing exercise. It was just my brain playing games on my overactive and tired mind. I went to work and came home. Tina called and said that she was running late and that she would be home in a few hours, I said I would have dinner ready. The water was boiling with the pasta and the meat-sauce was on a low simmer and it had gotten dark. I had been playing a game when the timer went off and suddenly realized just how dark it had gotten. I went into the kitchen to strain the pasta. (This part happens in the blink of an eye) I had that feeling that someone was there, like having your eyes closed and someone holding their hand in front of your face. I freaked out and thought it was an intruder and turned quickly with a knife from the counter. With all of the survival skills I have... I still dropped the knife when I saw it. It was only there until it was in my direct field of vision; it was, again, in perfect lighting still a totally black spot - not really reflecting any light - still no details inside the silhouette. I stood for what felt like forever staring in the space that it had been (possibly still was) and darting my eyes around to the other dark places to make sure I was alone. I did not want to tell Tina about it, a few years before, she had nightly night-terrors and would wake up screaming this horrifying scream. Weeks passed and my hesitation to walk into a dark room passed with them. Eventually I decided to leave my job and because of the backwards work-ethics, they were not going to pay for the two weeks of off-time I had not used, I took the two weeks as vacation and decided to give my two weeks notice when I got back. It was going to be a â€˜stay-cationâ€™, sleep as long as I can, play games the rest of the day. I would cook dinner and be all-a-round relaxed when Tina got home. About a week in, I woke up briefly as Tina was getting ready for work and fell back asleep. What I thought was minutes later, something felt off and I opened my eyes: out of the darkness of the hallway came a figure, like a rigid corpse being thrown at me, flying over me and landing on me. I sat up with a short scream. There were three deep impressions in the carpet in the hallway. Seeing them made (and thinking of them still makes) my skin crawl.They were larger than my feet and definitely larger than Tinaâ€™s. Totally could have been anything besides feet - the shape of them is the only thing I could relate to feet.

I (was twenty-eight years old at the time of writing this) and (had) been a working freelancer from home since I left the job in 2009. I have seen, what I like to call, â€˜the stranger thingâ€™ about ten times. The sightings have not always been at night or inside the house. I have not seen them since earlier (2010) but I have also not practiced any mediation since those first few times.

I have done several pieces of artwork based on these feelings and one is of the morning-vision I described above. The piece done specifically about the body, here is the original sketch I did just after waking up. The other pieces from that series here and here.

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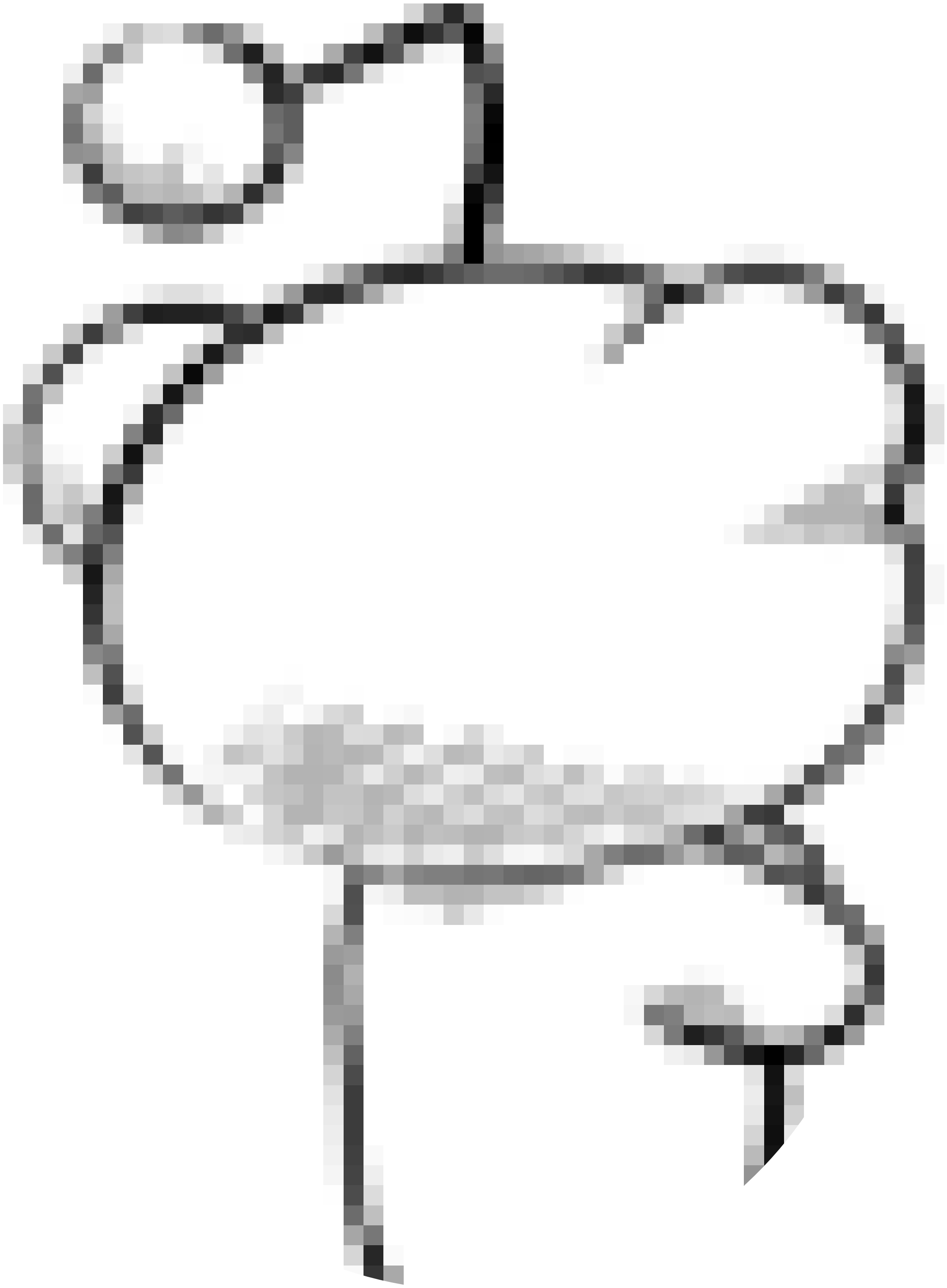

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 3, my grandma that I had never met and had never seen a picture of died. Maybe a day later, I was in the living room with my older sister and my grandma came over. She asked where my mom was and I said she was giving my little sister a bath. She said can you tell your mom I love her? So I told my mom and she was like describe her for me so I said white hair and red lipstick. My mom got out a picture and asked if it was her and it was. After that I had many more experiences like that but first I would have a terrible dream of one or more people dying, but some wouldn't have dreams before, it could be the middle of the day and it would happen. I haven't seen one since I was 15, two years ago.

Edit: set to older, autocorrect

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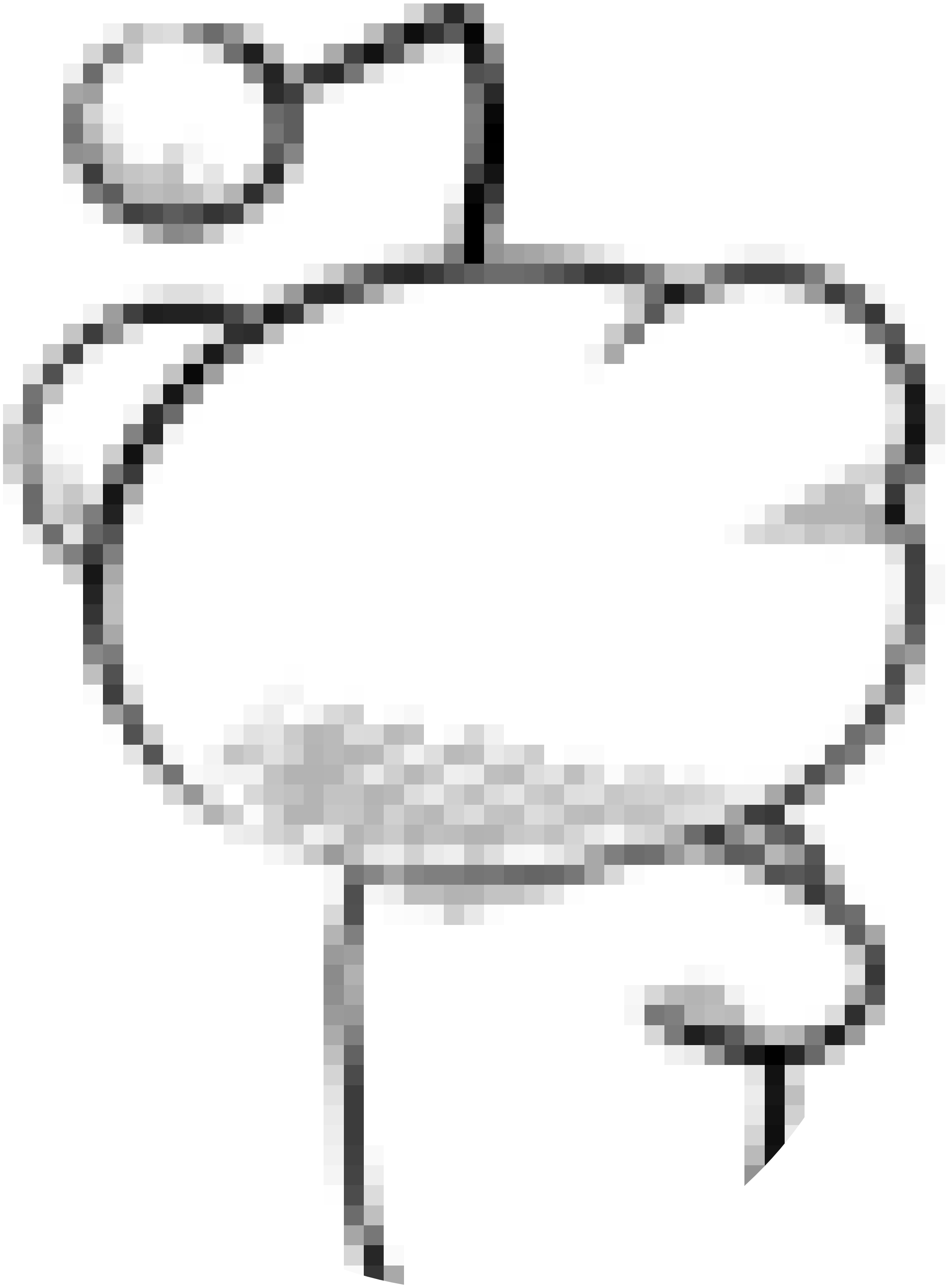

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â€¢ 13y ago

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[AFlyingToaster](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I've posted this before...

Outside of Huntsville, TX, there's a road they call "Demon Road" that runs parallel to another road. In between is an old cemetery and a dirt road connecting the two roads. Rumor has it that on Demon Road a few years ago, there was a car accident and a police shootout that left two people dead. The car was never taken from the spot it crashed and the angry spirits never left.

About four years ago, I went down there with some friends to investigate. We parked on the dirt road and a truck pulled in from the other side, KC Daylighters on, blinding me. A woman got out, I thought I was going to die, technically we were trespassing. She walked to my window and said, "you be careful." She got back in her truck and drove off.

I got out, rubbed some dirt on my car in an attempt to reveal fingerprints, and headed down Demon Road. About 1/4 mile down the road, I felt a cold punch on my chest and froze in my tracks. I tried to walk forward and again felt a press on my chest. I turned back to my car with a friend while everyone else continued to the car; I decided something was telling me it was a bad idea to continue. About 30 minutes later, the group came back and we started comparing pictures, audio, and *EMF readings. We caught some quality pictures and EMF readings, but no audio.

One of the girls asked the guy next to her, "why did you pull my hair?" He said he didn't and about 10 seconds later, she screamed, "something jerked my ponytail" and we scrambled back to our cars and sped back to the city. When we got back to civilization, I got out and saw handprints and finger drawings all over my car. The most compelling were the two smeared handprints on my trunk, like someone was hanging on, lost grip, and slid down the trunk. The Roman Numeral XII was also fingered into the dust.

I don't try to make sense of what happened that night, but that will always be burned into my mind as the absolute scariest encounter of my life.

Edit: It was EMF, not mass-spec. Sorry.

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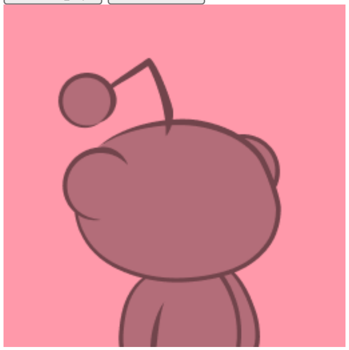

glitchwizard
â€¢ 13y ago

Can you get some google maps on this?! I need to know moar!

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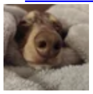

no_talent_ass_clown
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay. Here goes.

I'm in a foxhole, middle of the dessert, we've received word that the Iraqis have a tank trained on our location.

We sit there all night, guns ready. About 2 hours before sunrise, I have a premonition. I see, I fucking *see*, in my minds eye, two hours into the future. What I see is that, as the sun rises, someone from the infantry stationed near us will come walking over to our position and tell us it was a mistake.

And that's exactly how it happened. Best I can describe it was like having dejavu only with 2 hours' notice.

Now it's been more than 20 years since this happened. It's never happened again, but I can't forget the time I saw the future.

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omi_palone
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I grew up in rural Arkansas. I also grew up during a time when lots of family farms were caving in to the pressure of big agricultural industries and selling off loads of farmland and forest acreage to massive companies that wanted to develop our little area into a mega feedlot (which has largely happened).

When I was in 9th or 10th grade, that new, clearcut style of ag development finally made its was to within a couple of miles of our house. And it was awful. We didn't have any close neighbors, and we were the only house on our route for probably ten miles in either direction, so it felt very violating to have this development slowly work its way up our road to our house over the course of a couple of years. But, once spring arrived, those new clearcut expanses exploded into fields of tall grasses and brambles, and fireflies loved them. Our place is along one of several bayous that converge into a wide, mossy wetland, so midspring nights are full of light fog that hugs the ground as it rolls away from the wet ground and out into the surrounding forest (and the clearcut fields that replaced it).

Driving home with my friend Patrick one night, we come to a screeching halt on the road as it passes by the border of this new foggy, endless grass field. I have never seen so many fireflies in a single congregation in my life--there must have been millions! And it was truly gorgeous--they would sync up in small groups flashing in unison, then those harmonies would break up, then come back together again, then break up, and on and on.

We watched from the hood of the car for a while and eventually decided we had to go walk out into the field to see the light show from the inside. It was an amazing experience walking through them, and we walked for probably a good two kilometers to about the midpoint of this particular clearcut. Grasses were damp and about mid-chest tall, and the fog was only about the same height, rolling in from the east (direction of the bayou) and still thin enough to see through.

We freeze for a moment when we see the grass tops swaying a bit up ahead, but calm down when we realize it looks like a raccoon or armadillo or something is walking around and we're just seeing its rustling. Quickly, though, we can see the top of the animal doing it, the flat back peeking through the grass tops now and again: what is that, a huge dog? Surely not, what dog is four and a half feet tall? And it hasn't got its head popped up over the grasses looking where it's going. Still, it's possible? Or maybe a deer, head down and grazing? It's too far away to really tell--maybe 100 yards from us--and there's just not enough available moonlight to see details. At this point we get a little nervous about startling an animal, so we move closer together and I clear my throat to make some audible, non-threatening noise. The motion comes to a total stop--again, no head pops up to see what the noise was. Which we find totally freaky and uncomfortable. I feel Pat touch my back, like a quiet nudge, and I take it to mean we should quietly go back to the car. As soon as we start moving a bit, the "dog" or whatever stands up, and it is clearly human-sized and with head full of long hair. Don't see any clothes. Don't see anything other than it is now moving toward us, quickly, at a good pace.

Needless to say, we are now running. We run for the 15 or so miunutes it takes us to get back to the roadside without making a peep or turning around, because we are both scared as fuck. Jump in the car, slap the locks closed, and then we're looking back into the field, but nothing's visible. We ride back home, breathlessly tell my mom, and basically talk ourselves over it again and again for weeks.

I have no paranormal inclinations, but what would a naked, long-haired person be doing rummaging around on all fours in the middle of nowhere Arkansas where there is precisely one road and one house for about a 15 mile radius? Was it some crazy person who was living in the wilderness? That thought scares me more since we spent so much time in tents and deer stands out there over the years. At the time it just made me think about Pet Semetary! I still freak out about going by that place at night when I visit my parents!

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glitchwizard

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I'm already unable to fall asleep, so I'll share one my friend had.

So to preface this, my friend is a completely normal guy, and I've worked with him in the engineering realm for a bit.He's definitely a smart guy, and doesn't have a screw loose, so to hear this story was crazy. It's still left me thinking about things like the supernatural until today.

He moved into this house in Portland Oregon, and it was always a little off. When he first moved in he heard some creaks and stuff, but it was mostly just old house noises. Then sometimes he could swear he heard footsteps, or doors creaking open or closed. The most peculiar thing about the house was that even with all the shades drawn up and letting the sun in, the house was always dark it seemed.

As some of the noises increased in frequency, so did some strange things. He asked his roommates about the noises and they all had agreed that they had heard peculiar things around the house too. In particularly the basement.

The basement had some stairs leading down and from what he described there were two rooms. The main room with the stairs in it, then another room attached that had an extra door in it on the opposite corner of the first door. He was a drummer and had his drums set up in the main basement room to practice drums.

The first of the strange things to happen would be in his bedroom. He saw smoke like stuff coming from under the door and it started moving up towards the upper corner by his door. He thought the house was on fire as the smoke like stuff began to cluster in the corner so he opened the door and was gonna bail, but when he opened it and looked into the hallway, the hallway was totally fine. No smoke, no fire, then he looked back into the corner and all the clustered smoke had vanished.

After that, some time later, he was in the bathroom taking a piss, and he heard the door open. Without looking behind him he says "hey hang on a minute I'm almost done" But the door didn't shut so he finished up and turned around to one of the most frightening things he'd ever seen. Clearly in front of him was an apparition of a young girl in a plaid dress, and he looked up and up and when he got to her face starting from her feet, there was nothing there and he could clearly see through her. Just a blank face. He was so scared he said he didn't even remember putting his pecker back in his pants, he just shut his eyes and ran to the door (that he thought was open) through the ghost but then he ran straight into it, because apparently it was closed! Frantically he opened the door without really opening his eyes and scrambled to his bed and he said he dove in like a little kid and held the sheets over his head until he went to sleep, terrified.

The craziest thing of all that happened is what's next. In the basement where he practiced drums, he could swear that in the doorway to that extra room, he would see someone walk by the door. From one side to the other. It would happen rarely but one time he decided to go into the room.

[i'm seriously getting shivers in my spine writing this]

That extra door was on the opposite corner, and he thought it was peculiar that there was door there, and that it should lead to the outside, but he knew it didn't because there was no other way into the basement. He walked over to the extra door and opened it and he said that it gave him the most sinking feeling in his stomach looking into what was behind the door. There was a stairway that had been cemented off, but in one of the most creepy ways possible. He didn't get into details but he basically said "I shut the door and never opened it again because of the terrible feeling I had when I opened it"

Now being a drummer, he had met all kinds of people in his travels because he had toured the nation. One time he was talking to a man he had met about his house and these strange happenings, and the man looked at him as serious as a heart attack and said "I can help you with this house and these happenings"

My friend was skeptical because he doesn't really believe in these kinds of things but he accepted the offer saying "well why not, the worst that could happen is nothing"

The man met him at his house and brought with him a most peculiar bell. My friend described it as having the most piercing sound he'd ever heard and the man entered the house ringing it, and was mumbling something under his breath as he moved through the house. Eventually he asked my friend where the most activity happens, and my friend told him the basement.

The man goes into the basement and instantly went into the extra room. He asked my friend "This door, does this door have something"

My friend was amazed at this man for pointing out, because my friend had said nothing about anything specific in the basement. My friend told him yes, and how he had opened it only once because it was terrfying.

The man then proceded to open the door and instantly fell to his knees shrieking and ringing the bell furiously. My friend was totally freaked out and didn't know what to do and before he knew it the man jumped up and ran up the stairs screaming and out the front door. My friend quickly followed him and met him on the sidewalk.

My friend said "What was that all about" and the man looked to him and said "Whatever was in your house, I just chased it out". My friend was bewildered, then the man handed him an octogon shaped pendant and told him to put it above his door, explaining that it will protect him as long as it's on the door.

My friend said thank you as politely as he could because he was still skeptical and trying to figure out exactly what all had happened but he put the pendant above his door.

No joke, from that day on, all the strange noises, footsteps, doors creaking, stopped. The darkness that always seemed to loom inside the house even with the windows open, vanished.

Finishing this story I have such crazy goosebumps.... I hope you liked it. I promise you it's not BS

TL:DR Octagon pendants can protect you if a witch doctor chases spirits out of your house.

EDIT: Haters gonna hate, but as an engineer I can vouch for the validity of this guys sanity. He was even cautious telling me this story for fear of judgement.... and I've had it in the memory banks for about a year now. Anyhoo.

EDIT AGAIN: I have the address of this house.... I've always wanted to check it out. Who's with me?!

Edit 3: [ADDRESS REDACTED] (could be ban-worthy? maybe?)

Edit 4: this has been the most fun day on reddit of my life :) Thank you reddit.

Edit 5: Ok ok I'll share to r/nosleep! Here it is: http://redd.it/177k5p

Edit 6: OK! I FINALLY Got in touch with Aaron and this is his reply:

Aaron1979 permalink

As the Aaron in the story, I can tell you it is 100% true. The woman wore a plaid dress, big white squares with thick, brown, cross-hatches around the white squares. She had no shoes on and I could see the faintest outline of the open door behind her. I assumed it was my roomate Daphna. When I looked up at her face, nestled between her shoulder length blonde hair, her face was nothing more than smoke. It was like someone was smoking a cigarette, but no cigarette, no face... only smoke moving in the faintest breeze.

When I ran through her, it was if I had jumped into a frozen pond. i can still feel that cold to this day.

As for the octogon that my friend placed above the door, it was a yellow octogon made from a piece of wood. On it, there were three, black, horizontal lines on the side closest to the top. It also had an octogon shaped mirror in the center of it.

Months afterwards, while still living in the house, I had a dream that felt so real... unlike any other dream I've had before. I was asleep in bed and a man in a suit woke me. It was a black suit and he was wearing a fashionable hat like men would wear in the 40's. I awoke (in the dream) to the man shaking me. I gasped, startled by the foreign figure in my bedroom and looked at the man with no face. He leaned in close enough to feel his cold breath. As he leaned in, he whispered to me, "it's all been reset". As he said it, it was if those words caused him to drift away in white smoke. everything. his clothes, his hat, his entire body.

I awoke in a panic. I'm not sure what it meant, but after that moment, when I could feel his cold breath on me... my life became instantly better. It was some strange turning point in my life.

I'm not sure if the octogon is still on that door, but for the sake of those that may live there, I hop to god that it is. -aaron

EDIT 7: More from Aaron1979

permalink

Also, I dont recall putting my ding back in my pants. It was fucking terrifying. And since this was on the second story, it was either go out the window or run through the ghost.

When we first moved into the house, it had thick metal gating over every window and door. Not like regular metal bars, this was the kind that you could bairly squeeze a finger through. We took them all down, but even still, the house always remained dark. It didn't make any sense since one entire side of the house faced the morning sun and had no obstructions.

The house was incredibly old, a 3 story house with a full basement. Six bedrooms in all and everything was the original wood that came with the house. Dark, polished, but covered under years of dust. The date on the furnace was 1893 it was a huge furnance which seemed like it was converted from coal to oil. My thought was that the cemeted off steps was a way of getting coal down to the basement.

There were things in that house that were unexplained. So strange. One night, well before i met my wife, I was dating this woman named Elizabeth. One night in the gigantic living room, we were hanging out enjoying a fire in the woodstove that was seriously the size of a stove. We were just sitting in the room, which you could close off the french doors and heat up the entire front section of the house. As my wife would probably not want to hear, she looked me in the eyes and told me that she loved me. At the exact moment, the moment she uttered to words to me, someone pressed the G7# sharp key on the piano sitting in the living room. If you have any doubt as to how creepy that note is... press it on your piano. In that cavernous room, with that key being pressed, both of us started screaming.

We shut the door to the stove and ran upstairs to the bedroom, trying to stay as far away from the piano which was leaning up against the stairs. To this day, that note creeps me the fuck out.

EDIT 8: From Aaron1979: This is the actual house. The previous poster had it wrong. http://imgur.com/mVyPcmb

EDIT 9: more from Aaron

Imagine an old basement, rough foundation setting on crumbly cement made up of pebbles. When you touched the walls in the basement, it just crumbled in your hands. The door itself was made of 4 or 5 planks of incredibly old wood. Seiously it looked like that door on the blair witch project, right before the last guy dies in the film. Imagine the wood ill fitting, splintery, and upwards of 1 inch gaps between the planks. The handle of the door was hewn from an old piece of wood, again splintery to the touch. When you dragged the door back towards you, it's rusty hinges screeched back to life. Since it was such an old door, it dragged across the basement floor as you opened it.

I only looked into that room/stairwell for a few seconds before i slammed it shut. Here's what I remember. It was dark, and incredibly dirty. As if that door hadn't been opened in 50 years. The stairs went from ground level straight into the ceiling. There was a handrail which looked like it had been cemented into the ceiling as well. Inside there were a few objects, a lamp, boxes and paint cams. Those looked like they had been there for just as long. It was basically like someone poured a huge cement slab over the top of the stairway. The stairs just went up... into nothing.

I used to practice drums in the adjoining room. Out of the corner of my eye, I'd always see someone walk by the doorway. I'd stop playing drums, get up and walk just close enough to see the door from where I was standing. no one. creeped out I'd go upstairs.

The thing is, that whole basment was creepy. It was the creepiest basement WITHOUT the ghosts. You know those basements that your grandmother might have had? the turn of the century Farhouse basements that looked they've at least flooded a few times in their lives? It was like that.

EDIT 10: Aaron posted about the mirror, apparently it's one of these, a bagua mirror

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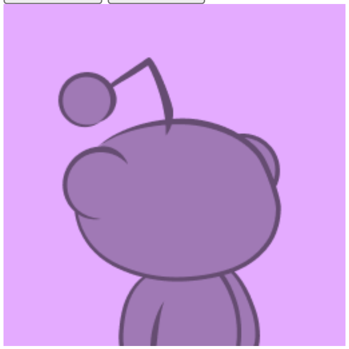

Mikey-2-Guns
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

> He moved into this house in Portland Oregon, and it was always a little off.

It was the ghost of a lady who was killed because she forgot her reusable bags when she went to the wholefoods store. Also, her spirit couldn't move on because it was still searching for the 90s.

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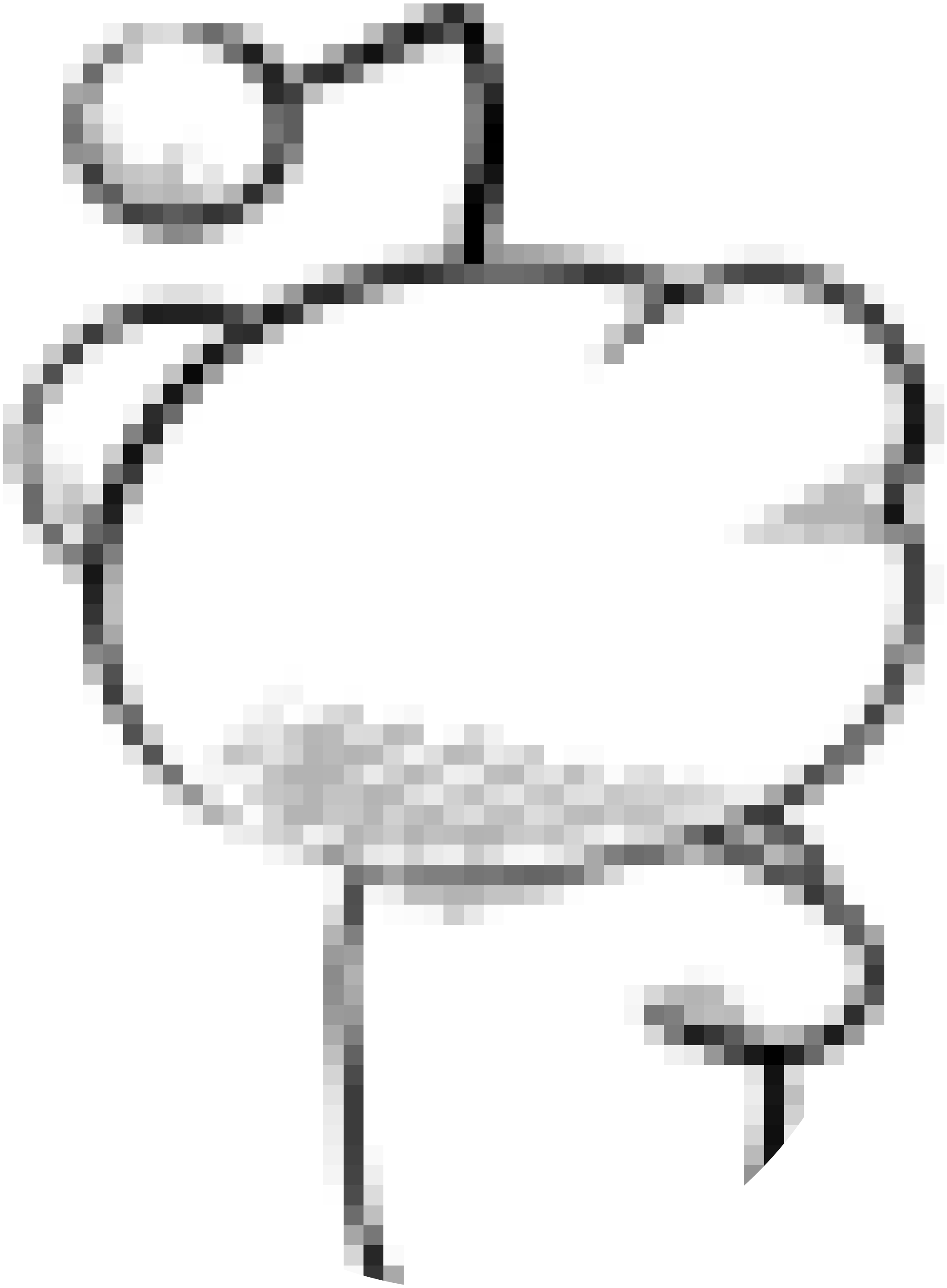

DrEmilioLazardo
â€¢ 13y ago

"The house was always dark, even with all the blinds open..."

Yeah that sounds like Portland alright.

So I have two ghost stories, but neither are particularly scary, and both are in the PNW oddly enough. In Seattle when I was growing up we lived in a two story house with a basement. All the bedrooms were on the top floor, with the kitchen, living room and dining room on the main floor. We had a ghost who would walk up the basement steps, through the kitchen and living room, then up the steps to the second floor. She would stop and just stare into my room. She never went anywhere else. Sometimes you'd hear her walk down the steps, which was actually creepier, as you'd be in the kitchen and the ghost would just get bored I guess and walk back down to the basement from where you were. We were certain it was a woman, but never saw anything, just heard her walk around the house. My mom didn't feel she was a bad ghost, but it still creeped me out that she'd walk to my room and look in.

More recently though in Portland I work in what used to be an old house. There's a ghost there that normally hangs out by a bricked over fireplace, but occasionally wanders to the SE corner of the building. We've all heard it open and close doors, walk around, and I shit you not we heard it talk. We were standing talking and all of a sudden we heard the front door open and close, a couple footsteps up the stairs to where we were and it just stopped and cheerfully said "Hello!" So we said Hello back to the nothing that was standing there. It sounded like a woman in her early thirties. Three of us heard the thing, and we keep waiting for it to say something again. But for the most part it just hangs out by the bricked up fireplace near the back.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Holy. Fuck. That blew my creepiest experience right out of the fucking water. And if you *did* make it up, not saying you did because I hope people give my story the same consideration, then you should be a writer.

If some witch doctor dude had screamed like that I would have been out the front door before he was.

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Throwy27

â€¢ 13y ago

Jeeeeeesus..... Can you describe this door some more? How was it cemented off in a weird way? Any pictures?

This is SO intriguing!!

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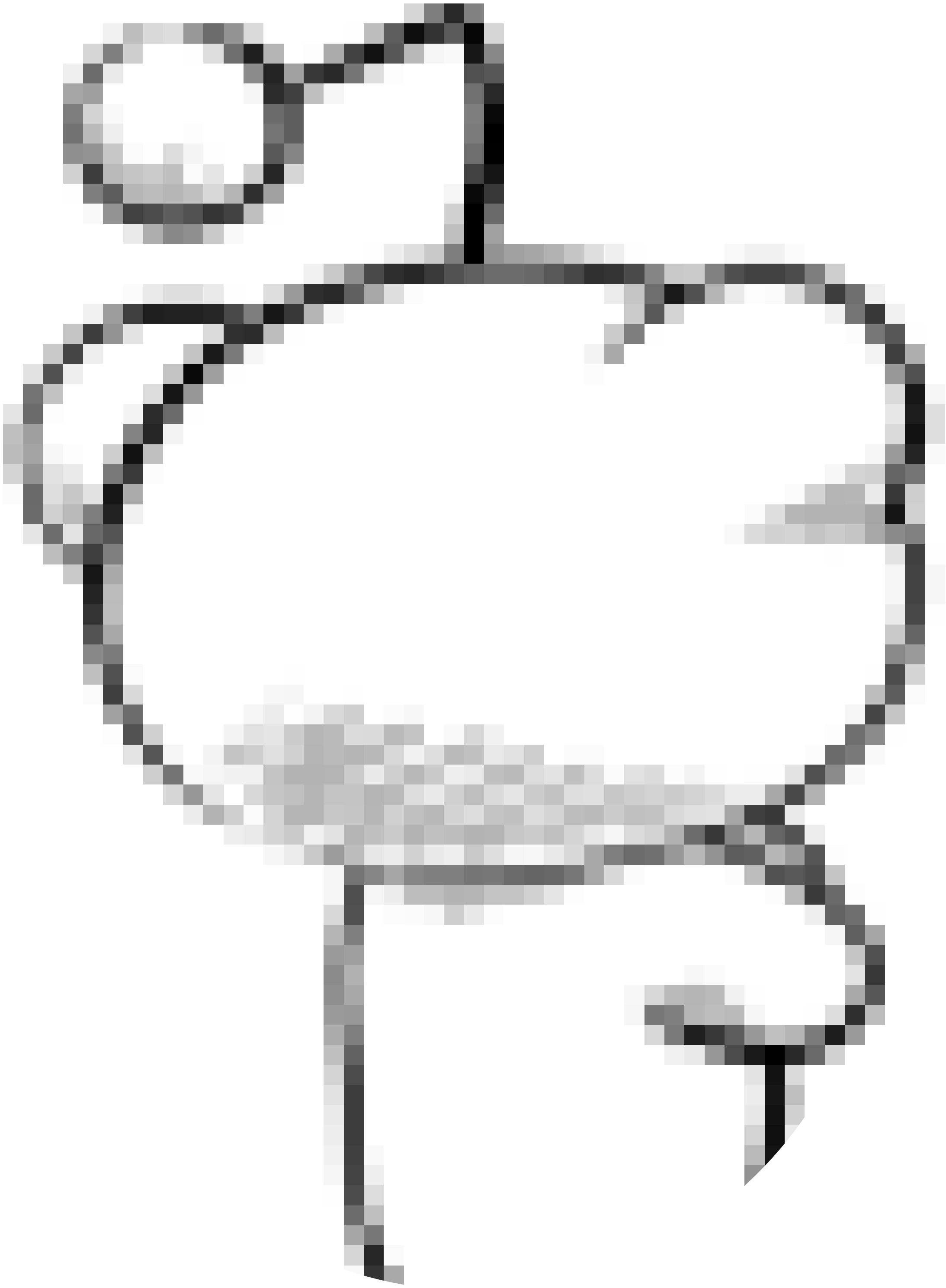

luthifer
â€¢ 13y ago

So wherever I see an octagon shaped pendant hanging above someone's from door I'mm gonna take it off and hide it in the bushes or a flowerpot or something. Just for the lols.

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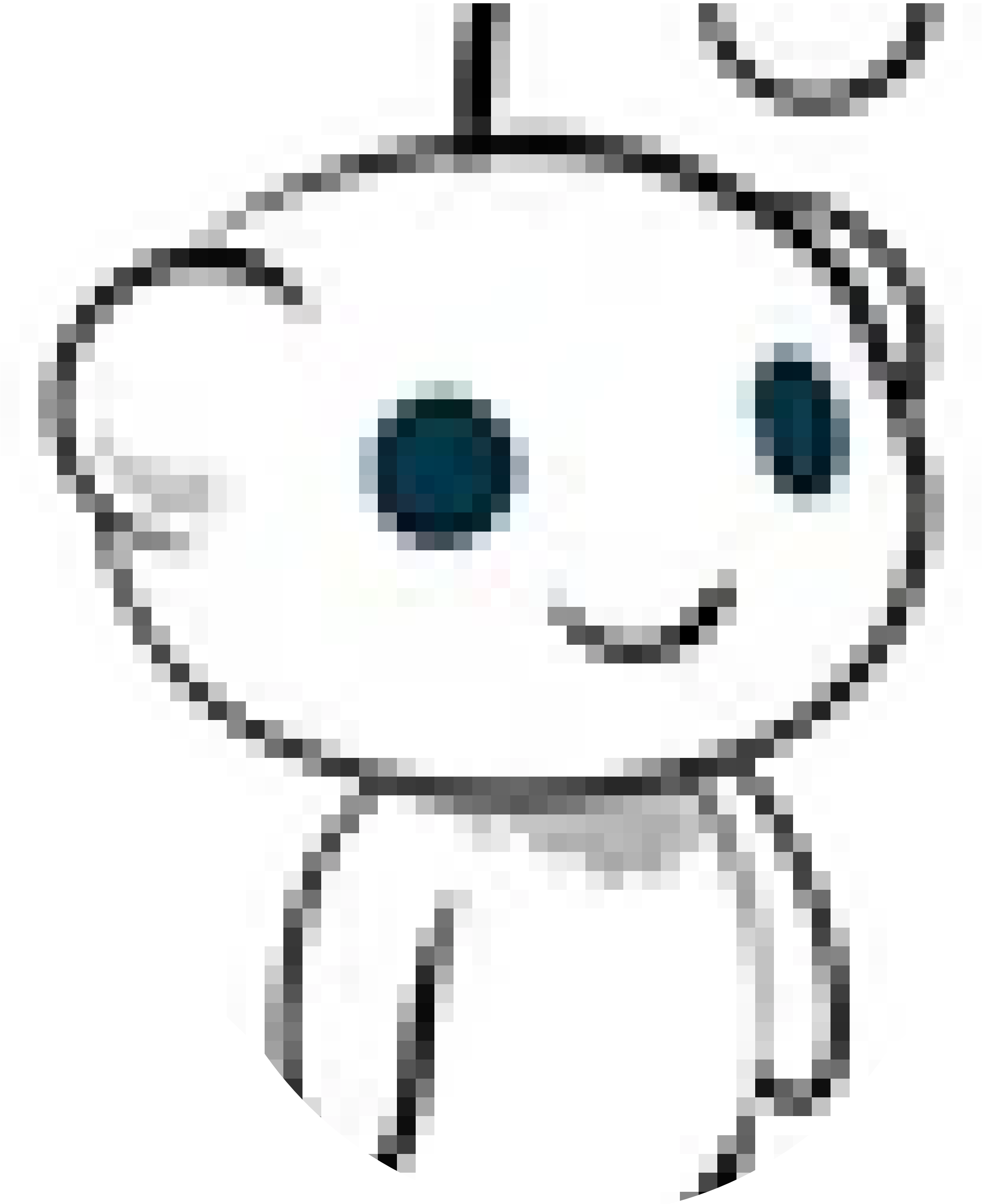

noodle539
â€¢ 13y ago

There are so many creepy parts in this story but the big one for me was not seeing a face. Simply terrifying.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My mum often reminds me of this one and I have quite a vivid memory of the event myself.

I was around 3 years old and playing by myself in the living room. I watched my mum pass through the room and into the hall where the front door and stairs are. I have a very vivid image in my head of her stonewashed blue jeans and white trainers. I can still see the scene in my head.

For whatever reason I finish playing and head into the kitchen at the opposite end of the house to find my mum, in a summer dress, rustling up some food. I ask her, as matter-of-factly as children do, "When did you get changed into a dress?". She asks me what I'm talking about and I tell her that I just watched her come through the living room and go upstairs, dressed in jeans and trainers.

She freaked a little and had my dad search the house for an intruder by nothing was to be found. I still know that I saw jeans-and-trainers pass by me as I played.

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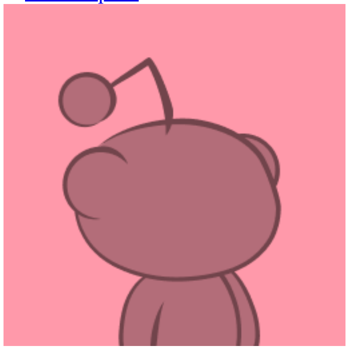

iIStheKirk
â€¢ 13y ago

First of, im a very clumsy person that always misplace my own phone. So one day i woke up from a nap late in the evening, outside was already dark and i suddenly thought of a date that im probably late for. I then rushed off to the bathroom to take a quick shower, realizing that neither my parents and siblings were at home cause the lights weren't switched on. After my shower, when im already dressed up and ready to go i realize my phone was missing. As usual I would just go to my study room(where the only land line is) and dialed my own number. I heard my mobile phone ringing from inside my room, and when i was about to put down the phone somebody picked up... "hello", in a deep and hollow voice. Thinking it was my sister trying to play a prank on me I put down the phone and went into my room. My phone was lying on the sofa... I picked it up and looked around for my sister anticipating her to jump out from somewhere and scare me. Later, after searching throughout the entire house... I realize my house was actually empty. I called my parents and asked where they were. They told me they were coming home late and my sister were over at her friend's place for a birthday party. Being the human I am, I freaked out and ran out of the house. the end.

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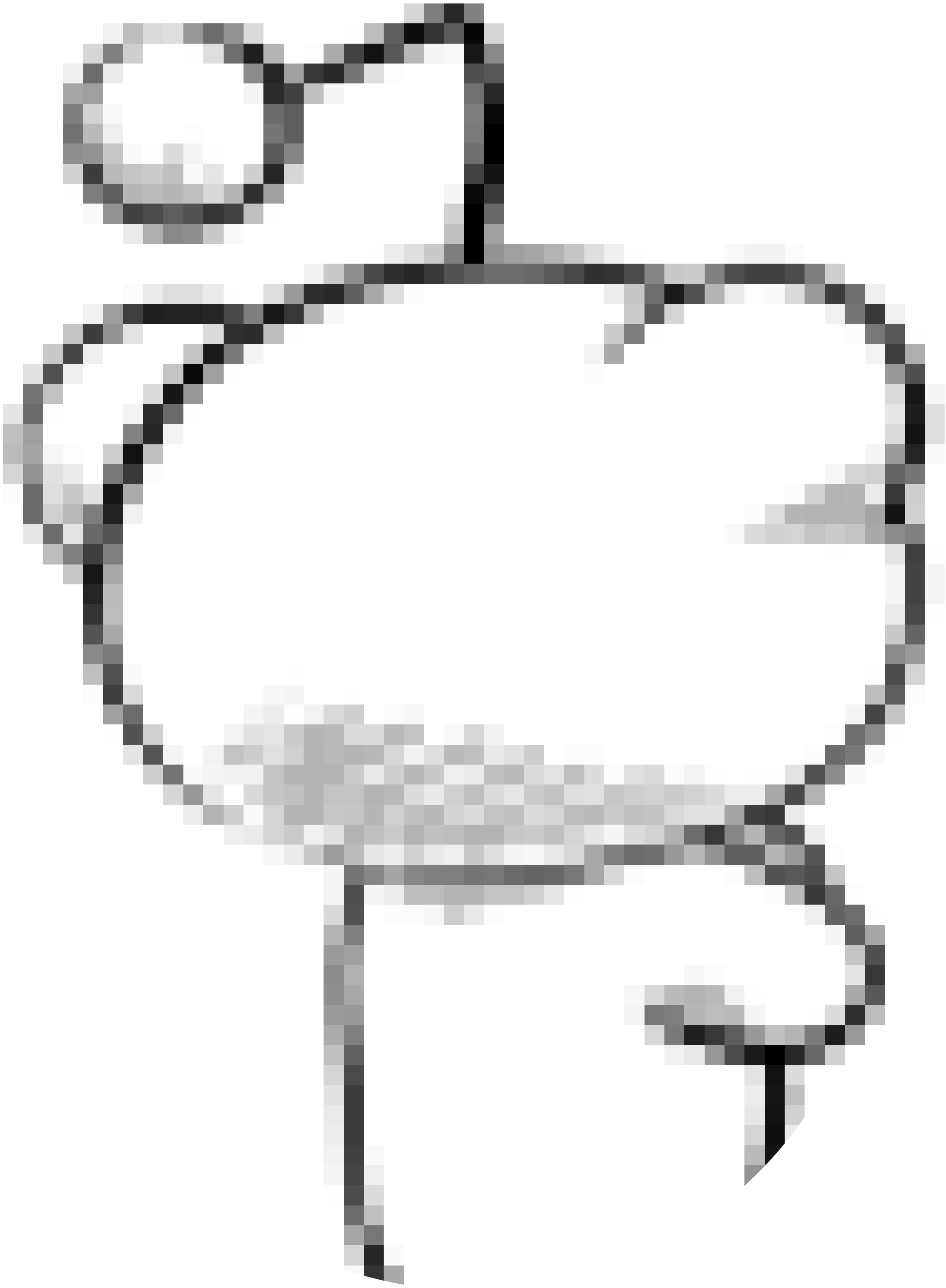

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was reading a book at home alone. Next thing I know my fiancÃ© is screaming, I'm on the floor, and the paramedics are lifting me on a board. I woke up at the hospital with red and black rings around my neck. They did scans and blood work. No seizure, stroke, heart attack etc. they kept me for a few days because it was so odd. I honestly have no idea what went on. I was sitting up reading and then I woke up to what I just told you. That never happened before or since that one time. I had my reading room ripped out. (It was an addition anyways.)

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a few. The earliest occurrence was when I was living in Salem, MA. I can't remember how old I was. Pretty young, but I was old enough to talk. My mom was reading me a bedtime story and trying to get me to fall asleep. All of the sudden I said to my mother "he says you shouldn't be sad." Mom asks "who said that?" I replied "the man with the cat on his arm." The reason my mom was sad was because my dads brother had passed away right before I was born. Obviously my parents didn't really talk to me about this when I was young which is why this was strange. Turns out my uncle had a large traditional style panther tattooed on his arm. I had never seen or heard of him before and hadn't seen any pictures of his tattoo.

Second weird thing that happened in that apartment was the black hand print that showed up on the ceiling and WOULD NOT go away until it felt like it. The apartment was across from The Witch Museum in Salem so you can imagine things got weird on occasion.

The final really strange occurrence for me happened a town or two over in Hamilton, MA. We moved into a house built in the early 1900s. lived there for a few years and found all sorts of strange things. Bullets, rusty old tools, old buried cloth. One day we dug up a human collarbone. We ended up reporting it to the police just in case and they said that it was from a younger child. Well a couple years go by with nothing too weird besides the occasional tv turning on by itself and strange feelings. By this time we are trying to sell the house so we can move to SC. Things aren't going well and it seems like we are never going to sell. My mom decides to bring in a medium. She ends up coming in and does the typical rounds of the house. finally she gets downstairs to the basement and freezes. I myself always hated the basement, but I had a giant Lego table down there along with the rest of my toys so it was a necessary evil. I always got an uneasy feeling down there and a lot of times my parents would forget I was down there and turn the lights off and I would lose my shit. Anyway back to the medium. After performing here medium duties she comes back up to recap and basically tells us that there was a young boy murdered by his father and his spirit resides in our basement. The father apparently killed himself after killing the boy. The spirit of the boy had grown attached to me and was experiencing the childhood he never got to experience through me. Playing with legos, army men, trucks, etc. Basically the house was not selling because the spirit did not want me to leave and did not want to "move on." Medium brings me downstairs and talks to the spirit, eventually convincing him to let go. The house ends up selling a week later.

The first two stories I can confirm happened without a doubt. Third I can confirm happened, but I couldn't tell you if it was all just coincidence or not.

tl;dr: saw my dead uncle and relayed message to mom. hung out with ghost boy spirit that was sad to see me go

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Gnork
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to work in a group home for adults with developmental disabilities. I had only been at that particular house for a couple months when my coworkers confided in me that the house was haunted, and she suspected it was by one of the former clients who had died there. I don't believe in ghosts, but I have to admit the house was a bit spooky at night. One night I was watching TV and accidentally dozed off. Suddenly there was this really loud scraping sound and I jumped off the couch startled and wide awake. I poked around the house trying to find the source until I find that the access hatch to the attic had been ripped aside. It really freaked me out and I waited until my coworker started her shift in the morning to put it back. I never found out what caused the incident.

TLDR: Possible house haunting by a dead client.

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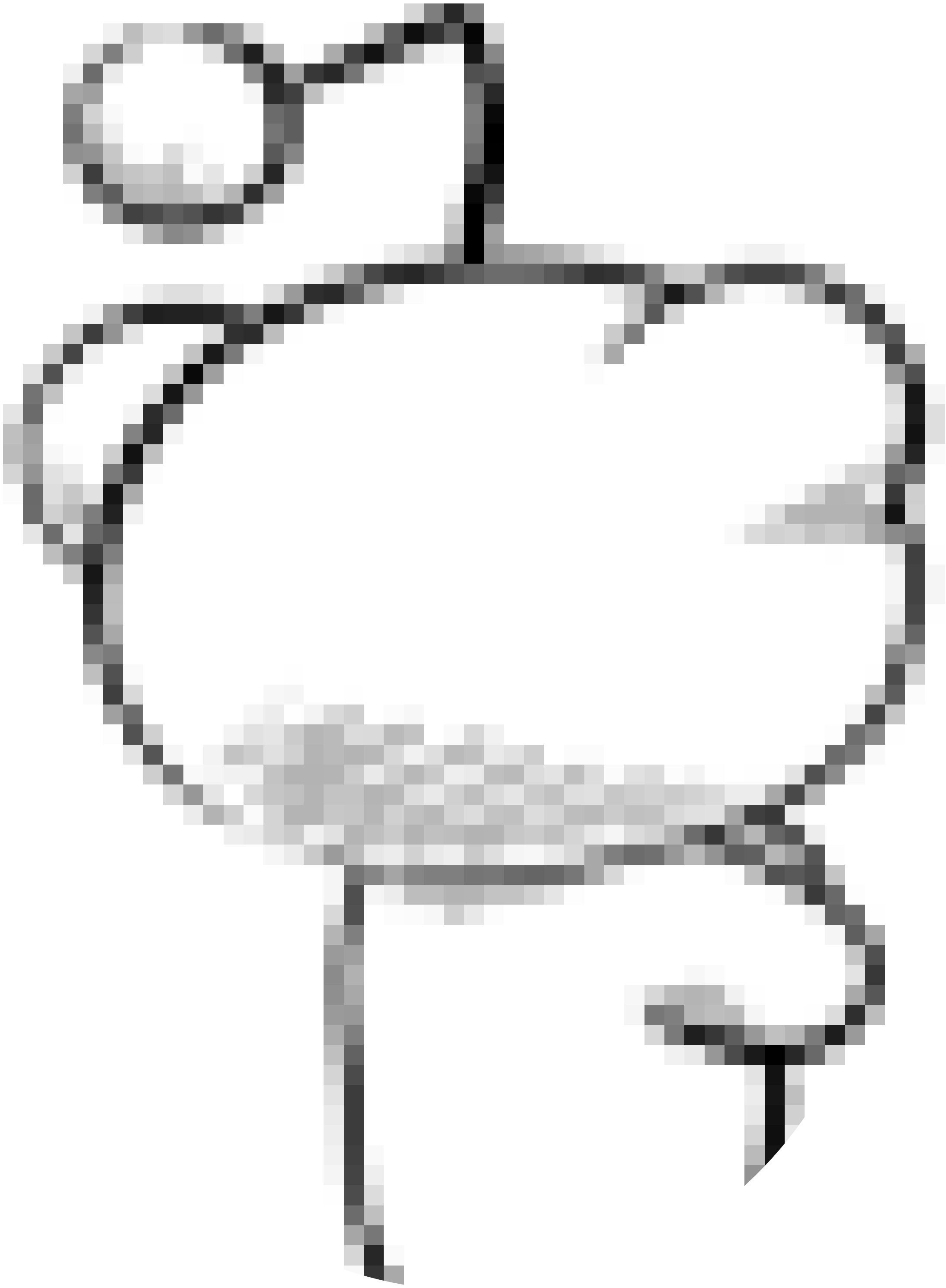

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Story creeped me out until I clicked the link, then for some reason I cracked up laughing.

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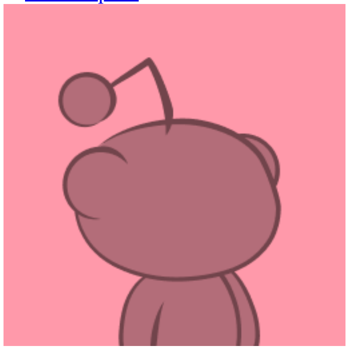
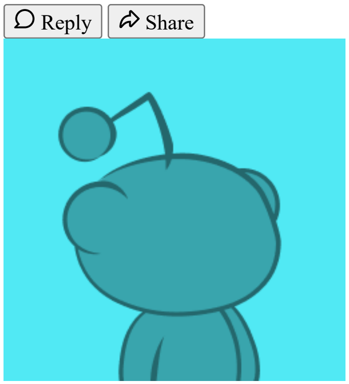


0phiuchus
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

The picture i saw here and the picture i saw here both creep me out, regardless of how i feel about the supernatural. But at the same time, I am extremely intrigued. If you have any stories or photos similar to these, PLEASE SHARE THEM. I can't get enough of this shit

edit: i've also always found this picture a little creepy, yet intriguing edit2: i know what the last pic of the survivors is, but I still find it a little creepy. But interesting

Reply Share



Rhincodon-typus
â€¢ 13y ago

What's creepy about the last one?

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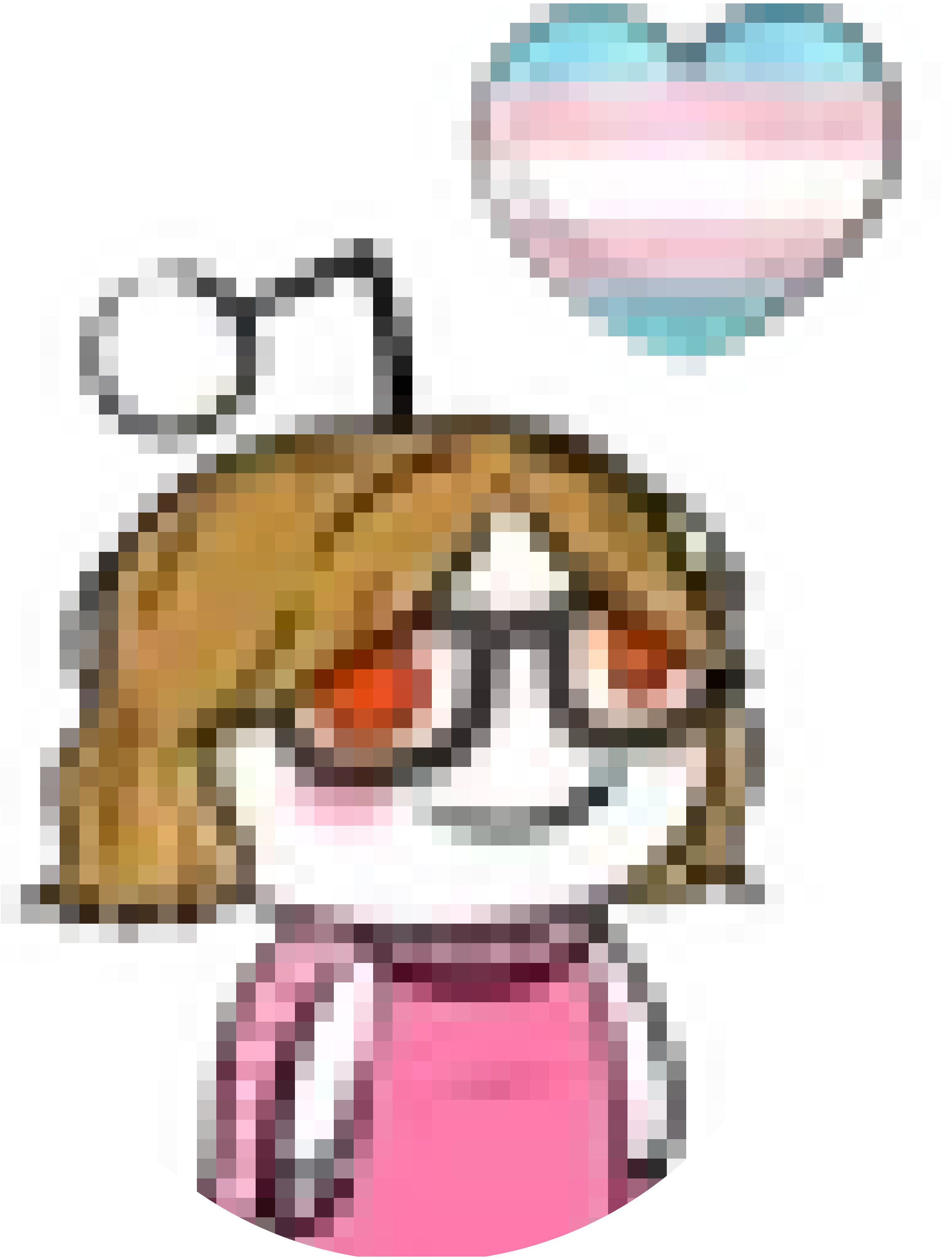

OhGarraty
â€¢ 13y ago

Didn't happen to me, but to my mom. Was years ago, before I was born.

She had just split up with her boyfriend that she'd been living with for a while. The rest of our family cut off all communication with her when she moved in with him, because he was an asshole. So, having nothere to go, she got an apartment of her own. It was a small studio over a garage, but it was cheap.

The first night she stayed there, she figured out why. She woke up in the small hours of the morning to a shuffling sound. An old woman in a nightgown and houseshoes went walking across the apartment, from one side of the room to the bathroom next to the door. Then she disappeared. My mom tossed the covers over her head, then turned the light on and decided to read the rest of the night.

The next night, the same thing happened. Except my mom was unable to sleep this night, so she was sitting up reading with the light on. Same thing: old woman in a nightgown walks across the room. She didn't even seem to acknowledge that someone else was living in the apartment now.

Third night, same thing. No sleep. My mom's coworkers started asking her why she was so tired. Her closest friend, a Mexican catholic, finally got her to admit the truth. As she told him what was happening, his eyes got wide. He asked her where, specifically, her new apartment was, then told her what he knew. Years ago, shere had been a carbon monoxide leak in the building she lived in. The only tenant was an old woman, who was found dead days later.

She booked a hotel and called her ex-boyfriend. They got back together, she moved back into his house, and got married. Then divorced a few years later.

tl;dr ghost is responsible for my being born

Reply Share

2 more replies

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LunaAquila
â€¢ 13y ago

I've had a few experiences after my grandma passed away.

To start, my grandma passed away about 3 years ago. My mom called me while I was at work saying "grandma's fallen in the bathtub, we're taking her to the hospital. We think she broke her hip." I ended up leaving work, and it definitely was not a broken hip... Long story short, the ambulance was called, and she was taken to a nearby hospital. She went into seizures in the ambulance, and passed away in the hospital a short while later. She'd had a pulmonary embolism.

I was in the waiting room with the rest of my family (mom, granddad, aunt, uncle) waiting for news, when it felt like someone ran their hand across my face and hair from behind. My bangs were physically pushed into my face from the force. Not a minute later, a doctor came in to tell us she had passed away. I feel like she was on her way out. I found it comforting, but in reality she was probably trying to smack me upside the head for crying like a newborn in public.

A couple days later, nickels and dimes were turning up in random places. One nickel, one dime. Then it stopped for a few years.

I've recently been going through some rough times, and again, I'm finding nickels and dimes. I'll wake up with them in my bed, on the seat of my car, in jean pockets.

I should also mention that my granddad got rid of all of my grandma's belongings. Everything was either donated or thrown out. I was very disappointed, because I had been obsessed with one of her rings when I was a little girl, and she had promised it to me when I got older.

About a week ago, I was at my boyfriends house, and put my coat on to go home. I put my hand in my pocket to get my lip balm, and felt something hard. So I pull it out, and it's that same giant topaz colored gem on a silver band I had been obsessed with as a child.

I went home and asked my mom if she had put it in my pocket, and she said she hadn't seen the ring in years. She contacted my aunt, who has also been finding nickels and dimes, and said that her young son had just found her nana's opal ring.

About a week ago, I was watching TV with my mom in the room, when my 4 birds stopped singing all together. They climbed into their sock shelters, and maybe a minute after, medicine bottles in the kitchen start hitting the floor. My mom and I go in to investigate, and they're all over the kitchen, some of them opened.

I haven't had anything happen recently, but I definitely think my gram is still trying to make her presence known.

I loved reading the stories on here! I got goosebumps from a lot of them.

Reply Share

saberuin
â€¢ 13y ago

Some kid at my school (boarding school) hung themselves, it has been known to have been haunted by other ghosts, a little girl that lived in one of the rooms of the boarding houses and sat there brushing her hair, a monk in the chapel etc, stuff like that is up to you to believe but anyway.

i think it was about a week after this guy hung himself (I wasn't good friends with him but I knew him etc) I was walking out of the block I lived in and saw

him walking passed, stop, stare at me then fade away. One of the creepiest things I've ever witnessed and have no idea why he appeared to me, I don't really believe in stuff like that anyway even after that but I know what I saw, can't explain it.

Reply Share

7 more replies

7 more replies

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a_rascal_king

â€¢ 13y ago

I frequent abandoned buildings and locations in my state, taking pictures and generally exploring. I was on a "haunted places" binge at one point, so... There is an abandoned country club type thing that was active in the 1920s in a fairly rural area, accessible by one road with one house on it. I'd seen some cool pictures taken there, so I decided I would go down and check it out. As I walked down, the man that lives in the house hurried outside and told me that I would be very unwise to go down there, especially that night. He explained that Satanists used it for rituals and things (I want to add that he might have mistaken Satanism for...something else entirely). Regardless, I ignored his warnings and ventured down the trail. As it got more and more wooded, I noticed that there were candles hanging from the tree branches occasionally and then they started getting more frequent. The trail cleared out a little bit and I shit you not, there were two dead cats on stakes on either side of the trail. I took a picture (I thought) and got the hell out of there. Got home, camera won't turn on, even though batteries were fine. SD card completely blank when I checked that on my computer.

Apparently people wearing robes go down there and do weird shit. I won't be going back to confirm this.

EDIT: I accidentally a word.

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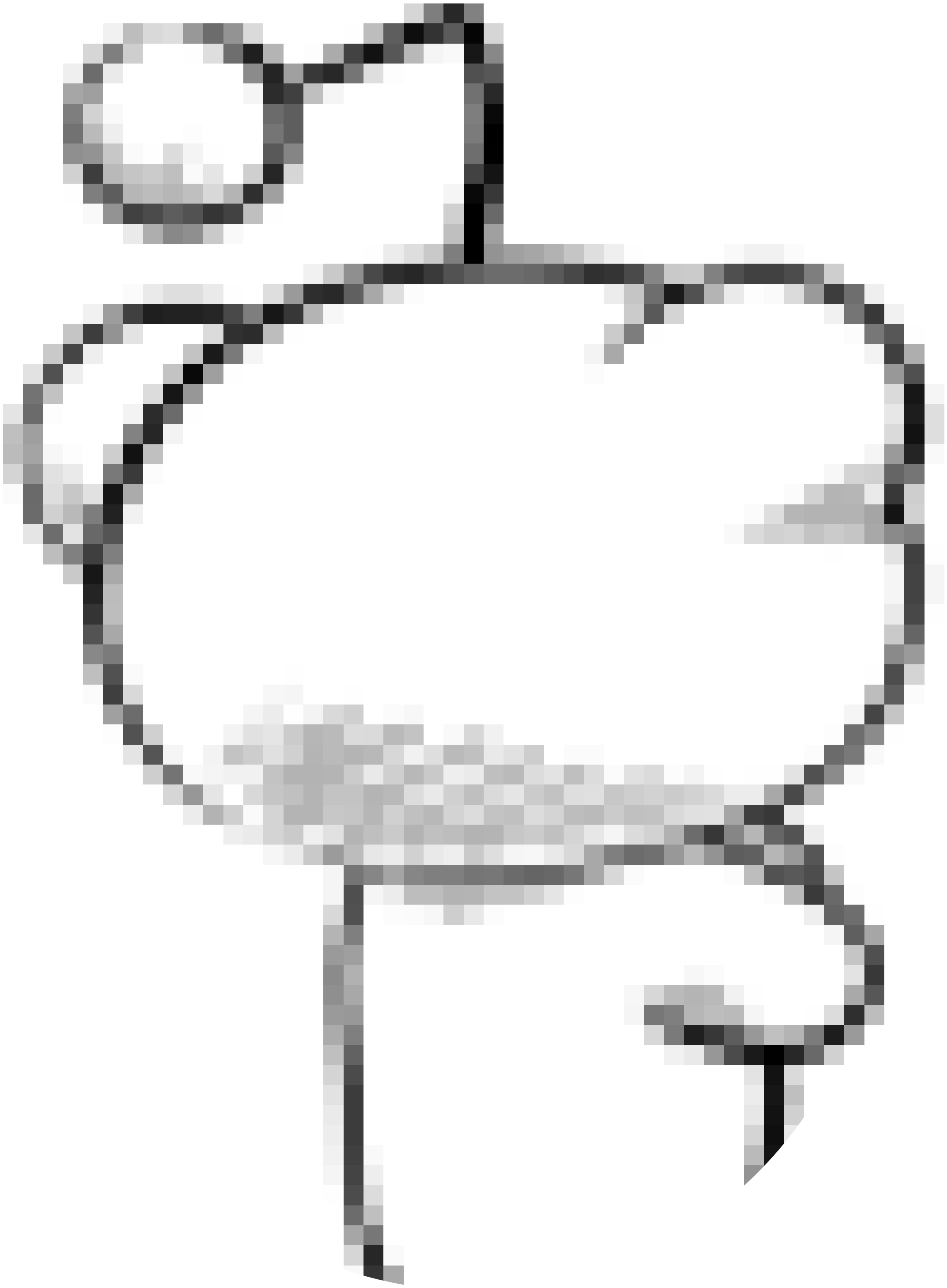

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

⊕ 1 more reply

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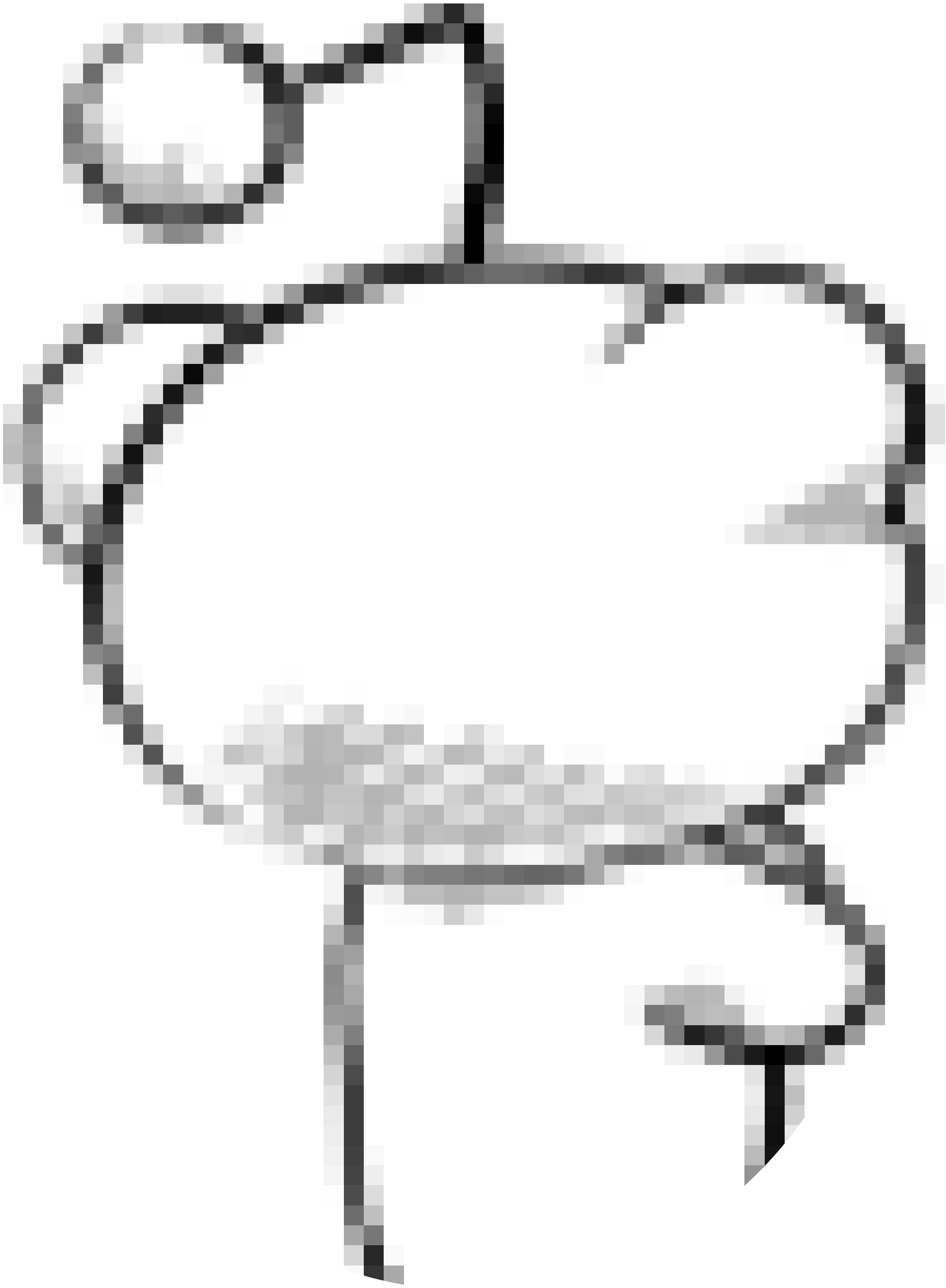

Madison
â€¢ 13y ago

My dad died abroad this Christmas on the 30th of December, my mum had gone to London for new years and my brother was away so i was alone in the house which is out in the countryside in the UK. I was really shaken up and had no one to talk to about it as it was 2am (i actually created a post on reddit somewhere as somewhere to vent about it) when i hear a knock at the door.

One of my best friends had been driving back home to Newcastle from Bristol and took a route past where i live in the cotswolds. A deer had darted out in front of his car and he swerved and hit a kerb which bent his wheel and knocked the tyre off. All this happened about 100 meters from the end of my driveway and within an hour of me getting the news. What makes it odd for me is that my friend wasn't going to stop by because he thought i was in London as i had put something on Facebook about it but then changed my mind and decided not to go. He only walked up to my house because he saw the lights were on and once he heard what had happened stayed there until my family got back home so i didn't have to deal with my dads death alone.

Ive never been a believer in the occult, im also an atheist but even then i wonder if that deer was somehow my dad making sure i wasn't alone. I know its most likely a coincidence but chances of that happening are just insane so im just not sure.

⊕ 3 more replies

⊕ 3 more replies

⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

How many times did everyone look suspiciously around the room while reading this thread?

Reply Share

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Golden-psyco

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Okay okay, heres mine!

Once, I was in bed playing pokemon. A huge ass spider crawls out from under my bed (huge ass by english standards, so only 2 inches in diameter) and just sits in the middle of my room. I tried to catch it under a cup, failed miserably and it runs, realising something is up. After hiding in various places (such as a pile of clothes, that was fun to search through) it eventually went under my wardrobe. My wardrobe had 3 sides that it stood on and the front bit on the bottom had come off, This basically meant that it could only come in and out of that one section. Being clever, I plugged the whole with a towel and went back to playing pokemon.

Now here's the weird part, about 20 minutes later, a couple of small spiders (so small I only just saw them in the dim light of a DS) crawled out from my bed, and with no hesitation, went directly towards the wardrobe and went underneath the towel to the same place the big spider was trapped.

I slept in the lounge that night. I was not up for dealing with some aragog shit the night before an exam

edit: Obligatory successful thread edit. with obligatory karma acceptance speech

Reply Share

straydog1980

â€¢ 13y ago

What was the exam on? Pokemon?

Reply Share

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⊕ 3 more replies

⊕ More replies

aredditaccounta

â€¢ 13y ago

WE'RE COMIN MOMMA

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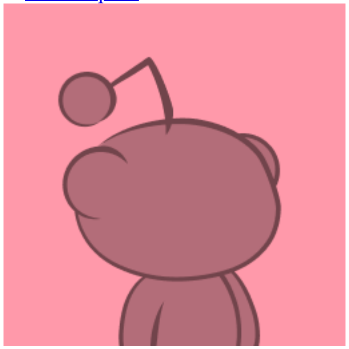

polpat

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Fuck that.

Reply Share

⊕ 23 more replies

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I'd be creeped out, but at the same time, you should have harnessed the king spiders spider powers and become a super-villain.

⊕ 15 more replies

⊕ 15 more replies

⊕ More replies

Vodka_Cereal

â€¢ 13y ago

You created a spider nightclub.

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies

Freddy_Chopin

â€¢ 13y ago

> I was in bed playing pokemon.
>
> the night before an exam

à² _à²

⊕ 5 more replies

⊕ 5 more replies

⊕ More replies

Chocolate_Horlicks

â€¢ 13y ago

> Being clever, I plugged the whole

(silent chuckle)

Reply Share

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ More replies

boredlike

â€¢ 13y ago

http://i.imgur.com/CGWO2.gif

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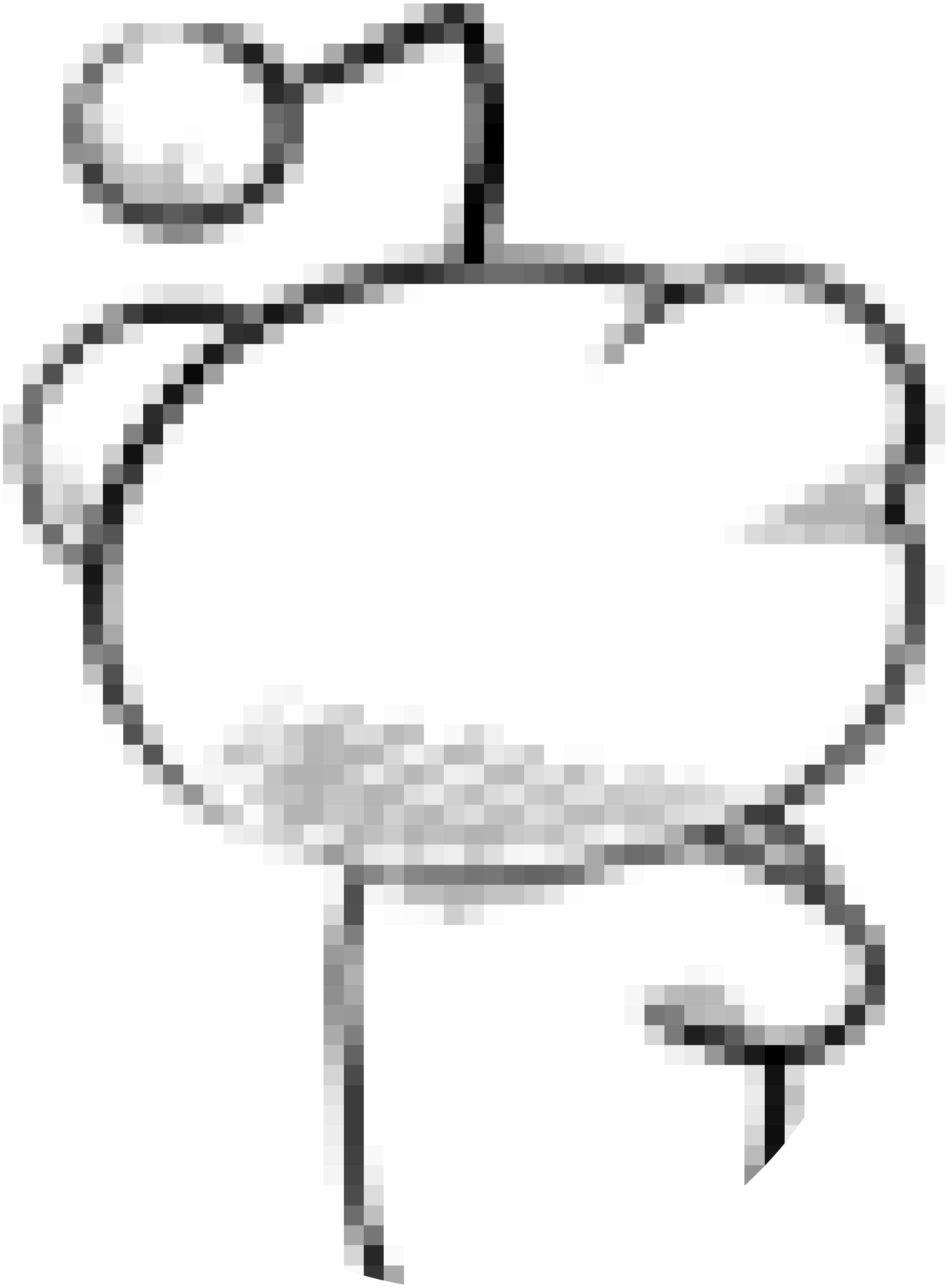

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When my son was younger we went to a Boy Scouts meeting to try and get him signed up. He really wanted to join. We paid the $80.00 and filled out the paper work and went home. I then fell into a deep and profound funk. I became very depressed and withdrew from everyone, for 3 days. The whole time i was reliving memories of being sexually abused as a child, which i was not! It was so strange. Not images so much, just feelings of fear, helplessness and shame. I could not figure out what was wrong with me. The whole time i would not let my son go to the Boy scout meetings, nor could I give a good reason, I just said no. Finally when asked for the umpteenth time about my son going to Boy Scouts I said NO! Never, he can't join, forget the money, he just can't be a Boy Scout. The feelings went away right after that and I was my old self again. but I have never forgotten how i felt for those 3 days. One year later the leader of what would have been his troop was arrested for molesting kids in his troops.

thecipher
â€¢ 13y ago

Resposting this story that my wife wrote up on reddit a while back. I consider my wife a pretty sane person (other than her temporary lapse of sanity when she married me of course), and she herself is skeptical about what happened, but it makes for a very creepy story nonetheless. Also, I have visited the house that this took place in. It is one of the weirdest houses I've ever seen.

At the risk of sounding cliche, I consider myself to be mostly a skeptic. I believe in the possibility of paranormal things, especially considering some of the things I have experienced. But, I also believe that a lot of stories you hear or read are probably either fabrications, or something that the teller has worked themselves into believing. I say this not to be judgemental, but to emphasize the fact that I still can't explain what happened to me, other than to say that it still absolutely terrifies me to even think of it. I believe that either something truly paranormal was going on, or that some outside influence or severe night terrors/sleep paralysis was effecting me.

However, these events only happened in one house. A weird house.

The house I lived in when I was 5 till about 12 was a pretty weird one. It was originally a fairly old small building, with a loft bedroom above the main area. At some point a group of hippies added on to the building. The additions were not very well built or insulated, and were full of these big crazy glass windows and stained glass panels. There was a floating interior balcony area above the kitchen, and a tiny loft room we called, "the hole in the wall" which was just off the kitchen up a ladder. There was no plumbing in the house other than an old hand pump at the sink. The house was weird but I don't really know if it had much to do with what happened there. I almost think it was more something to do with the land it was on. My mother still firmly believes in Ley lines, and that the property was on a bad one, a really bad one. Many other people who have lived on the property (including the lady who lives there now, who is a family friend), has admitted having weird experiences there. However I am here to tell my story. (I might be able to scan some pictures of the house if I can find them.)

My childhood bedroom in this house was in the older part of the building, it was up a really steep staircase which was kind of weird in itself, it was part bookshelf, and part window. There were two windows in the stairs, one between two of the steps, and one along the side of the stairwell. These windows came out of a workshop/washing room which was directly below my room. My room wasn't terribly weird other than being a very narrow attic room with a kind of slanted A shape to it, and a weird stained glass window over the main window (which was also the fire exit, via a rope and long drop). The room below it though I never liked, and the woman who lives there now keeps both my old room, and that workroom padlocked. No small feat as my room didn't actually have a door. She has it boarded up now. I was actually relieved when I saw that because I wasn't sure she'd believe my story. I never told her all of it, but I did tell her to please not use those rooms. She told me to not worry, that she doesn't for her own reasons. They scare her too. Anyways, the workroom was creepy by itself. It was full of old woodworker's tools. I'm talking 18th century stuff. There was this enormous old drill press, and tons of these thin little sawblades hanging all over the walls. The smaller side room in there had these huge rusty white ceramic sinks... I am realizing typing this that this house really is pretty damn creepy. I never liked it but in retrospect I am amazed I never really thought of it this way. So yeah, very creepy all around.

A lot of the details here, I had been keeping buried really deep. About 8 years ago, something I was talking to my mother about in her new home triggered a flood of memories about this time of my life. I went white (according to my mother), fell to my knees off of the couch, and started crying and wailing. I am not prone to hysterics. I was covering my eyes and freaking out, saying, "No, no, oh god... how did I forget this?" or something to that effect. I scared the hell out of my mother.

This is what I remembered.

When things really started getting weird, I was about 7 years old. I've always had trouble sleeping. I wake up really easily. A housefly can wake me. I never had an imaginary friend, but I had something that would visit me just as I was falling asleep.

It started fairly gently. Just a weird voice telling me to, "Go to sleep". I will never forget the sound of the voice though. It sounded neither male or female, and like it was really far away, but right in my ear at the same time. Like a radio station with white noise and static, but a clear quiet voice that you could clearly understand.

I remember not really liking the voice, and wondering why it was bothering me. But I didn't fear it at first. I didn't trust it either though. I don't remember how long this went on, but I remember the voice getting more interested in me, it would tell me to close my eyes, to just listen to it, and every night, to just trust it. "You can trust me. I'm your friend." I never spoke to it, but I did think to it, I know I was always thinking, "No." or at least negative. It got progressively insistent, wanting me to trust it. Never, ever angry though. It seemed to want to convince me that it was my friend. It was this that ultimately made me the most afraid of it. I remember thinking at it, "Who are you?" and it's reply was, "You can call me Nurse." I guess it thought that would be a name I would trust. But I remember it scaring the crap out of me. I don't remember the details but sometime after this, when I knew for sure I did not like this voice talking to me* at all*, it started to get angry. I would be wide awake but unable to move. My eyes would be, or at least feel open but I couldn't see. I would want to scream for my parents (which I sometimes did when I had a bad nightmare) but I couldn't. The worst part was, the next morning. I wouldn't remember a thing. I would only remember just as I was falling asleep. Then the fear would come, and the voice.

During this time I also had some of the most vivid nightmares of my life. Things no 7 year old girl should ever, ever, even know about. They were often the same nightmare over and over on different nights too. One I remember very clearly was this hardpan desert area that was covered in glass phonebooths. Every 10 or so feet, a phonebooth. In every one would be the same man in a business suit, and he was always horribly mutilated and massacred in different ways in each booth.

Another weird event that happened in that time, but I am not sure if it is related was, waking up in the middle of the night and sitting bolt upright. I don't know if it was sleepwalking but I vaguely remember. Mostly I have the details second hand from my mother, who got a pretty big scare. Anyways, I went downstairs and into that workroom I mentioned earler. Below the staircase was a storage area underneath a drafting desk that was built into the underside of the stairs. There were several random boxes of my parent's stuff, like records etc. stored there. I pulled the boxes out and started digging through them in the dark. I grabbed an item, took it downstairs into the kitchen, and promptly began screaming my head off. I was yelling, "BURN IT!" over and over at the top of my lungs. My parents flew downstairs and understandably wanted to know what the heck was going on. The item I had pulled out was a Ouija board. I didn't even know what they were, or that my mother owned one.

The previous family who lived in the house had two teenage daughters who had played with Ouija boards in the house, and had some pretty bad things happen to them. The girls are technically the owners of the property now (and they're in their 40s now I think?), as far as I know they won't step foot there. So, that's my rather long winded story. This is the first time I have ever written it down. I am shaking and terribly uncomfortable. I submit this in good faith, hoping that even if people don't believe me, that they won't think I'm nuts either. I truly believe every bit of this, but I do also believe it is possible that I was having night terrors, or just a hard mental stage in my childhood. But, I have more belief that something very frightening happened to me in that house.

TL;DR: *Something* calling itself "Nurse" spoke to my wife every night for a long time, trying to gain her trust.

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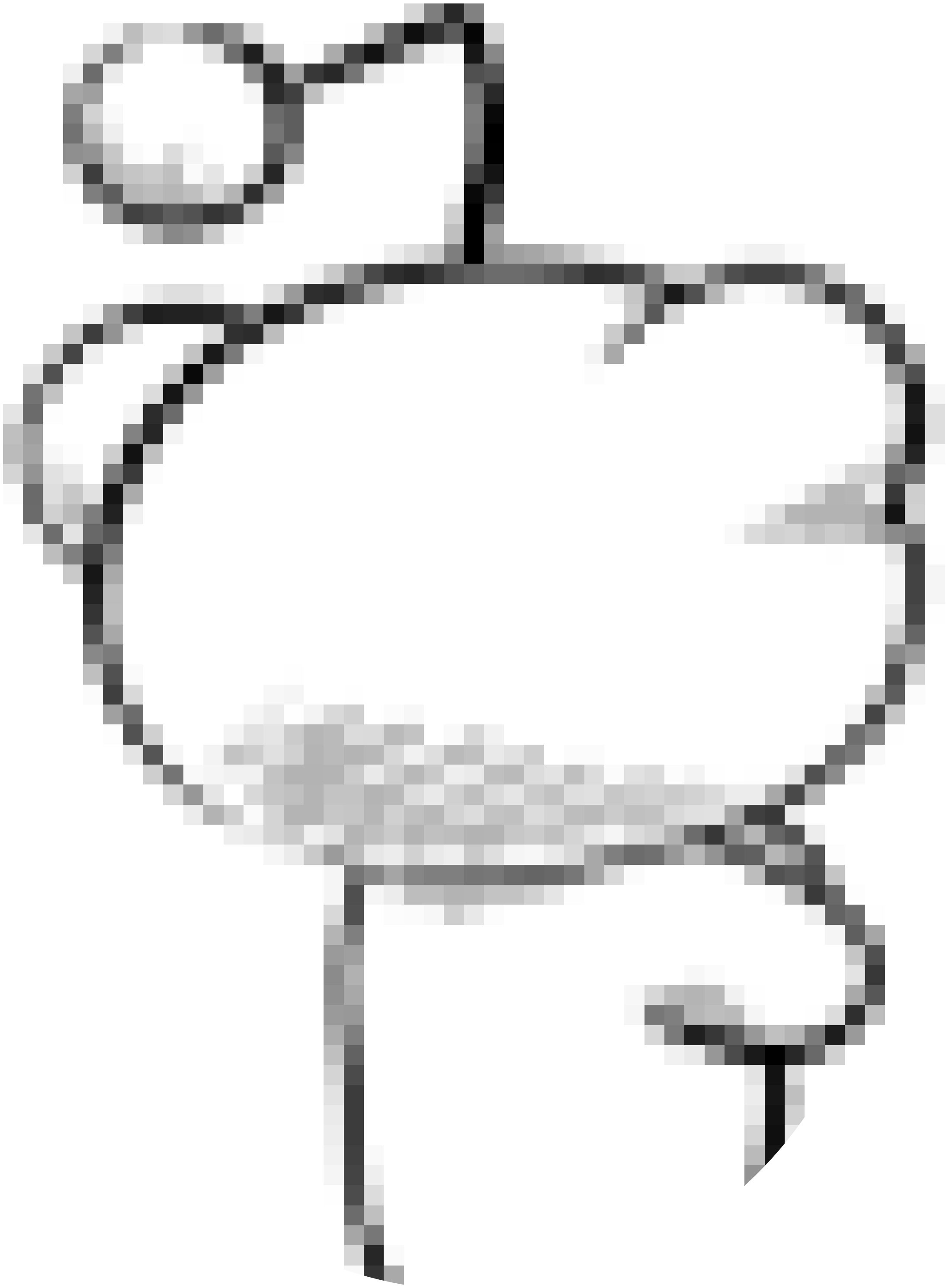

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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

A little late to the thread, so I'm sure this'll get buried, but I think it's worth the time to tell.

Back in 2009 I was looking at colleges. Texas Tech University paid for me to head out there and spend a couple days hanging out with other kids and finding out a little more about the school. I headed up there, a 10 hour drive, with my mom and aunt a day early. We spent the night in a brand new hotel, a Hilton Homewood Suites. This exact one, in fact. We stayed on the second floor in a room with one bedroom with two beds in it, a bathroom, and a living room with a couch. The couch had a fold-out bed that I stayed on, and my aunt and mom each stayed on one of the beds in the bedroom, connected to the living room by an open doorway.

I stayed up late that night watching television and reading, finally starting to close my eyes around 1 a.m. I was slowly drifting off to sleep when I heard a light tap on the wall by my head. I rolled over, ignoring it. Tap. I switch the lamp on and look around. There's nothing there. It's the wall to the outside of the building and we're on the second floor. I hear sporadic taps all over that one wall over the course of an hour. I manage to convince myself it's a plumbing or electrical issue of some sort, and finally fall asleep.

Around 2:30 a.m. an especially loud tap wakes me. Still not convinced it's anything out of the ordinary, I attempt to fall back asleep. I roll over and pull the blankets over my head. At this point, I begin to hear the rustling. It sounds like clothes lightly brushing against each other as somebody walks by at a distance. The sound has no determinate source, seemingly emanating from different points in the room at different times. It's coupled with what sounds like feet brushing against the carpet, and quiet breathing. I'm wide-fucking-awake at this point. I'm 17, in a strange hotel room, and something unknown seems to be making noises around me. So I do what any rational teenager does - covered my head with my pillow, wrapped myself tight in my blanket, and hoped to make it to the morning.

8 a.m. rolls around, and I groggily rise to the sounds of my mom and aunt moving around in the other room. They ask how I slept and all I say is "meh." I have chronic insomnia, so I didn't bother saying anything. I was staying in the dorms the next night, while my mom and aunt were spending another night in the hotel room, so I didn't want to creep them out with my story. However, when she hears I didn't sleep well, my mom chimes in, "I know... That room was so haunted." When I ask what she means, she tells me she heard all of the same noises I did, tapping on the outside walls included. At this point, you might be wondering if she or my aunt was making the noises to try to trick me. Something like that doesn't suit either of their personalities, and the door to the other room was wide open, so I would have noticed them getting out of bed. Also, as stated before, the tapping was on the outside of the wall, and there were no trees outside our window on the second floor. My mom also heard a loud crackling noise, like somebody cracking his knuckles over her bed. Still, it was just noises, and the event faded in my mind with the excitement of the coming events.

The next day, I find out what really happened. My mom didn't want to scare me, so she didn't tell me the entire story until after we left Lubbock. She heard everything I did, but she also woke up around 4 a.m. She saw someone standing in the corner. "THE_DARK_L0RD_SATAN? Is that you? What's wrong, honey?" I didn't answer. I sleep walked all the time as a child, so she thought that might be the issue. She climbed out of bed and began walking towards me to see what was wrong. When she passed the open doorway, she happened to glance towards the sofa I'd been sleeping on - and saw me sound asleep, wrapped up in blankets, pillow still pulled over my head. When she looked back to the corner, the dark figure was gone.

To this day, I get chills just writing this story. I'm not a religious or spiritual person at all, and never believed in any sort of ghosts or afterlife before this experience. I'm still not sure if I do now. I'd prefer to write it off as my mom and I both just happening to have bad dreams on the same night. But some nights I lie there awake at 3 or 4 a.m., and I can't help but look into the corner of my room, and wonder if I'll see him there.

TL;DR hear noises, mom sees dark figure, scared to this day

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Wazup10121
â€¢ 13y ago

So my house has two floors, each one with a bathroom, so i was playing gameboy upstairs (Pokemon Emerald if it's a concern) and my battery dies of course i get upset and go downstairs to get some batteries and i see my mom and she just tells me "Hi how are you?" with the weirdest smile that i've ever seen. I just say "ummmm fiine why?" She responds with "Oh no reason just wanted to see you" Again with that weird smile. After being creeped out a bit i go downstairs and my mom is in a different out fit and hairstyle and i asked her "Weren't you just upstairs?" She looks at me like i have lost my marbles and says "Nooooo?" At that moment I run upstairs and see no one up there and now my family thinks i'm crazy

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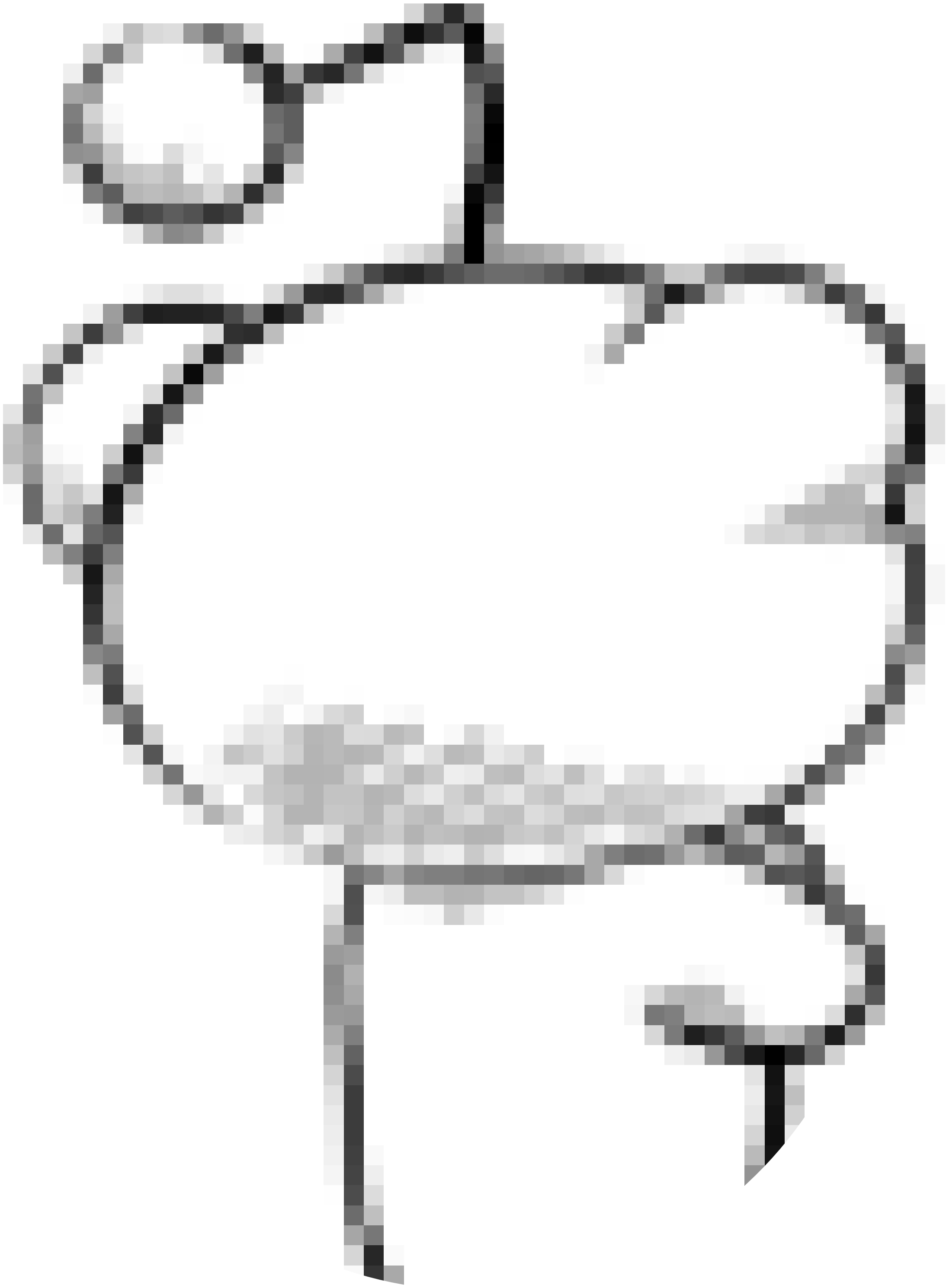

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â€¢ 13y ago

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â€¢ 13y ago

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Pandalite
â€¢ 13y ago

So you did something she begged you not to do, then when something happened you left her to face the consequences by herself...

⊕ 2 more replies

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[redacted]

[cydril](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Lol, you just ran out and left your girlfriend there with the angry ghost?

[shakakka99](#)

â€¢ 13y ago

The second one isn't strange at all. TIME FLIES. We all know this already.

PurpleLego
â€¢ 13y ago

"CANT YOU SEE YOU'RE TEARING THIS FAMILY APART?!"

> throws clock

⊕ 15 more replies

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid, my parents took me to a christian "family camp" every August. It was sort of a middle-class resort in the mountains, with bible classes and hymn singing for the adults, and more standard activities for the kids - crafts, swimming pool, sports, that kind of thing.

My favorite thing to do there was always to lie in the grass of the sports field at night and watch the Leonids. When I was 11 or 12, I was heading out to the field at maybe 11pm - it was pitch black, just a faint glow of a distant streetlight to see by. I didn't have a flashlight, but I'd been there many times, so I didn't feel the need to have one. Instead of going around to the main entrance to the field, I decide to take a little shortcut by stepping between some bushes. Suddenly *whoosh!* - the ground disappears from beneath my feet. I have the sensation of free-falling. My legs instinctively make a very rapid scissor motion, and my whole body sails about 6 feet away. I feel a light splash of water across my face as I effortlessly land on solid ground. I look back and can just barely see in the darkness, a rectangular pool of water. I poke a tree branch in, and find that the water is about 10 feet (3m+) deep and covered in green moss. I have only a few drops of water on me anywhere. I can't explain how my instinctive muscle twitch propelled my whole body such a distance without a solid surface to push off of. I briefly considered the possibility that an angel had pulled me out, or that I had some kind of extraordinary ability that I hadn't been aware of previously, but I didn't really buy into those bible stories 100%. I became an atheist when I got older, but I still can't explain that experience.

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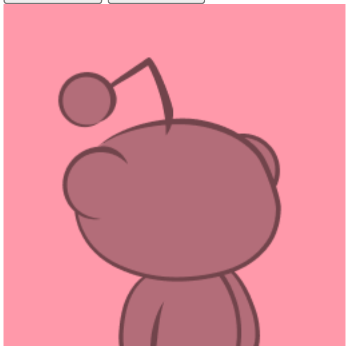

glitchwizard
â€¢ 13y ago

I've actually had a friend tell me a similar story, that he was pulled explainably out of danger. crazy...

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This will probably get lost by this point, but here's mine anyway:

My grandmother died when I was in high school. In the weeks following her death, I would have recurring dreams of visiting her house and seeing her there. In the dreams I would know she was dead, but she would be moving about the house as normal regardless. In some of the dreams, I wouldn't see her, but I'd be aware of the fact that if I walked up the stairs to the second floor, she would be there.

Four months ago, my grandfather decided to move to an assisted living community. He left this same house to me. The week before I moved in, I had dreams every night of walking through the house and knowing someone was in it with me, but not being able to find them.

As soon as I move in, one of my cats starts acting really weird. He has a very specific manner in which he will try to get people to play with him that involves following them around making eye contact and mewing noises, pawing at their legs, rolling over to expose his belly, etc. I start to notice that he will be doing his regular cat stuff when suddenly something catches his attention. He'll move to a random spot in the room that I can't see anything special about, and will start going through all these behaviors as if a person is standing there. He'll sit and do this for ages, sometimes moving through the house and following whatever it is he sees, and his eyes stay level at the same point of focus the whole time.

One night not long after I move in, I'm sitting in the living room watching a movie. The house is empty except for me, but I start to have this really happy feeling, as if someone is there watching the movie with me. There were five or six times that night where I caught myself smiling, beginning to say something to someone in the room like "Do you remember this scene?" or "We should have invited (little sister's name)," and then I would turn around expecting to see the person I was talking to and realize I was alone. You'd think I would have stopped after once or twice but I kept catching myself doing it, and it got so unnerving that I stopped the movie and called my mom to chat.

During the conversation, she is in the middle of telling me something when she pauses. There's silence on her end for a couple moments, and then she asks "Are you with a friend?"

"No, why?"

"Oh, my mistake. It sounded like someone was there talking to you."

So, yeah, I'm a little past halfway to believing that I live with my deceased grandmother.

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Xswitch24

â€¢ 13y ago

So I have a few things that have genuinely freaked me out during my life but this one had to be the worst. As a kid I lived in a house that was perfectly normal per say and had no weird creeks or sounds.

At this age of 5 I had never in my life seen a scary movie as my parents wouldn't let me, but every night when I would go to sleep I would have this one dream and it happened every night while we stayed in that house until we moved.

The dream was I would wake up suddenly in the middle of the night and I would be in my living room for some odd reason with my dad and mom beside me and I'd try to wake them up but they wouldn't budge. I'd all of a sudden get genuinely thirsty and I was diabetic so I assumed I just had a high blood sugar so I'd go to the kitchen to grab a drink. But I'd hear a loud bang in our washroom and I got curious so I began to walk down the narrow hallway which led to the washroom and suddenly this black figure would jump out and grab me by my shoulders and would say in one of the eeriest of voices "Hello Aaron, you'll be coming with me tonight..." He was jet black with one of the whitest teeth in contrast and red eyes but the thing is I could never tell his body as it was a silhouette because his body seemed almost formless with smoke.

I got so scared as I'd have this dream every night and would wake up sweating profusely, so I told my parents and my dad agreed to sleep with me in the living room on the floor to prove to me it was just a nightmare. I felt more at ease but then the figure never wanted to let me go as when me and my dad fell asleep I'd have the same dream but with a slight twist. I'd wake up next to my dad and I'd notice that he's sweating really badly and I would try to wake him up but to no avail. I would also suddenly get the biggest chills as I would hear my name this time with that eerie voice of this thing but instead of it in the washroom it was on the couch just sitting there looking at me with his red eyes and every time he would talk I would see his bright white teeth. He would say to me "Did you really think your father could help you? Did you really think you could get away from me? I don't think so Aaron, you can never get away and If you try to have your parents help you, well I'll just give them something to be scared about." He said this all while smiling on the couch with a evil looking smirk and it freaked me out to no end. When I would wake up I'd be sweating so badly and I would just try to not go to sleep as I didn't want to see that thing again. When my dad woke up every morning he slept beside me, he said he was having the most frightful dreams with that black thing that even I apparently only saw and it even freaked him out as he said it would tell him that I was his toy and if he bothered him he will regret it all with a smile.

For several years I had dreams nightly with the black man or thing and it haunts me to this day as I think back at how creepy and eerie it was as I can remember every single detail of it... Until we moved out of the house when I was 7 to a new city I never once had that dream with it, but I still remember it clearly and still get goosebumps thinking of it.

Well that was my creepy story and hope it gave you chills as much as it does me... Hahah

Tldr: creepy ass black thing haunts me in my dreams as a child and have the same dream almost every night for several years with it and it claims me as it's own and even parents get freaked out as they have dreams involving it until we all move out of the house.

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mooneb
â€¢ 13y ago

Similar vein from the first few I read in here:

My grandfather passed away on 02-03-1998. He and my grandmother lived next door to my parents (we bought land from them to build, so this was long standing family space), and it was/is the norm that my father wakes early, and it was his habit to bring their paper in with his and drop it on their front porch to save my aging grandparents the walk out to the road (~1/4 mile driveway).

On the morning that Grandpa passed, Dad was making his usual trek to the paper and noted that he thought it strange that the Old Man was already up and had ALL the lights in the study on. Why, he wondered, would he be up at 0500, and why on earth would he have so many lights? Grandpa was an avid reader/student of EVERYTHING, and he would often read in HIS chair, but he had a good reading light, so it was not at all uncommon to find him reading whatever in the dark, simply illuminated in his chair, but not with the whole room bright...

So Dad had the thought that this was strange.

He arrives back to his house and begins the paper. About an hour later, the phone rings. Grandma was prepared for this and is telling them that Grandpa had passed on. At this time, Dad gets off the phone, gets Mom, and they walk over, Dad thinking that all the lights were on due to Grandma and my uncle (who lived with them to assist with the house upkeep, the mowing, and essentially take care of his parents) getting ready for the coroner...

They get into the house to find that my uncle is just emerging and has not yet been in to see his father. He is aware, but has not yet been in. Grandma had been in and said her temporary goodbye to her love of 60+ years, but she left the room unchanged.

Grandpa had woken, lit the laid fire, gone to HIS chair in the study, poured a glass of Madeira (his go to), taken a sip and passed on in the dark. There was not a light on in the room, only the fire in the fireplace.

As it turns out, when they talked about the timing, when Dad was walking out to get the paper was spot on to the time that Grandpa passed.

I am not a religious person, but I do like the mysticism of the unexplained, and I *like* to think that that light was his essence/spirit/soul/life force/*whatever you like to call it* being released to its next step... But it is certainly unexplained.

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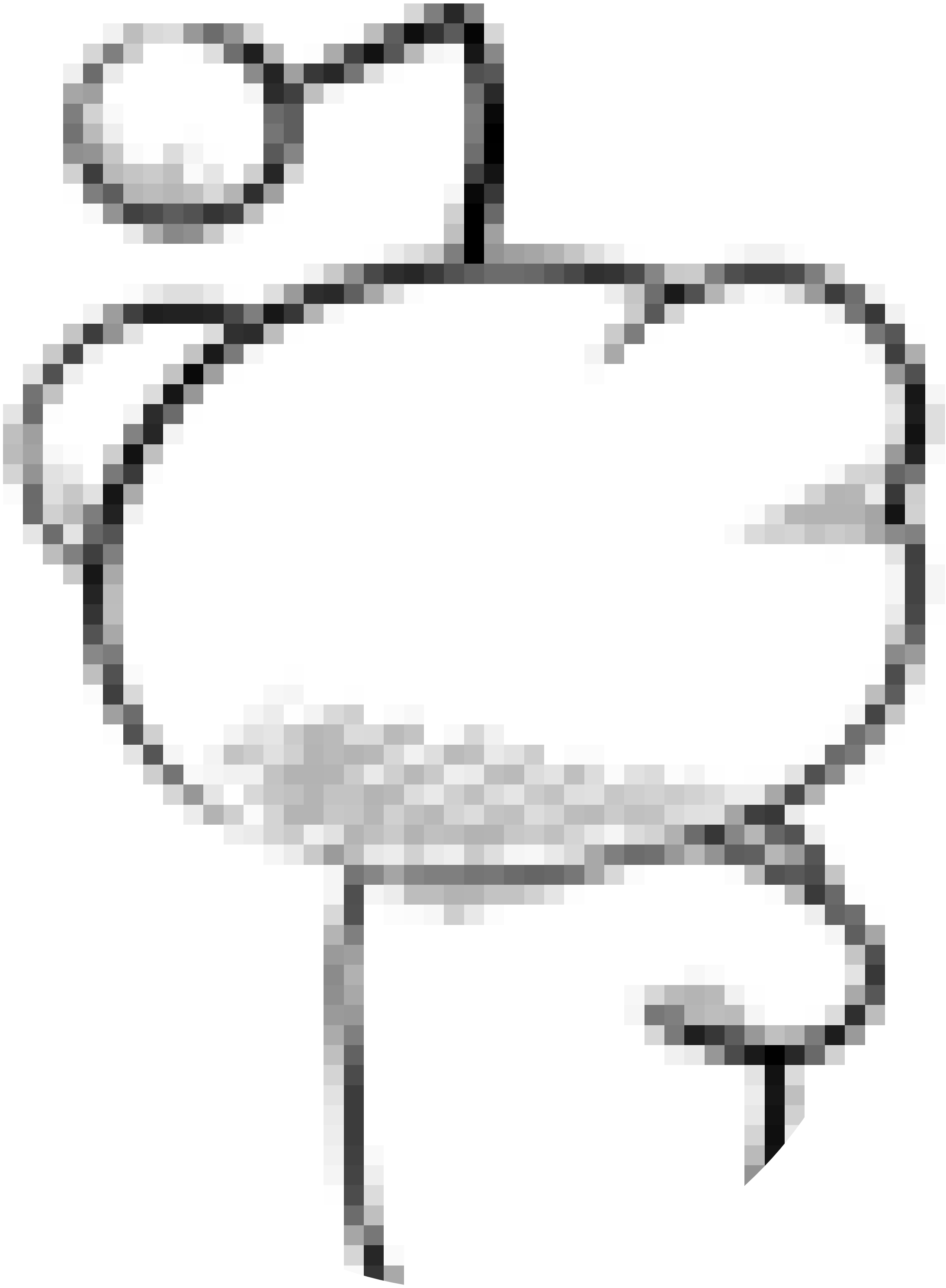

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I grew up in a house that was built in 1880. I'm still not certain how I feel about "hauntings" to this day, but there was SOMETHING going on in that house. I once walked up to the front door and saw the silhouette of a person walking through the front room into the bay window. 5 seconds later (walked about 10 feet to the front door), I walked through the door and started talking to who I THOUGHT was my mother. Nobody was there, and there wasn't time for anyone to have gone somewhere else, and nowhere for them to go in any case. This sort of thing happened frequently in that house, but I never really felt like it was "EVIL" dun-dun-dun or anything. I'd see someone go into a room out of the corner of my eye, start talking to them, and the room would be empty. More like it was an echo, with the exception of ONE incident. I was about 16 and at home by myself-my parents were out for the night, and my younger sister was spending the night at a friend's house. I went upstairs to get something out of my room and saw the light was on in her bedroom. I shut it off on my way back down. An hour or so later I came up, and it was on again. Irritated, I shut it off. The switch was again in the "up" position. At this point, I was annoyed. I knew the house was...odd. When I checked again some time later, you guessed it. By now I was more p.o.'ed than anything. I slammed the door open, slammed the light switch down, and said into the empty room "Quit fcuking turning the light on!" It didn't come on again.

There's stuff out there we don't know about and can't explain, and all I know is what has happened to ME. I doubt this sort of thing is frequent, and if I was open to it as a teenager, I don't appear to be now. I've never had another experience like the one I had in that house.

Reply Share

[SaShayLaLu](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

Uno cards. Mother fucking Uno cards. We still have yet to figure it out. We don't live in that house anymore but a few years ago, I started to find green #4 uno cards. Knowing the pranks my husband pulls, I just assumed it was him being silly. I would find them everywhere - in the silverware drawer, under folded laundry, in a storage box in the closet, tucked in my shoes, everywhere. I would just take them and throw them away because seriously, it's not like I can do anything with them. I'd find at least one a day.

I finally broke down and asked my husband what the hell was with the uno cards. He looked confused at me and said "I thought you were doing it.. I keep finding them everywhere" so we started collecting them. Never a different color or different number. This went on for nearly a year, and then it stopped all of a sudden. We never got the feeling the house was haunted or anything, but to this day can not explain what the hell was with the cards. I wasn't doing it, and I honestly believe my husband wasn't ether because he was just as freaked out about it as I was. To make matters even more confusing, it started right when I found out I was pregnant, and ended right after I gave birth.

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big_salad
â€¢ 13y ago

Last Christmas my entire extended family was watching old home movies my brother converted from Hi-8 to DVD. In the videos there is footage of three family members who have passed. During a shot that had my deceased grandmother in it a speaker (a speaker that has the wire clamped on the back, making this situation way more perplexing) on my brothers entertainment stand became unplugged and fell on to the floor in front of everyone. Everyone was so drunk we all started yelling and running around the house in hysterics while our grandfather prayed.

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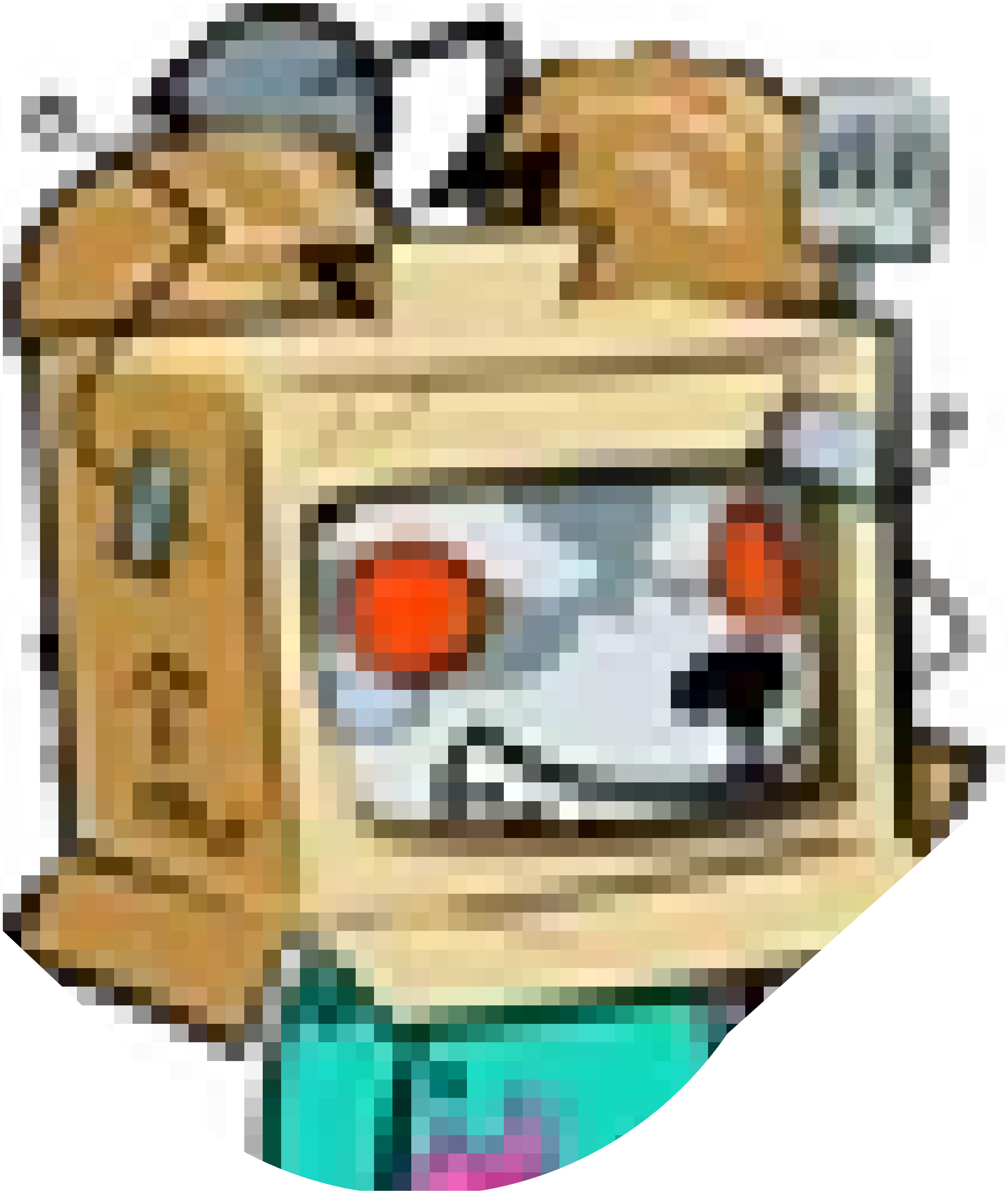

jcatleather
â€¢ 13y ago

On September 14 2009 I took a nap while waiting for my fiancÃ© to get home. I heard him come in the door and say "im home, sweetie!" But when I got up I couldn't find him, and both dogs were hiding under their futon. I sent him texts and called him but got no answer. Later that night I found out he had died in a car accident (drowned in his car) at 1:42 pm, and I sent him the text asking if he was home at 1:46. That means I dreamed him coming home at almost the exact minute he died.

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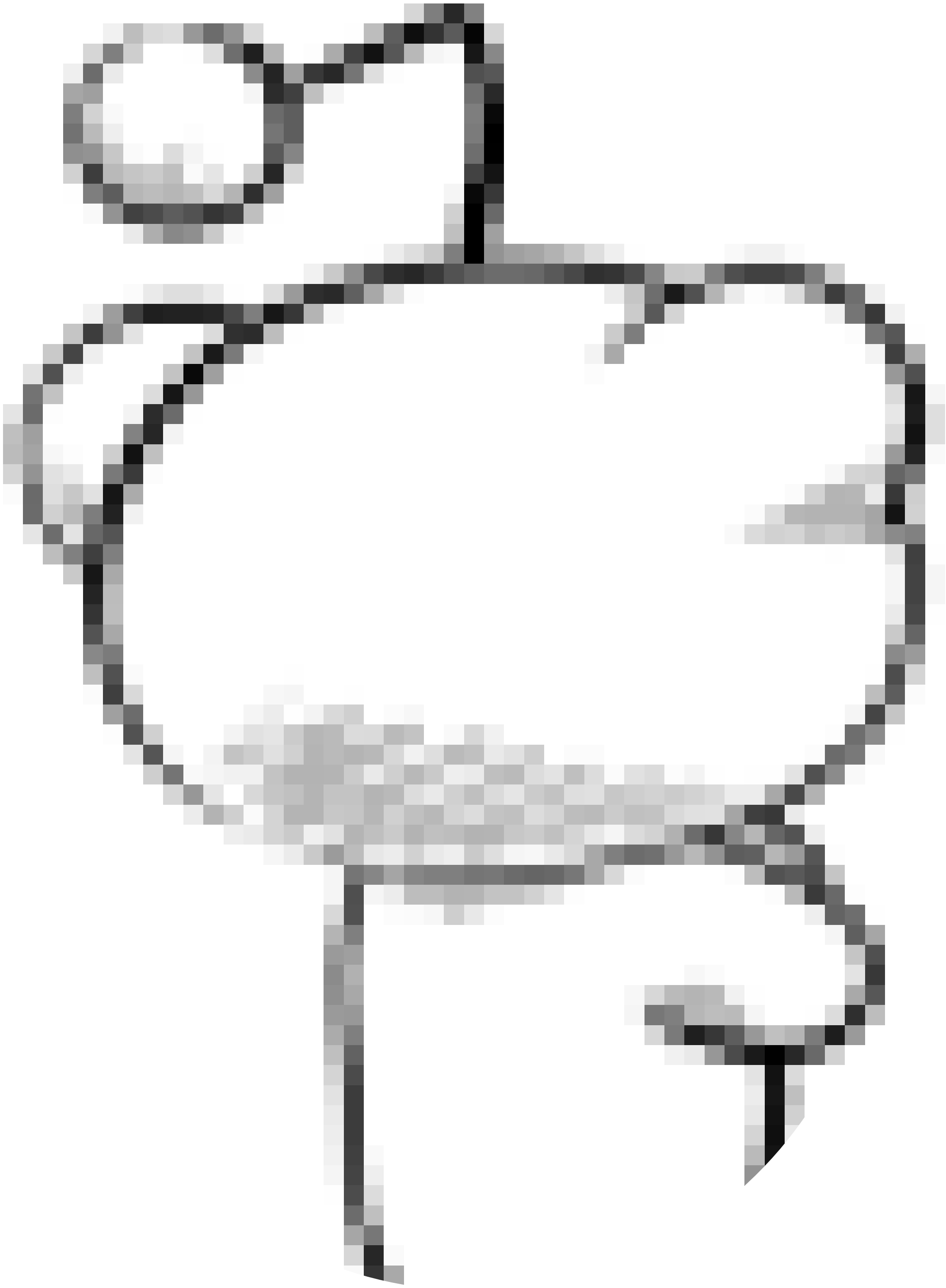

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

Freakears
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm interested. I want to hear your stories.

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies

CruelMelody
â€¢ 13y ago

> My boyfriend is dead

WTF

> asleep

Whew...

⊕ 19 more replies

⊕ 19 more replies

Supertranquilo
â€¢ 13y ago

Not sure if this belongs, but it was scary as hell and stayed with me for a long time after.

I was sitting by the window in my 10th grade math class and very suddenly I was somewhere else. I had the most detailed, real hallucination I've ever experienced. I looked up and I was sitting on a curb under an overpass by a road sign with a bicyclist on it. I look to my left and and I'm hit in the back of the head by concrete falling from the overpass. It was so vivid. I could feel the bone of my skull breaking and the sound the of concrete scraping against my bone. I slouched over and touched my head and my hand was covered in blood. I came to when my math teacher was shaking me by the shoulders and yelling at me.

It turns out that she thought I fell asleep in class but then I fell out of my chair and was screaming looking at my hands.

She was such a nice lady and she never really looked at me the same after that. I think she thought I had taken drugs or something.

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BurntValleys

â€¢ 13y ago

This thread is probably over, and my comment will be buried, but I'll write about my experience anyway. As a child, when I was about 5, my mother had put a bit of rope around the knob of my room's door and tied it to the wall, with the door open (the door was faulty and could get stuck if closed, she feared I would shut it and get trapped in my room.) During a family dinner, the entire family is interrupted by loud Vivaldi and a soft slam from upstairs, (To be specific, it was Vivaldi's "Four Seasons"). My dad walks upstairs and comes back down immediately with a pale face, the rope had been ripped off, and my door had been shut, as my CD player was playing the Vivaldi from a disc. To this day, I hear that song and start to get uncomfortable.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was wide awake and watching TV late one night. The room went cold. I shivered and huddled under my blanket. The cold seeped in like a frozen sheathe. I tried to ignore it and keep watching TV. I saw something through the corner of my eye.

I looked. Through the blue haze of light from the television I saw the sleeve of a hockey jersey lift as if something unseen were inspecting it. Then it slowly drifted back down. It did not drop. It was placed.

I turned on the lamp and put up the TV volume and stared at the door until the first shades of daylight flitted gray through my window.

Things like that were the norm in this house I used to live in. I'd walk into cold spots in random places, even in the summer. My father would see figures through the glass door of our shower. He would think it was me, slide open the door a bit, and see nothing. The stereo in my room would go on by itself, and the volume would rise and fall of its own volition. My ex-sister-in-law hated to be in the basement. She claimed she saw people from the corner of her eye. When she turned to face them, they would be gone.

The last day I was at that house, picking up the last of our stuff, I saw a man with long hair smiling at me from the stairs. I turned to look at him. He was gone. A neighbor told my mother a former priest and his son committed suicide in that house. The next owners were a hippie couple who both OD'd.

It could have been ghosts. It could have been problems with the electricity causing hallucinations. But I really feel the difference is moot. When you experience things like that, even if they're not real, they leave a mark on you. Anyone who says they experienced a haunting and is happy about it is probably lying through their teeth. I hated every moment I was in that house because, well, you never feel right. There's a wrongness about it.

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tmifsud530
â€¢ 13y ago

My brother and I used to share a bedroom when we were younger. He's about 5 years younger than I am so, naturally, there were many nights we went to bed at different times.

One night, when I was about 10 (so he was 5) I had been up watching TV long after my brother had gone to bed. When I finally opened the door to my room I found him sitting straight up in his bed crying loudly and tears streaming down his face. Of course, I ran over to him and said "What's wrong. What's wrong?" and he didn't even look at me. Didn't respond. Didn't even acknowledge the fact that I had entered the room.

Noticing that he was clearly doing this in his sleep and me being young and a little freaked out, I decided WELP! GUESS I'M WATCHING TV A LITTLE LONGER, so I went back downstairs, relaxed a little and then went back to my room after about a half hour.

I opened the door, and there he was again, sitting straight up. Only, this time, he wasn't crying. He was laughing maniacally.

I slept on the couch.

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Blue_toes

â€¢ 13y ago

I used to have messed up dreams as a kid.

The guy that liked to come back over and over was a monkey with massive metal claws like wolverine, he would chase me in my dream while an old man would stand over me sleeping, just looking at me with a blank expression. I felt like I was in a place where I was wide awake but had no control to move in the real world or stop the dream, but was very conscious of both.

A few times when the monkey caught me he would spear me through the chest with his claws and fling me up a wall, the old man seemed to smile a little when he caught me and then I would usually wake up on the floor, but wouldn't remember falling out of bed; top bunk with rails.. Other times I would wake up in the hall or bathroom.

One time while on holiday in Ireland with my grandparents it happened, but I woke up normally in bed and walked down to breakfast. My granddad told me that in the night I walked into their room, woke him up and said "I need a wee" and he was like.. "Well... go then.." and I started to get my pecker out to wee.. he had to shoot up out of bed and guide me to the toilet, and this is when he realised I was fast asleep.

Anyway, this went on for around 6 months or so until finally one night, when I couldn't take it anymore and I just lost my shit. When the monkey chased me, I didn't run, I just stood there crying and shaking, I was so scared but I just shouted "I'm not running from you! I'm not running from you! I'm not running from you! I'm not running from you!" in between just flat out screaming at it as loud as I could, this was when the man lunged forward and grabbed me.. I just started screaming and crying as loud as I could so someone would hear, but he held me really close so my screaming was just muffled and I gave in. Right there and then I was just like â€œfuck it.â€ And I gave up fighting, I honestly thought I was going to die, then the old man says â€œNo oneâ€™s trying to get you, ok, you hear? Iâ€™ve got youâ€ it took me a second to realise it was my mum holding me. After that, it just stopped.. and I could finally sleep properly.

Fast forward like 10 years, my new baby brother, like 3 years old is screaming in the night and I go to see if his ok, he is just hysterical, repeating â€œA man, a man, a manâ€ Scared the living shit out of me.

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NicevilleWaterCo
â€¢ 13y ago

So I used to live in Okinawa, Japan and anyone who lives there has probably heard a creepy story or two or has experienced one. There is so much history there from WWII and so many violent deaths. We had a couple weird things happen in my house such as doors slamming, feeling someone blow in your ear or tap on your shoulder when you were alone - but nothing too crazy. One of our neighbors however had some very interesting/creepy experiences.

My neighbor lived with her husband and small son. When they first moved in things started happening like the things that happened in our house - doors slamming and such but my neighbor always thought it was her young son (he was around 5 years old). Se would ask him to stop running around and slamming doors but he would always say it wasn't him or a door would slam and she would go to tell him to stop and then find him playing on the other side of th house. Things started getting weirder. She would try to clean the shower for instance and the shower head kept turning on by itself or she would go into her room at night, close the blinds, walk out, walk back in and they were opened again.

Then one day she put her son to bed one night and about 15 minutes later he came out into the living room. She told him he needed to go back to bed and he said he wanted to and that he was tired but the little boys in his bedroom wouldn't let him sleep. They kept calling his name and asking him to come play with him. This freaked her out of course but she thought he was probably just dreaming so she put him back to bed and he complained again about it but it finally stopped.

A few nights later she was lying in bed with her husband and woke up in the pitch black because she felt someone pulling on the edge of the bedspread and someone small leaning on the edge of the bed. So she obviously assumed it was her son so she sat up asking him what he wanted. No on answer so she turned on her lamp and no one was there.

Finally after being freaked out for awhile she heard other people talking about weird shit that had happened to them and one of her friends recommended to have this Japaense lady who was supposedly very sensitive to these things to come and cleanse the house. The lady came over and said that there were three spirits in the house. Two little boys who had died in the war, and that they were not someone she should fear. They were just looking for their family. She said there was another dangerous spirit in the house. She described the spirit as essentially a crazy lady. She's thought that it had been the spirit who has slamming the doors and had been messing with her. The lady told my neighbor not to mess with this lady and that she felt it was a very evil spirit. See also told her if they little boys were bothering her to just tell them that they had to listen to her and to knock it off.

Whenever weird things happened or her son complained of hearing the little boys she would tell them to stop it and the weird stuff would stop. This continued on and she would have that Japanese lady come over about once a month if really strange things happened. They lady wouldn't always come inside though. She would call her from the driveway on the cell phone sometimes and tell my neighbor that the evil spirit was there and she refused to go inside and that she would come back another day.

A few months later, this was still going on and her mother was coming to visit from the states and she hasn't told her mother about the strange stuff happening because she didn't want her mom to think she was crazy or to freak her out. Well when hear mother got there they set her up in the guest room. They helped her inside and put her very heavy suit case on the bed for her to unpack and then left her alone. A few minutes later she saw her mother come out of the room white as a sheet. She immediately knew that something strange had happened and asked her about it. The mother didn't want to answer at first then asked her again. Finally her mother started talking saying " I know you're going to think I'm crazy but I was unpacking my suitcase, it had been sitting in the middle of the bed, so there was no way for it to fall off. I unzipped it then turned around and heard a big thump, I turned around and the suitcase was ten feet across the room upside down and my clothes were all over the floor" my neighbor was just like " yeah that type of stuff happens all the time I just didn't want to freak you out."

My parents had something similar happen in their room one day too where they were arguing and my dad had been standing in front of their closet and he had his back to it. I have to explain that this was base housing and all the houses werew built in the 1950s or so so these closets had metal sliding doors and the one in my parents room was especially hard to open in close. You would have to use both hands to really pull it close. It didn't move easily. Suddenly as they werew arguing with my mom facing my dad and my dad standing about a foot in front of it, with his back to it the closet slammed shut. Freaked the fuck out of my dad because he doesn't like to believe in that type of stuff and my mom had been experiencing lots of weird things and he told her she had an over active imagination. He didn't give her a hard time after that.

Lots of more weird stories I have from Okinawaw but I don't feel like typing anymore.

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Kacers
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't feel this is creepy...but in 2003, my grandfather passed away. He was for all intents and purposes, my father. To date, the grief I feel over his loss is the strongest emotion I experience.

My step dad, and 1/2 siblings were driving from Texas to California to try and get there "in time". We got the call midway through Arizona. He was gone.

We got to the house the next morning. I slept in the room he died in. That night, I dreamed of him. It was so vivid. So real. We were standing in the garage, and we had a conversation. I told him how much I would miss him, and how I could never express enough how much I loved him. I went in to hug him, and the usual ring that I'd get from his hearing aid was oddly absent. I looked him in the eye, questioning, and he smiled. He said he didn't need them anymore. The embrace was what I needed. It was the embrace I had missed out on because I didn't get there in time.

I truly believe he was with me. I am a believer that absent from the body, present with the Lord, but this was more. This was real. He stayed back to say goodbye to me.

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â€¢ 13y ago

In June, 2009, I went to visit my father in France. He would often spend several months a year there, and this year I went to visit him. We were based out out of Nant, which is in Provence in southern France.

One day we decided to take a short mini trip into northern Spain to see a certain abbey. To get there we would have to drive through the Pyrenees, the major mountain range between France and Spain. The Pyrenees, like most places in Europe, have witnessed a lot of turmoil and violence, from border wars to being the hideout of French Protestants during the 15th and 16th centuries.

We set out at about 9 a.m. up into the mountains. The weather quickly changed from sunny to foggy and overcast, but often mountain weather is different, so we weren't alarmed. We were driving for a while before we realised that we were definitely lost. The roads we were on were dirt, and no longer on our map or in our GPS. In fact, the GPS wasn't even working right. We just kept driving, trying to find our way out of the mountains... for hours.

We were no longer concerned about making it to the abbey by 6 p.m. Frankly, we were worried about running out of gas in the middle of somewhat creepy mountains, in bad weather. All I remember is that everything was so foggy, and that there was this strange oppressive feeling of sadness.

My dad and I barely talked for almost eight hours. Both of us remember feeling tired, exhausted, and unreasonably depressed. At one point, I even thought it would just be easier to stop driving and lie down, forever.

The car clock read 4:40 p.m. when we miraculously took a shot in the dark on a road that didn't look like more than a goat path over some fields and popped out onto a major highway! We were excited to say the least.

We stopped at the first gas station we found on the main road, and I commented to my dad that it was much sunnier now that we were out of the mountains, at which point he looked up at the sun and said, "That's strange... Why is the sun so high in the sky? It's overhead, but it's almost 5 p.m." I looked at the car clock to confirm that it was indeed 5, but -- and I swear -- it read 12:05 p.m.

I though maybe something mechanical had happened to the clock, though that didn't explain the sun overhead. We both couldn't account for any of it, so we drove to the abbey and asked them if they were closing, which they should have been. But they informed us that no, it was only a little after 12, why would they be closing?

TL;DR - I know this may not seem super dramatic, but my dad and I together seem to have literally lost eight hours of our lives in the Pyrenees, with no explanation.

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quelnight

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My mother grew up in a really poor part of Southern Vietnam. I guess poor, simple villages just are bound to have more paranormal activity, especially when deaths could be quite brutal given the time period (Vietnam War), because she has a rather impressive mental database of creepy things she's witnessed or experienced during her time there before she was sponsored to live in the United States. A few stories she's told me come to mind when you're asking about creepy.

1. Her (rather abusive, alcoholic, unfortuantely) grandfather who she lived with at the time, along with her grandmother, slaughtered pigs. My mother said my grandfather squealed like a pig being killed for the last couple of days while he was on his deathbed.
2. My mother's village was set up to where there were shanties set up around a pond. At some point, little girls from the village started to go missing. There was an old lady that lived in one of the houses who just happened to step outside really late at night to get some air. While she was out there she saw this little girl walk out of her house and slowly start walking into the pond, she screamed for help and it turned out the little girl had no idea what was happening...as if something more sinister was luring her into the pond to her death.

The last thing I'll mention is paranormal but not necessarily creepy. My mom's side of the family is essentially Buddhist but are also very superstitious and spiritual as per Vietnamese culture. My great aunt (mother's aunt, my grandmother's sister) had six children in all but all of them passed away young. My great Aunt took my mom to go see a sort of witch doctor (not sure if that is politically correct, I am at an [8]), a person who performs rituals to contact spirits if you want them to, and when my Aunt was there, they contacted the spirits of one of her dead children, I think the youngest. She was a girl and only a few months older than my mother. When they are contacted, the spirit uses the witch doctor's body as a vessel to communicate (I know that sounds crazy but I've witnessed this once before when I went back to Vietnam when I was 6). So the witch doctor is talking like a little girl, throwing fits because her mom hasn't come to see her in a while, etc. and says she wants to see grandpa. My great aunt asks her how she'll do that and she says "tomorrow at noon I will fly into the house as a yellow butterfly. I'll land on grandpa's nose and that's how you'll know it's me!" My mom at the time was probably 8 so that next day, she skipped her nap so she could see her cousin come home. Amazingly enough, she said right at noon, there was a yellow butterfly that flew into the house (all the doors are kept open in houses in Vietnam because it's hot as balls) and flies around the room once, lands on her grandpa's nose and flaps its wings for a little, and then flies around the room three times and leaves. My mom tells these stories now and again and I find them fascinating because she really can't explain most of the things she's seen.

Inb4 hecklers, you don't have to believe in anything I say--I'm simply sharing what I've been told and you can make of it what you will. **tldr** Creepy things that happened to my mom when she lived in Vietnam. It took me a really long time to type that wall-o-text

edit: so I seem like I know how to english and format

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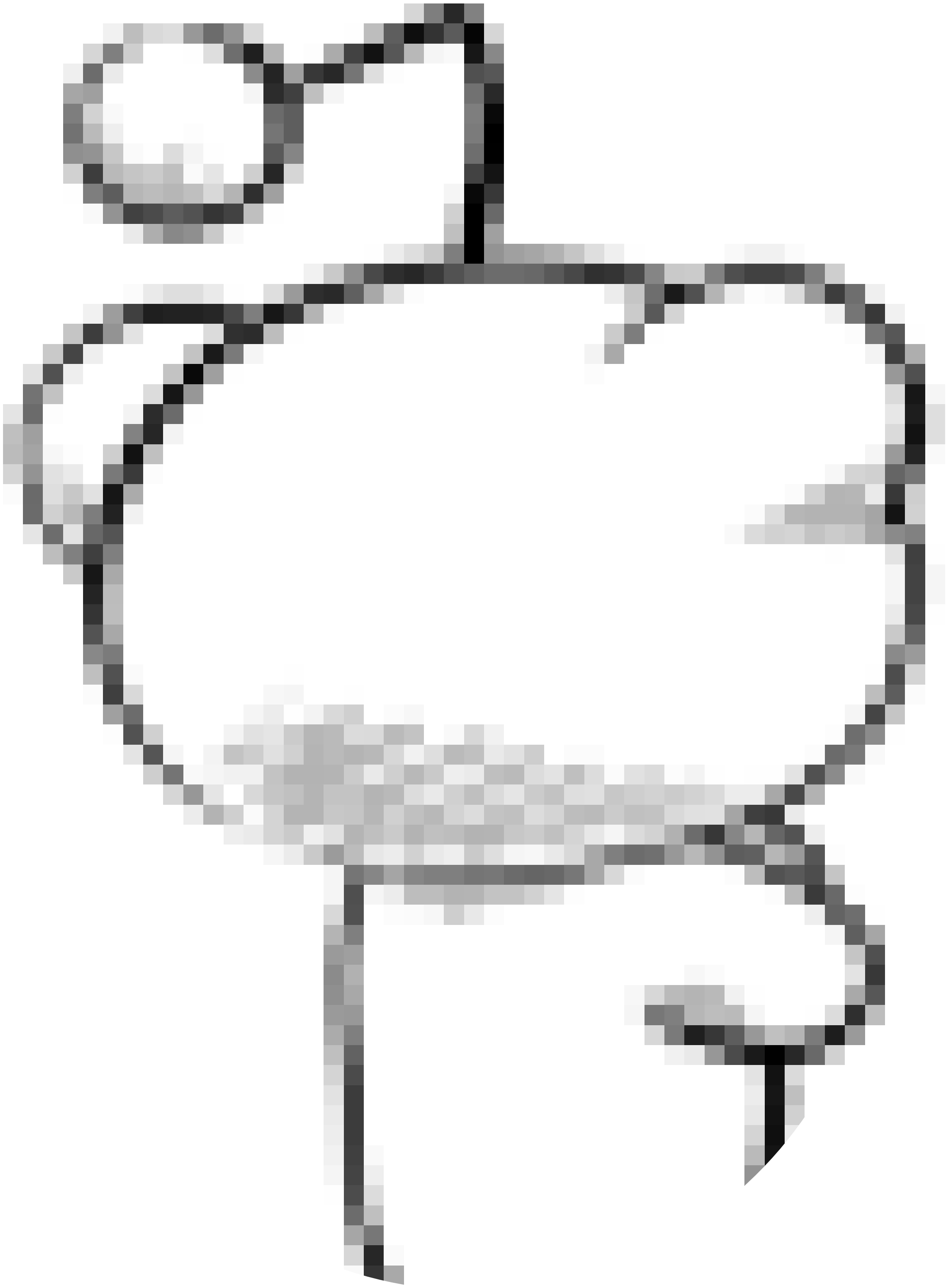

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I received two phonecalls and a voicemail from my house phone when no one was home.

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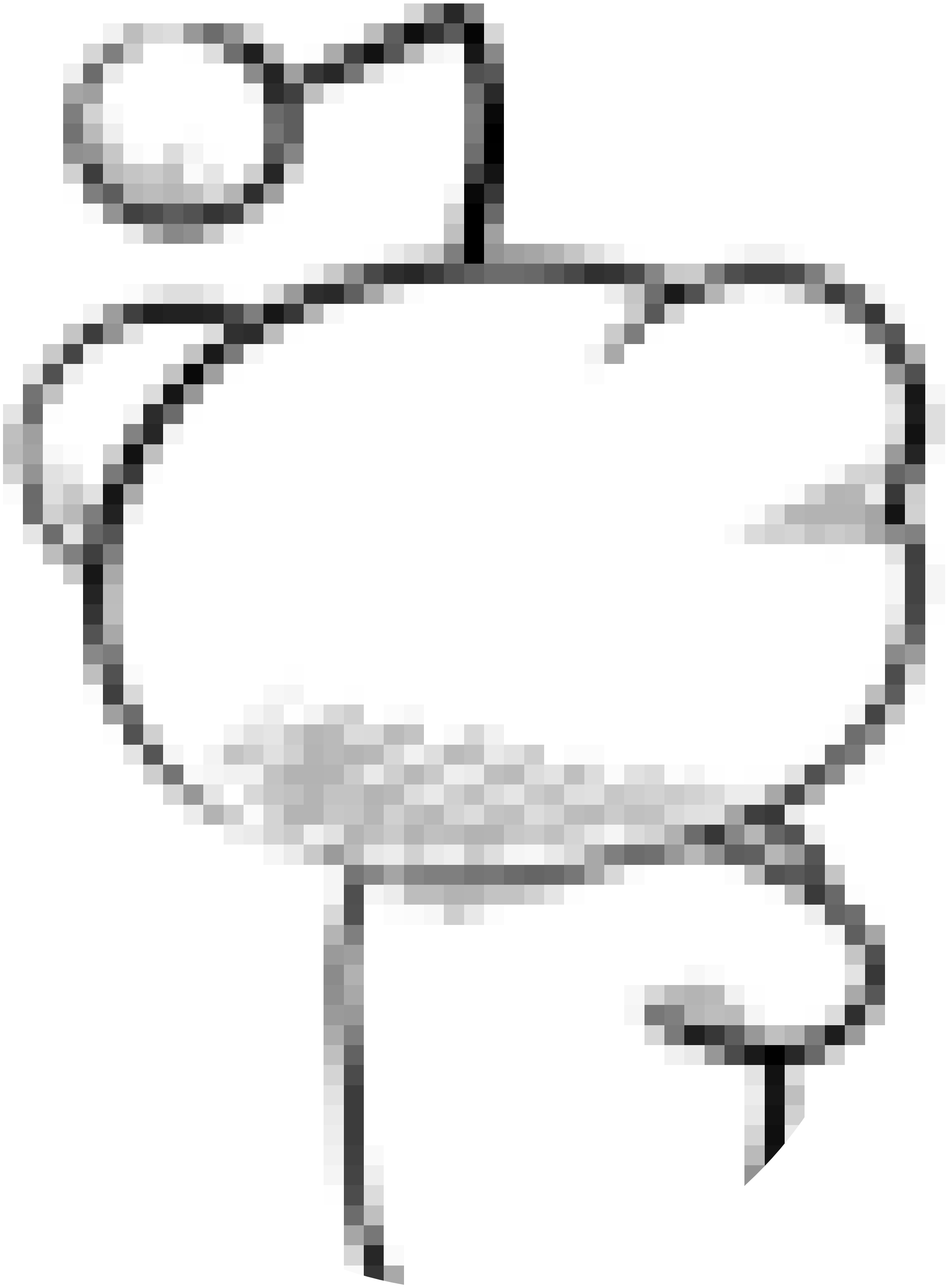

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â€¢ 13y ago

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[SolKool](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened a long time ago, I was driving to Uni driving on the Highway until I reach a bridge and have to make a turn, as I was taking my turn I saw a black thing in the sky, it was oval shaped and it was in the middle of nowhere, I was baffled at this thing, It wasn't anything in my windshield since it got behind a building and then reappeared as I kept moving, I was so shocked I almost hit the curve. Anyway, I was a bit late and had to run to Uni, I came back like 4 hours later and there was nothing...

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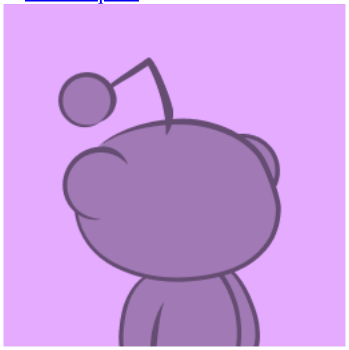

LazyIntern
â€¢ 13y ago

So this is going to get buried, but whatever.

First off, I've always been kind of scared of the dark. Only when I'm alone, I suppose it's a rational fear but I can't really stand it. For about the past week I've been dog sitting for my parents. Yup, whole week just me and the dogs. It's been really boring and so far I haven't left and even seen any other real people.

Anyhow, as the week goes on I keep on seeing things and hearing things, probably a part of my imagination. The dogs generally leave you alone if you sleep, but last night I woke up to them barking their asses off in the bathroom. I slowly peeled back the shower curtain and even though there was nothing there, it still scared the hell out of me.

This morning, I once again hear barking and scratching coming from the bathroom. I open the door and my dog comes running out. The door is never closed, generally even when using it, because it's a hard door to open/close. My dog was scared so bad that he refuses to leave my side right now. Basically, the two of us are curled up on the couch refusing to look towards the bathroom door.

TL;DR: I'm going to avoid the bathroom and start pissing into bottles.

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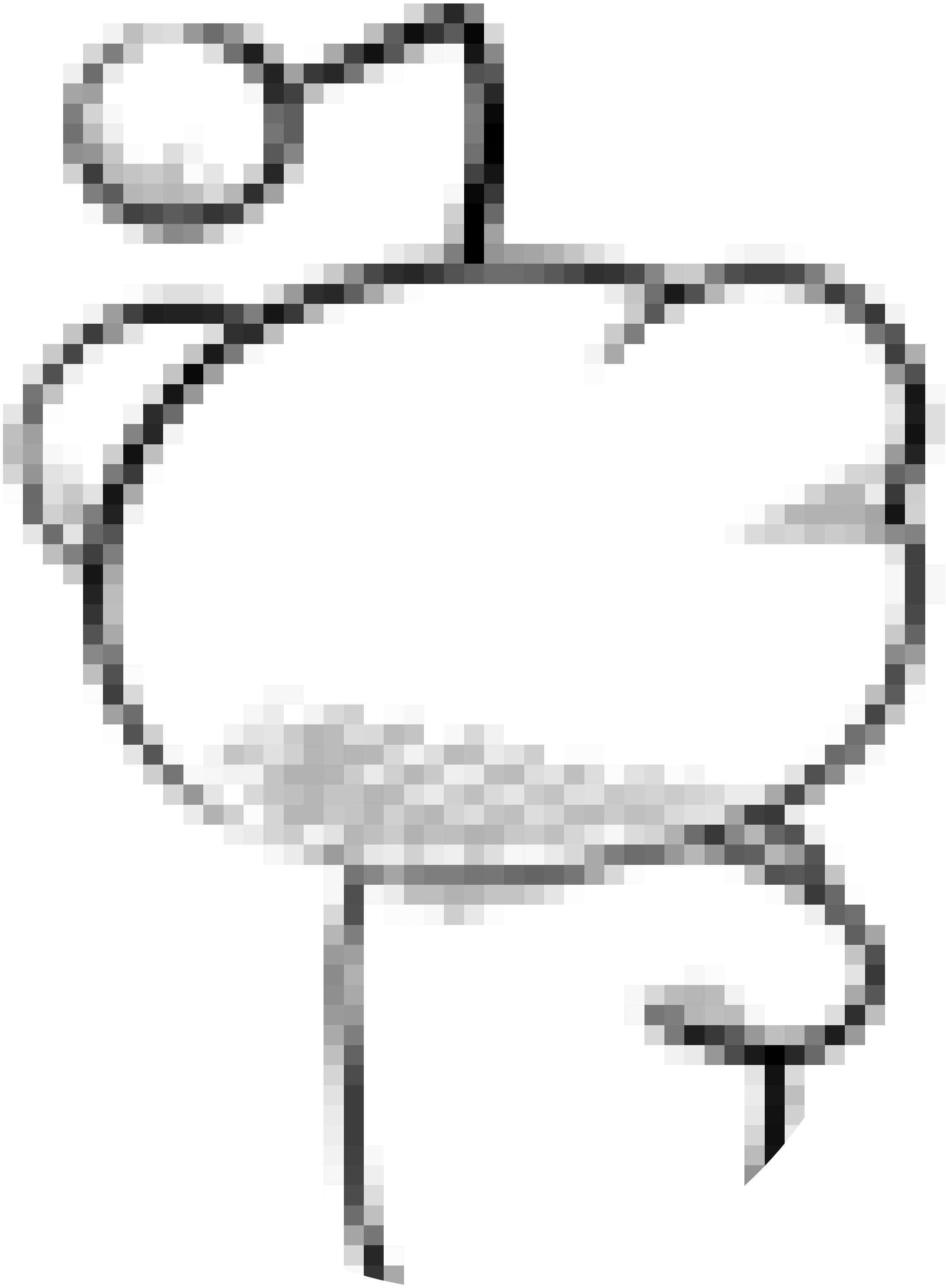

Zack_Fair_
â€¢ 13y ago

I've been to an abandoned wood-processing factory at night. The amount of random, unaccounted noises is maddening

⊕ 1 more reply
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WarboyX
â€¢ 13y ago

So I have one, I figured I should post it before getting lost in the sea of other stories on this page. It's not very long like some of these.

So I was a freshmen in high school I believe, My mom and my step dad separated because me and him didn't get along. But they still shared a friend. That friend had 2 strokes recently and was in rough shape. They went to do stuff and left me at my mom's house alone at the time. So lets focus on me at the moment.

I was sitting at home, playing computer games. I heard the phone ring, and the answering machine was a US Robtics 56K Modem that had a built in answering machine.

Picture of someone elses machine.

So I didn't pick up the phone but muted my game to hear who it was so I could tell my mom when she got back, that someone called. So it was the friend of theirs, Saying he was okay, and not to worry. Also don't worry about calling back. That he missed them, etc. What I did find odd at the time, was the phone's caller ID was blank, but lit up like someone was calling. This didn't phase me at the time since caller ID was still a new thing.

My mom came home with my ex-step dad, and I told them the friend called and they looked at me with angry and thought I was joking or something, I told them the message, and that it was on the machine and I was serious. So they checked the machine, and all the previous messages was gone, with 1 new message. They played it, and it was pure static.

They told me it wasn't possible, because he died just a 2 hours ago [while they were out for 5 or so hours], because they got a call on their cell phones from the family members of the friend. He wasn't able to make it though his 3rd stroke and his body just gave up. Based on what my mom says, which I take with a gain of salt. Her said of the family has always been sensitive to this type of stuff. This wasn't the last time that friend tried to contact them, that's a whole other story...

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bandgeekmama
â€¢ 13y ago

I have too many to count. So I'll narrow it down to 3 that freaked me out.

1. I was 8 years old and we had lost our home and most of our possessions after my mom divorced my step-dad. We moved to the opposite end of town into an apartment. I'd always hear things and wake up unable to move or even scream, I'd see shadows, and always felt uneasy. At 8, I was a skeptic who took scientific approach to everything. I dismissed the shadows for the trees or my siblings and flickering lights. I dismissed the waking up paralyzed as Recurrent Sleep Paralysis. I attributed hearing things and feeling uneasy as being part of living in an apartment with tenants in the units next door and above me. However, one morning I woke up and was getting ready for school when I walked into the bathroom and saw an old woman giving herself an injection. It sure as hell wasn't my mom. So I grabbed her

to come see the lady and call the cops. There was nobody there when we got back. An hour later, I noticed part of the floor border was lifting up from mold. I ripped it open and found needles and a bottle of insulin. After talking with the manager, my mom found out that the previous tenant had died from complications with diabetes.

1. My grandpa died when I was in middle school. He was full blooded Cherokee and, being that he was a rancher from OK before becoming a caterer in CA, always dressed in flannel shirts, Wrangler jeans, a belt with a really cool buckle, a Stetson hat, and had a love for Johnny Cash and playing all of his tunes by ear on his guitar (which I inherited). My concern when he died was that he would never see me grow up and make him and our family proud. I've been a classically trained musician from the end of elementary school to now, and currently teach elementary school band. Whenever I finish a performance, a good rehearsal, or have a breakthrough with my students, Johnny Cash comes through on the radio. I can be in a store, I can be in my car, or I can be at home. The pop radio stations will suddenly play Johnny Cash, and many times, my radio will turn itself on and have Johnny Cash playing. I take it that I'm doing a good job?

2. I've been in my current place for 6 months. It's my own apartment (with roommates), and I attribute noise to the people on either side of us, below us, behind us, or out on the street outside our windows. It sounds dumb, but I'm petrified of my roommate's closet (where I share a small portion for my ball gowns, military uniforms, and out of season stuff) and the linen closet. I always get jolted when I touch the handle and get uneasy when it's open. Two months ago, our downstairs neighbors moved out, the guy next door moved out a week later, and the people behind us also moved out. So basically, the only people living near us were the next door neighbors on the far side of our apartment. I was putting away folded towels and sheets from laundry one night when I heard whispering coming from the linen closet. I checked my room, the living room, and my roommates' room. I was the only one home. The only neighbors left were at work. I checked outside and nobody was there. It was quiet (which is weird, since I live in a ghetto area on a busy street). I walked back and heard a bang from my linen closet. I opened it to see that everything was unfolded and switched around. I closed the door, grabbed the clean, folded linens and went to go put everything back. I was halfway done folding and reorganizing the closet when I heard, clear as day, "Get. Out. Mine." I ignored it. Figured I was crazy. I put the last of the linens in the closet and closed the door and went into my room (my door is parallel with the linen closet), leaving the door open to let some air in. I was browsing Reddit when my makeup bag, which is in my closet on the opposite side of the room, flew out and hit me in the head. I stand up to put it back, wondering how it got there when my room dropped from 70 degrees to 40 and I heard "GET. OUT. NOW." Needless to say, I shut my door, hid under my blanket, put in my headphones and used my laptop the rest of the night.

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a_little_vegemite

â€¢ 13y ago

I'm not much of a poster, but I'll give it a wee go. When I was a kid I was too scared to close the toilet door when I had to poop. I was maybe 5 and admittedly a bit odd. Late one night my family was asleep and I was in the loo which is at the end of a hallway. I saw blue glowy figure made of rectangles at the opposite end of the hall begin to walk towards me in kind of jerky motion. Needless to say the poop retreated and I ran to my room. I remember not being scared, more weirded out, even when a blue glowy hand appeared on the door jamb, followed by a glowy blue rectangle head. It looked friendly, inasmuch as a rectangle is able. I went to sleep, no worries, and rectangle man became a story I would use to freak my friends out. 20 years later I was driving home late at night through bushy area. I was super tired and not really concentrating, but when blue glowy figure walked across the road in front of my car I admit I perked up a smidge. About a minute later I had to swerve when someone walked out onto the road. I am sure I would have hit this person had my glowy blue poop angel not woken me up right smartly moments earlier.

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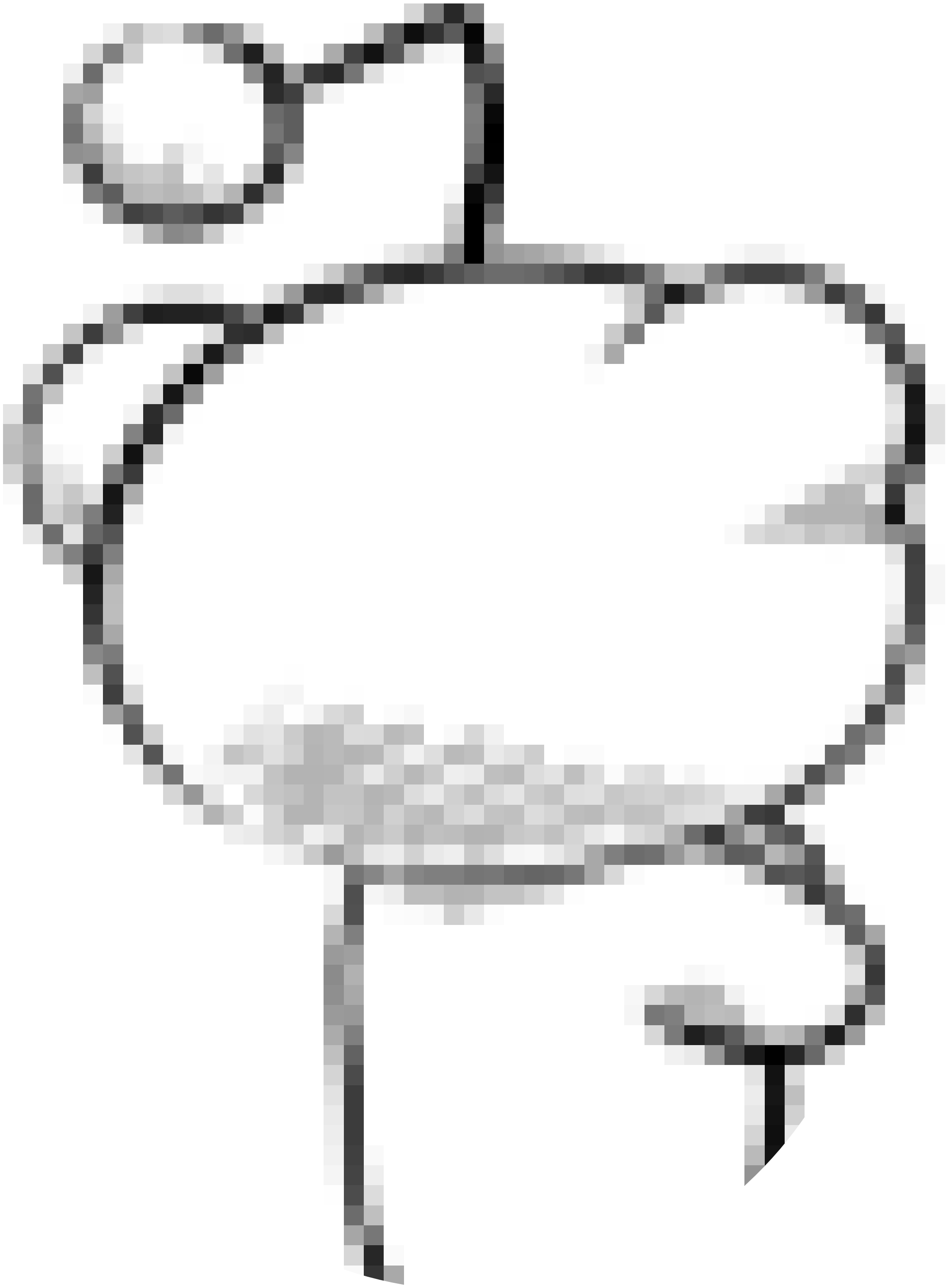

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Every night there is a strong gust of cold air that blows through my room and makes the papers on my desk flutter as well as posters. The gust is always cool and last about 1 minute. Happens only once a night.

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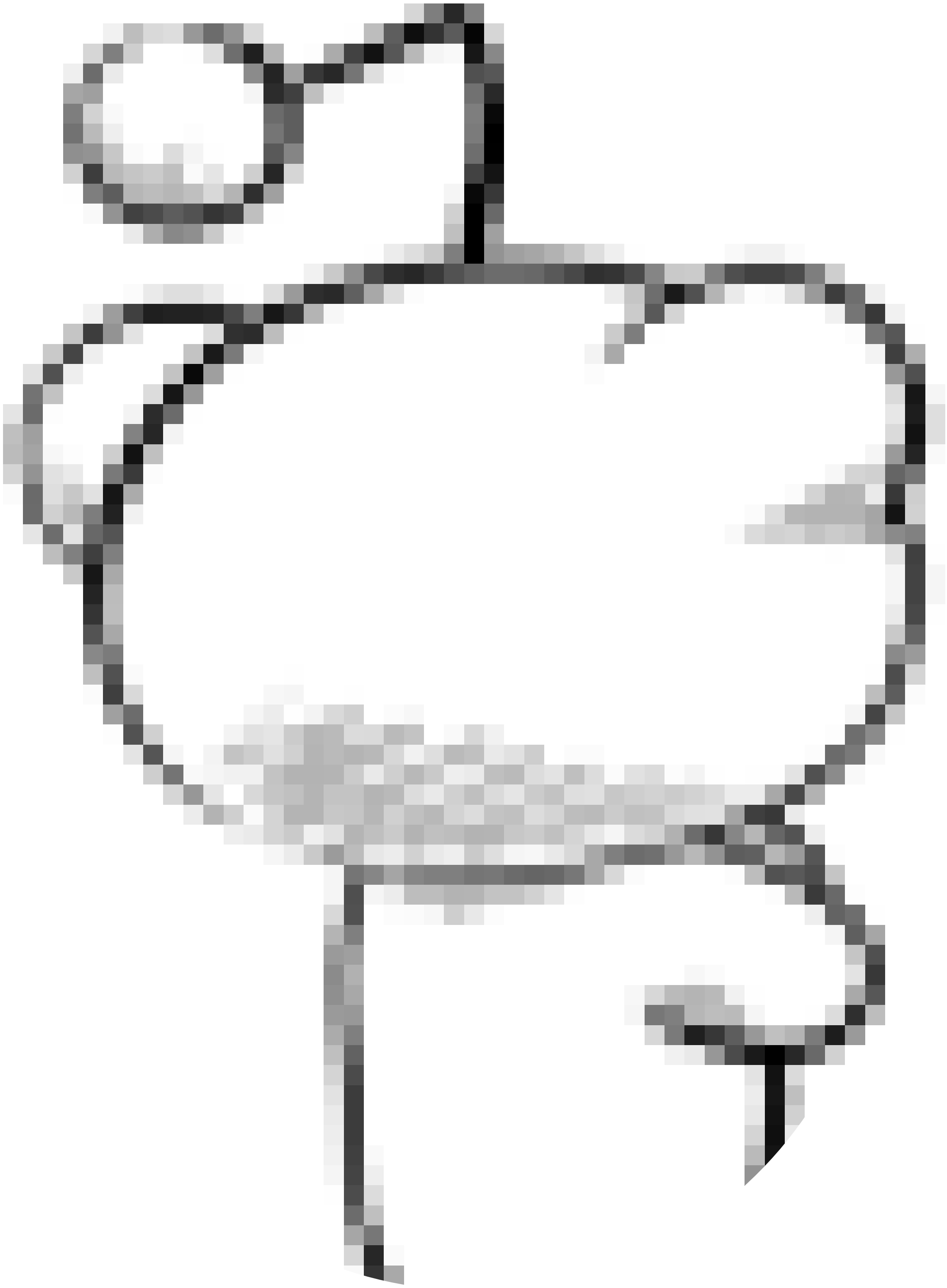

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â€¢ 13y ago

A gust of wind that lasts a full sixty seconds would be seriously creepy. Are you just its not just a couple of seconds? A full minute would be enough time to get your phone out and start recording a vid.

If this happens every night, record it and post it. I'd love to see this.

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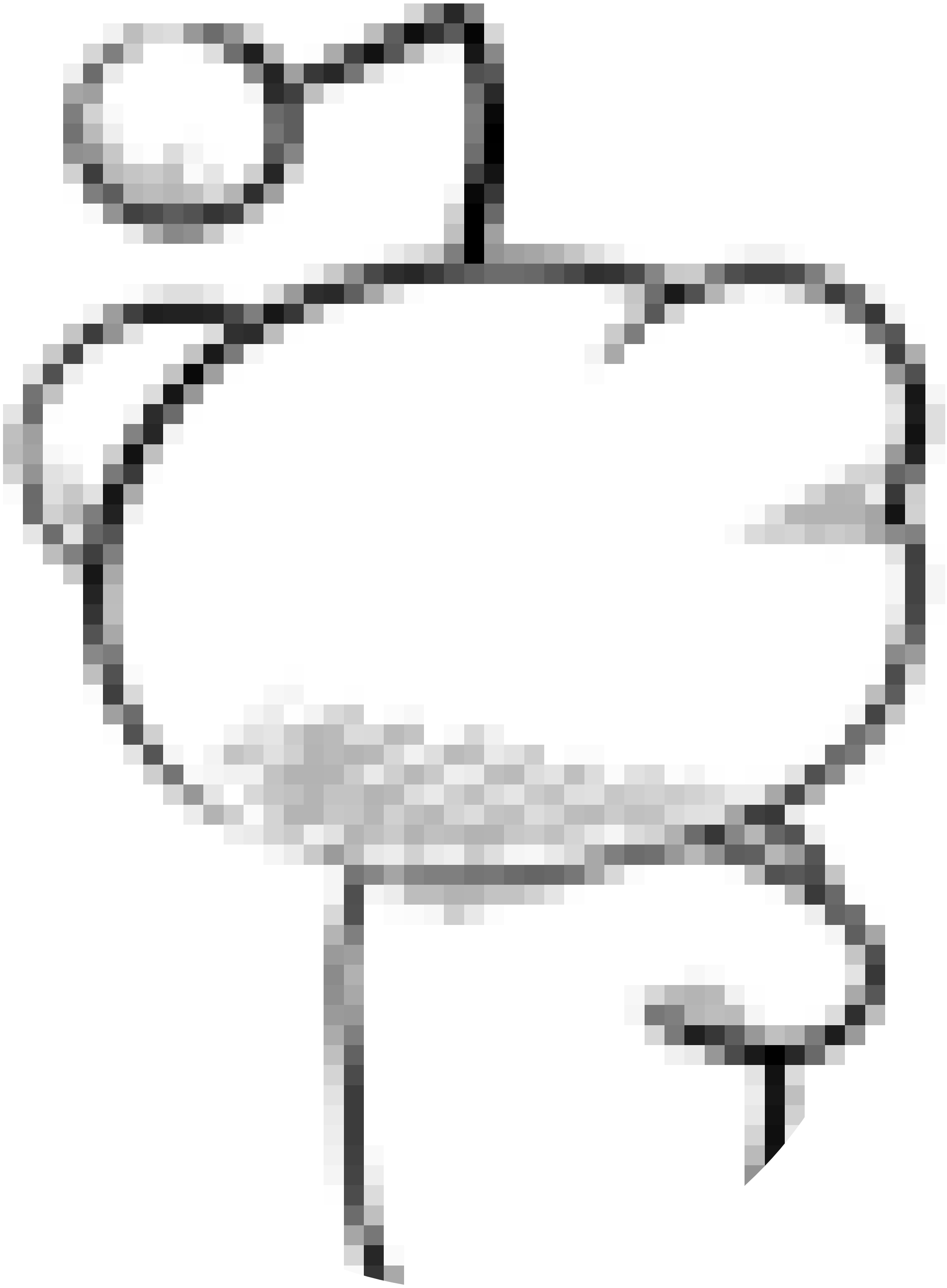

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â€¢ 13y ago

This didn't happen to me, but a friend: She was sitting in her apartment, studying for an exam, when all of a sudden the door opened, and then closed. From where she was sitting, she could see the two places someone could enter the dorm, either going to the bedrooms, or walking through the small kitchen and into the living room. Since no one walked through the short hallway into the bedrooms, she assumed they were going into the kitchen, and stared, waiting for the person to walk through. A large shadow appeared (all her roommates are short), and then went back into the kitchen. From where she was sitting, she couldn't see who it was, just the shadow. She was a little confused, since the person had not knocked, but continued staring at the kitchen doorway. The shadow appeared one more time, and then didn't appear again. She was completely freaked, and according to her, sat in the living room staring at the kitchen and the living room for an hour. Neither of her roommates said they came in when she asked them. She told me this story the next day, so naturally, I forced her to watch Saw that night, and have not knocked before entering ever since.

Tl;Dr Friend hears someone enter her apartment, never see's who it was.

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â€¢ 13y ago

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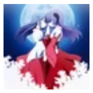

Xaevier
â€¢ 13y ago

As a plumber, sometimes the poop will slide down into the bowl and bypass the p-trap.

So dont worry guys as far as we know there are no poo demons who steal your shit.

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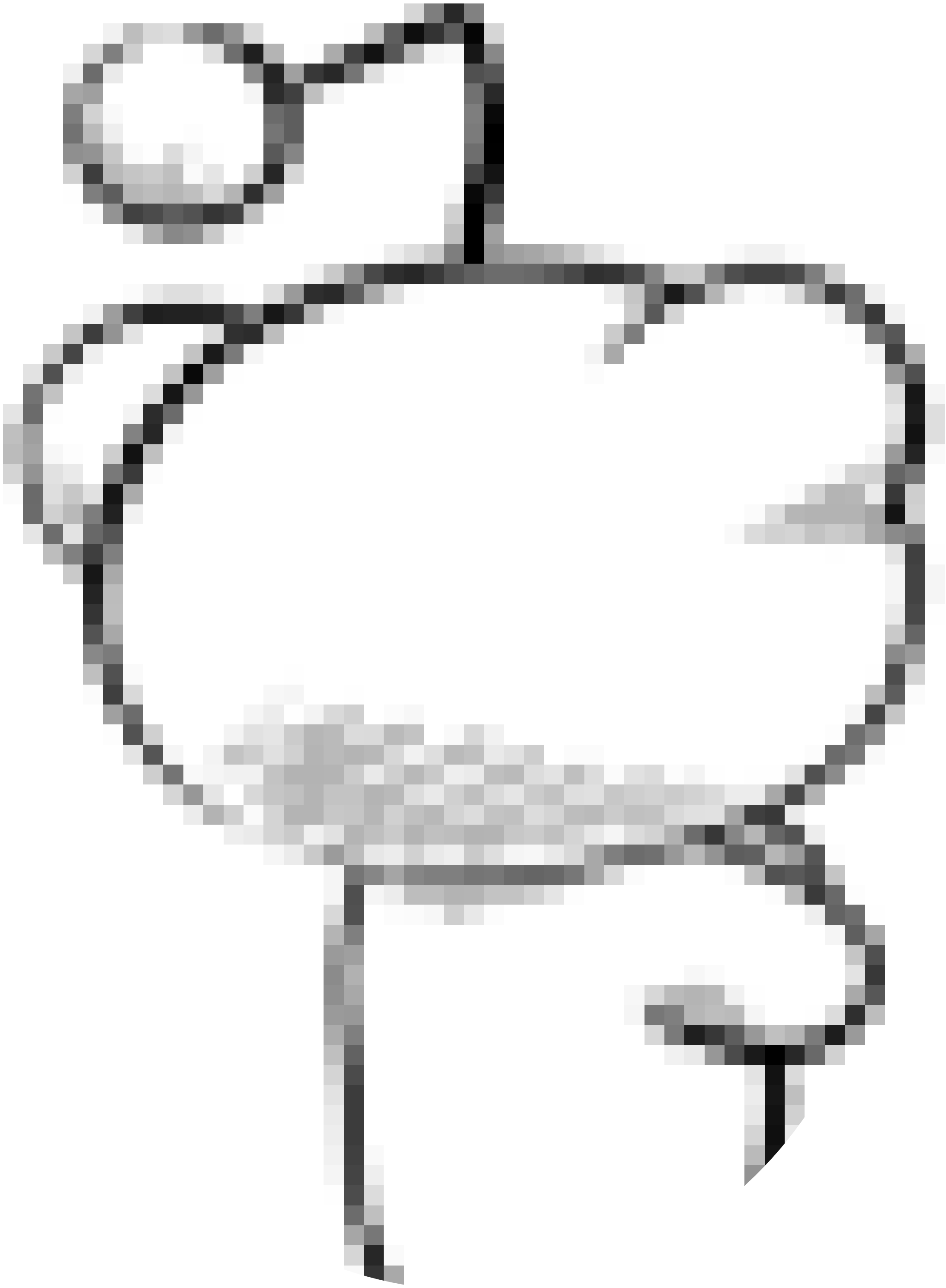

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm not sleeping tonight.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My dad tells this one pretty often:

He used to work 3rd shift at the power plant. One night he and his coworker meet at the bar for a quick drink before work. After they finish their drinks, they leave and his friend follows him on their way to work. They drive through the country to get there(most of central IL is country). They see two people on the side of the road. A woman with her arms draped around a male child, probably 10-12 years old. They're both wearing odd clothing (think "Leave it to beaver"). Well they didn't stop. My dad thought he was seeing things.

When they got to work though, the guy asked my dad if he saw the woman and child as well. So they call the police because they think some people are lost out there, and feeling like dicks because they didn't stop to help.

Well the cops scour the area. They don't find anybody or even SIGNS of anybody.

My dad found out a few months later telling the story that right on that road was a house that burned down in the 50s. And when he did more research on it, a woman and child did in fact die in that fire.

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sac1drl

â€¢ 13y ago

My sister's first husband (we'll call him Lenny) was a total creep. He was very eerie and intimidating to be around. No special reason, just who he was. He was a horrible husband and father (abusive, pulled guns on his kids, etc) and I never really understood why my sister was with him. She went from very high energy/fun/eccentric to somewhat empty.... That's the best description I can really offer.

I decided one day to visit a psychic a friend of mine had gone to a few times. We have the standard chit chat about life and the future. Then she asks if I have any questions, so I ask what the deal is with my BIL. That was all the info I gave her. That one statement.

She then starts telling me that he has a demonic attachment. That attachment has been with him for years and has tentacles that have attached to my sister and their oldest son. She also details many things he has done- none of which I offered. A skeptic at heart, I really limited all of facial expressions because of possible cues. She gave me more information than I was ever planning on hearing and really freaked me out. Then I left because I had lunch plans with... my sister and BIL.

I sit at the table and they are already there. They asked where I had been and I told them I went to see a psychic. BIL then asks, "Could she help me get rid of my demon?" So I, you know, probably went white. And I asked him to clarify his question. So he tells me he has a demon on him and has had it for a long time. My sister confirms his story and says he's talked to her about it before and she believes it to be true (my sister, of course, still void of the person I grew up with). So I tell them I will call the lady and see if she can help.... As he was telling me his story I felt compassion and love for this guy. I felt like we had all been wrong the entire time- he was just a guy trying to live and do the best he could. I wanted to help him.

As I find myself falling in love (in general) with this new man, he turns. This, redditors, is real. I promise. He had his head down while he was eating. He had been wearing glasses. As I felt myself completely drawn to this man, his eyes shoot up and lock on my eyes- never moving his head. He then says, "I am the light. She is the dark. Come to me and fight on my side of this battle. Ignore the woman and what she has said. She is the dark. Come to the light."

Then he stops it all, continues eating, and starts a conversation about his new truck. My sister shows no sign of concern or interest.

In a future conversation and re-telling of this story, a "woo-woo" friend of mine told me the demon was trying to attach to me.

Girl Scouts honor.

I later learned my sister had been calling my dad in tears telling him she thought the oldest son was possessed. My dad recalls this with clarity. My sister still denies those conversations, and this lunch conversation, ever happened.

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[MrRebeccaSlumber](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I used to work at a park summers in college and 90% of the time it was absurdly boring but this one experience was beyond creepy. Most people came from shitty cities to swim in the lake there so there wasn't much by way of hiking. There was, however, one path way back in the woods that no one ever used because it was really steep at some parts and most people probably didn't even know it was there. Like I said, it was a pretty boring job and most my shift was devoted to killing time, so I decided to check out the trail. It went back further than I expected and got pretty steep but I decided I may as well keep going. I eventually reached a small clearing, in the woods, in which I saw it. A small round table surrounded by small chairs in which dolls with their eyes gouged out sat. And on top of the table was a freshly killed fawn. The most unnerving part, was that all the dolls were facing me, looking at me with their vacuous eyes. Needless to say I booked it out of there. I told my coworker about it about 2 weeks later, and we resolved that we would go back to the clearing to see if it was still there. This time we came in through the woods, not on the path. When we got there, there they were just as they were before, with a new fawn, but they were facing at us, staring at us, again but we had come in from another direction. We never went back and avoided that part of the park the rest of the summer.

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[SMBISYM](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This is pretty messed up. Just put yourselves in this guy's shoes:

I worked overnight security at a church conference center several years ago. Most of the conferences were on the weekend, so during the week all 300 guest rooms were empty.

Part of our job was to do nightly checks of each resort room to make sure no homeless people snuck in or stowed away while housekeeping was cleaning the rooms during the day. It would take roughly 2-3 hours each night to go room to room, check the restroom, check under the beds and check the room off our list as code 4.

This was usually my task, and when I first started, the other guys in the guard shack would tell me that the facility was haunted with demons and that I shouldn't be surprised if I see something "odd" when I check the rooms.

Well, obviously, midnight on an empty campus with my only point of human contact being across the facility at the guard shack, checking the rooms in the dark was probably the scariest thing one could do, especailly after hearing the "demon" stories. To make matters worse, we couldn't turn the lights on in the guest buildings because they shut down the power during the week to save electricity. All i basically had was my radio and flashlight.

Now, what happened did not happen to me. After gaining some seniority, we were able to hire some new people, and I was privileged to be able to sit in the guard shack while the noobs checked the rooms nightly. We would tell the new guy the typical stories about ghosts and demons (it was a right of passage I guess).

Well, the second or third night on the job, one of the new kids on the job was patrolling the rooms at midnight (probably with the same level of fear I always had patrolling the rooms. Basically, it's 2-3 hours of stress and anticipation of seeing a shadowy figure upon entiring any of the resort rooms.) Anyway, I was off that night, but the other security guards on shift decided to hide under one of the random resort beds. When this kid entered the room halfway through his room check, he walked slowly toward the bed to check under it, and the guys grabbed his legs and pulled him to the ground and growled like demons.

The 21 year old kid had a heart attack that night. And he never fully recovered.

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LunaAquila
â€¢ 13y ago

About 4 years ago I had a really bad horseback riding accident. I got thrown over the horses head and trampled, and was unconscious. My riding coach had left to go tend to her horse, and a man found me in the arena, and said I was unconscious for about 2 minutes after he found me.

I remember waking up to the man, blacking out again, then waking up and seeing a bunch of people over my head, and the man was holding my head still. I remember I started panicking and was about to try to get up and I felt a weight on my legs, and there was a woman leaning on me saying, "Don't move sweetheart," and I went out again.

Next thing I remember is being in the ambulance. There are two paramedics with me. One is a dark haired petite woman to my right who's asking me questions, and there's a heavier blonde lady to my left, holding my hand. She looked like the one who held me down when I first woke up, so I figure she was a paramedic. The dark haired one was asking me questions like, "What day is it? What's your name? Do you feel pain anywhere?" I honestly had no idea. The blonde lady was holding my hand and would tell me the answers if I waited too long. I started crying when the dark haired paramedic said she thinks I might have broken my neck, and the blonde one rubbed my hair and would wipe my tears away and tell me I was okay, it wasn't broken.

We finally get to the hospital, and the dark haired paramedic and the male driver pull my stretcher out of the ambulance. My mom and grandma were waiting for me, and I vaguely remember them trying to talk to me. The blonde woman was still holding my hand and telling me to say hi to my mom and grandma so they wouldn't worry.

We're in the waiting room, and I'm still on the stretcher with a backboard and neck brace, and the male and dark haired paramedics are waiting with me for a room. The blonde haired one was still holding my hand, and was explaining to me what was going to happen, "they'll just keep an eye on you for a bit. You have a concussion and some broken ribs, but you'll be fine." Then she left.

When the other two paramedics were taking me off the backboard and removing the neck brace, I asked them where the blonde one went. They asked which blonde one? And I said the one who held my hand in the ambulance. They said it was only them in the ambulance. There was no other lady.

I asked my mom later if she remember the blonde woman with me. She said no, only the little dark haired paramedic and the male who took me off the ambulance. There wasn't anyone else.

To this day I don't know if it was a hallucination from the concussion, or what. My mom thinks it was an angel. Either way, she seriously comforted me and got me through the ambulance ride and hospital without a mental break down.

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seottona
â€¢ 13y ago

When i was 16, there were a bunch of rumors of a haunted building a few miles out of town where some people got killed during the construction. I was driving around a friend and a couple girls and we decided to check it out. I was fully expecting to be mega-ballsy because there's no way haunted buildings exist. So it's around midnight and we get to the road in front of the building. Gravel road, out in a field in the middle of no where, some trees on both sides of the road, some-what creepy. I get closer and as I'm driving we all see a bunch of green lights about 3 feet in front of the car. They were neon green and I swear it was some prank or trick of the eye and tried to get my lights to hit the plant-life to see if there was iridescent paint or something. The lights happened about 2 more times we saw and it was never the same place. It was seriously the creepiest thing I have ever seen and I popped a U-ey and got the hell out of there. Come later it turns out I'm pretty sure I saw whatever is the origin of the 'Will-o-the-wisp.' It still feels kind of crazy.

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Jombie
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I'll start by saying, I never really believed in ghosts before this, and I still don't think I do, but I have no explanation for what happened.

I invited my new girlfriend to stay the night at my house. It wasn't the first time, and she normally sleeps on the side of my bed next to the wall. She never revealed to me her special sleeping conditions before hand (Music on low or white noise, and possibly a small light). So it was pitch black and silent as the dickens. She wanted to try sleeping on the other part of the bed. She falls asleep like a light turning off, two seconds and she's out. I don't fall asleep quite so easily. So I'm holding her as she's facing me, and I feel a bit uncomfortable, so I try to put my leg on top of hers. As soon as my leg touches her, she wakes up, looking upward, and exclaims "Whoa!" I look in the same directions, not seeing anything, and at that point she hides under the blankets. This freaks me out, so I do the same.

I shake her, and ask her if she's awake, and what's going on. She tells me there is a large dark figure standing over her, like bent over at a 90 degree angle staring at her. She can't really make out any facial features, except she told me later she could see his mad eyes. I'm thoroughly scared now, and I remember from watching ghost hunting shows that you have to command them to go away. So in my bravest possible voice I say "You are not allowed here, you have to leave." Without ever removing the blanket from my face. I ask her if it worked, and she decided to check, and she said he was gone. I jumped over her and switched the light on as fast as I could, and we spent the night looking up relaxing videos to calm nerves.

She tells me later that she can see people like this all the time, even at work in crowded lit up places. She doesn't get scared of them there, she just pretends they are real people.

Edit: I also have a few stories about one of her cats being weird. If anyone wants to read them, I'll post.

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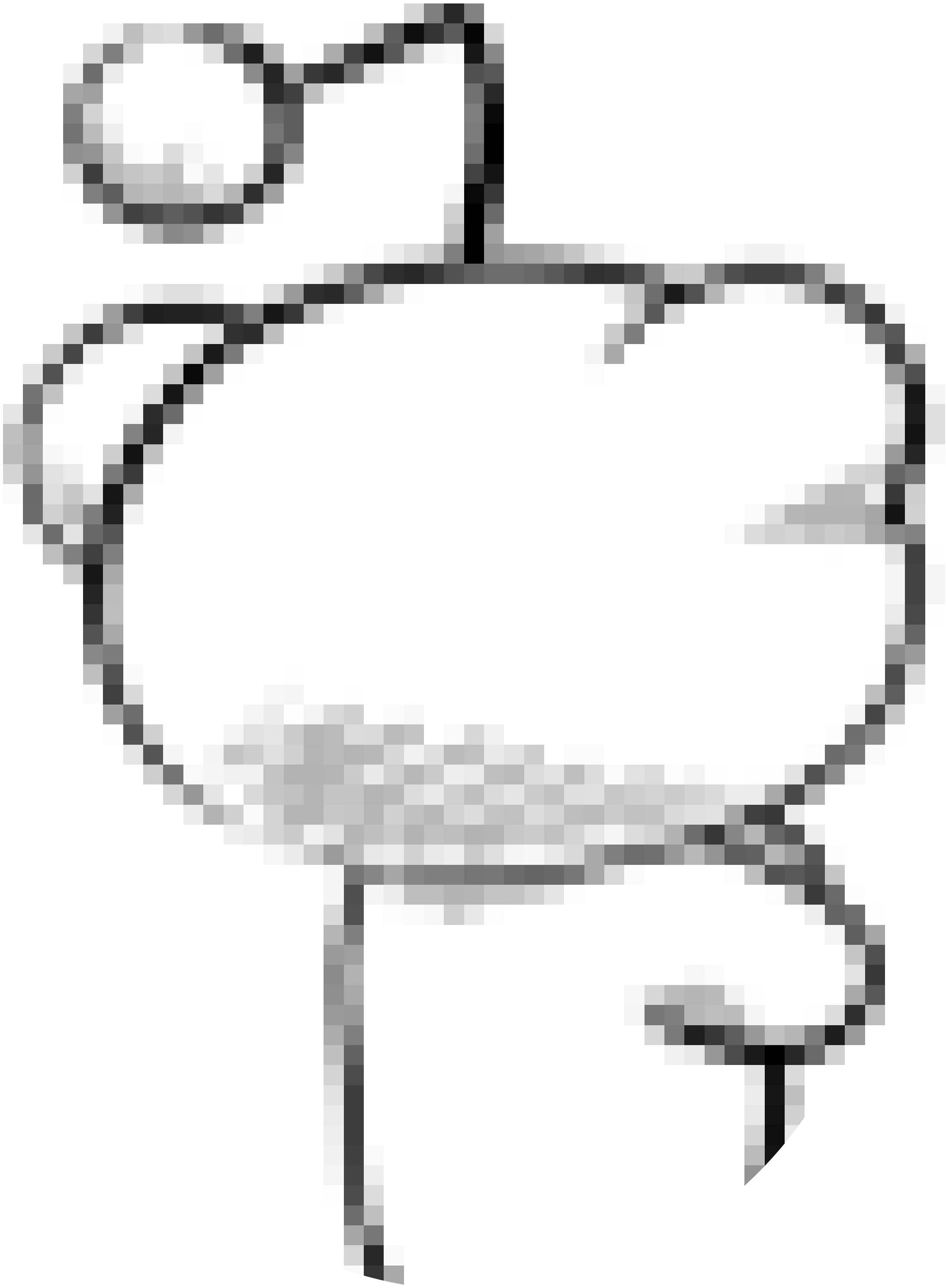

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â€¢ 13y ago

Two years ago my Grandfather died, a few weeks later i had a lucid (I think that's the term) dream, i knew i was dreaming and i knew it wasn't real, he was in the dream and confirmed i was dreaming but told me about somewhere i had to find, i cant remember the exact name he told me but i remembered the place - it was a part of town, a park or green located here

Two months ago I moved into a new home and a week after moving in we had some strange things happening, every now and again you would feel like someone was standing behind you or you would see someone out the corner of your eye, all just tricks on the mind right? Well bulbs started falling out of the sockets in the ceiling, we don't know why, they require screwing in and would be very hard to fall out by themselves, they never smash on impact to the wooden floor.

Then i remebered about the dream i had with my grand father when i realised that we were now living in a house next to the place he told me to find. I was horrified at first then amazed, i hadn't thought of the dream since I had it all that time ago.

Now, we have his two WW2 statues and medals on the window in the study and nothing strange has happened since, im not a believer of the supernatural or occult, but these strange events have made me question if we fully understand everything there is.

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_aleruiz

â€¢ 13y ago

I have always have had weird shit that I couldn't explain happen to me, but whenever I would mention it to someone, I would always be thought of as crazy. Well, this particular time, my sister also experienced it. When I was younger, i used to share a room with her. I was about 10, and I was playing Pokemon blue on my gameboy in my room by myself. I had recently read about the MissingNo. glitch and I wanted to try it. So after a couple of hours of playing, I decided I was tired and turned my game off. For some odd reason, I could still hear the Pokemon theme song still playing. Of course my first thought was that I didn't properly turn it off or something, so I took the batteries out and even the game out of the gameboy and proceeded to put it my drawer. It didn't matter, because the music was still playing. I thought maybe I was just crazy, but after hearing it for about an hour I just left my room. I remember thinking that this was probably happening because I was being punished for cheating on my game haha! Later that night, my sister and I went to bed, and around 2 or 3am, the theme music started playing again. I didn't say anything about it, because I thought I was the only one who could hear it. My sister then jumps out of her bed, comes up to me and screams: "Turn your game off! I'm trying to sleep!" I started explaining to her that it wasn't turned on and even showed her the gameboy without batteries. We both slept in my mom's bed for the rest of the night.

TL;DR: Even ghosts like playing Pokemon.

Edit: This was the Pokemon theme song playing: http://youtu.be/Cl7ivinTacg

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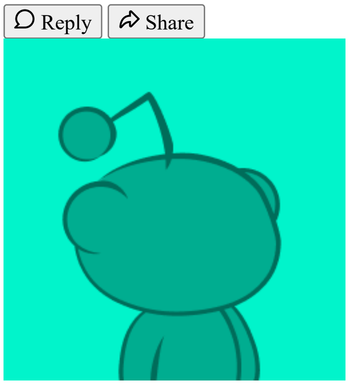

WalksBehindTheRose

â€¢ 13y ago

Mine was about 5 years ago. I was walking down a main street in my very small town at about 4 in the morning. Now my grandfather had died a couple years before that but that morning I was thinking about him more than usual, I was missing him like crazy. All of a sudden a gust of wind hit my face (now mind you it wasn't windy at all). All I could smell in the air was him, it was the strongest smell and I almost dropped to my knees. As startled as I was it was the most beautiful and surreal thing I have ever felt. I will never forget that moment, he really was there with me. Just typing this is making me shake, I have never felt anything like it.

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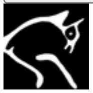

uffington

â€¢ 13y ago

It's late at night here and as I was reading this thread in bed, I heard someone or something heavy move slowly across the tiles of the roof above me. I actually stopped breathing with fear.

It dragged itself to the edge, dangled there for a second, right outside my window, then it let go. I heard it land with a hefty thump in the garden.

It took quite a lot for me to look out of the window. Below is the massive pile of melting snow which just slid off the roof.

The slushy bastard's just taken ten years off my life, I swear.

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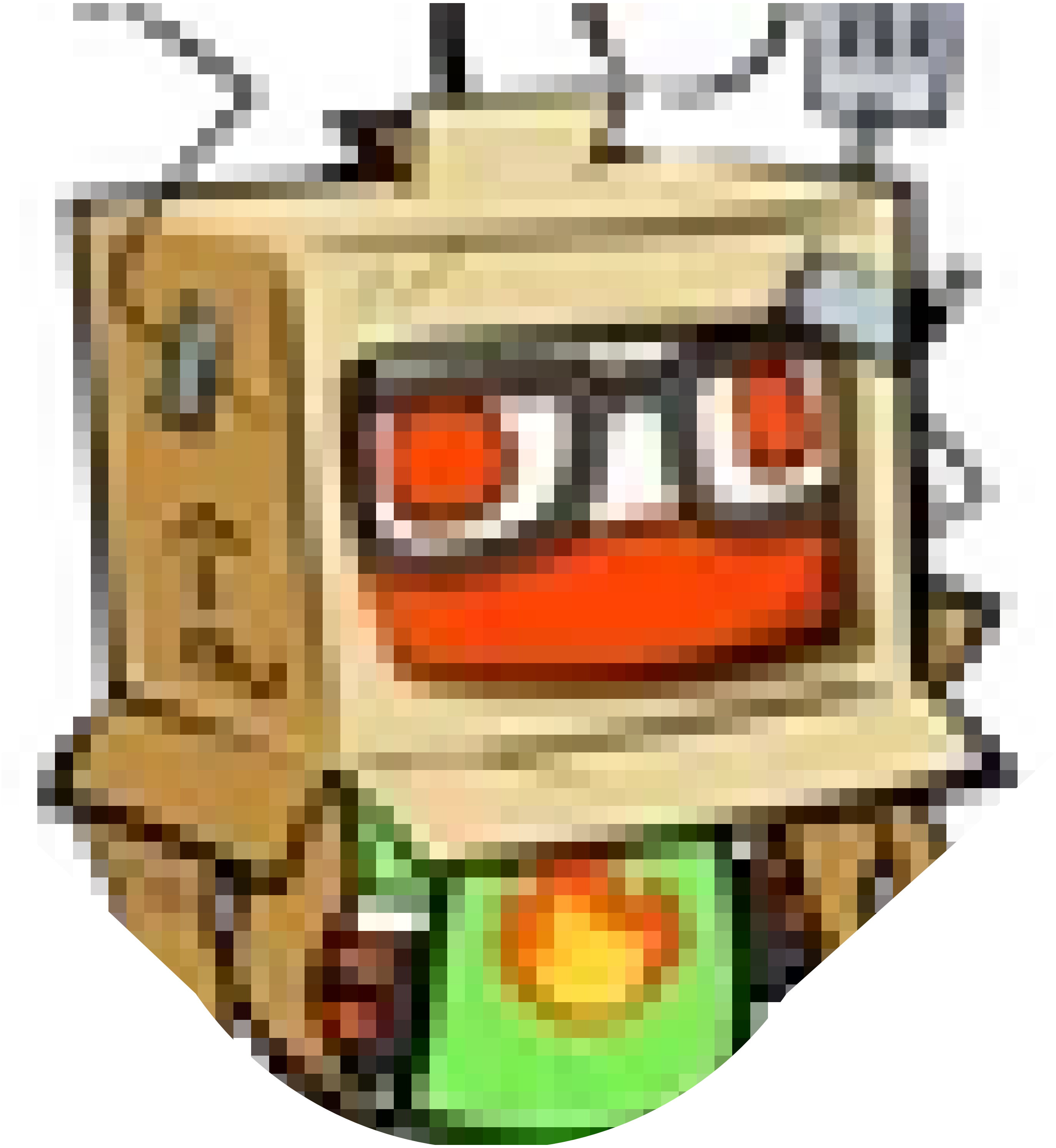

qwertyman2347
â€¢ 13y ago

I once woke up in the middle of the night and heard someone sawing something.I was a kid and,for some reason,I thought it was perfectly ok to someone start sawing at 3 in the morning

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howtokrew

â€¢ 13y ago

Don't mind me buddy, just building a new shed at 3 am...

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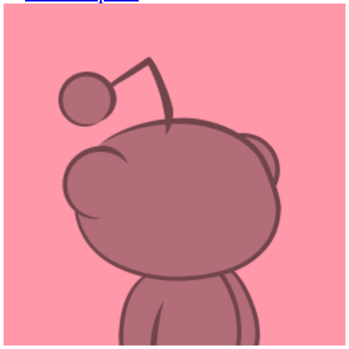

glitchwizard
â€¢ 13y ago

I definitely keep hitting refresh on this trying to spook myself out more. :-/

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sbooky
â€¢ 13y ago

An entire oak tree, up and on its side. No weather, no noise. Was fine the night before...

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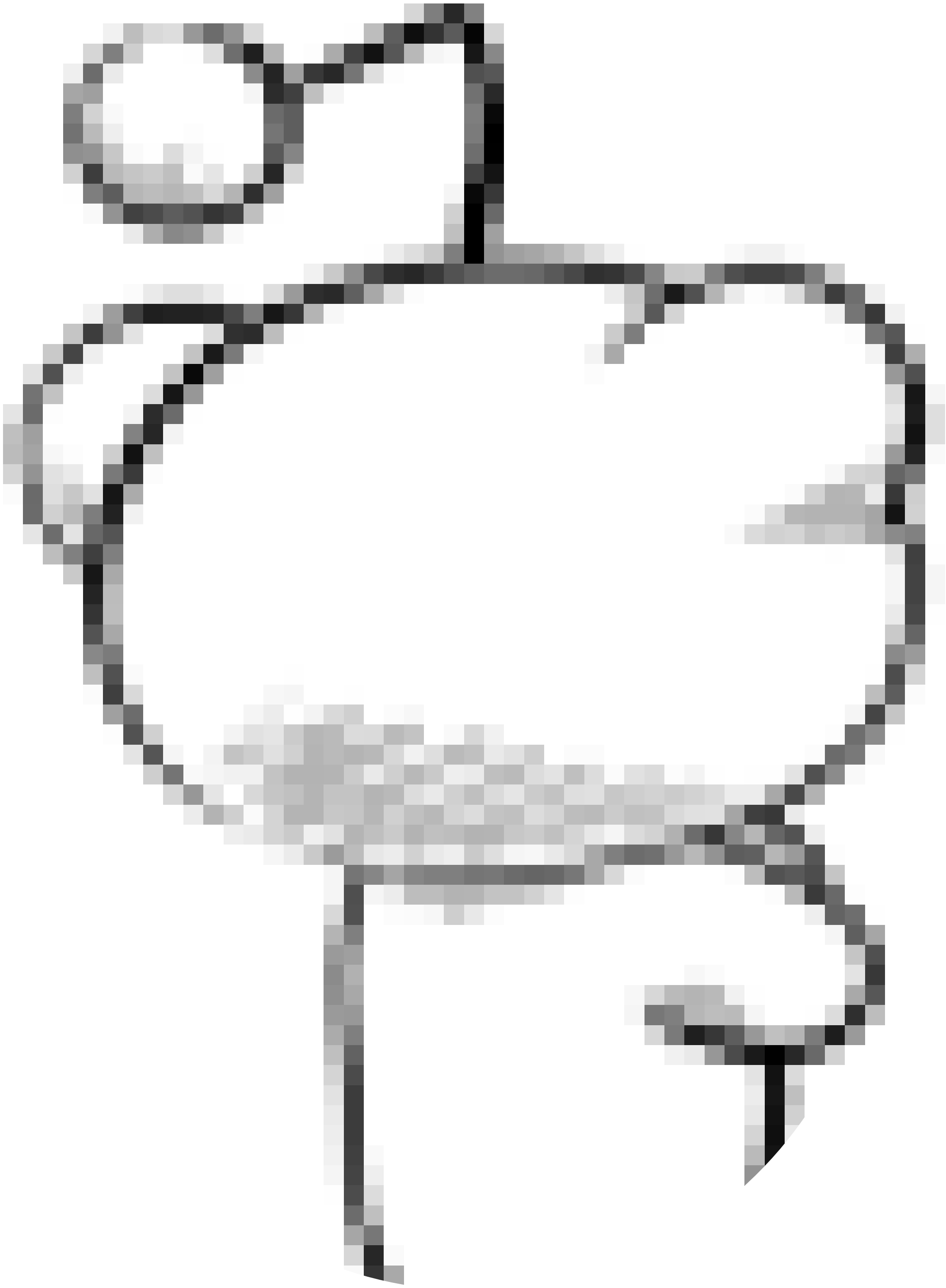

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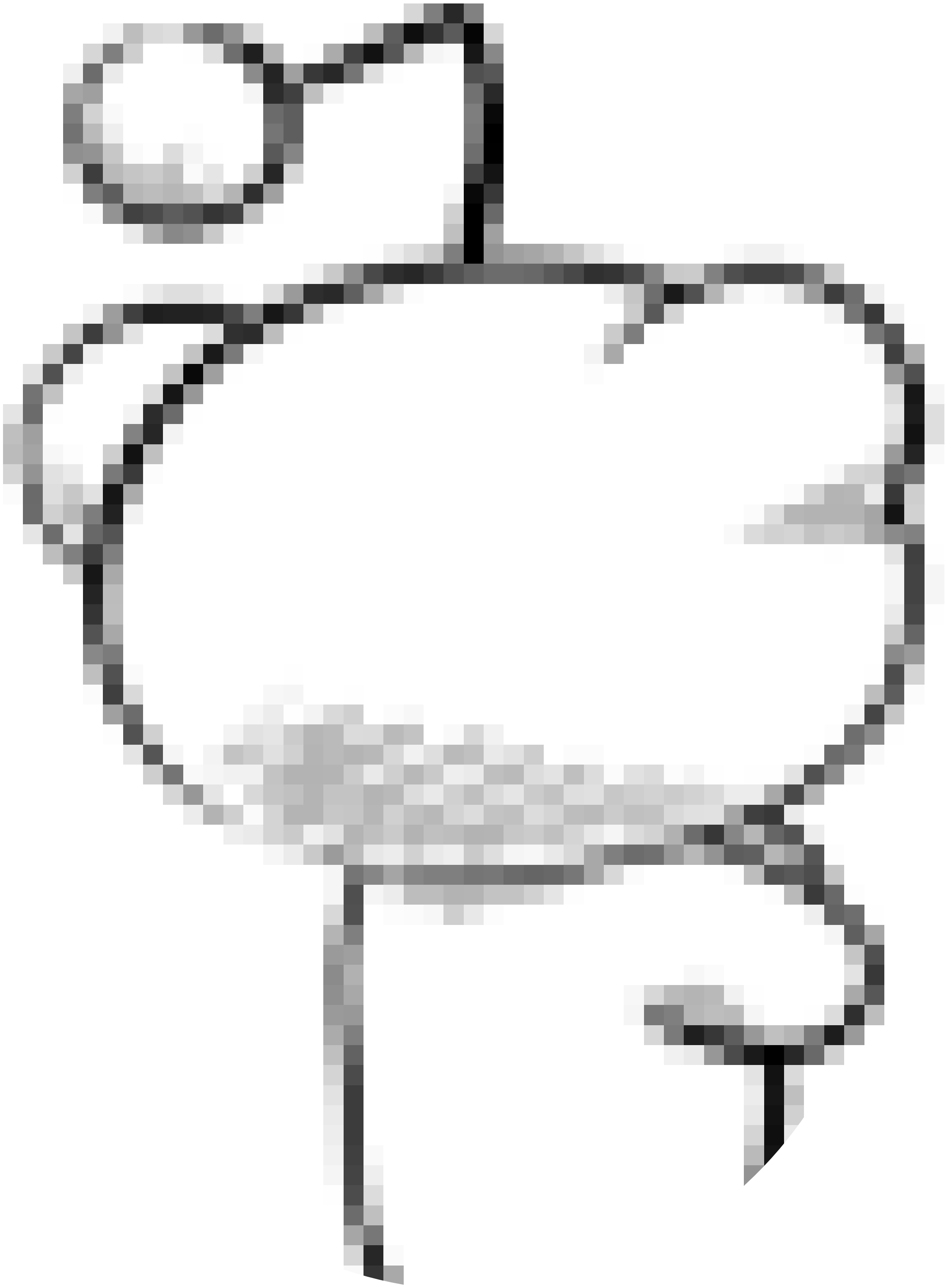

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â€¢ 13y ago

Sorry this isn't a singular experience, more of a collection.

I grew up in a fairly new house and I always kind-of felt that was something to fall back on when in doubt of whether or not the place was haunted, because at times it was absolutely terrifying. I have looked for (and found, in some cases) sensible reasons for the shit that went on there but I still get the same sense of being watched and just general dread whenever I visit, especially the downstairs. My sister and I both had odd experiences when we were very young, my sister saw a large man in the doorway of her bedroom when she was five or six and my mother was a single parent. When I was eight I was in bed reading and I happened to catch something out of the corner of my eye and looked to my left to see a hand disappearing down the crack where my bed met the wall. Looking back as an adult I could easily say that both of these things could have been due to fatigue but I remember vividly going through that in my mind at the time and knowing that I was not that tired at all. I slept in my sister's bed for a week. When I was twelve years old I was putting on makeup in my room when a ticking noise started, looking for the source, I found an old clock that had no batteries in it had started going (maybe someone can explain that to me?)

When my sister and I were teenagers things seemed to get worse, again, especially downstairs. I can't explain it, you just got this eerie feeling whenever you went down there. Things went missing, especially from our shared bathroom (and it wasn't a case of two sisters stealing each other's shit either). It was usually brand new stuff that always disappeared, one particular case I can remember is one day I came home with a new lipgloss and put it on the bathroom sink while I used the toilet (maybe 1.5 meters away from the sink), coming back to wash my hands, the lipgloss was gone. I went nuts searching for it, I cleared the sink, I looked through all of my bags, went back upstairs, came back to the bathroom and it was sitting where I had originally left it, my mother was the only one at home and she was upstairs. My sister and I both confided in each other that whenever we looked at ourselves in the bathroom mirror we genuinely felt that there would be someone else looking back at us. We started hearing a strange noise from the bathroom whenever we were in it, we likened it to the sound of a spoon being rattled inside a mug, like when you were stirring a drink. To be honest I attributed it to something else, something to do with the ventilation or something, even though it had only just started randomly, but my sister went to a friend's place to stay one night and the noise followed her there, loud enough for her friend to comment on it and ask what the hell it was as she'd never heard it before. I would wake up sometimes and feel like I was just coming out of a conversation with someone, so much so that I could actually hear the last of their sentence as I came to, on those mornings I would usually also be upside-down in bed or wearing less clothes than when I went to sleep (a lot of the time it was my underwear or pants that was missing and this stressed me out somewhat).

I had sleep paralysis for the first (and so far, last) time at that house, I went back to stay with my mother last year and slept in my sister's old room. It was a truly awful experience but I suppose that can attributed to science etc etc Going home now, I still can't describe or explain the feeling I get when I go downstairs. I try to be rational but honestly, it just feels like there is something down there, it frightens me so much as an adult.

At my father's house things were actually much the same, except his house was literally brand new, he had had it built on property he'd bought. Again it was mostly the downstairs that frightened us. I would hear footsteps outside my bedroom and sometimes the voice of a young girl in my ear at night. My sister describe a time when her room suddenly got so cold that there was condensation on the outside of the glass, not the inside. We were given an old piano when my stepmother's grandfather passed away, it had originally been his, and I stayed in the second lounge where it was put one night when we had family over. I think this was perhaps the most frightening night of my life. I was suddenly very aware of something else in the lounge with me although I kept telling myself to be rational. I was fourteen at the time and I used to take photographs of myself on my cellphone, tonight was no exception, I took a photograph and went to look at it, behind my shoulder was the very clear image of a face. I freaked out and deleted the photo, although later on I wished I hadn't. I don't feel anything in the second lounge at my father's place anymore but I am certain something was going on and I can't explain it.

I wish I could remember more!

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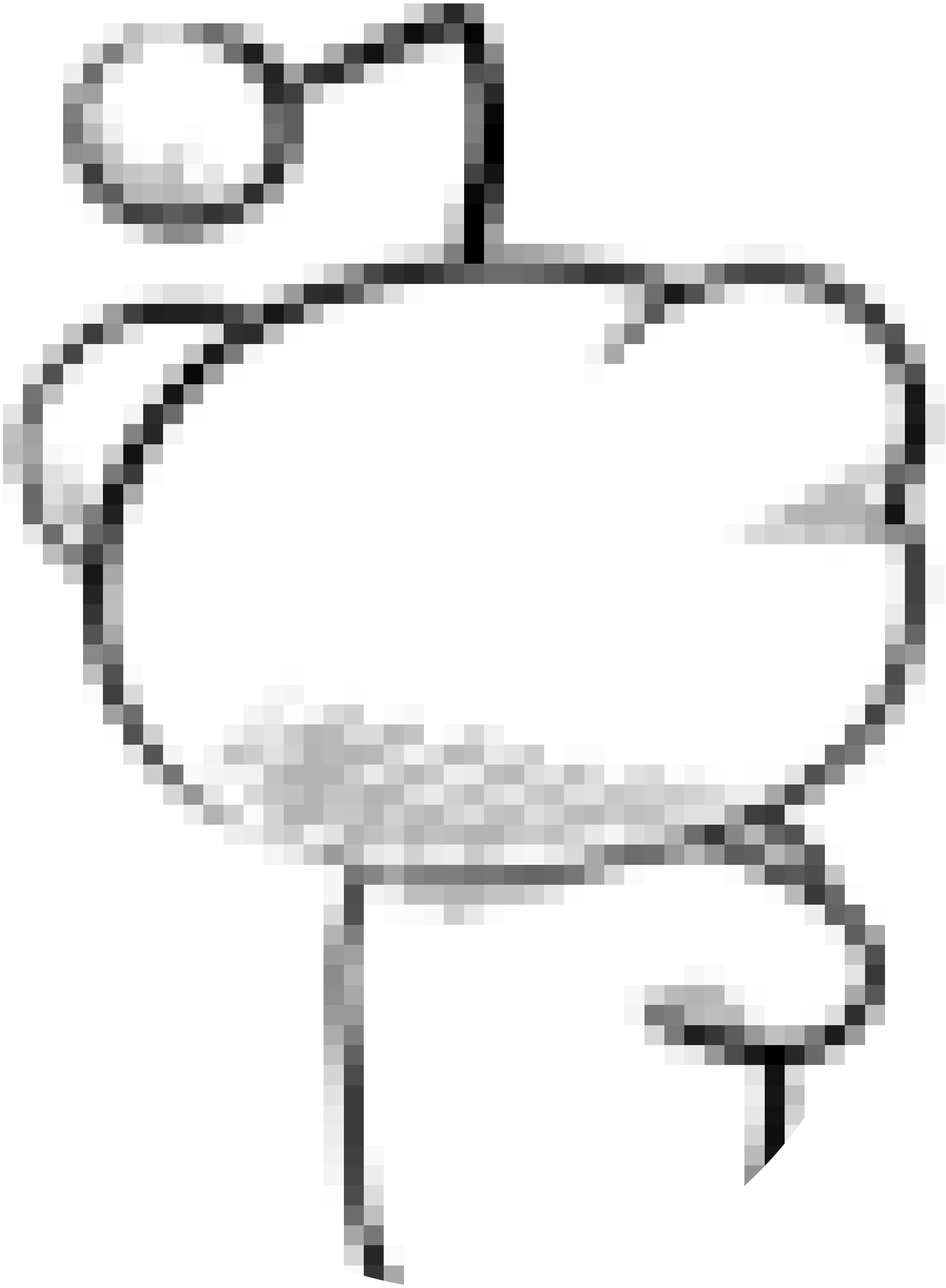

wieners
â€¢ 13y ago

Pennies. They are thrown on the same spot on my living room every now and then in the house I'm currently living in.

But the kicker is I've been alone in the room when they're thrown. I'll be watching TV and hear them scatter on the ground, turn my gaze to see them spinning and rolling in the spot they fell.

No pets, tables, holes in ceilings or pennies around where this happens. I can't fucking explain it but pennies materialize and are thrown somehow in my house and I've been saving them ever since. It's not scary or anything but I have no fucking clue how this is happening and I like to think I'm a pretty rational person.

TL;DR Ghost pennies

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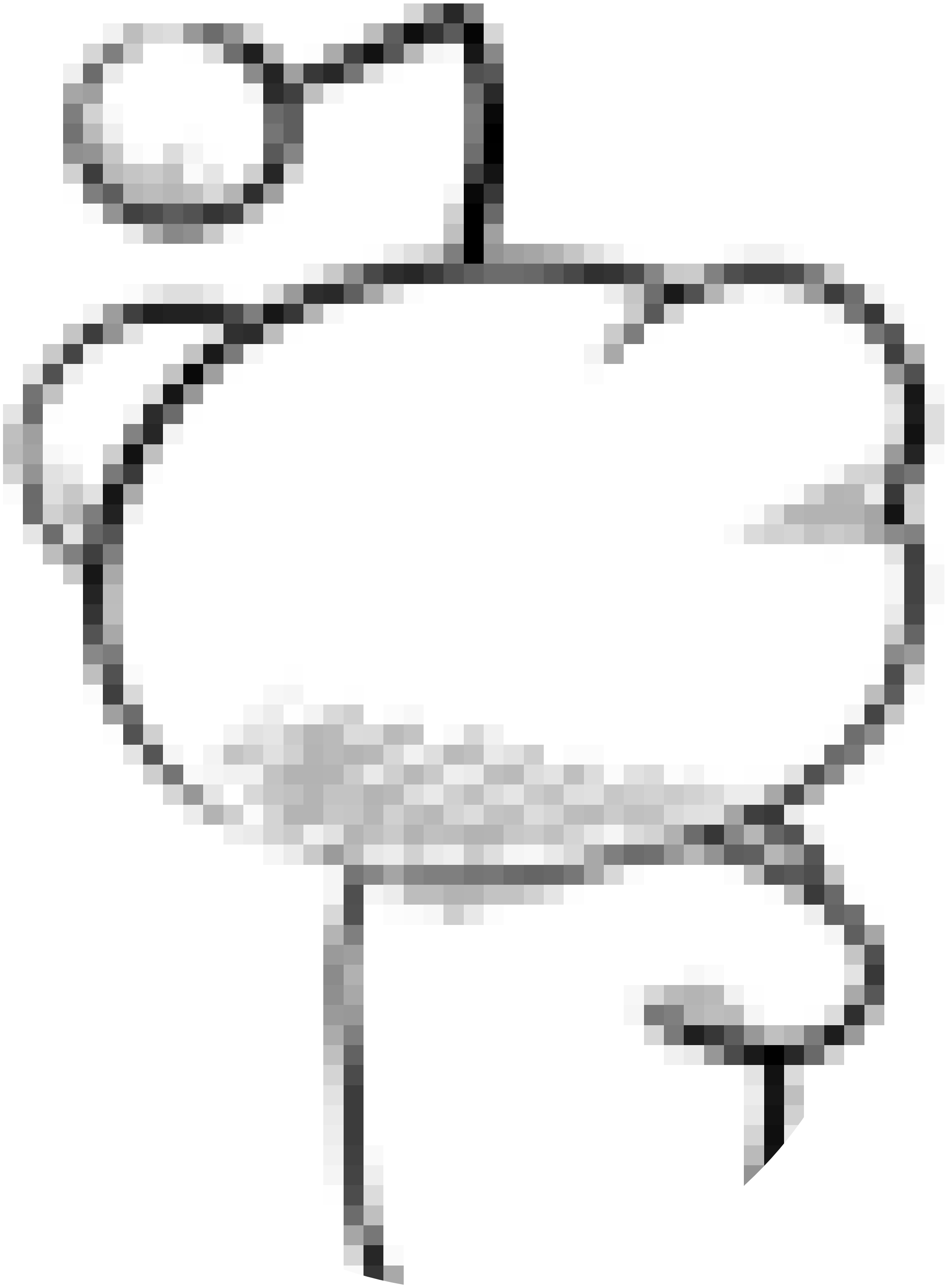

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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This one still gives me chills.

Back in about 2002 I had a horrible nightmare. I was at what looked like to be an old farm. I remember there were a few barns (structures) there, lots of mud, straw, and the typical stuff you would expect to find. There was a fog though. It covered most of the ground, and when I was walking around the farm, it felt like I was in a horror movie. The fog seemed to cling to my body, like an evil sweat, and fear was gripping me. It wasn't that anyone was chasing me, but I felt fear for my life.

There were pigs. Lots of pigs. I never really focused on any of them, I was trying to pay attention to the environment. But at one point I focused on a pig that was eating. When I focused, and looked closer, the pig was eating a woman's arm. I was disgusted, and turned to run. I ran into another room filled with pigs. All eating... Women. Parts of women. I ran again, and came into another room where there were no pigs. I walked across the area and noticed that there were things buried everywhere. Women. Dead women. Parts of arms and legs, buried. They had nail polish on their fingers, there were dirty pieces of what seemed to be previously 'flashy' clothes, but now covered in mud and dirt, and blood, and strewn all over the place.

It looked like it was a slaughter house for women.

I woke up from that dream with the most disgusted feeling in the pit of my stomach. It effected me for weeks, and words can not describe it. I never told anyone about the dream due to how disturbing it was. Later on that year, there was a discovery made in Vancouver BC, which was one province over from where I lived.

It was this guy.

When this story broke, they showed images on TV of what his farm looked like. It was almost identical to what I remember in my dream. And with all the other creepy details... I still get shivers to this day.

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CaptainSnarf

â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't paranormal or anything, but it's weird, so I'll put it here...

For a long time now, every once in a while, a phrase will pop into my head out of nowhere: *"covered in blood"*. I don't know what it refers to. (Sometimes it says "she was" as well, but not always.)

It nearly always happens when I'm in the shower, occasionally other places in the house or when I'm outside. It's difficult to explain, but it's as if this phrase just appears in my head for no reason, and it never has any connection with anything I'm doing or thinking at the time. It's almost as if someone else is saying it to me, but I don't hear a voice, it just comes and then goes.

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AdmiralSkippy

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

It's not really creepy, but I just don't know what it was that I saw.

Last summer around mid august I was sitting in my car waiting for someone. It was around 8:30 so the sun was just going low enough that you could see the light from the moon quite clearly. It was almost a full moon that night but not quite.
While I'm sitting in my car I see some black shadow start going across the moon, getting longer as it goes, then I see the back end of it. The shadow was thin, probably taking up 1/8th of the moon, and about half as long as the moon is. So I'm watching this thing go across the moon, and when one end reaches the other side you would think it would continue on in the night sky, but instead it started to get shorter and shorter...and then it was gone.
My girlfriend was in the car with me and we didn't talk about it to each other while it was happening (no "Hey look at the moon."). We both noticed it independently and when it was done we both looked at each other and asked "Did you just see the moon?"
I have yet to meet anyone else that saw that, and no one can explain what it could have been.

Edit: And a story from one of my parents friends from when they were young. I forget what the name of it is but there's a business in my city that's known for "being haunted". As usual lots of people don't believe it, lots of people do. When my parents were young my dad worked there with a couple friends of his. One day his friend was told to go down in the basement to get something. So he goes downstairs and comes back up a few minutes later, takes off his apron, and goes home. He never set foot in the building again, and he won't tell anyone what he saw, he made someone else pick up his final check.

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TheScrumpster
â€¢ 13y ago

Not sure exactly what happened - But I promise this is 100% true as I remember it.

In 2008 I was up late one night (playing WoW - Prob 3-4am-ish) in my dorm room. My roommate and I had bunked our beds and he was fast asleep. My desk faced away from the beds, but it was at an angle so I could see the beds out of the corner of my eye. I saw my roommate sit up (he was in the top bunk), jump down from the bed, and start walking towards the door of our room - The bathrooms were down the hall so I didn't really think anything of it. I noticed after a few seconds the door didn't open, so I glance behind me to see what he was doing. To my surprise - he wasn't there. I looked at the beds, and there he was sleeping in his bed. I thought it was weird at the time, and tried to shrug it off, but I KNOW I saw him jump down from the bed, I felt the floor shake a little when his feet hit the ground. Slightly shaken, I finished my raid and went to bed. The next morning my roommate and I were at breakfast and and I told him about what happened. When I was finished, his face was blank and he looked pretty scared. He then proceeded to tell me about his experience that night...

He said he remembered me getting into bed because he felt the beds shake when I climbed into the bottom bunk (any college kid with bunked beds will relate). After awhile he fell back to sleep but woke up again an hour or so later. He says that when he looked around to see what time it was, in the light of our combined alarm clocks he saw me standing in the corner of the room by our closets. I apparently wasn't moving, I was just standing in the dark. He called my name - blinked - and I was gone. He then looked under his bed to see if I was in my bed, and apparently I was laying on my back, under the sheets. He was weirded out, but shook it off and went back to sleep.

What are the chances we both just "imagined" this happening on the very same night? Nothing like this ever happened again, and neither of us are sleep walkers. Creeps me out.

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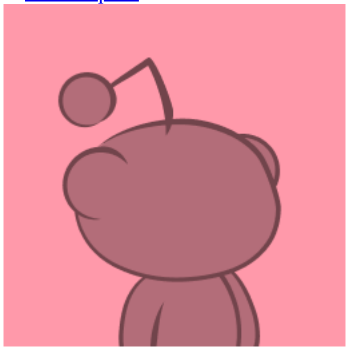

Libitina
â€¢ 13y ago

I work evenings at a funeral home. Unless we have an evening recitation of the rosary or a visitation, it can be pretty lonely. About a year ago, my husband stoppedby on a slow night and bring me dinner.

We heard the doorbell for the front door ring. I go up to answer it, but there was nobody there. Eh, ding dong ditch, no big deal. Go back in the office where my husband is eating his burrito. We heard the damn doorbell ring AGAIN. I get up, go to the front door... nobody's there. Okay, the doorbell is glitching out, or SOMETHING. Nothing paranormal about it.

As I'm walking back to the office, my husband is walking to the kitchen to grab a bottle of water. We cross paths in the hallway in front of the locked embalming room. He asks me if anyone was at the front door. I reply, "no, it's probably some asshole kids playing around--"

Just then, we hear the most awful, angry pounding on the embalming room door... FROM THE INSIDE.

I'm stunned. He's stunned. I told him to go back in the office while I checked out the prep room. (Legally, for obvious reasons, he's not allowed in there.) I unlock the door, alone and nervous as shit. All I see is just a sweet looking elderly lady already casketed, ready for the service the next day. No one hiding under the surgical tables. No one in the cabinets. No one in the refrigerator.

I keep looking for a logical reason for why the embalming room doors rattled so violently, but I can't find any. I never told any of my coworkers about it because I'm afraid they'll think I'm not taking my profession seriously. I was afraid to work nights for a solid month. :(

TL;DR heard someone/something pound on and rattle the embalming room doors at the mortuary I work at, never told any workmates

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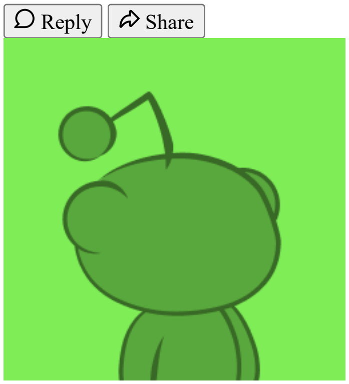

originaleffie
â€¢ 13y ago

My parents live in a 1950s semi-detached house. We moved in in the February of 2003.

When we first moved in, the house was a bit of a wreck upstairs. There wasn't any proper carpet or wood floor in most of the bedrooms, the walls had been painted and graffitied badly by the previous owners and there wasn't any central heating either.

Being an only child at the time, I managed to get the biggest bedroom (win!), but it was a little bit weird. Even after we had our heating put in and the walls insulated, my room was never ever warm. My old dog (who loyally slept at the foot of my bed near enough every night) wouldn't even cross the doorway, but just stood in front of it and whimpered/growled.

When my mum was heavily pregnant, she once spent the night in my room because it was so cool. She had a series of horrific nightmares (she wouldn't give the details) and told me after I'd moved out that you couldn't pay her to spend another night in that room.

The only really weird thing I experienced was what sounded like a choir singing a single low note for a few seconds. I was in bed, it was about 11pm, and I hadn't got to sleep yet. It sounded like there was about 50 people in there with me, but I couldn't see a thing. Oh, and I had a dolls house. The door on it would open and shut independently, despite it being quite stiff.

Slightly eerie room, and to be honest, I had some pretty nasty nightmares in there myself. And night terrors, and I used to sleep walk and cry in my sleep.

The more I start thinking about my old room, the more I start realising how genuinely creepy it was.

And as an additional side note, my five year old brother has an imaginary friend.. In his own words "a girl with a jack in a box who wears a blue dress". She doesn't have a name, but she apparently visits him when he's upstairs on his own.

Now I've written it down, I feel more spooked!

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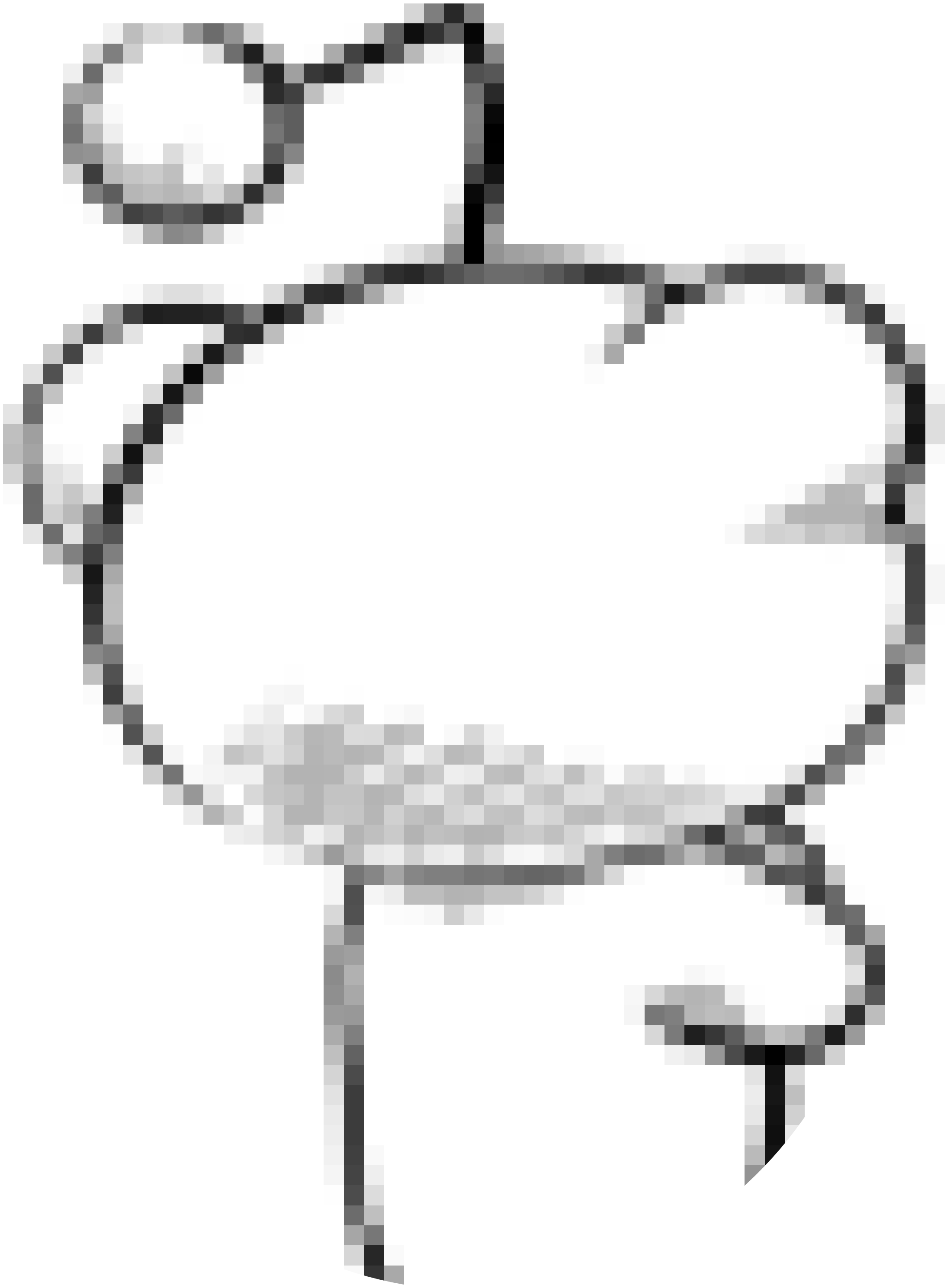

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was living in an older apartment with two roommates. It was a three story apartment with an attic loft, upstairs with the bedrooms and the main level. The lease was for a year. For the first eight months, the only strange thing that would happen is the fridge door would be left open at times. With an old fridge, unlevel floors and a roommate who was used to having his mother clean up behind him, we didn't think too much of it. Everything started getting weird the moment we put our notice in that we were not going to renew our lease.

It started out with the fridge door being open more. We started to duct tape it shut. My girlfriend (now wife) was over one night and we decided to stay in and watch movies. I threw in a load of laundry in the washer and turned it on. After the movie finished, I realized that the timer didn't buzz so I went to check on my clothes. The washer door was open and the washer was full of water. My girlfriend did not move from the couch during the whole movie, but I still had to ask her if she put anything in the washer. It was a top load washer so someone would of had to lift it up.

Then the night terrors started happening. I have never had any night terrors before nor have I had them since. It was always the same dream. I wake up in the middle of the night and see a dark figure standing in my doorway. I stare at it for a while before it rushes at me and starts to shake me. Most of the time, it happened when my girlfriend slept over and I would wake her up. She would say my face would be of pure terror and I was screaming, but nothing came out. The worst one was the day I was working the afternoon shift. I woke up at 9am because my roommate was screaming my name from downstairs. I yelled back "What do you want, I am trying to sleep." She just kept on yelling my name. I was pissed and went downstairs to an empty kitchen. Then I heard her call my name from the attic. I was scared at this time, so I went back up to my bedroom and called her at work. She picked up. I told her what happened. I got dressed and got the hell out of the apartment and walked around uptown for the rest of the day. I moved out before the lease was up as I purchased a house.

Two weeks before the lease was up, one of my roommates showed up at my house, clearly rattled. He told me he was at the apartment alone and he heard someone run down the stairs from the attic, run down the other set of stairs and out of the front door. He ran downstairs and froze when the front door was close and the deadbolt was locked from the inside. That was the last time he stayed there.

Nothing really happened to my other roommate. She stayed there by herself for the last two weeks before moving out. She got the feeling that she was not alone at times, but that was it.

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Reclusive_Prometheus

â€¢ 13y ago

I tend not to believe in that sort of stuff, but the many stories of cats/children just staring at a certain spot or little children knowing about deceased grandparents makes me think twice.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I once worked Security at the Mall in Downtown San Antonio Texas. It's supposedly haunted, because of the Alamo atrocities that happened there.

Please note, this is after I moved down from VA after being a cop. I've seen a bunch of different things in my life that I can't explain. However this one, tops the charts.

I was driving around the parking garage after hours, and there was a man, in a really beat up old floppy stetson-esque hat. Wearing a sun bleached Poncho, smoking what I would assume is a hand rolled little thin cigar. He was wearing leather chaps, Nothing fancy, looked well used. This dude was Rugged. The only thing I can come close to comparing this thing to, was John Marston from the red dead redemption series.

I exited my patrol vehicle, and made initial contact with the individual. There was no verbal communication exchanged from the individual. (We were armed security, and having been a cop, the spidey senses were all over the place) I wasn't necessarily scared at this point. He stood up, looked in my direction, I wouldn't say, at me, but towards me. He then promptly stood up, from sitting on the steps he was sitting, and turned around and walked up the stairs.

They were about 3-4 steps, then a landing, and a double push door, that was locked. However there was a 1/4 wall, that hid him from my veiw. I unholstered my weapon, and started to scoot left to see if I could see him. I was like, ok this guy doesn't know where hes going, hes just lost his fucking marbles.

He was gone. Vanished. But I could smell the smoke from that cigar. The doors were locked, and he wasn't moving quickly enough to had gotten though then relocked the doors. He was gone. Even if he had made it inside, it was the food court, everything was locked, and lights on, I couldn't find him, and when we checked the security footage, we didn't see anyone enter or exit the building near where I initially reported contact with the suspect (ghost).

TL;DR: Saw a cowboy while working security in the haunted mall in downtown San Antonio. He walked through two locked doors and dissapeard. I could still smell the smoke.

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DaddysWetPeen
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I was in Jamaica with my brother for a friend's wedding and we had been partying heavily. We both go to bed in the same room, but before we fall asleep we see a red light over the ocean out of the balcony doors (thought nothing of it as we were heavily intoxicated on many substaces). We fall asleep and I have a very vivid dream about being abducted by the "grays." Nothing scary in the dream except being taken against my will. I was shown a "living" television screen where the short grays were walking in lock-step in a desert-type environment. I don't remember much of the dream after that. The wierd thing is that during the part of the dream when I was being taken, I distinctly remember my brother being left behind.
I wake up to my brother screaming in his sleep. So, I wake him up and he immediately starts describing his dream where I was abducted by gray aliens. Probably some wierd synchronicity, but when I was a child (8 or 9) I had another experience.

My family and I were on vacation in the Poconos and I was sleeping in my parents room. I remember dreaming about gigantic black eyes (no other features) looming over my face and then I woke up in the lobby of the hotel in my underwear. There was nobody at the desk and no one around at all. Freaked out, I ran back to my parents door and started pounding on it, but they wouldn't wake up. My dad later told me that he was dreaming about somebody playing the washboard as an instrument. Luckily, friends of the family woke up in the room next door and let me in. I don't know what actually happened, but I always just chalked it up to coincidences, an interest in space, and dreaming. Anyway, that's my two cents.

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â€¢ 13y ago

Alright this is probably going to get buried, but I would like to share it anyways.

Me and my friend which also happens to be my cousin were sound asleep in my bed. We went to sleep at around 11:00 that night. We had intended on going to a party and drinking a few beers, but it started raining so we just sat at home and played xbox until we got sleepy.

It was now around 3:30 AM... I am sound asleep when all of a sudden I hear the most evil laughing you will ever hear in your life.

I wake up, look around scared as all shit and that's when I realize that I am unable to move. I start panicking and then the laughing stops and I hear the most evil voice say "HOW DOES THAT FEEL? DO YOU LIKE THAT?" this evil thing was laughing because I could not move and I was freaking out.

This went away after some period of time and I grabbed my friend and was like what the fuck was that man? And he didn't even hear anything, I could not sleep the rest of the night.

I looked it up on the Internet and it seems to be sleep paralysis which some people think it is brought on by irregular sleep patterns and it is important to note that I did get switched to night shift work when this happened. Sleep paralysis has been known to cause hallucinations - both sound and sight.

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raginguerd

â€¢ 13y ago

i posted this as a response to someone else, but i figured i should post it in general...it's not 'paranormal' or anything, but i don't have any way to explain it that can be proved at this point in time...and i should mention that i am an atheist and a skeptic as well as a scientist.

when i was a kid there were several instances of things just inexplicably changing...and me being like wtf?

good example: there was a show i really wanted to go see, one of my favorite bands, i made sure that my parents knew about it, marked it on the calendar, told them literally 5 minutes before i left exactly where i was going, even left a flyer for the show under a magnet on the fridge

went to the show, it was awesome, had a great time, went back to my car to drive home, got real dizzy, figured i was just dehydrated from the size of the crowd and all the dancing, chugged the water bottle in my car, felt better. as soon as i pulled into the driveway my mom was flying out the door to the house screaming at me about how she'd been worried sick and i hadn't been home after school and none of my friends knew where i was...like i had literally fallen off the face of the earth. i called bullshit, i said we'd had dinner together and how i'd let them know about the show and even marked it...my mom said none of that was true. went inside, no flyer on the fridge, nothing written on the calendar...even the leftovers from dinner were different than what i'd eaten...i called my friends and they swore they hadn't seen me at all since school ended, and i was thinking it was all some elaborate prank...but why go to all the trouble like this, i mean...this was some seriously elaborate shit...i couldn't even find any of the extra flyers i'd saved from the show.

i still had the stamp from the club on my hand, so i called them up immediately since it was also a bar...the chick on the phone said they had no shows scheduled that week and she'd been working all night, no live bands, no crowds...nothing.

i spent days freaking the fuck out silently, didn't go out and do anything, barely talked with friends, just sat in my room wondering what the fuck was wrong with me...i read a lot of science fiction, and the only conclusion i could come up with is that i either slipped into a different reality stream (parallel universe) for brief periods of time to find out about the show and then go to the show, or that i had switched places with an alternate me and was now permanently residing in a parallel universe...both options freak me the fuck out, because the only other option is that i'm mentally unstable and i built up some kind of mental fantasy and if that's true, how many other times has it happened?

also bear in mind, that wasn't the first time something like that had happened to me...i sometimes wonder if it's possibly related to my belief that Deja Vu is really just a point in time where multiple parallel universes come so close to merging that you can possibly shift to a new one...so i usually start doing as many completely random things as possible as soon as the Deja Vu starts...90% of the time the feeling ends with me having done nothing that i didn't immediately remember doing...but sometimes i end up remembering doing something else and the deja vu immediately stops, doesn't fade away like normal, just a screeching halt...or maybe i'm fucking loopy

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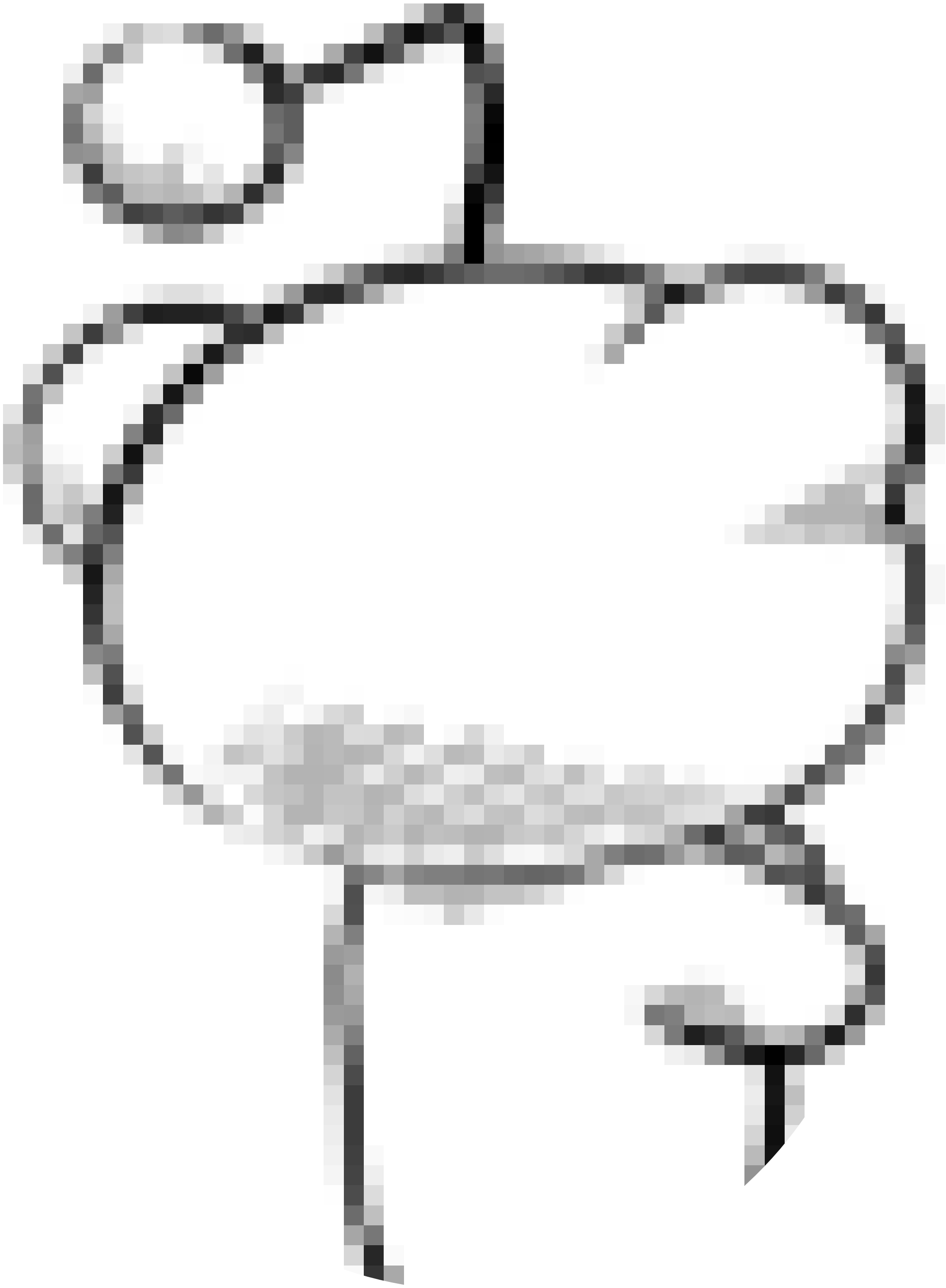

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â€¢ 13y ago

Even as I write this I am trying to convince myself that it didn't really happen, but I know for a fact that it did.

I consider myself a scientific person - currently working towards a BS in biotech - but ten years later this, barring some psychotic break, still doesn't make sense to me.

When I was around fourteen years old I was eating dinner one night with my mother in my kitchen. I have two younger brothers. They were both out somewhere, so it was just me and her for a bit. She left dinner early to pick one of them up. As she left the house and shut the front door I, excited as hell, dragged my chair to the kitchen TV set to watch it while I ate. I went back to the table to get my plate. That's when I noticed the woman.

My parent's kitchen is set up so that you could, from two of the three seats, see into the dining room where the front door to the house was. As I picked up my plate I glanced into the unlit dining room and saw the silhouette of a woman standing still and facing me. She was no more than fifteen feet from me. She was wearing some oddly-patterned blouse and had short wavy hair.

I thought it was my mom. I thought she came back inside because she forgot something, or something. I noticed the woman walking towards me (I could not make out her face) and as I brought my dinner to the TV I saw her walking down the adjacent hallway towards the bedrooms.

Part of me is convinced its my mom, part of me isn't so sure. How had I not heard her come back into the house? What was that shirt she was wearing? Something was off.

About ten or twenty minutes went by when I realized that I had not heard this woman open or close a bedroom door. I was the only one in the house; I would've heard a fucking door close. I had not heard her left the house again which, if she was my mom, she would have. Jesus Christ.

I called her and asked her if she had come back inside after she left to get my brother:

"No."

"Are you wearing a shirt that has ____? (whatever pattern it was, I can't remember specifically)"

"No, what happened?"

I told her. She reacted with the same leap of faith I've been making since then:

"It was probably Xâ€” (our neighbor who suffers from bipolar disorder and behaves erratically at times). Maybe she was confused and came to our house instead of hers."

I explained that this woman did NOT leave the house. My mom said she would be right home and I waited outside in the night for her to return. Still to this day I don't know what the hell it was and I have to actively fight the impulse to conclude that it was a supernatural being.

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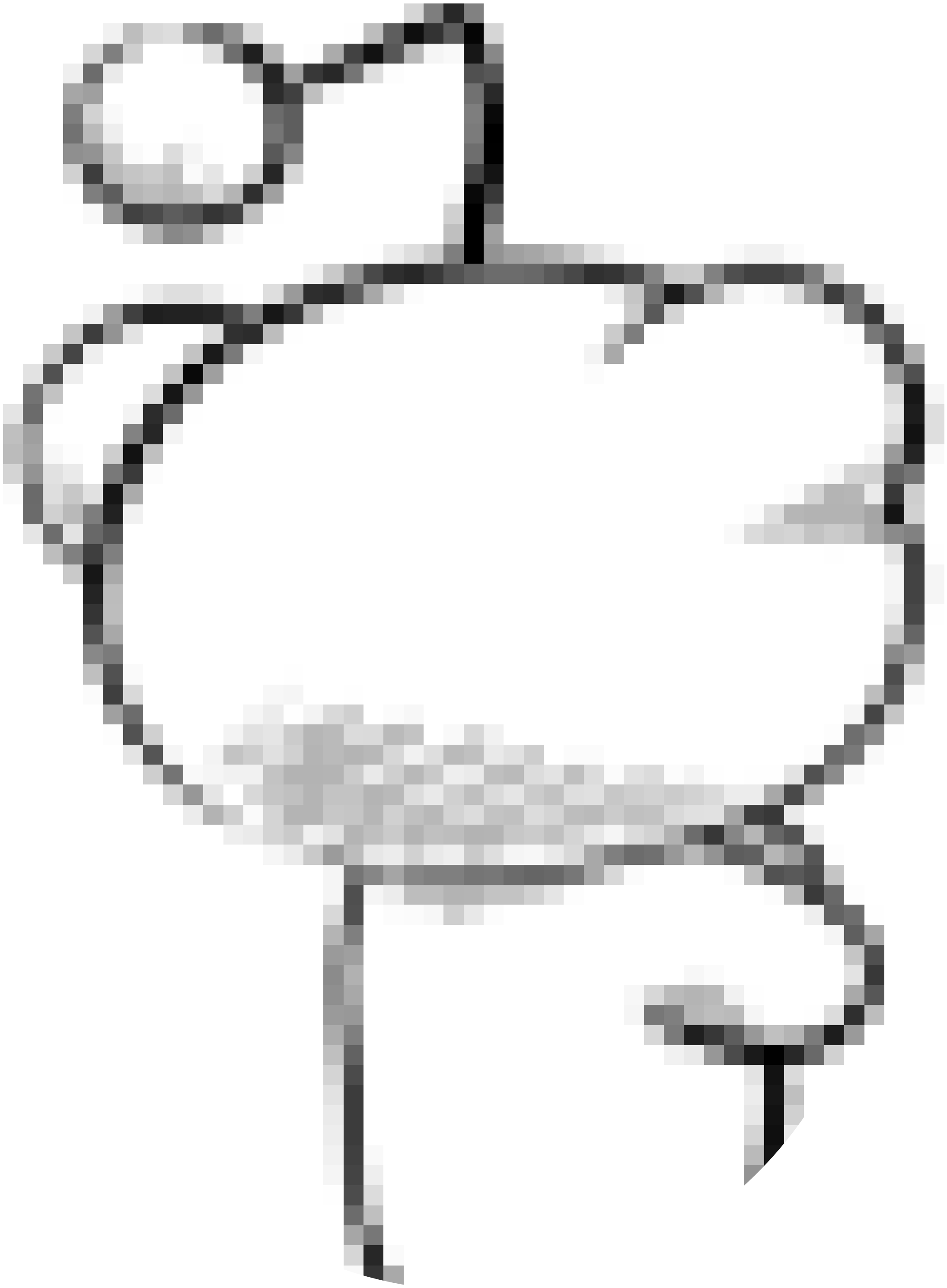

Umbertkid
â€¢ 13y ago

Well, my nana used to tell this story about when I was a kid. I couldn't have been more that 4 or 5. I was visiting her for the summer and she hadn't seen me since breakfast. She goes to look for me and it turns out i've been playing in the back room by myself by this entire time. She asks me

"umber, what have you been doing all this time?"

"Playing with the nice man."

"The nice man?"

"Yeah, we played with my toys and he kept singing" I then sang for my grandma a song called 'The Blues is Alright'. Which had been her brother's favorite song when he was alive. He had died years before I was born.

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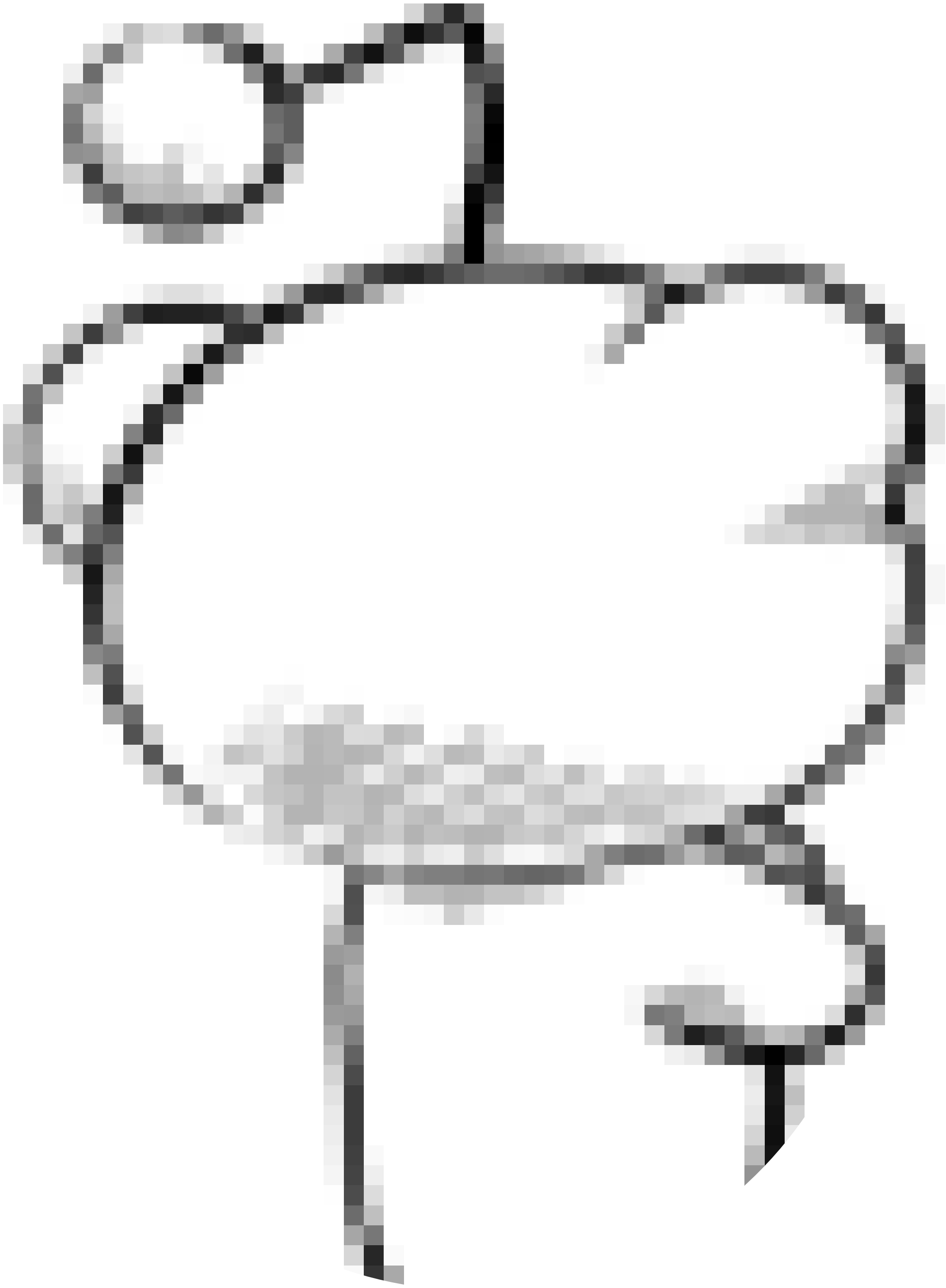

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â€¢ 13y ago

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jadenray64
â€¢ 13y ago

The truly most unsettling thing was pretty weird. I've always had a vivid imagination but never anything remotelly like this. I was in my room and I saw a hand around my door. It was a creepy hand too and there's no patterns near the door that I would mistake for a hand. I know I saw it. But at the same time, I know it wasn't real. So in effect, I know I saw something I know wasn't real. The most unsettling thing about this is just how much power our brains have in everything we percieve as existing. And when I realized how powerless I was to identify what's real to others and what's real to me.

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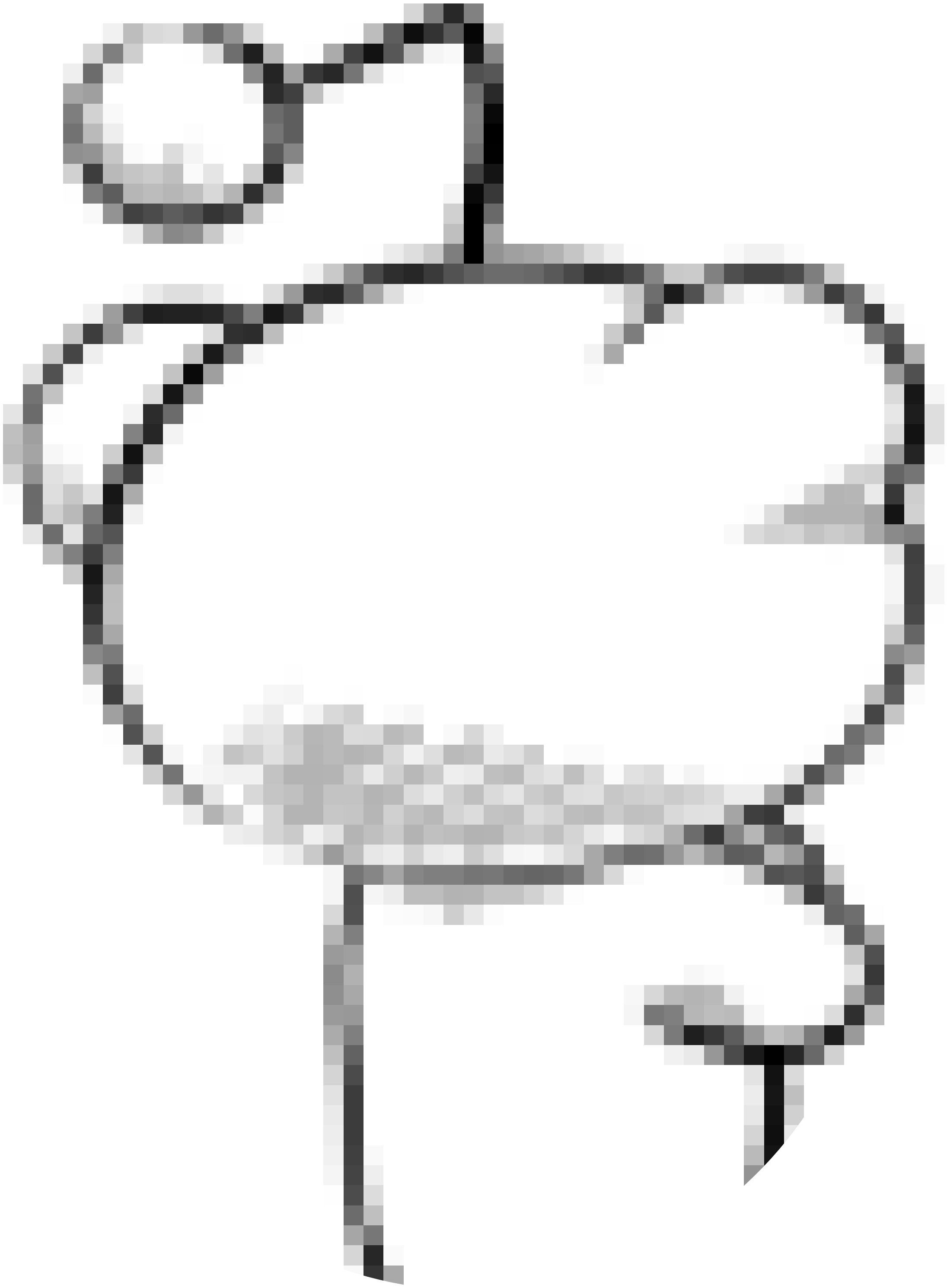

roontish12
â€¢ 13y ago

"Show me your most haunted house, and I will have the best nights rest I have ever had."

Reply Share

omnilynx

â€¢ 13y ago

So good he'll never wake up.

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RedlineChaser
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My grandmother, now deceased, passed down a picture of "Jesus Christ" that was taken out a plane window during a flight to Italy many years ago. It is pretty freaky, but ultimately falls under the category of cloud anomaly.

If people want to see it, I can probably swing by my mother's house to scan it and post it.

Wow, I kinda just got a r/gonewild vibe while rereading my post.

EDIT: For DELIVERY There are quite a few variations online of it, different angles, colors, etc. Never saw a Chinese deity one mentioned below though.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

When I was younger (Around 13) my best friends mother would watch after me while my parents were at work. My friend lives out in rural country in souther IN. One night, around 2AM while playing some Xbox my friend and I heard the dogs outside wimpering and barking as if they were frightened. We wake his mother up to go out and investigate. She goes outside for a few minutes and comes back in the back door white faced, and tells us to go to our rooms. The rest of the night was dead silent. That morning while doing chores, we notice his father burrying three dead fully grown german shepherds they used for breeding. Two dogs were left, and all day long they layed motionless in their kennels in the barn. We asked what had happened, but his father just told us to go inside. That night I awoke to the most horrible, high-pitched woman scream I have ever heard. Imagine a woman screaming from pure fright. My friend woke up and we ran to the closest window towards the barn and see a large black figure jump from the ground into the hay loft, more than 15 feet off the ground. We were terrified. We screamed for his father, who came out of his room with his hunting shotgun. He ran outside and we heard several shots fired, a lot of cursing, and deep growling. We were acared and worried, but dared not to leave the house. My friends father had shot and killed a female cougar that had been terrorizing local farm animals and dogs. Ever since then, when I have night terrors I still hear that high pitched womanly shreak, a sound that one would only hear from a woman so close to death. Or a cougar.

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Rgzz
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened to a dear friend. Last year during summer break she and a couple of her friends decided to go check out the "haunted" asylum in ttown. They drove up and nothing creepy was going on except for the anticipation of something paranormal happening. Three got out of her truck and start walking around the asylum two remained in the vehicle. After walking around most of the premise they hard a strange scream coming from the woods near the west wing. As they went to investigate the scream they saw a light. As they approached they witnessed a group of 15+ hooded people standing in a circle and two others pulling a cat apart. She screamed and ran as fast as she could back to the truck with the other two that had gone with her. Apparently she walked in to some cult doing a fucked up ritual.

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papa82
â€¢ 13y ago

Long story but it happened in Feb 2012. Myself and 3 other guys had a boys weekend. We went to a mates holiday house near a beach. One night we decided to make some stupid fire crackers which basically were sparklers and a heap of matches taped all together and light them up at the beach down the road.

Its pitch black and we walk down to the beach. Before we go down the 4 flights of steps (it was a back beach), we noticed a parked car which was odd as it was quite after midnight. We decided to go down and light up these fire crackers anyway.

So my mate is trying to light these crackers at the beach but the strong wind was preventing him from getting a light. While this is happening, I notice a red light in the sky from far away. It moved quickly and got closer where the light became really bright. It kept on traversing the coast line for a while really quickly changing light from red when it was far away to bright light when it was close. It was so fast.Then two smaller red lights appeared below and "hovered" for a period of time above the beach just over head height. One of my mates freaked out and walked back to the bottom of the steps.

My mate ends up lighting them up and we look at our creation spark up. I look back where the two red lights were and they left. The larger light in the sky left when the fire cracker died out. I then look at the other side of the coast line and I see another two red lights which were clearly lit ciggarettes as they were not as bright as the two red lights we saw hovering before. The ciggarette lights were coming towards us so I tell my mates that its time to go.

We meet my mate who is freaked out at the bottom.of the steps and walk up to go back home. The car at the top is still there. We are all pretty freaked out at this point and have not said a word since we walked up the stairs. We start walking back home (10 minute walk) and half way down the street, there is a guy topless in the middle of the street on his knees which I can only describe as praying and muttering words under his breath. We all look at each other with the "wtf" look. The guy sees us and gets up and opens the jeep on the side of the road and sits in the driver seat still muttering words. He had his head down the whole time. We walk past him and not even 10 meters later, we see car lights appear behind us. "Oh shit", its whoever it was at the beach.

We all start running back home. We turned left and then a right to go back home and run into our driveway and hide behind my mates parked car. That car drove past our place. They didnt have to because they could of just drove straight to go to the main road.

It was just a chain of spooky events.

TL;DR See unidentified flying objects, topless man in the middle of the road and also chased by a car. Just fucking read it.

Reply Share

heavymetalandtea
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I'm a huge skeptic. I don't believe in ghosts or anything, but I have one story that belongs here. I was 10 or 11 years old, living in a fairly large split level house about 3km out of town. My bedroom had been recently moved from the 2nd floor to the ground, so that my two brothers could have rooms to themselves upstairs.

I was (and still am) a night owl. I feel tired all day but I was wide awake as soon as the sun went down, and I couldn't get up to do much at night, as my Dad is half hawk or something and if I made the slightest noise he'd wake up and I'd be in shit. So because of this, most nights I'd still be wide awake with my thoughts at 2:30am or so.

This one night, there was a storm. Thunder, lightning, the works. I had a radio stuffed under my pillow just loud enough to hear, and my head was under the covers. All of a sudden it was as bright as noon in July in my room, so in panic and scared shitless, I rip the covers off my bed and see this glowing, white ball just beside my window, a little further than an arms length from me. It was so bright I had to look away. I remember that annoying green dot you get from camera flashes and such, burned into my eyes, and I remember not a single shadow anywhere in my entire room.

Then it was dark. Dark like I had never seen before. I couldn't see my hands in front of my face it was so dark, and it smelled funny in my room. It smelled like the taste you get when you chew on tin foil with a filling. Don't wake Dad, covers back over my head, try to sleep (Yeah, right)...

My eyesight slowly comes back, but the smell lingers, and as it gets light enough to see, I notice my plastic blinds are melted right behind where I saw the light. My parents assume I was fucking around with matches or something, and I get grounded. Needless to say my account of the events was not considered.

Years later I read about 'ball lightning' and many of the accounts of this rare occurrence sound hauntingly familiar. One article I had read about it, says it may explain spontaneous combustion, should someone touch it, it becomes immediately grounded and would heat enough to turn a body into ash.

Fuck. That. I was within arms reach of something very similar, and I don't know for sure, but as a 10 year old, I could have very easily been overcome with curiosity rather than fear, and tried to touch it.

Creeps me out to this day...

Edit: TL;DR: I think I saw ball lightning and was an arms length from possible death.

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Muggi
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 11, I woke up in the middle of the night to this amorphous white blob floating above my bed. It didn't emit light, but I could see it in the moonlight coming through the window.

I saw images in this blob; images of myself, of others, random objects, etc etc. I was scared to death and could not move at all. I remember staring at the blob for what seemed like forever, finally thinking "well I can't do anything about this, may as well try to go back to sleep"...so I did.

Turns out I have a habit of opening my eyes when I hit REM sleep - a GF noticed it. I also have incredibly vivid dreams when in a low-stimuli setting. I combat it by sleeping on my side (this seems to help) and leaving a tv on if I'm sleeping alone (if sleeping with another, it seems their presence is enough to do).

So, basically, can't leave my brain to its own devices or it goes batshit.

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TheRainMonster
â€¢ 13y ago

I've posted this before so sorry if it's a repeat to anyone.

When I was about 5 my family lived in an apartment in Turkey. After living there for a few months I woke up in the middle of the night. As a child (and to an extent, as an adult) I was frightened of the dark and settling house noises, but on this particular night I woke up like a switch flipping. I got out of bed and walked to my parents room like a doll, I don't remember thinking I wanted to go there, or wondering why I was awake, I just walked to their room. Their door was open and I stood in the doorway. Their bed was against the opposite wall and they were sitting up, staring at the foot of their bed. At the food of their bed, between me and my parents, was a black shape. It looked like a chalk outline of a homicide victim, but scribbled in black. There was no dimension or texture within the shape, just a void, but scribbling at the edges. It was standing in a sort of exaggerated 'caught' pose, like a burglar in mid-sneak. My dad said a Mormon priesthood prayer (I don't believe in Mormonism but I do believe in people's faith helping in these kinds of situations) in which he ordered the presence to leave in the name of Christ. It flew out the window, didn't move its joints just became a blur and was out the window. My dad looked up and said "Go to bed, girls." My older sister was standing behind me. We went back to bed and I went right to sleep. It was only later when I was remembering it that I realized the whole thing was fucking scary, I didn't feel anything at the time, just observed.

I talked to my parents about it recently and they said that they were asleep and woke up because they had the most awful feeling of dread and fear settle over them. It seemed to come from in front of their bed but they didn't see anything. My dad ordered it out and that's when they saw me and my sister. So they felt everything but didn't see anything, I saw the thing but didn't feel anything. I don't know what my sister's experience was, she refuses to talk about these kinds of things (This isn't the only weird shit that's happened with my family but I think it's the most dramatic).

The other freaky thing is the timing. The hallway to my parents' room was pretty long. For me to wake up, get out of bed, and get there just as my dad ordered it out means I started moving before they woke up and were aware that anything was wrong. Crazy.

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Pocketjokers
â€¢ 13y ago

This is probably going to get buried but whatever. Here it is.

One of the only creepy things that has ever happened to me also happened to my roommate as well. We were living in a duplex, rather old building but recently renovated. I had just bought a new pair of headphones and was using that to help me to go to sleep. As I started nodding off I felt a tap on my headphones. Thinking it was my roommate I decided to pretend to be asleep. It tapped again, so I decided to open my eyes really quickly and shoot up. When I did there wasn't anyone there. But in the doorway was this figure, in the shape of a person. Completely black but distinctive enough to know it was a human. Freaked me the fuck out and I just laid back down and covered myself up. About a minute later I got back up and went to my roommates room and he was completely asleep. So I know he had nothing to do with it.

The next morning I asked him if he was playing a joke on me and he swore that he didn't do it. I described what I saw to him and he said that he didn't see anything because he was asleep.

A few days later as I was trying to go to sleep on the couch as the experience from the few days before still bugged me I felt another tap on my headphones. This time I wasn't going to pretend to be asleep and so I shot up and tried to grab it. Thing was "it" was on the other side of the coffee table and just walked towards the stairs. (It's where our rooms were.) The figure kinda blended into the darkness of the house and I assumed it went upstairs. A few seconds after that my roommate comes flying down the stairs face as pale as a ghost. He told me he felt something touch him and he thought it was me trying to get him (We played a lot of jokes on each other) so when he woke up and didn't see me but this same damn figure at his doorway he freaked out and came downstairs to seeing me visibly shook up about what happened.

We didn't go back to sleep that night. Instead we just played GT4 and drank coffee. Never happened again after that last time. Still creeps me out when I think about it.

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cowhead

â€¢ 13y ago

Not paranormal but a little freaky. I was camping with my partner next to a river near a road in the mountains. I walked up river a bit but it was tough walking as I had to walk in the river on the rocks... so I was moving very slowlsy... and I found the skull of a baby deer. It was bleached white and very clean, so I thought it would be cool to take it, put a light in it and make a scull lamp. I reached down to pick it up and as soon as I touched it, I heard a loud whistle from the dense forest on my right. It was the 'warning whistle' of a deer and, peering into the forest I then saw the deer and realized it had been watching me for some time.

Nothing surprising about that, we often see deer around there. So I take the skull and rather than walk back down the river, I decide to climb to the road, which is on the other side of the river from the whistling deer. Now the strange part. Usually the deer give one or two warning whistles then run away. This time, that deer actually *crossed the river* behind me and *followed me down the road* whistling again and again! I was shocked. I went back to the river and returned the skull. The deer then left. Now, if that skull were her baby, it would have to have been from the year before.

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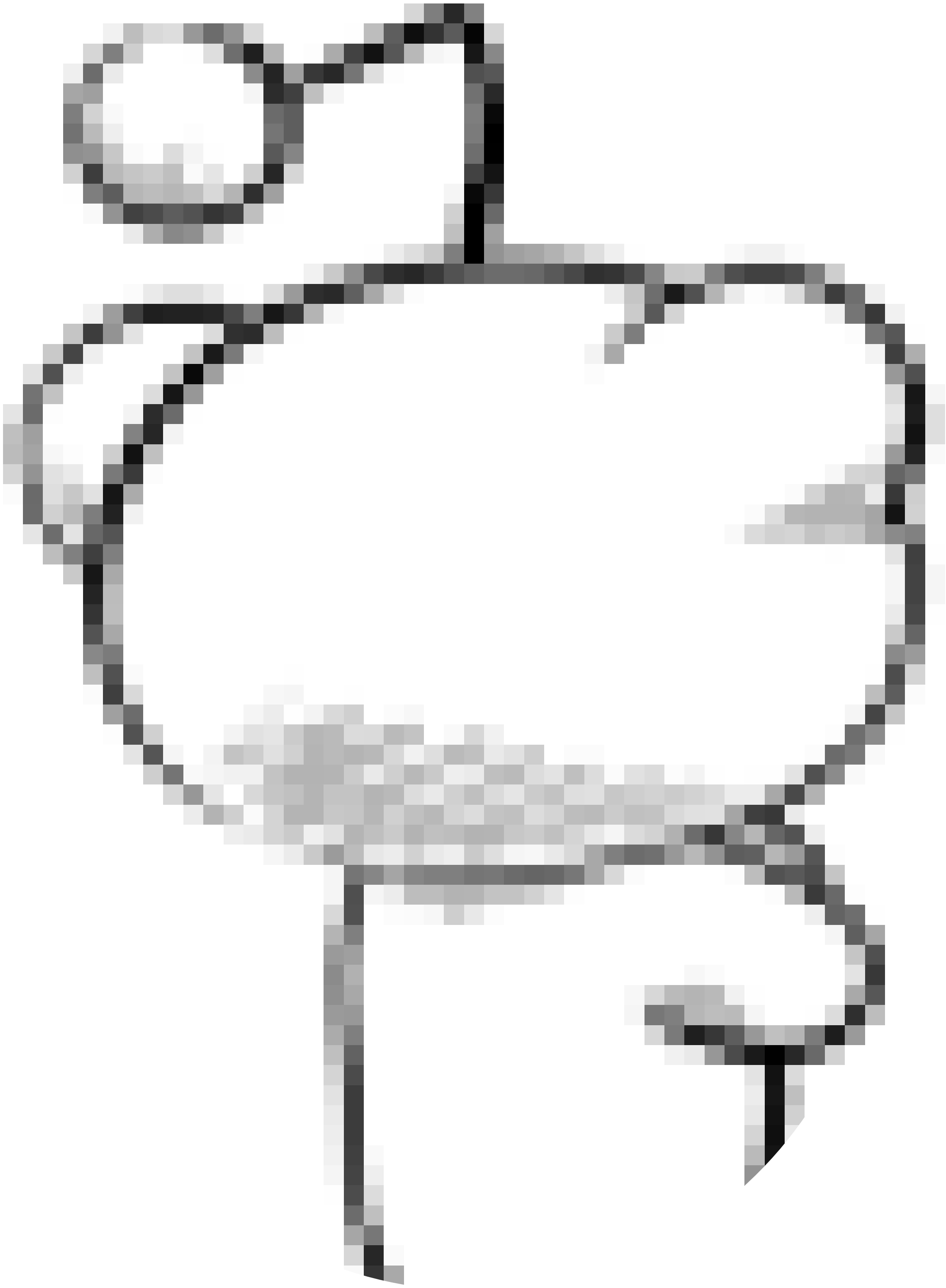

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â€¢ 13y ago

In the late 80â€™s I was 20 and out camping with a friend in a little valley in the hills behind Santa Barbara. It was a nice evening in March, and technically we werenâ€™t supposed to be there because the campground wasnâ€™t open until May, but there we were. We had dinner and had a nice campfire going, and all was quiet. Then out of nowhere we hear a commotion on the top of a ridge to the west, like someone running around through the dead leaves and brush. We didnâ€™t think anything of it at first because it could easily have been a deer or a coyote or a bob cat. Something large-ish, but no biggie. But then the noise stopped, like the thing had just stopped mid-step, and not another sound for a half hour. Still not really THAT unusual, but starting to get a little creepy. Then the thing started running down the ridge, but not straight down, but in long zigzags, but definitely toward our spot in the little valley. Then it stopped again for about another half hour. Then we hear something coming straight toward us FAST and out of the dark comes a 20â€ diameter BOULDER rolling into our camp, and straight into the fire, sending burning wood and hot coals everywhere! Needless to say we got out of there as fast as we could, and never looked back. To this day saying WTF!

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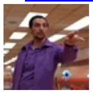

pikeshawn

â€¢ 13y ago

My wife and I were taking a tour of the Wavelry Hills Sanitorium in Louisville, Kentucky a few years back. As we started into the building, my wife kept swatting at the back of her head saying "Stop it" and giving me shitty looks. This happened twice in a row but I ignored it since I was trying to listen to the tour guide tell about the history of the place, the paranormal happenings, etc.

A few seconds later into the stories the guide says something like "By the way girls, if you have long hair don't be surprised if it get's tugged on, that seems to happen alot especially in the area that we're in" (if I remember correctly it was the first floor, tour hadn't been going long)

My wife turns to me pale as a sheet and says "That really wasn't you pulling on my ponytail was it..." Things only got creepier from there. Moving shadows, weird sounds and laughing, spirits responding to questions through a flashlight, etc.

ButtRanger

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

One night around 10 me and some friends were incredibly bored, so we decided to go to the park and just mess around or whatever. After around an hour or so, we decided to head home. On the way outside of the park, two friends fell behind from me and the rest of the group, so we decide to scare the hell out of them. We all ran behind some bushes and one friend, Christian, got up in this tree and was planning on running up behind the two guys that we were about to scare, after we had already scared them. So after waiting in the bushes for a minute, we jump out at them and scare them, and then continue walking up this huge hill. After a minute or two, we had totally forgotten about Christian hiding up in this tree. Then, all of a sudden, we hear him screaming, at the top of his lungs, "SHIT, THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN HERE!! RUN RUN RUN". After hearing that we all sprint up to the exit, to our car. After riding back home, we talk about what happened. At first we thought he was just messing with us when he told us "Something pushed me out of the tree. It was so powerful I couldn't fight it back, I was taken by complete surprise, because there was nothing there." The tree was at least 5 feet tall, plus him sitting in it, so whatever hit him, had to be very tall, because it hit him head on. We went back the next day and ruled out any possibilities that could have pushed him, but we still have no idea.

Pictures of his shoulder (where he was hit) and his back (because the fell out of the treebackwards) http://imgur.com/a/qzEaz

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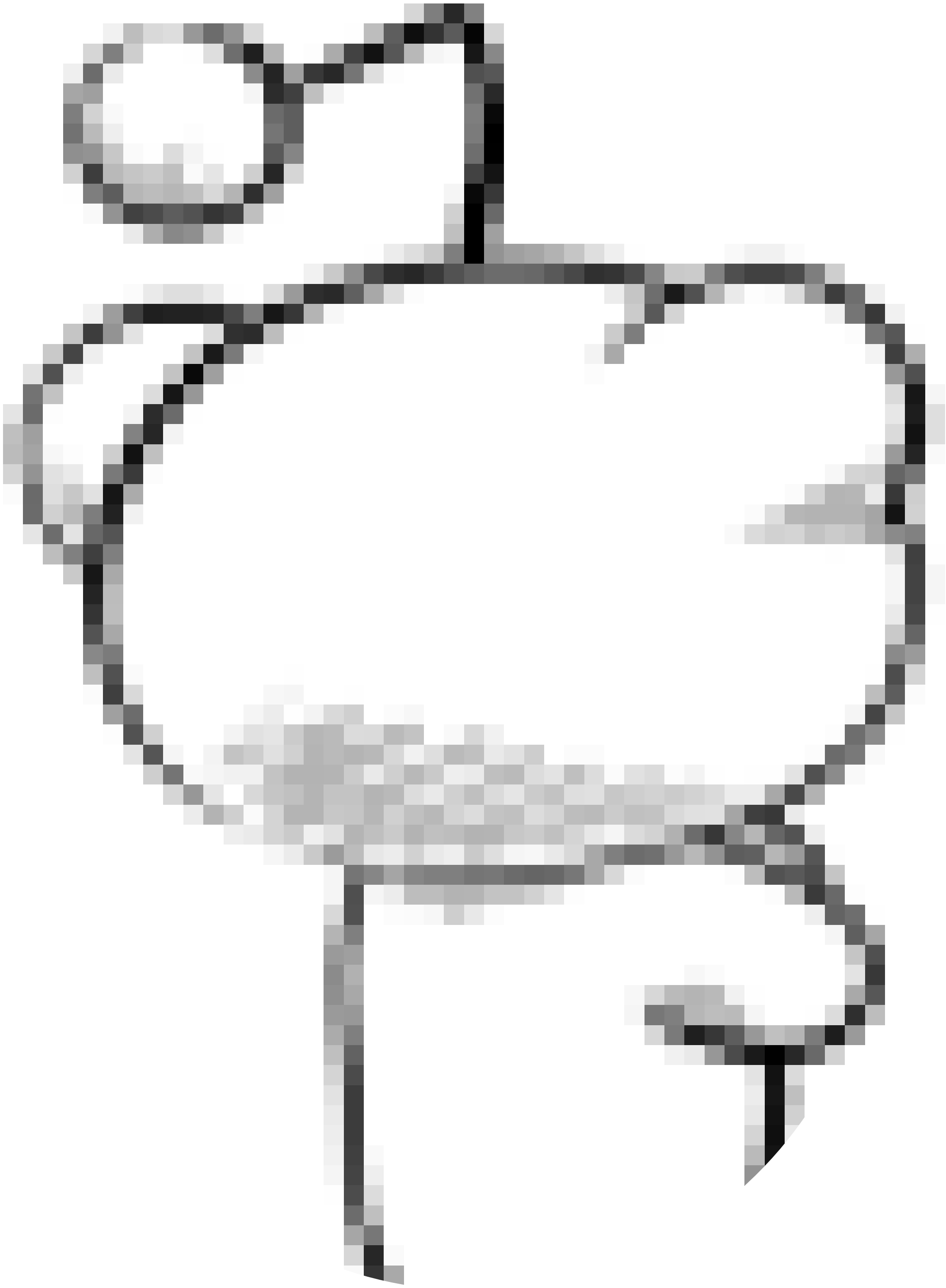

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â€¢ 13y ago

Maybe this won't get buried.

Me, my wife, and our two children (4yr old and 4 month old) were on a trip from point A to point B. We planned to stop the first evening into our trip with a friend of ours who happened to be near our route. Since we would be pulling in late (1-ish) our friend let the door unlocked so we could let ourselves in. Now this wasn't in a large city, but out in the sticks near De Kalb, TX.

So we slipped in as quietly as we could, went back to the room that had been set up for us, and proceeded to try to get some sleep. The room was roughly 10'x10' (mobile home rooms, gotta love them). My daughter (the 4yr old) was on a pallet of blankets on one side of the room and my son started off there, but got fussy so my wife picked him up and let him sleep with us in the bed. The bed was pushed up in the corner all the way and I was sleeping up against the wall. My wife had the outside and our son was somewhere in the mix. We closed the door and turned off the light. Pitch. Black.

Roughly 1 hour later (2-ish) I hear my wife scream that someone is in the room. I open my eyes and see a black figure move toward the door. I wear contacts, so I couldn't distinguish what I saw, only that it appears to have a human shape. I leapt from the bed and bear-hugged the "intruder". Problem was, I couldn't get a hold on it. I could feel its body up against mine, but every time I went to bear-hug it my arms went through... nothing? I could see the blackness, feel the shape up against my body, but couldn't grab it.

I was pushed away from the... whatever it was, and heard my wife scream something about the light. I went for where I thought the light switch was (have to remember I'm half-blind and eyes are still adjusting to the dark) and felt someone clawing/scratching on my upper body. I found the light switch on the wall and saw nothing. Absolutely nothing. Well, other than the damage from what looked like a tornado had went through the room.

My wife was still in bed, scared witless. My daughter was in one of the open corners of the room, cowering under a blanket, and my infant son was on the floor next to the bed. Being the manly man that I am, I did the most sane thing I've ever done, and that was open the door to the room. A bathroom was right next to our room. I flicked on the light and no one was in there. I turned on the next light I could find and no one was there. I checked the front door... It was locked and dead-bolted **from the inside**. You can't leave a house and dead bolt a door from the inside. No other sounds, noises, or movement. I run back to our room and call our friend. Yes, I should have checked physically, but at this point adrenaline is wearing off and panic is setting in. Our friend answered and said she was ok. She then walks down to our room where we take in what happened.

My wife has calmed the baby and our daughter. They're ok. My wife has blood pouring from her mouth, can barely talk (thick raspy sounding voice) and has deep scratch marks from her neck/ears down to her breasts. I have a fat, bloody lip, deep scratch marks on my chest/neck/back (even though I slept in a shirt that night) and I also have what looks like a carpet burn on the top of my right foot. The sewing machine table that was in the room has been thrown across the room near where my daughter was laying.

After we calmed down and collected our wits, we started probing what we just went through. I recounted what you just read here. My wife said that she heard the door open and a big black cat jumped on her chest and started clawing her chest. Its face was smushed up against hers, causing her to feel strangled. The cat then started using its paws to strangle her. She gasped out that someone was in the room, which is when I awoke and saw a black figure move across the room.

While this was going on our friend heard absolutely nothing. No shouts, no bumping around... nothing. Our friend and most others that we've told the story too think that my wife and I were fighting each other in our sleep, which I'm not past believing. She sleeps with her eyes open at times and used to sleep walk when she was younger. But we don't think that in this case.

We told a few other friends about this and they stated that they too have had similar experiences. Big black cat strangling someone in bed, another person wakes up to "see" something, but this "something" gets away.

The next thing that makes me think this wasn't a dream gone bad were my "wounds". My wife's healed up fine. It took over two months for the scratches on my chest/neck/back to completely go away. The carpet burn on the top of my foot took over 4 months to heal. We tried medicated ointments and nothing worked. We went to our doc, but by that point it was starting to clear up on its own so he didn't want to do anything. He made a comment saying that the spot looked like I had been burned. If you've ever seen a 3rd degree burn, it looked similar. Now I can believe that my wife can make the scratches, but not what was on my foot. You can make out a slightly visible scar through my hobbit-like foot hair.

I am of the persuasion that this was something spiritual. I have more instances of spiritual occurrences that would fit this post as well.

TLDR: We sleep with some kind of faint light in ALL of our rooms now. This was 6 years ago.

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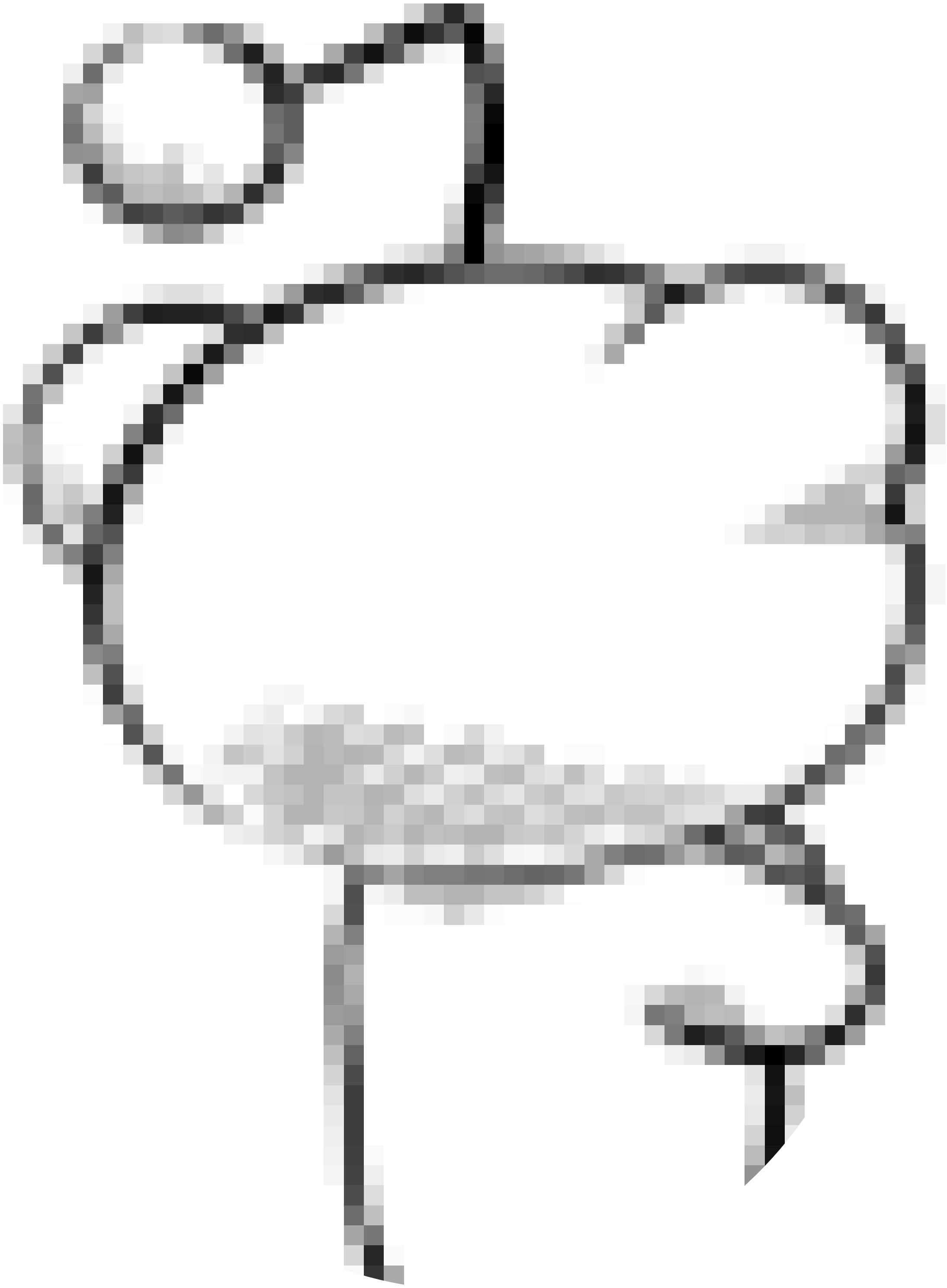

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Its not creepy at all but we don't know how it happened. About 6 years ago, my friend's dad walked out on them and fell into a bottle and became even more of a raging alcoholic. My friend was rightfully furious at him. One day, while she is at my house, he starts drunk texting her. It barely even looks like english for the typos. She just says out loud "What the fuck does that even mean?" and throws the phone aside without replying. Almost as soon as it hits the couch, it goes off again. She lets out a frustrated sign, picks it up to check, and gets a puzzled look on her face. The text was from her own phone number with a well written, total translation of what her dad had sent.

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HandBanana1780
â€¢ 13y ago

So my sophomore year in college 6 of my fraternity brothers and I moved into this big house that was one of the best houses to have parties on campus. I moved into the first room upstairs. On the third night I woke up in the middle of the night and saw a brown haired woman sitting on my couch. Now, my couch was set up next to the left side of my bed (it was a small room) so I only saw the back of her head. She turned her head and smiled at me. Her face was pretty, she had green eyes and her smile was a bit racy. I didn't think much of it until almost a year later during homecoming when a bunch of guys who lived in the house years before visited the house. One of the guys loudly asked "Hey who lives in the first room upstairs!" to which I replied I did. He then comes up to me and bar whispers "did you see the girl with the green eyes too?" I FREAKED THE FUCK OUT. I had not told ANYONE about this (I just thought it was a dream) and this guy was an alumni of a different frat. Craziest thing ever.

DeathisLaughing
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I used to work a warehouse job at a Target. My store was literally a stone's throw from couple of cemeteries so superstitions were a big part of the culture there. The main warehouse was a series of narrow aisles with motion activated lights, so if no one was working the majority of them were dark. It was an after school job so I worked alone between 4pm and 8pm when the night crew showed up. One night is business as usual when out the corner of my eye I see the lights come on in the toy aisle. I go to investigate and sitting on the ground I find a Tickle-Me Elmo doll (they were popular that year). I pick it up by the cardboard backing and without touching the doll itself it says, "Elmo wants to play! Do you want to play with me?" And suddenly...all the other Elmo dolls on the shelves in their cartons start laughing at the same time...I calmly put it down and bolted for the door...

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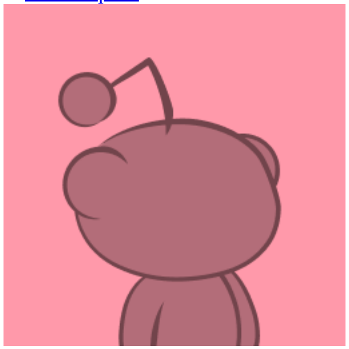

ads215

â€¢ 13y ago

A man I loved as a father figure unexpectedly died. To say it was a shock would be an incredible understatement.

Circumstances demanded that I--despite my grief--go to work the next day. As usual during good weather I rode my motorcycle. As I headed down a street I had traveled literally hundreds of times in the past, something out of the corner of my eye caught my attention. It was a dove. It was at head-height and kept pace with me all the way down the street.

When I got to where I would normally turn off I saw the bird had landed a few feet away. Something made me turn around and head back the way I came. The bird joined me, again flying so I could plainly see it in my peripheral vision. Again, at the end of the street, we stopped just feet from each other.

I turned around and went down the street again. And back. Then back down again. And back again. I must have done it a dozen times and EACH time that bird perfectly paced me, always flying at eye level and never getting ahead or behind.

I was shaking like a leaf by this time and knew I was in the presence of something special. I had NO idea what it was, but I knew it was special. I had to continue on my way but I made sure to tell that bird I knew, I KNEW.

Went down that street hundreds of times in the future. Never saw that dove again. And I didn't need to.

Reply Share

Jevanmanny

â€¢ 13y ago

I hope this doesn't get buried, since I've been wanting to share it. When i was about 11, I was sitting on the computer, which is against a wall that has windows leading onto my porch. I was wasting time and i saw a man walk to the door. I distinctly remember that he had a big gray coat with buttons on the front in the shape of a rectangle, and a gray fedora with a black lace around it. His face was sharp and defined, and i remember his bigish nose, very old timey italian looking guy. So I tell my mom (who was walking by) that someone was at the door. She opened it up, and no body was there.

Next year, the same thing happens, but at night time. The light on the porch was on and i remember the orange/ yellow hue reflecting off the stranger. I remembered this happened before. I checked the door myself and again, no person. I told my mom that this happened again.

This happened one more time, at daytime.

Fast forward about 2 months. Me and my family went to my Uncle's house in the Bronx, and after dinner, we were looking through picture of our family. The first picture i pick up, was this Tall lean Italian looking man with his gray fedora with the black stripe, and his big gray coat with 6 buttons forming a rectangle. I start flipping out and show my Mom who explained it was my Great grandfather when he was younger.

It was creepy at the time, but it is comforting to know that my family is looking over me.

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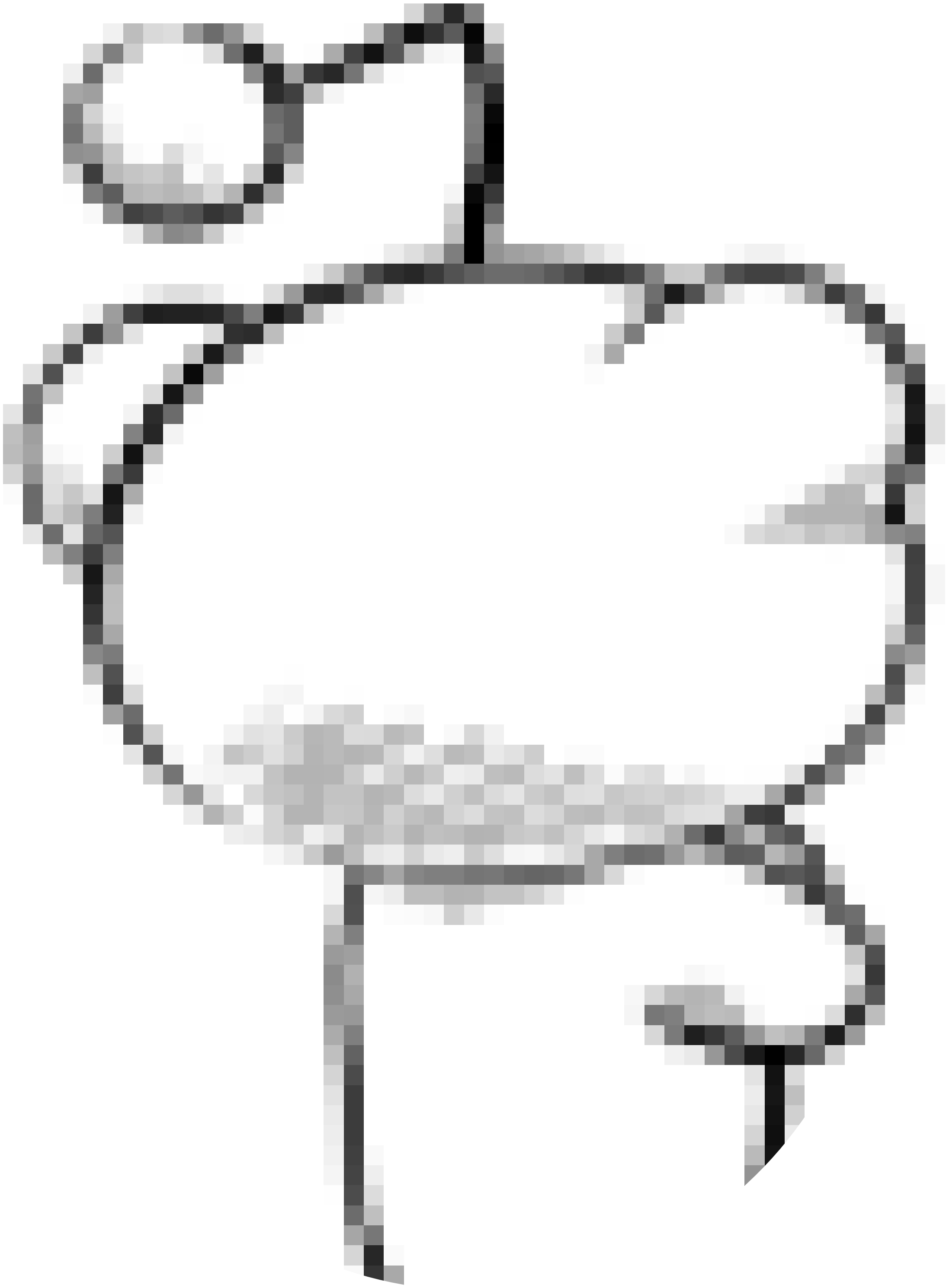

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â€¢ 13y ago

I had sleep paralysis once. The single most terrifying moment of my life so far. I woke feeling very heavy like something was pushing me into the bed and then I saw movement. I looked towards my closet and there was a woman moving around and humming. Now I know it was my closet but inside it there was a washing machine and behind that a kitchen where the woman was wandering. Then she stopped and turned towards me. At this moment I'm freaked the fuck out. I'm trying to move but I can't. She then tells me "I know you can see me." At this point I attempt to yell for someone but I couldn't speak at all. Then she glides through my bed and whispers to me "and there is nothing you can do." Then I woke up. I didn't go back to sleep that night.

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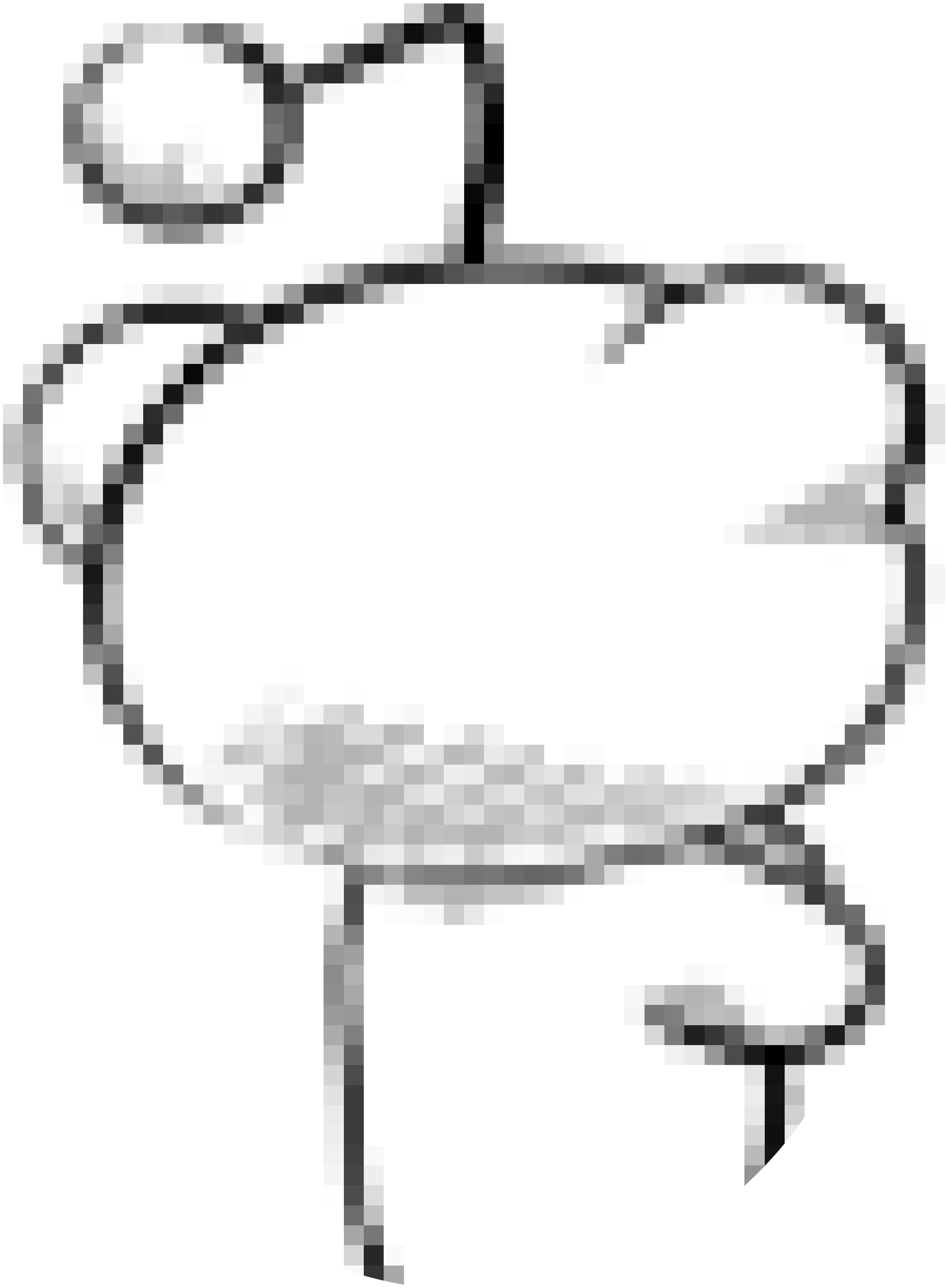

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â€¢ 13y ago

I would like to say, thank you everybody a lot of you had amazing stories, and to the others FUCK YOU JUST FUCK EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU! its 7am and I'm STILL sitting here reading, seeing shit out of the corner of my eyes and hearing footsteps! Fuck all of you! but thank you :)

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This is something that happened to my Dad a few years ago. To qualify it he is a down to earth no nonsense guy. He would make things like this up.

Anyway, he bought a large old house. It was run down but his plan was to renovate it. His first job was to remove the chimney stack in the attic. Anyway, one day he's working up there alone and he's routing around in the roof beams when he comes across a piece of paper. He reaches in to pick it up and its jammed behind one of the beams. As he does this, right in his ear he hears the most horrific scream he's ever heard. Not in the room, right by his ear. He gets the hell out.

Bearing in mind he used to be a fireman and has seen some disturbing shit for him to be freaked out by this says something.

Later on he opened the paper. It was a suicide note dated from the 1940s.

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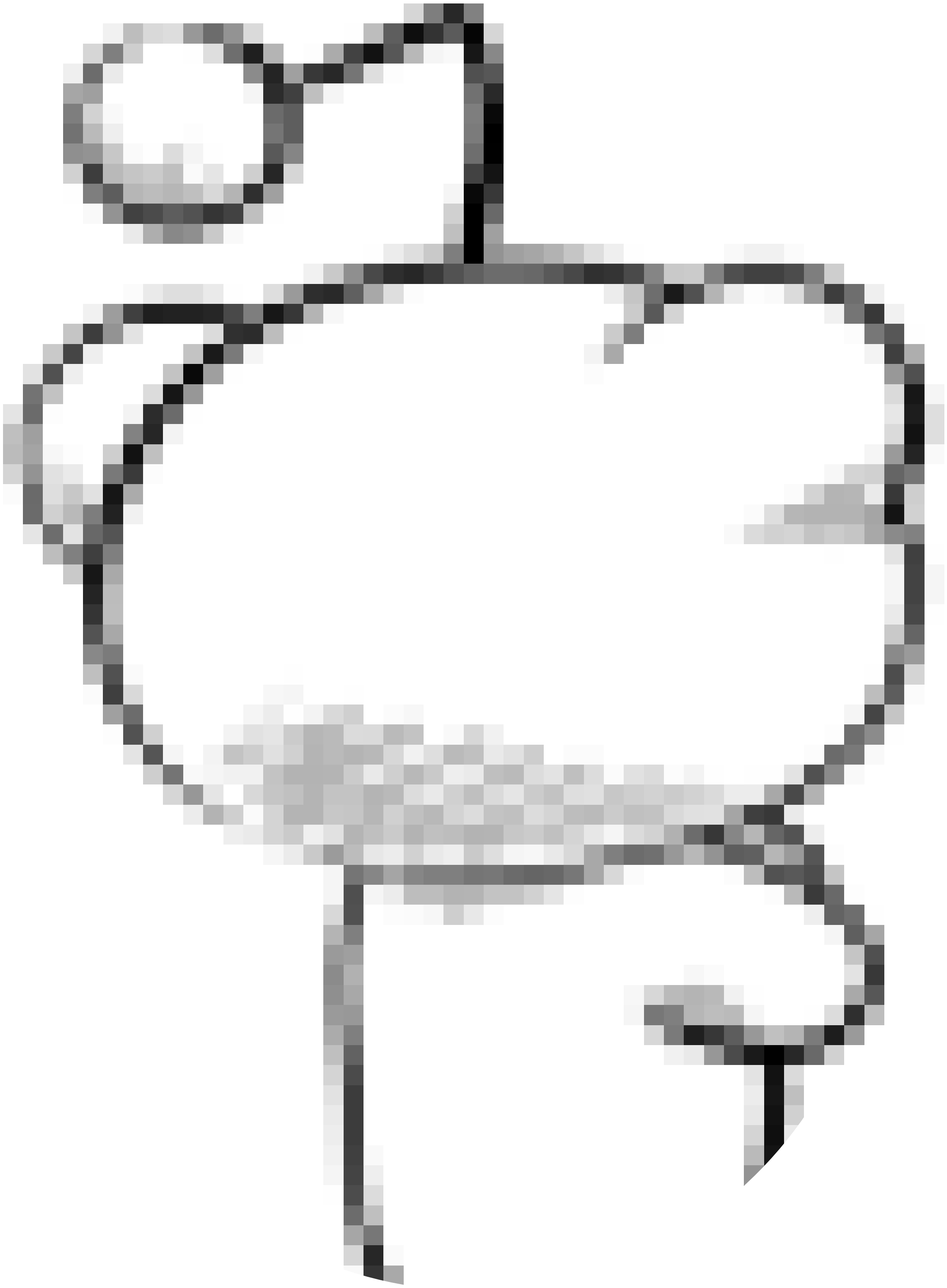

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

It'll probably go unnoticed but WTF. Anyway one day me and my family (mom, dad, two of my sisters at the time) went to a beach on a lake somewhere in the midwest US. We set up a picnic on the beach and began to eat and enjoy lunch. Then after awhile I notice something rather odd occurring (at the time I was maybe 7 years old). Out of the corner of my eye I notice two people walking out of the water and I look at them and it was very weird (the memory of this is so vague. It was so vague I barely remembered it just after it had occurred.) I see the two people are both elderly women holding each other upright as they walk out of the water. They were about 15 feet away (4.5 meters) and they never looked at us (we were the only ones on that side of the beach). I turned back to my family looking at them like, "are you guys seeing what I am seeing". My dad just seemed to look at them for a few seconds and care not about it. But the *really* weird thing is that **1.)** They literally appeared out of the ocean as in they weren't visible before they emerged from the water (and yes I am sure of it. I remember scanning the surface of the lake before I ate) and **2.)** After they had passed us the two **elderly** ladies walked up a steep hill covered in sand and tall grasses to walk towards nothing (as in a house, road, parking area, or restrooms) and ended up disappearing on the horizon. They never said a word and my family, not even me, has ever said anything about it. It was a very weird day.

tldr; I'm too lazy to write a tldr

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herdiamonds

â€¢ 13y ago

Not exactly creepy or supernatural. When I was 8 (now 23), my dad was having heart problems and he ended up needing to go in surgery. This whole time he was going in doctor visits or tests or anything, my parents kept us kids (me and my 2 brothers) out of it so we wouldn't worry. A few days prior to my dads surgery, parents never told us anything so everything went on as normal for us. I had no idea that his condition had gotten worse let alone he was going in for surgery on his heart. I remember the day of the surgery, I woke up as usual for school. I came out of the bedroom and walked towards the living room half asleep and plopped on the couch. This was about 6am and I was dreading going to school. As soon as I sat down, I fell back asleep in which I had a short dream. I was sitting exactly where I was. I could see my bedroom door where I was sitting. Nobody knew I was sitting there in my dream and everyone around me was getting ready for the day. Suddenly, I saw myself run out of my bedroom, top speed towards my dad and I hugged him. I hugged him so tight and long that he looked surprised. That was the dream, nothing else. That same day, he died in surgery. I didn't know about it until my family brought me and my brothers to the hospital after he had passed.

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DtownMaverick

â€¢ 13y ago

Dude, I've been waiting for this question, some shit just happened to me a couple weeks back. I'm not religious (agnostic) but my parents are Hindu. Nothing too formal but they go do their religious things, whatever that may be, with friends once in a while. A couple weeks ago they go to their friend's house and she has her spiritual teacher or guru visiting from Germany and he was there for some ceremony or other. There's about 30 people there, and this dude comes up and asks my mom, "Where's your son, you didn't bring him?" Mom has never met this dude or talked to him, Mom's friend has never even mentioned anything to him, she was too busy with so many people. So naturally she freaks out a little bit. He just says, "Bring your son tomorrow, he'll want to talk to me."

When they tell me this I am intrigued and with my curiosity piqued I proceed to go there the next day. He asks to see me separately. I go meet the guy and the conversation we had was...uncanny. Now, I'm always rational and logical in my beliefs and never believed in anything religious but it seemed like the guy knew what I was thinking. He asked me about what I wanted to do, I told him, acting. He says, I think you'll prefer theatre. (I've just been trying to decide if I'd rather do film or theatre for a little while.) My philosophical beliefs are basically to keep an open mind about everything and when in doubt, Occam's Razor. He's talking the whole time with me straight up, no religious stuff because I think he knew it would just turn me off but the dude's answers were waaaayyy to similar to my thoughts and beliefs, none of which I have told him expressly. For example, I believe in the simulation hypothesis (basically like the Matrix, we're in a computer simulation) and he starts talking about that. Another possibility I believe in is I am the entire universe because you can't prove anything other than I think therefore I am so have no way of knowing if anyone else is alive. He starts talking about that. Just too many coincidences.

As I'm leaving, I ask him one last question: why did he want to talk to me. His answer: "Because my work here is nearly done and yours is just starting." (paraphrased, I don't remember the exact wording) and he hands me this gold ring (needless to say, it fits perfectly.) I'm still not religious but that was some trippy shit man, not gonna lie.

TL;DR: Met a Hindu Priest who possibly read my mind

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PresAndCEO
â€¢ 13y ago

Home alone, seventeen. Parents are away for the weekend. House in woods far from civilization.

It's 2am, my two dogs are downstairs sleeping, I'm upstairs in my bedroom chatting with hot babes on compuserve.

Suddenly dogs erupt into visceral barking and snarling, scared the shit out of me

I cut the lights and lay on the floor so I can hear better.

Suddenly a dog squeals, yelps then the dogs suddenly stop. Total silence.

I'm breathing hard, straining to hear anything. Ear pressed to floor.

Suddenly, creaking on the stairs. Clear footsteps. Coming up the stairs. Walking down the hall. Yes, this is absolutely footsteps in my house, while I'm alone. They stop right outside my bedroom door.

No noises, I try to hold my breath but I'll pass out if I do. So short breaths. I'm now pressing my hands to the door to try and make sure it stays closed.

The footsteps turn back, towards the stairs. Slowly they descend the staircase. Then nothing.

I strain with all my might to hear something. Anything. But there is nothing.

I wait what must have been 20 minutes. Laying on the floor, trying to hear something, anything. But it's total and complete silence.

I decide I have to get out. Slowly putting my shoes on and grabbing my keys in the dark to stay undetected.

I breathe deeply for courage. Then bolt out of my room, fly down the staircase, out the front door, into my car, start it, drive off at high speed.

Don't know what to do. Drive around till its light. Go back home.

Slowly and tentatively enter house. Dogs greet me at door. Search house completely with dogs at my side.

Nothing.

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NRMLkiwi
â€¢ 13y ago

my cousin firmly believes in aliens as he says he has seen lights above his (tiny less then 500 people) town many times. He once had a sleep paralysis-like issue early morning and couldn't move despite himself and how terrified he was and he knew there was something in his room, as he could faintly see an outline moving in the darkness but he coudn't move or make a noise, eventually he passed out from sheer terror and woke as the sun was coming up, he woke up on his stomach with his face in the pillow and had no physical signs of anything but the shirt he wore to bed had a small triangle burnt into it, not through it but into it, almost directly above where your heart is. He showed me this shirt, an it is certainly there, then he showed me another 5 shirts, all ones he has slept in and all of which have the same small triangle burnt/printed into them.

He says if he thinks about it too much it terrifies him and he has flashbacks of the night he couldn't move, but he also said it is strangely easy to not think about it, and his first instinct was to burn the shirts so no one would see them, but he couldn't explain why this was a good idea and when I said he should keep them in case it happens again he knew he should, but 'something' kept telling him to burn them.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I swear my fish tank sounds like whispers. It sounds like people whispering but not all the time which is the weird part

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I can confirm this. all that bubbling is sounds like whispering.

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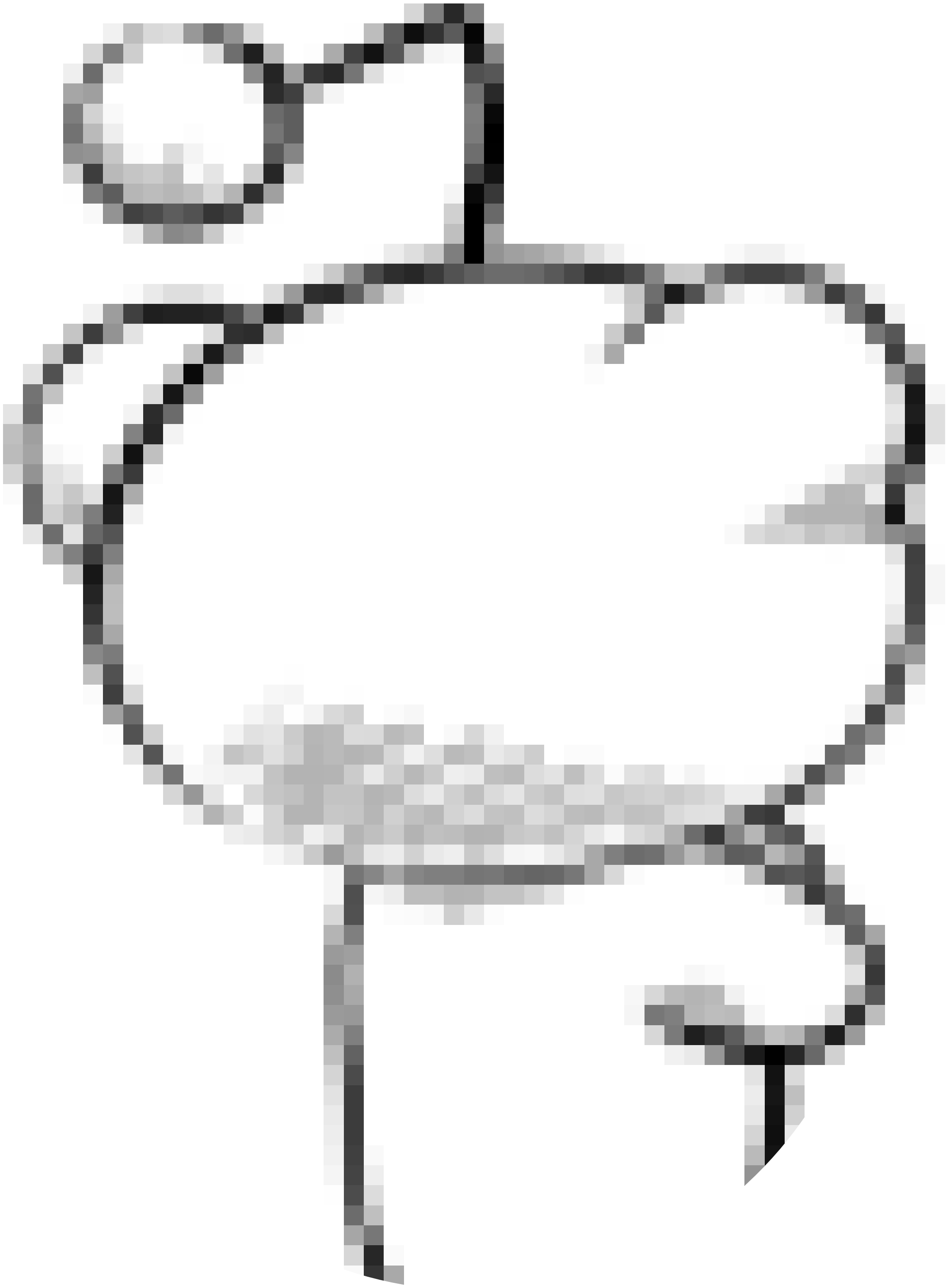

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My cat brought me a little tube of oil free concealer. I didn't even know we had any in the house.

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â€¢ 13y ago

This is on the front page, so my story will probably go unnoticed but I'll give it a shot. When I was in high school my family moved into a brand new house in a really nice neighborhood. Turns out that this neighborhood was developed on Native American Burial grounds (found this out after the fact). My dad and I were the only ones who experienced anything weird but it was usually the same kind-of-frightening stuff like footsteps and doors closing/opening.

First time seeing anything was when I was running along the horse trails (uppity neighborhood). I was running behind a patch of woods when I hear laughter right next to me. I look to my right and there is a shining white little girl running right next to me looking straight forward, giggling. As the calm and composed person I was, I screamed and sprinted about 100 yards up the path only to look back and see nothing. Creepiest part was when I turned around and looked up the path I saw the same little girl, right in front of one of the horses in the field, pointing up to it with the horse looking back down at her. She would have had to run about 200 yards in the time I ran 100. I continued to run home at record pace.

2nd thing to happen: I usually watch tv while running in my basement but for some reason we moved the tv and when moving it back, never plugged it in. About 5 minutes into the exercise the tv flickers onto a static channel and then just randomly starts changing channels. First thing I do is see that it's not plugged in, so naturally I ran outside in the cold and waited for my parents to get home.

3rd: Making lunch in the kitchen when I hear footsteps (hardwood floors) coming right towards me from my parents bedroom only to stop directly in front of me. I was so scared I just froze for a couple seconds before running away.

4th: Family is at sister's soccer game and I am home alone playing OOT. My door is closed and I hear footsteps coming up the stairs towards my room. As soon as it gets to my door (which isn't unlocked), the door handle just goes crazy in its full range of motion as fast as I've ever seen it move. The door never opened though. I couldn't run anywhere in this situation. I thought I was going to die. Parents came home and said nothing was out of place/all the doors were still locked.

5th and last: Just my dad and I were home. We have a door that went out to our deck that was broken at the time and no one less than Thor could open it. That being said, when I walked into the kitchen, the door was wide open. My dad and I check the house for intruders to no avail and we close the door. Not 30 seconds after we leave the room we hear it open again. Same check as before. As soon as we walk out of the room, same shit. We just chilled in the kitchen waiting after that and nothing happened. We also tried opening the door after closing it and we couldn't do it.

We moved thankfully.

Reply Share

awoeoc

â€¢ 13y ago

Once I spilled orange juice on the floor, saw it land, heard it land. But it vanished, the floor was clean not even the slightest bit moist. My friend saw this too so it wasn't just me. Our theory was "God messed up". Had the matrix already been out the theory probably would have been "glitch in the matrix".

Relatively mundane, but still weird and I have no good explanation.

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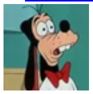

ramen244

â€¢ 13y ago

I work as a custodian on a college campus. Because I'm the new guy, and I don't have a set assignment, I float around, meaning I go from building to building, covering whatever needs to be done. At the end of last semester, I was working in the biology lab building. This building always creeped me out a bit, mainly because of the anatomicaly correct models, and all the creepy stuff that's in jars in the building. I was doing my ussual run for the night, people had already left for the day, and I was the only one in the building. I just finished my trash run, tied up the bag and left it by the door. I then went to clean the restrooms. Five minutes into cleaning, I hear what sounds like a crash and glass breaking out in the corridor. Im the only one in the building, so I'm freaked out a bit. I go to check it out. My janitor's cart is overturned, and my bag of trash, is ripped open, spilled out all over the hallway. It was at 9 o'clock at night, the students had been gone for 3 days, the faculty left at 5:30, and all the classes and offices were locked. I left early that night. I haven't worked that building since.

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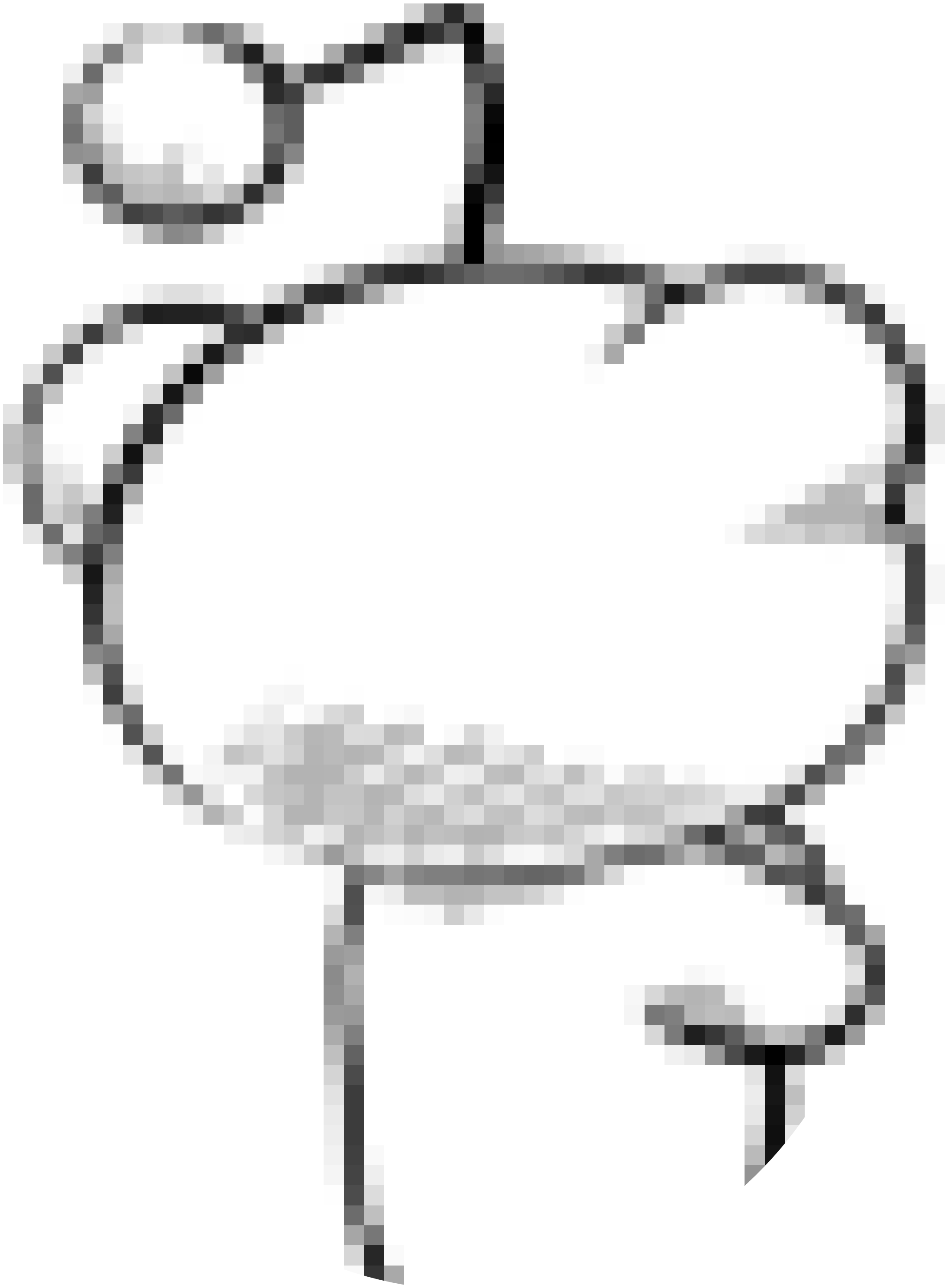

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â€¢ 13y ago

Welp, no one's going to read through the 5k+ comments and find this one, but I'll share anyway:

When we moved into our new house, we had this elderly lady neighbor named Bunny (seriously). My dad befriended her, and would always help out around her house, doing little handyman-type jobs or taking out the garbage. She was always really grateful for the help, even though it was no big deal at all to my dad. A few months after we moved, Bunny died.

For several weeks after that, we kept getting phone calls that were just dead air on the other end. We didn't think much of it -- probably automated telemarketer calls that failed to initiate. It happened every other day or so, always at about the same time in the afternoon... right after my dad normally got home from work.

Some time briefly after Bunny died, and after we'd received several of these dead-air phone calls, my dad was talking to some of Bunny's family members. Somehow, the topic of the phone calls came up. A few separate members of her family had been getting similar calls.

Apparently, at Bunny's funeral, someone had put change in her casket "so she could call them from heaven."

I'm extremely skeptical about supernatural things, but this still creeps me right the fuck out when I think about it.

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Chreesh

â€¢ 13y ago

So I was backpacking in Virginia with a group of youth. We visit the same portion of the Appalachian trail every summer for 4 days of backpacking. I was up talking around the campfire with my friend and youth pastor while everyone else was asleep in their tent's. we were just conversing about life and what not when suddenly we see a light at the top of the mountain at around the same location as the trail that we had hiked down earlier in the day.

Now it isn't unusual to see fellow hikers on the trail, but it was around 12 at night so this light really caught our attention. We watched as the light seemed to move down the mountain slowly at a hikers pace and just thought it was someone hiking at night. But as we observed the light it began moving horizontally across the mountain that would have been way off the path. As we kept observing the light became more erratic and started to move faster. We thought that maybe it was someone on horse back, but then it began going back up the mountain.

This light looked almost exactly like a star only a little brighter. We kept watching and I would say after about five minutes this light slowly went back up the mountain and eventually rose above the mountain and began dancing around. At this point we started to get a little freaked out because we were in the middle of the Virginia wilderness and were witnessing something that none of us had ever seen (my youth pastor had taken this route at least 15+ years in the past).

We watched this light for at least 20 minutes as it slowly rose and kept "dancing" around in the sky. Then the light dimmed a little like it was going to fade away and suddenly shot straight into the sky, vanishing. When we saw this we were terrified and had no clue what to do. We stared off into the distance where the light used to be for another 10 minutes and decided to go back by the campfire, utterly terrified at what we had just witnessed. Then I shot you not 10 minutes later I looked back and noticed the light was back to dancing above the mountain. We then decided it would be best to go to sleep in case what we were watching was watching us.

I am a 21 year old college student and I saw this when I was a 17 year old and to this day it was the most scared I have ever been. My youth pastor refuses to say what we was was a UFO but the best explanation he has is a weather balloon. I'm not one to believe in ghosts and such but this definitely made me believe that it is a very good possibility we aren't the only intelligent life forms in the universe.

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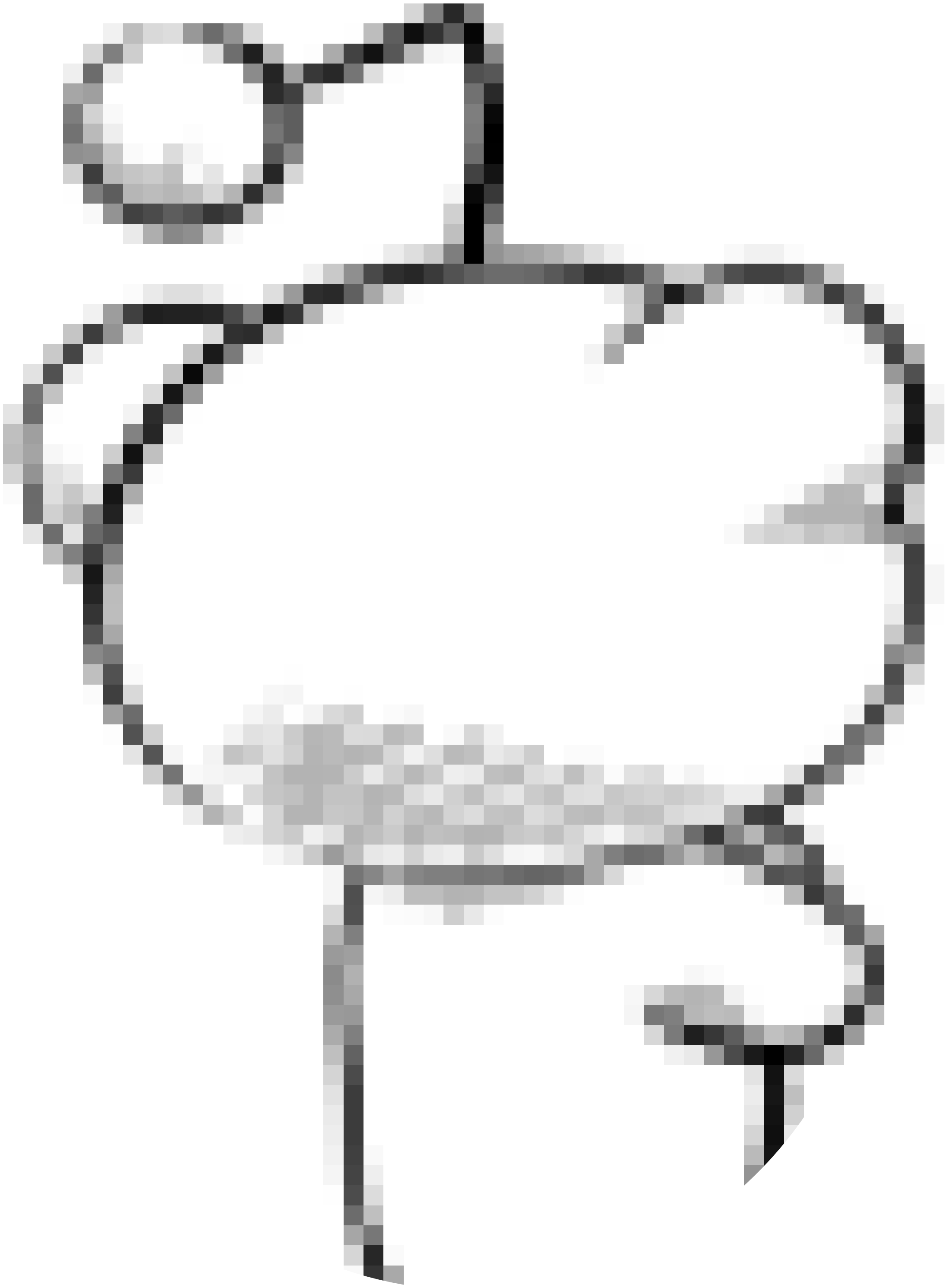

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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This one time me and a friend were playing Wind Waker in my basement when I was probably 13 and we were having an awesome time. Somehow both of us looked down my hallway at the same time and seen a figure walk from my bedroom to my sisters bedroom and we both turned to each other knowing we were the only ones there and said "did you just see that???" We didn't move from that spot staring until my parents got home.

Edit: Thinking about it now makes me realize i've never actually gotten over it. I've had dreams of nothingness coming into my room and turning off my tv and I always wake from these dreams staring at the door.

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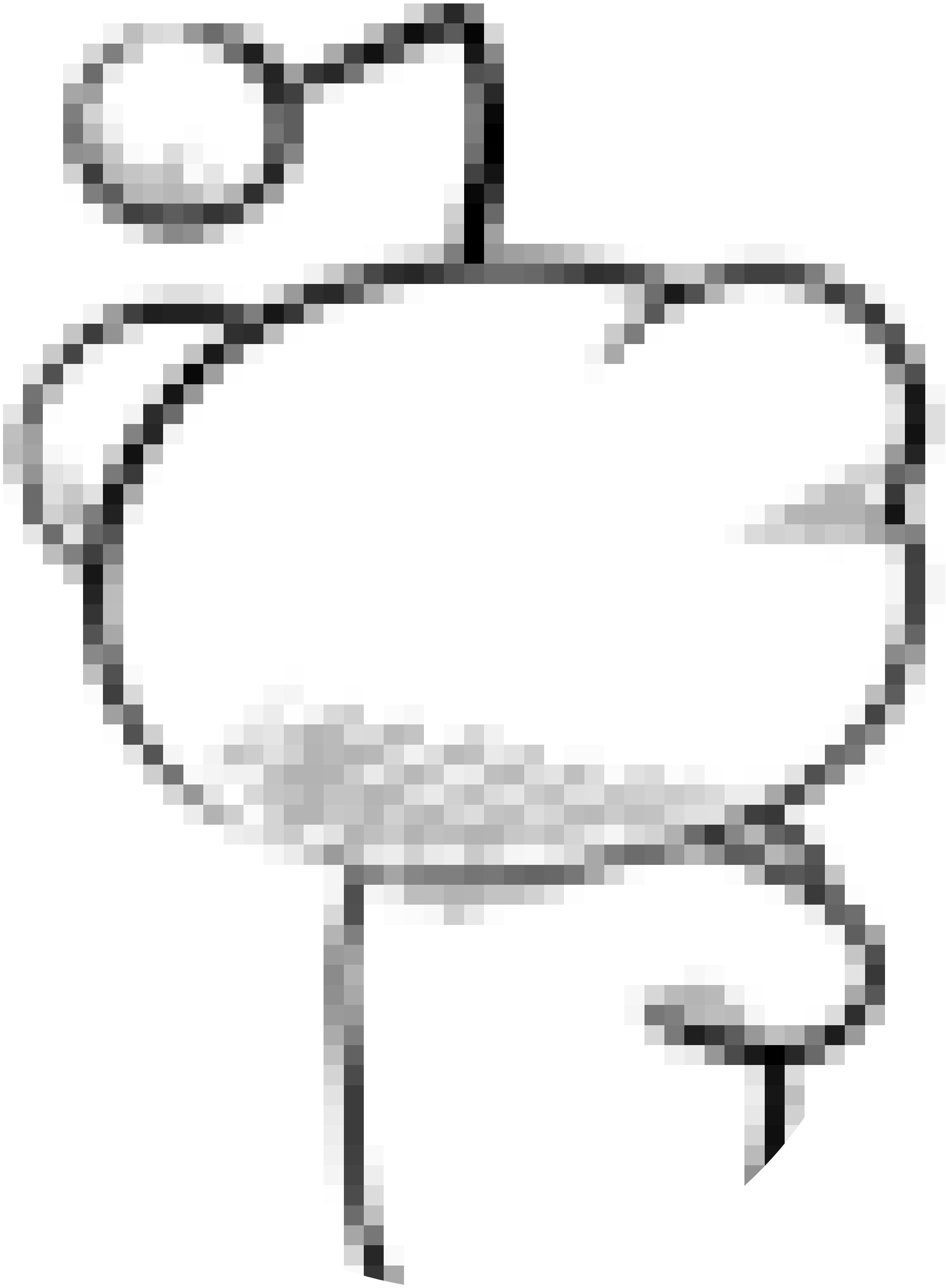

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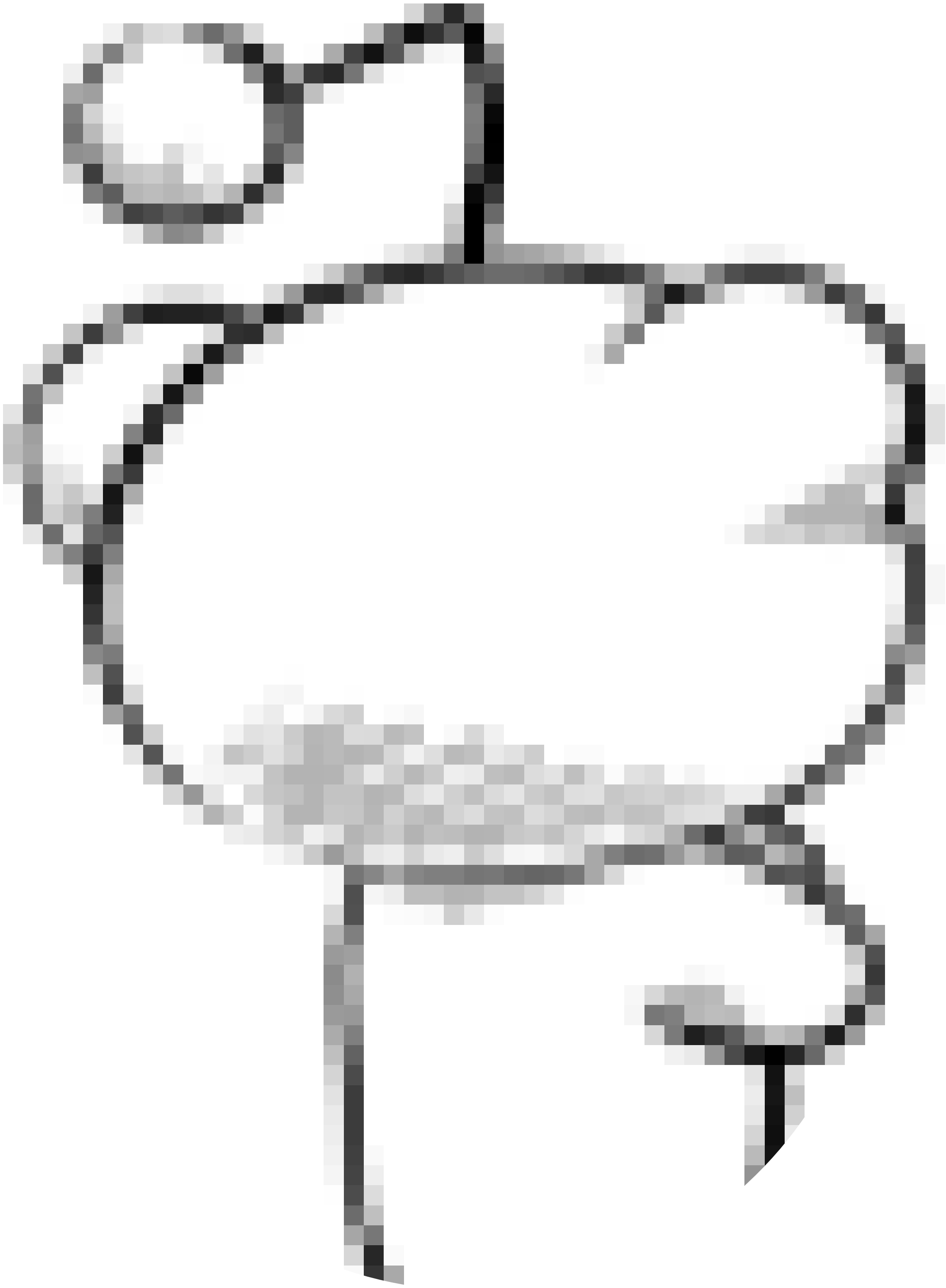

[nn-DMT](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This did not happen to me per se but I was in the room when it occurred so I'll recount the events as an observer.

A couple of things to note:

1. I don't believe in the supernatural. I admit strange unexplained shit happens sometimes but I believe in all cases there is some reasonable scientific explanation (including things we have yet to discover).

2. Drugs were involved, specifically LSD. So there's that.

So I had this friend in HS that was Native American. She lived with her family in a rather neat but ordinary place that had a basement, which is unusual for houses where I live. I mention her ethnicity because if you know any 'Indians' you likely know that they tend to be a quiet and somewhat private people. My friend (and her parents for that matter) was no exception.

I say all this to point out that this house where they lived had been the site of a suicide by hanging two owners prior. They knew of course because it was disclosed to them when they bought the place and I knew because I was very close to this girl and she had mentioned it to me when they had moved in. However, it was not something her or her parents mentioned to strangers, acquaintances, or even during casual conversation with friends. Being a morbid subject and potentially alarming to some they just didn't talk about it.

Cut to a house party she was throwing during my senior year of HS. There were probably 25-30 people there meandering about the property, some outside, some upstairs, and some (myself and my friend included) were down in the basement. About five of us had taken some acid early in the evening and were enjoying the height of the trip away from the majority of the crowd.

One of the girls who was tripping with us was one of those people who floated between cliques and while we liked her I wouldn't say we knew her that well and she certainly wasn't someone we would call one of our core friends. At any rate we are all down there enjoying the peak when this girl's trip obviously begins to turn on her.

I noticed that she was visibly uncomfortable and sort of had my eye on her in case it became necessary to go into 'coach' mode. Her body language was screaming that something was disturbing her and I assumed the body high was just too much. However, after a few minutes she abruptly breaks what was mostly a comfortable silence by stating, "Someone died in here". Almost in an accusatory way, as if she should have been notified or something.

We were all understandably shocked by this outburst and although every one of us stopped what we were doing and looked over at her, I don't think any of us said anything. Again she repeats, this time adamantly and sounding more certain of herself, "Someone died in here..." Then she points to the corner of the room and continues "...right there". Now up until she said that I was thinking that this chick simply couldn't handle her dose and was just spiraling into negative thought but when she pointed toward that corner and the dots connected in my mind, my gut started doing flips.

You see like I mentioned earlier, the suicide was something I knew of but aside from the time my friend told me I had never heard her or her family mention it and I spent quite a bit of time with all of them. So it took a minute for me to not only recall that it had happened at all but also that the man had hung himself from a gas line that snaked through the open ceiling in the corner of the basement.

I looked at my friend who by that time was pale as a sheet and obviously a bit disturbed herself. Thankfully, she was wise enough not confirm the girl's suspicion in that state of mind and we all did our best to calm her down. She went on and on about how she was certain someone had died there and that she just wanted out of the room. I'm sure the others were thinking the girl was out of her head but my friend and I were definitely a bit freaked out by just how right she was. In the end we relocated upstairs to one of the bedrooms and the girl finally calmed down but by that point the trip was soured and we were all in a dark sort of funk.

So there it is, take it for what you will. I personally don't know what to think of it besides it being some very crazy coincidence or that somehow someone had told this girl about the death. My friend and I hashed out all of the logical explanations as best we could in the following days but honestly none of them really made us feel any better about it.

TL;DR Creepy shit.

[edit] grammars and whatnot.

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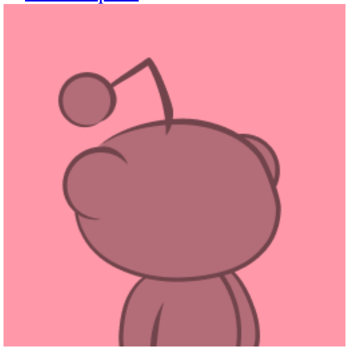

turbo_interceptor

â€¢ 13y ago

Here are two.

1. Growing up, our family lived out in the middle of nowhere. One summer night, around 10 or 11pm, my brother and I opened the door that led to the back porch and were being silly and started yelling random words just to hear the echo. We were around 10 and 12 and there wasn't much entertainment out in the sticks. (Out behind our house, was an open field and trees. Nothing else. No other houses for probably 20 or 30 miles in any direction.) We yelled "Hello" and seconds later we heard a female voice echoing back with "Hello". We replied "Who are you", she replied, "I need your help. I'm lost and can't find my way home". My brother was like dude, stop talking to her, you don't know who or what that is! Me being a little more brave, I yelled back, "Come towards our house and we'll help you". She just kept yelling for help and crying about being lost. After a few minutes, she stopped replying, we never heard her voice again.

2. On more than one occasion, my mom and grandmother (grandma lived with us) would hear something heavy sliding across a surface then falling and shattering into a thousand pieces. My mom said it would sound like a heavy, glass cup sliding across a table then falling and breaking. Every time they heard this noise, within days we'd get a call telling us that a relative had passed away.

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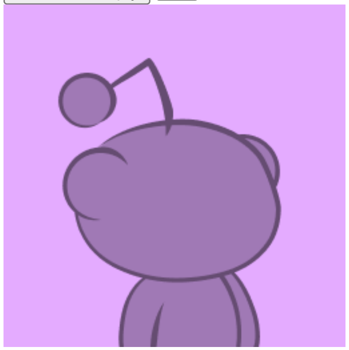

awesomeificationist

â€¢ 13y ago

It'll be buried, but I have to tell my story anyways. I'm an insomniac and when I do sleep, it's short, rough and at risk of sleep paralysis. So I had had a long day the day before, a hard workout and a bunch of tasks completed etc. so I get done with all I had to do at around 10pm. This is where it gets abnormal. I crash immediately, normally i'm up until like 3 or later just doing internet stuff, but I was suddenly dog tired and fell asleep as soon as I hit the bed. Because I fell asleep so fast, I didn't get into my normal paralysis-avoiding position and fell asleep on my back. Around 2, I wake up as my blinds swing open, flooding the room with moonlight. I pull away from whatever opened my blinds, which is now outlined by the light as a giant-headed humanoid.

I flip the fuck out and try to fight or run, but I am encased in my blanket and can't move at all. Textbook sleep paralysis, except my blinds were closed previously. I'm expecting to get free any second and wake up from my hallucination, but every trick I know isn't working. As soon as I realized things were really wrong, the figure shifted an inch and came towards my head. He knelt beside my bed and whispered "3... 2... 1..." As the count hit zero, everything seemed to explode. The figure exploded into a cloud of darkness, like thick black smoke. My room too exploded. My longboard ended up across the room, my floor lamp crashed to the ground, and my desk chair was flippped over. the rest of that night, I sat up against the wall and watched my wrecked room. The next two weeks, I did not sleep more than an hour a night.

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zerozxs
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok so shun me if we don't believe in ghosts, however this truly happened.

When I was 13, I would stay over my cousins house a great deal, we would stay up late and play videogames. He lived on an old farm house which a pioneer family lived in for the great part of the 1800's through 1990 until my Uncle inherited the land. Creepy land too, had Indian graves and old farm equipment still in the barns and things like that.

Anyways, we stayed up late playing games and it came time to goto bed. Being that the house was creepy, at night it would horrify me so when I would wake up to goto the bathroom at night, I would wake my cousin up too. This night, before we went to bed, he told me that he had a double header in baseball the next morning and not to wake him up for anything, even if the house was on fire! Reluctantly I said ok.

I woke up at 2:00am. I went downstairs to goto the bathroom only to find the bathroom light on and the door halfway open. Right outside of their bathroom they had a dresser with a mirror on it, so I decided to look in the mirror to see who was in the bathroom. Inside there was a figure standing looking inside the bathroom mirror (different mirror) with its arms down to its sides. I decided to go back upstairs and wait 10 minutes to come back down. I figured it was just my older cousin getting home and taking off her makeup for the evening.

10 minutes passed by and I went back down stairs. The light was still on, the door was still open so I peaked again. The person was still inside doing whatever it was they were doing, so I decided to wait 10-15 more minutes before trying again. I went back downstairs the final time, but this time things were different. I was wide awake so I could not have been dreaming. The door was completely open and the light changed from an incandecent orange color, to a flourecent blue lighting color. I looked in the mirror and this time whatever was inside turned and looked at me through the mirror. It had deep dark eye sockets, no nose and a mouth that kinda just was opened. It had no pronounced facial features. It lifted its arm up to point to me and sort of backed up and came after me. I turned around and ran as fast as I could back to his room where I pulled the blankets up over my head. I then proceeded to piss my pants and wait until morning to come out of the blankets. I was 13 and purposely pissed my pants. From then on out, when I would stay over, which was now rare, I would sleep in a new addition they eventually put on their house and piss out of the window if I had to pee at night.

TL,DR: Saw ghost at old farmhouse of my cousins, pissed pants.

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madetobreak

â€¢ 13y ago

So my wife and I upgraded from our condo and bought a house about two years ago. A few months before moving, we also became the proud parents of a puggle puppy. He's the sweetest little guy... I've literally never seen him show *real* aggression towards any person or animal -- he just doesn't have a mean bone in his little body. Of course, he'll still do the normal dog stuff... barks when he hears the doorbell or funny noises outside, that kind of thing. Basically, the only "aggression" he ever shows is barking at things, and even then it's really only when he hears or sees something he can't actually investigate. Like, he'll bark when he hears the doorbell, but as soon as the door's opened or the person comes in so he can greet them, he's just the happiest dog in the world.

Right, so anyways, this one night my wife is out with her friends and I'm home alone with the dog. I'm a musician with a habit of collecting all sorts of musical instruments, all of which are set up in the basement. So this night I'm down there tinkering around with some instrument or another, while the dog is just kind of wandering around getting a good sniff of the place (we don't usually let him go down there so he can't get into any trouble with my expensive equipment).

The rest of the house is dead silent... it's the middle of fall, so the AC system isn't on, no TV, no nothing -- just me playing some music ny myself downstairs. Then at some point, the dog gets tired of investigating the basement and heads upstairs. Ten minutes or so pass, and I think nothing of it. Then I distantly hear his collar jingling back down towards the basement, and he comes galloping down the stairs to the center of the room where I'm sitting...

Where he stops dead in his tracks right in front of me, and stares intently at the ceiling in the corner of the room. Then his hackles go on end, he backs up a few paces, and starts growling and barking, his eyes never leaving the ceiling. The goosebumps were strong with this one, let me tell you. I just about jumped straight out my skin at the first bark he let out. And the thing was, there wasn't anything up in the corner where he was glaring... We had only recently moved in, so the walls were totally bare at that point. I tried to get his attention, but he's completely transfixed. It wasn't until I actually picked him up and took him upstairs that he finally stopped freaking out and went back to being his normal self.

I, uhhh... didn't go back downstairs that night...

Or for several nights thereafter...

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

So I have two that truly scared the shit out of me and even though few will see this I'm going to put it on here anyways. So prepare for a wall of text.

So more my first one took place at the house I grew up in. It was a normal four bedroom house with the always creepy as shit basement. It was your run of the mill basement with the lightbulb with pull string that would go out for no reason what so ever and this closet that made it worse. Now weird shit would happen in the house, but we always just played it off as being an old house. However there was incident that we were never able to explain. This happened around seven years ago when I was still in high school and had a swim meet so I missed dinner that night. So I was in the kitchen by myself eating my dinner while everyone else was in the living room when I thought I heard something in the basement. This wasn't a normal sound we would hear, it sounded like there was something actually in the basement. I pause for a few seconds hear nothing and go back to eating. A few more minutes go by and I hear something again, now I'm convinced theres something down there so I grab a flashlight to see if there was a cat down there or something. As I'm about to reach for the door knob something smack into the door and starts scratching the shit out of it. Obviously this freaked me the fuck out and I let the whole house know by exclaiming "Holy fucking shit what the fuck was that!" Now my parents knew something was up and came to investigate. I told them what happened and step dad grabs a shotgun and opens the door to see if anything was down there. When he did the fear was realized. On the other side of the door were huge scratch marks. These were know cat scratches, they looked more human. My stepdad gave me another gun and we went down there to make sure know one was down. Obviously no one was down there and that was one of few times I've been down in that basement since that happened.

The second incident occurred during my first deployment to Iraq. I was sent to a different unit for a months to assist in there mission as my unit could spare me. The people I would working with had there own little compound to live complete with a gate. Basically it was a rectangular shape with a large courtyard in the middle. It wasn't anything top secret like that they were just lucky enough to get it. Now when they picked myself and the other guy that came with me one of the first things they said was that the compound was that the compound were staying in was where the Iraqi Army tortured people. We both gave each other a skeptical look and just blew it off. The rest of the drive they told us about what we would be doing. Now our flight was late at night so everyone else was already asleep when we got there but we did notice all the doors were big metal doors and you could tell they were fitted with some heavy duty locks. We both agreed that was odd and go to our room we were given. Upon entering the room we both immediately notice the hook sticking out of the ceiling and a drain directly below it. We later learned this was the only room that was like that. There was also this feeling I don't know how to explain. We both just felt like we didn't want to be in there. The next day after we were done for the day we get to meet everyone else in the compound. We were just sitting around shooting he shit and smoking when one of them asks us if they told us. We ask tell us what. They said about what the compound was used for. We said yes and they asked what else we were told. We replied with about what. They go on and tell us how some weird shit has been going on at this place, normal shit like things falling when they shouldn't, things not being where they should, TVs turning on, and all the random stuff. One of them even says that he had a pen something fly across his room. However there was one that kind of freaked us out. This girl that also lived on the compound had a pretty rough first couple months. When they first got there she started having nightmare which evolved to full fledged fuck up night terrors. She switched rooms with one of the guys and it stopped although he said he always had an uneasy feeling being in there. She refused to ever go back in there and you could tell she was still pretty upset talking about it. This had been about six months before we got there. They also told us they learned of the previous use by the Iraqi Army by multiple locals. Now were kind of freaked out about it as things in our room didn't really improve any. Well about a month after being there I was alone in the room which we both agreed we wouldn't do for obvious reasons. Well my roommate had to take a shit and I was watching Kung-Fu Panda. I'm about half way through when I get the feeling that someone was behind me and could feel as if someone was breathing on the back of my neck. I freeze as this freaking me the fuck out when I feel grabbed the side of my neck and can even feel it on my shoulder. I freak the fuck out and get out there as fast as possible. There were other people out smoking like usual and they see something is something is up as I'm breathing pretty heavy and holding on my neck because it felt like I was scratched. They just give me what the fucking happen look so I tell them what happen and they ask why I'm holding my neck. I tell I don't know I feels like I've been scratched. They look at my neck and you could clearly see a hand print and scratch marks on my neck. Obviously were all pretty freaked out and it was decided would move out of that room and no one would use it since this time it got physical. I wish I had the pictures we took but I lost them when I left my laptop at an airport and no could find it. I just assume someone with the TSA took it home with them.

[Art_of_Flight](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Just remembered this one from a while back. Not necessarily terrifying at the time but definitely on of those 'oh fuck' moments after the fact.

When we had just started dating, my SO and I used to always go away for weekends to her parent's cabin in the Santa Cruz Mountains. It had these amazing views of the valley from the back deck but at night the place would get a little creepy. The entire place was very '70's rustic' except for my girlfriend's room which had been completely remodeled right before her family had bought it. The place was also composed mostly of a long hallway that touched every room and ended in the kitchen. Since you would have to basically turn on every light in the house to keep it lit you were always looking down a dark hallway whenever you were hanging out in the kitchen or living room.

It was almost always just the two of us up there since we went up for romantic getaways but certain parts of the house just felt 'wrong'. We had some amazing times up there but whenever you were in a certain part of the house or looked down that hallway you couldn't help but feel like there was a presence or a tension in the air.

My girlfriend's room was always the worst. The door to the room had no lock and would slowly open randomly for no reason, I always attibuted it to drafts. We couldn't explain though how whoever slept on the side of the bed closest to the hallway never slept. Whenever it was my turn to sleep on that side I always felt like there was someone walking down the hall.

On one of our last trips there, I let my girlfriend sleep in while I drove down to the town market to grab us breakfast. When I came back my girlfriend was sitting upright in bed shaking in hysterics. She claimed that while I was gone she felt someone lay down in bed next to her. Thinking it was me getting back she opened her eyes to find that there was no one there. She sat up confused and said that she heard a voice whisper in her ear 'I still Love you...'

A couple of months later her parents found out that a girl who had lived there in the 70's had broken up with an unstable boyfriend. The boyfriend snuck into the house at night with a shotgun and hid in the room at the end of the hall until everyone in the house went to sleep. He then walked down the hall to the girls room (the same one as my girlfriend) and shot her and then himself.

The previous owners had apparently hid that fact from my girlfriend's parents when they bought it and remodeled the room where she was murdered. Her parents only found out from a neighbor...

Soundwavez
â€¢ 13y ago

OK I am going to go WAY back in my childhood to the summer between kindergarten and 1st grade (about 1978-ish?)...

I had rode my bike to a friend's house (some kid I new from the community pool I had gone to all summer). He had invited me over to his house that afternoon for his birthday party that day, so it seemed like fun. We were playing with Lego in his room at the back of the house when we heard his mother calling for us to come out to the living room and open his presents. So we left his room, down the hall, and past the kitchen to the living room where his presents were. As he was opening his gifts, his mom and dad started arguing in the kitchen. he was some obnoxious drunk guy and....the funny thing....was that he was wearing a black and red "cape" like count Dracula would wear or something. I asked him why he was wearing a cape and he said "This is my fighting cape!"

.....yeah no idea about that

Anyways, the mom was putting frosting on the cake with a BIG chef knife at the time while the dad was yelling at her in the kitchen about something. They got pretty loud, so all of us kids went to the back room to get away from them fighting. I remember all of his brothers and sisters and me trying to comfort this kid (my friend the birthday boy). he was crying hysterically that his mom and dad were having this huge fight on his birthday....then we heard a scream from the kitchen.

All of us kids rushed down the hall to see what was going on in the kitchen. I can still remember hearing "whack, whack, WHAcK!" like some stick was being hit against the lino floor in the kitchen or something. when I got to the kitchen, I saw the dad laying on the floor with the chef knife (still covered with frosting) in his neck and a huge pool of blood on the floor. He was kicking and screaming and the "whack" I heard was the sound of the knife handle hitting on the floor.

I BOLTED out the door in hysterics and rode my bike about 2 miles home (on a flat tire too) I was so scared, I must have pissed my pants on the way home. I was hyperventilating when I got home and told my parents. They were naturally really freaked out and asked me where this boy lived, but I was really too young and scared to remember how to get back there or an address and it was getting dark. I told them I would take them by the house the next day.

The next morning, we drove around trying to find the house. After about 30 minutes of looking we finally found his house.....completely burned to the ground. Firetrucks were in front of the house still putting out small fires, but I never saw that kid again.

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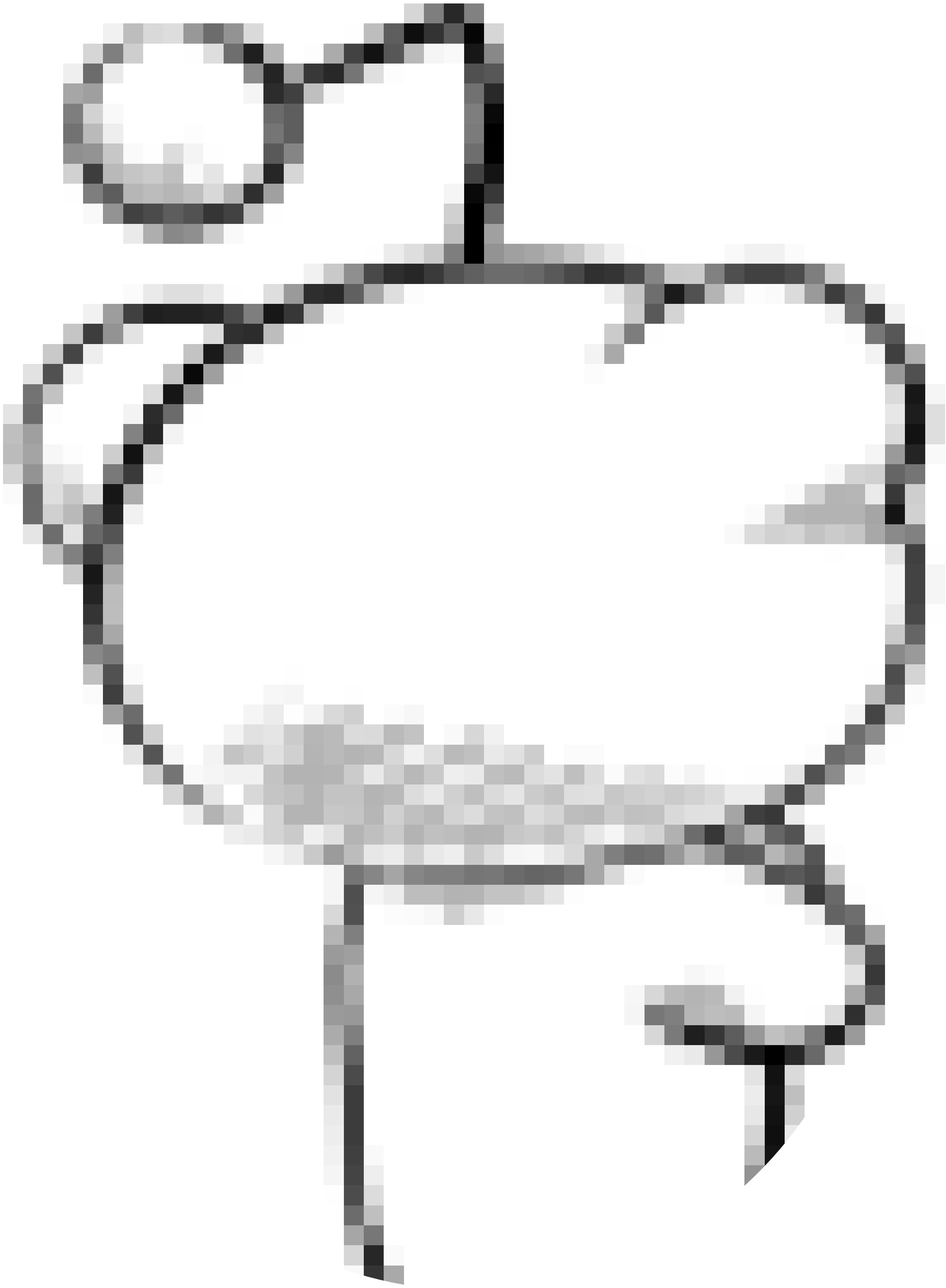

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was having a smoke with my dad in our bathroom (it has an exhaust fan) and when I was done I left him in there and went for a glass of water. As I'm sitting down in the living room, I see my dad, clear as day, walk out of the bathroom. I start talking to him about what we're going to have for supper and he just looks at me and walks into his room where I can hear him banging his stuff around. Kind of annoyed at the fact that I was just ignored I shout "Dad, what the fuck are you doing?". The movement in his room stops and he comes out of the bathroom and says "What are you yelling at?" I asked him what the hell was going on and he didnt know, he said he was in the bathroom playing with his phone when I started yelling.

I've thought about it every day since. If he was in the bathroom, who did I make eye contact with and who did I watch walk down the hall and into his room? Seriously messed with me.

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Utterly_Confused_Guy

â€¢ 13y ago

About two years ago, I was playing Minecraft, and recording at the same time. The phone rang, so I ran downstairs to answer it, and left my game running, while it recorded, with my microphone on. Later that week when I was going through my recorded clips, I played back that scene, and there was an eerie voice that spoke into the microphone. I have no idea what it said, but it sure as hell was one of the creepiest sounds I have ever heard. Nobody else was in the house at the time, and I was 2 floors down on the opposite side of the house, leaving no room for the microphone to somehow pick up my voice, as you could clearly tell whatever had made the noise was right next to the microphone. To this day I still have no idea what caused it, and if it was a spoken word, what the word even was. I might be able to find the file if anyone is interested, though I might have deleted it when I cleared my computer.

⊕ 1 more reply

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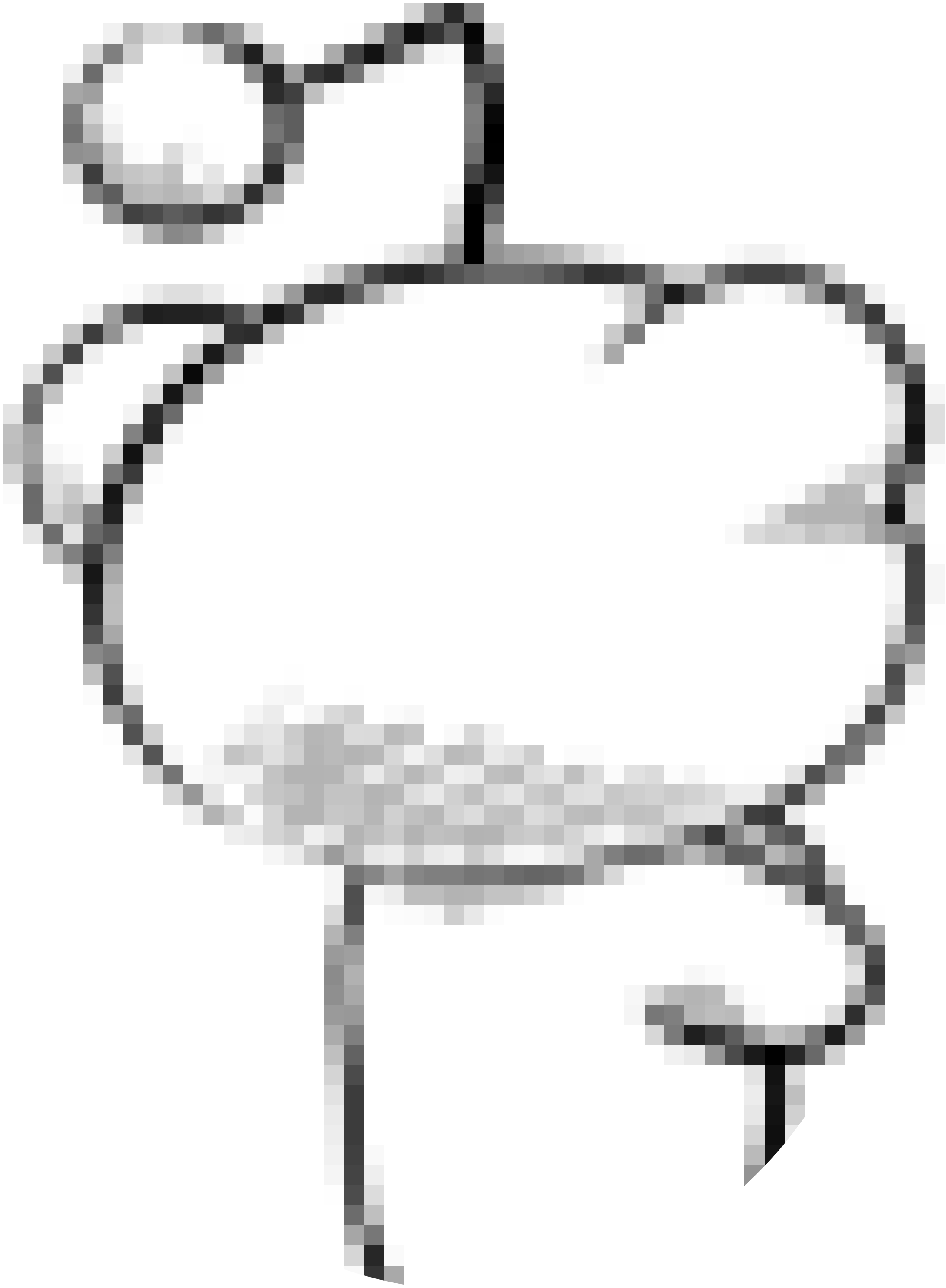
HamSandwich53
â€¢ 13y ago

I was in Florida at a hotel with my friend when we were 11. We were wrestling in the pool, and both of us went underwater for a few seconds. When I came back up, my friend was nowhere to be seen. I looked in my immediate area for a couple of seconds, and I didn't see him. That was very strange, because there was no way he could have gotten somewhere out of sight within the 4-5 seconds I was underwater longer than he was. I started to get out of the pool at the other side (this took about 2 minutes from when I surfaced). In the distance, I saw my friend coming down from the hotel. He came up to me and asked where I was for the last 20 minutes, which was odd because I had seen him two minutes ago. He also didn't even remember being in the pool with me. To this day, we still can't figure out how he thought he was looking for me for 20 minutes, and how he doesn't remember going in the pool.



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â€¢ 13y ago

One night I was up late watching tv in the living room. My dad and I were the only ones home and he had been asleep for hours before. I started to get tired but was too lazy to go to my bed so I reclined the chair and dozed off. I fell asleep looking at the clock on the wall, and woke up with my eyes still on the clock 5 hours later. It's a difficult feeling to describe but it was very abnormal, chiefly because I could still vividly remember the hand positions of the clock before I fell asleep. Also, I was not groggy, my eyes weren't heavy, or any other physical symptoms of being asleep for several hours. It was as if I had blinked and 5 hours had passed. I was puzzled, but thought little of it.

I then stood up to go to my bedroom and as soon as I got to my feet a deep and deafening sound arose outside. It sounded like a jet engine, but there was no volume increase or decrease. It just started and stopped after about 5 seconds, and there were no lights accompanying it at all. I grew up in a very small, rural area and the nearest airport or major highway were roughly 20 miles away, so this was extremely abnormal. At this point I wasn't scared, just puzzled. I looked on the couch and my dog, who was always very alert, was still asleep. This was very strange to me. My dad however was awakened by the noise and come out into the living room and asked me what the noise was. I tried to tell him but I could not talk. Not because I was scared, it was as if I was muted and could not move my mouth despite trying. My dad stared at me with a very worried expression because I was not moving or saying anything. This went on for about 15 seconds before I could finally describe what had happened. At this point I was terrified and my voice was shaking badly. The next day, we asked a couple of our closest neighboors if they had heard it, all of which said no. I was 16 at the time, now 24 and to this day neither my dad or I can find any explanation for what had happened.

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Meatball_Sandwich
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Pure black man, not "a black guy", I mean a sillohete (can't seem to spell this... outline...) of a man, pure black, wearing a ... hat like a cowboy hat maybe.... in the room with me... could "feel him" in the room a few times in my life.

He... it.. was certainly not good, evil I'd have to say.

I've heard that this has happened to a lot of other people, same details down to the letter.

I don't believe in Jebus or ghosts, but who knows what weird shit is going on out there.

EDIT

I just found this:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shadow_people

... but my "shadow man" would sit on the bed, be in the back seat of my car, not just a "flicker", as the Wiki describes them. Evil stuff.

Like this:

http://www.jesusisnojoke.com/sitebuildercontent/sitebuilderpictures/hatman.jpg

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

No one will ever read this due to me entering this thread late but screw it I have a story to tell.

So I am extremely afraid of the dark but I don't belive in anything supernatural. However sometimes my mind plays tricks with me and I get scared. This time though was diffirent, I was biking home and took the shortcut through the forest. It wa in the middle of the night in the middle of december so not only was it incredibly dark but it was also cold as hell.

After a short while I started to hear something that sounded like dosens of screams and when I turn around I see what looks like a black cloud moving fast and I mean really fast towards me. Before i have time to react the black shrieking cloud overwhelms me, I loose balance and fall off the bike and not untill I look up do I notice that it wasn't a cloud but a huge flock of birds that flew right through me. Just as I laid on the ground laughing at my own temporary superstitious attack I could hear a faint raspy breathing noise coming closer and closer.

I didn't even look at it but figured that it might be something that the birds fled from. So I stood up and biked home, when i got home I drank some tea to calm myself.

I don't know what the raspy breathing noice was but I don't think that it was anything unnatural. The only reason that I fled the way I did that day was because I was already shaken due to the massive flock of birds scaring the soul out of me.

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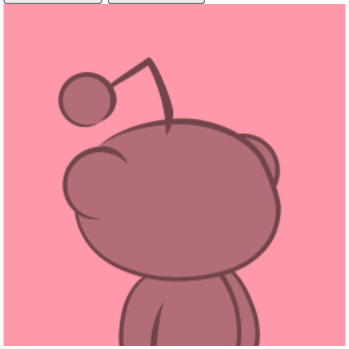

DjangoFlugelhorn

â€¢ 13y ago

you'd be surprised just how many people do the 'read TOP first, then lurk on the thread with NEW' approach.

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toepher
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

Nothing as extreme as the other posts here, but ever since 9/11/01, (my birthday is on the same day, just a different year) I have this weird routine where I will look a a clock at 9:11 everyday, whether I had the intentions of looking at a clock or it just slipped by my vision. Doesn't matter am or pm, just naturally I look at a clock and it ends up being this time.

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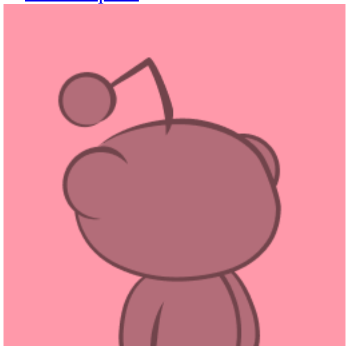
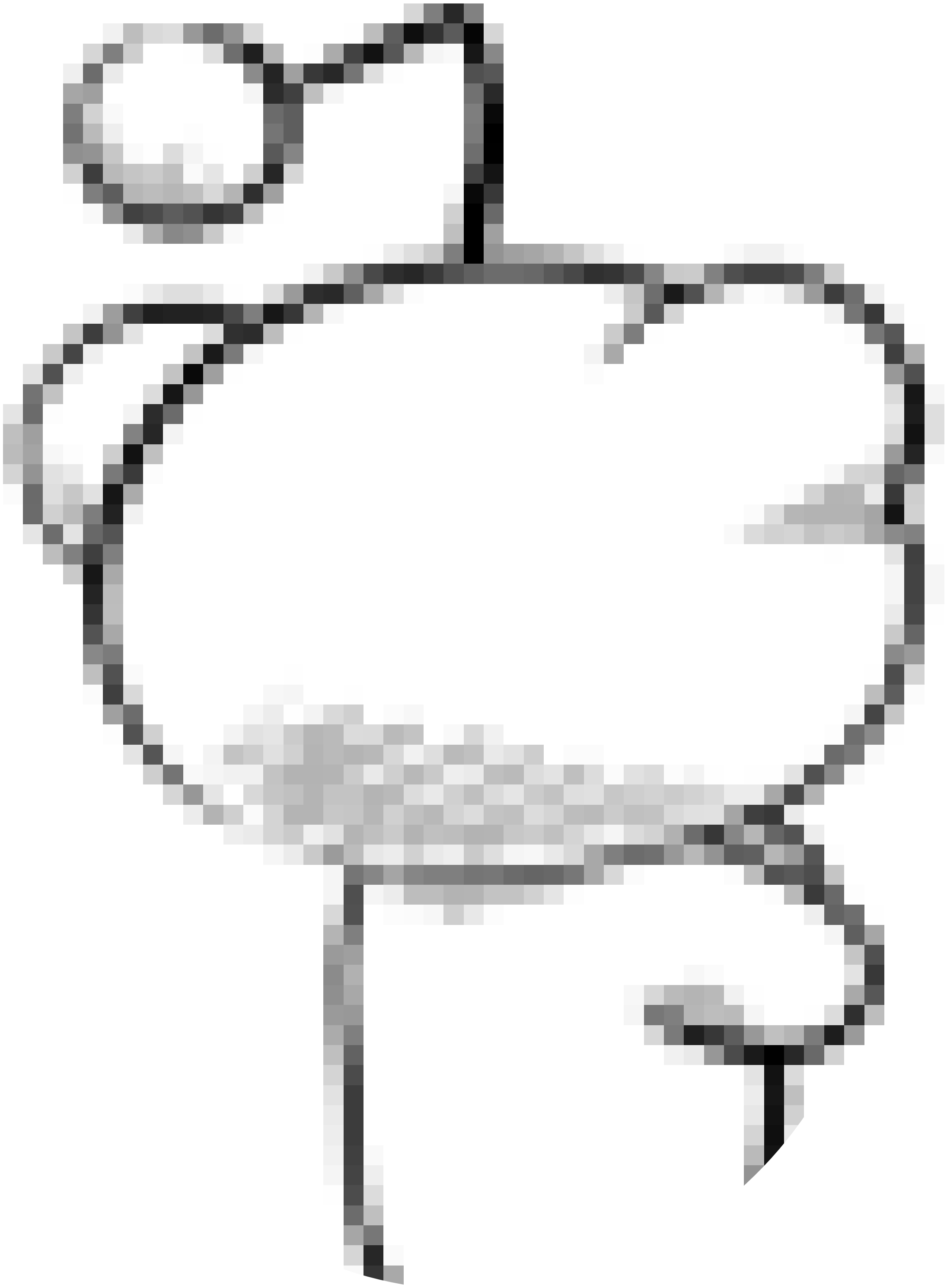


Cap10Chaos
â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't paranormal just a weird coincidence. About 10 years ago I got off work and drove back to my apartment. It was Halloween night and when I parked my car I noticed that it was exactly midnight and my odometer read 666 miles. I walked around the building to get to the stairs to my apartment and the light to the stairwell had burned out. I could see there was someone sitting at the foot of the stairs so I stopped to let my eyes adjust. I saw the figure move toward me and when it came into the circle of light made by the porch light of the apartment below mine it was the biggest meanest looking rottweiler I had ever seen. It stared at me for a few seconds then turned around and went back to the bottom of the stairwell. It didn't seem aggressive so I walked by it and up the stairs, he followed me about halfway up and stopped. I went inside and after about 10 minutes I thought I should check to see if he had a collar with a phone number on it. I turned on the light outside my door and opened it. The dog was still halfway up the stairs just looking at me. No collar so I just closed the door.



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â€¢ 13y ago

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BostMode
â€¢ 13y ago

Take it or leave it, but this is my unexplainable night.

I was upstairs of a two story house by myself searching the web. I was around 14 at the time. My dad had just left to go to summerfest leaving me, my sister, and her friend home alone. As I am sitting there playing watercraft 3 because I am awesome I felt as though someone had walked into the room. I turn around and see no one. About three minutes later the computer blacks out and turns off. As this happened the printer started printing all sorts of random stuff on about 32 pages of paper.

Being totally creeped out knowing the printer is printing crazy things while the computer is not on. Next thing I know my sister screams bloody from downstairs. I get up and as I am turning my head I see a pale looking wide eyed face in the window. I was on the 2nd floor of the house so I ran for my life. I get downstairs to my scared sister. She said someone was in the basement. I run down there with a baseball bat to find all the basement shelves had fallen over or collapsed.

We called dad and he came home. I have never to this day been able to figure out what happened that night.

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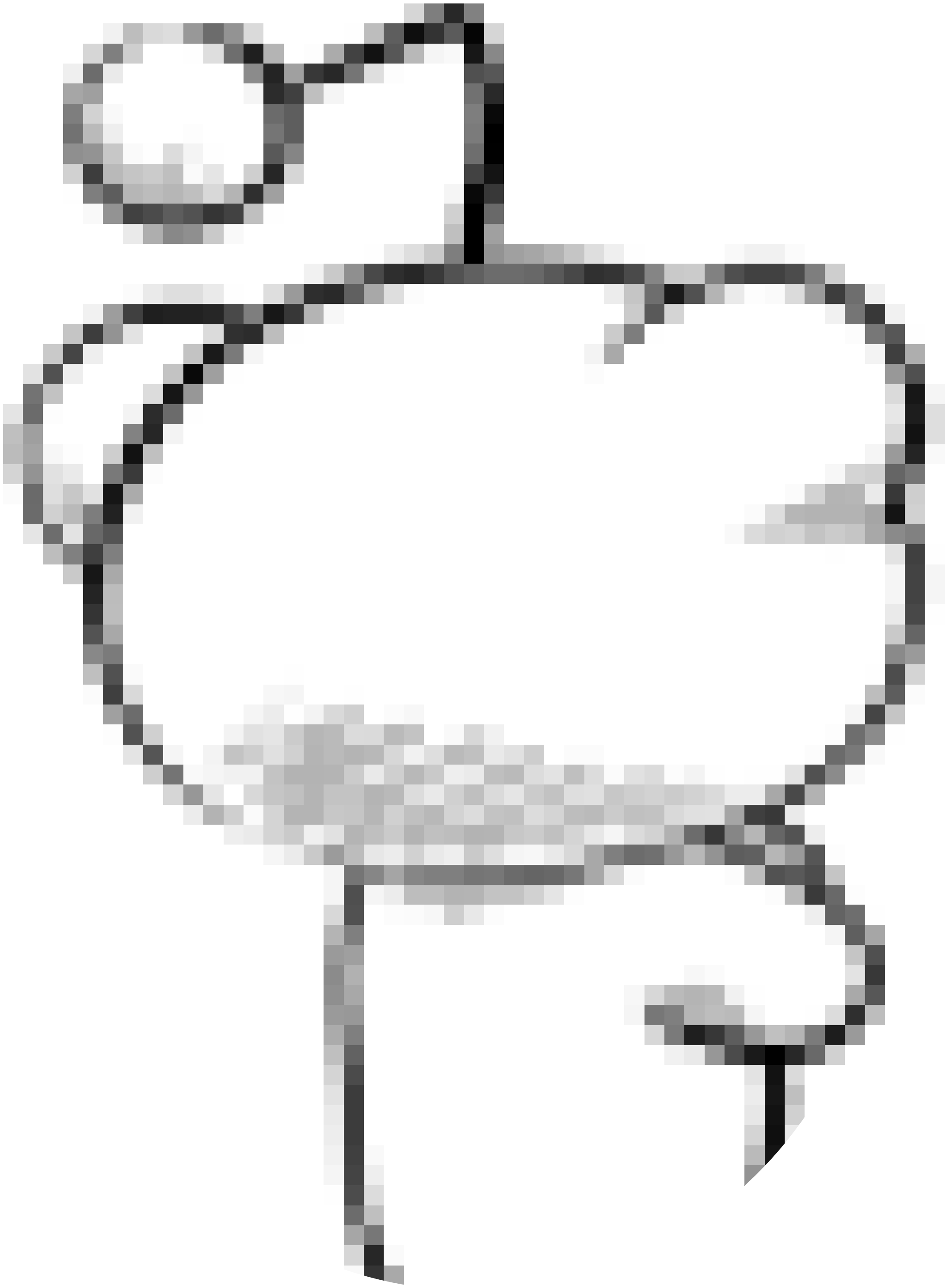

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â€¢ 13y ago

Went hiking with my brother, like 6 km of where we were, night caught us near a forest . Made some jokes about something being out in the woods, and after like 15 minutes some we heard some noises, like someone was walking in the same direction with us for about 2 km . When we stood still the noise continued for a little and than disappeared . It wasn't anything paranormal , except the fact the area wasn't full of wildlife.. or anything like that.. it was remote.. I knew the forest by heart, have some footage before entering that forest saying " I want to meet the boogeyman " as a joke .

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shooterx
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't remember much from my childhood but this is the most vivid memory I have.

This happened when I was 12-18 months old, I know that seems way too young for me to be able to remember anything but I believe 100% this is true, and I'm not superstitious or religious at all.

Around this time I slept in the room next to my parents room. This particular night dad was at work and it was just me and mum in the house. I remember it was late and dark, I was on my bedroom floor for some reason. I had my head out in the hallway but the rest of my body in my room on the carpet in my room. All of a sudden I heard a noise, sat up and looked into my bed, only to see me sleeping there. As little me freaked out about this I tried screaming for mum, physically trying to yell as loud as I could, but no sound was coming out of my mouth.

Than all of a sudden I felt this kind of wave of really bad feelings, if that makes sense, and I started crying softly. So I got up, but now I was no longer asleep in my bed, but I was standing at the door. I made my way into my mum and dads room and tried telling mum that something was wrong. She was in a lot of pain for some reason and after 10ish minutes of me hoping into her bed she called the ambulance. They came, took her blood pressure, dad had come home by than, one of the Paramedics said "its going to be ok we are just taking your mummy to get fixed." After a few days she was home and me being young, I thought nothing of it.

Well it turns out that night my mum had an ectopic pregnancy, and had to get her child aborted. I lost a brother that night.

I found out about this when I was 17, and looking back on what I remember and talking to my parents about what I saw they were amazed at how accurate I could recall what happened with them that night.

I have lucid dreams often so I expect that's what I was having than.

It still freaks me the fuck out man.

tl;dr Its hard to summarize, just read it

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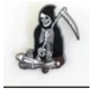

slightlystartled
â€¢ 13y ago

Sleep paralysis.

There is nothing more terrifying than waking up and despite the screamed commands from your brain, being completely unable to move any part of your body.

A close second--I had a series of dreams that felt like they lasted for years. Every time I'd wake up, it would be into a new dream. Eventually, I got to the point where I was able to detect I was dreaming and force myself to wake up...into a new dream.

It was days before I could trust my senses that I was really awake.

--While my stories may not be as dramatic as some, they have the distinction of being true.

3 more replies

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pookypoo87
â€¢ 13y ago

My house caught fire the day after the one and only time I have ever played with a ouija board. Everything in the house was burnt, charred, and covered in soot.. except the board - which was pristine with the pointer on Goodbye.

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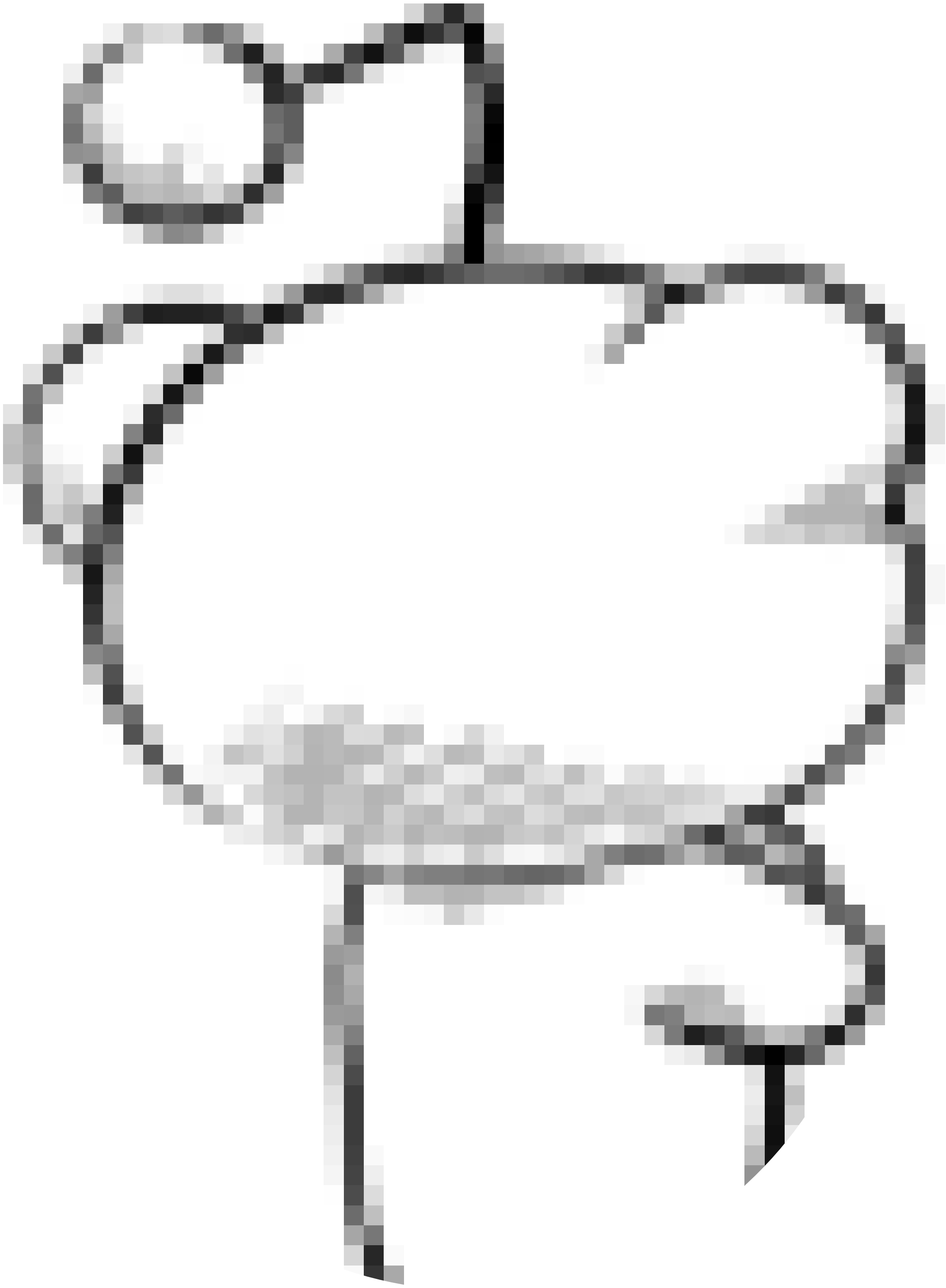

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â€¢ 13y ago

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â€¢ 13y ago

I was onetime chilling out at my friends place, playing a card game... all of a sudden, we here a boom. We were at his lakehouse so we go to the dock, to see what happened. We look inside the boathouse and see a small girl crying, we were like 7 or 8 so we ran away to tell the parents (at at a nearby home). We freak out and tell them... then we run over to the boathouse agian... and the floor is caved in, and the girl is gone. The parents thought we were playing a joke, but that was fucked up.

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DirtyBastardMI
â€¢ 13y ago

My dad died from lung cancer in early 2009. We cancelled his cell phone line sometime in 2010. In early 2012, near the day he died, my mom got a text from his former number which was a long love poem. I'm pretty firm in my disbelief of the supernatural, so anyone with rational explanations to offer I'd love to hear them.

Since I myself have no answer, I just don't have anything to attribute it to. Maybe he set it up years ago, but his former line didn't have texting, he didn't text people, and wasn't very tech savvy. It could be my half-sisters playing a cruel prank on my mom, but they didnt even live in the same area as we did so it seems like a long shot.

Reply Share

[mitten-troll](#)
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I have a couple of strange experiences to share.

One summer when I was home from college, I was up late chatting with my friend over AIM or something like that. She's known to have weird things happen to her a lot through the years. So we're sitting there, and we start joking around about how she could totally picture how I was sitting at my desk with my blanket wrapped around my legs. So I said, "How many fingers am I holding up?" and I'd hold up fingers, and she would guess them correctly.

But then it got weirder. I began to feel like I wasn't alone in my bedroom anymore. Like that feeling that someone is looking over your shoulder, except no one was there. She reported that she was having this sort of Picture-In-Picture vision, where she could see her computer screen, but she could also see me, in my bedroom, from this one particular corner. She started to panic because she couldn't get this PIP thing to go away. I got up from my desk and walked to the corner and she said she could see me moving.

I sat back down and immediately began to search the internet for something. I eventually landed on a page that explained Astral Projection. I told her about it, and then typed out what I could figure out from the websites I saw on how to make it stop. She did what I told her on her end, and after a few minutes, my room felt completely different. It went back to feeling empty, and not like there was tension and someone in the room. She reported that the PIP was gone. It was the weirdest fucking thing. I don't think either of us slept well that night.

My family also lived in a house for a few years that had some weird stuff happen. When we first moved in, my sister had a recurring dream that a little girl drowned in the pond behind the house. Unfortunately, her and my brother couldn't find anything that confirmed this. BUT...

Weird stuff would happen. Old toys would work again, even if their batteries had been dead for a long time. One night, my mom was up late, waiting for my sister to get home. She was standing at the window by the front door, and she saw a reflection of a little girl walking behind her. She thought it was me, so she walked around, looking for me, but I was still up on the second floor, sleeping. My sister and brother used to hear footsteps on the steps to the basement, or it would sound like the TV was on downstairs, so they'd go check, and it would be off. One of my friends stayed the night, and in the morning, she was walking out of the bathroom and saw a blond haired girl walk down the steps, though I was still in my bed. My sister also had a boyfriend over one day, and he was sitting in her room while the door was open. He saw a little girl walk down the hall, but the direction she was walking in would mean she walked through the wall.

We left for vacation and had this same friend's older sister watch our house and feed our rabbit. She only had access to the garage. The rest of the house was locked up. She said that every day when she would come over, the shades in the living room would be different. And these were ones that you had to YANK on to get them to go up or down. She said they'd be up one day, then down the next day, or at different lengths. Totally freaked her out.

Even though the weird stuff happened all the time, we never felt threatened in the house. And I've been tempted to go creep out the current owners and ask if anything strange had happened to them...

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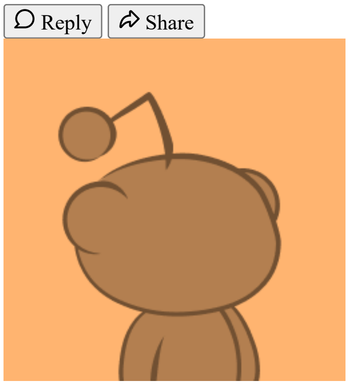

[theG0ldenChild](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

This might not be the right place- but this freaked me and my friend out.

We were camp counselors at the time. On our day off, I was in a car winding through some highway in the middle of nowhere with my buddy driving. All the windows were open, sun roof as well. We were smoking (as all camp counselors do) and were pretty stoned at this point.

All of a sudden it starts to DOWNPOUR out of nowhere. My buddy and I snap into action and close all the windows as fast as we can. We start patting around to try and dry ourselves off when were realize we're not wet. We look out the window and see it's not even raining. We look at each other as if to say "Did we just hallucinate together?" We started to laugh at the realization of what just happened. Right then a huge clap of thunder hit and the skies opened up to a torrential downpour.

TL;DR: Stoners make great meteorologists.

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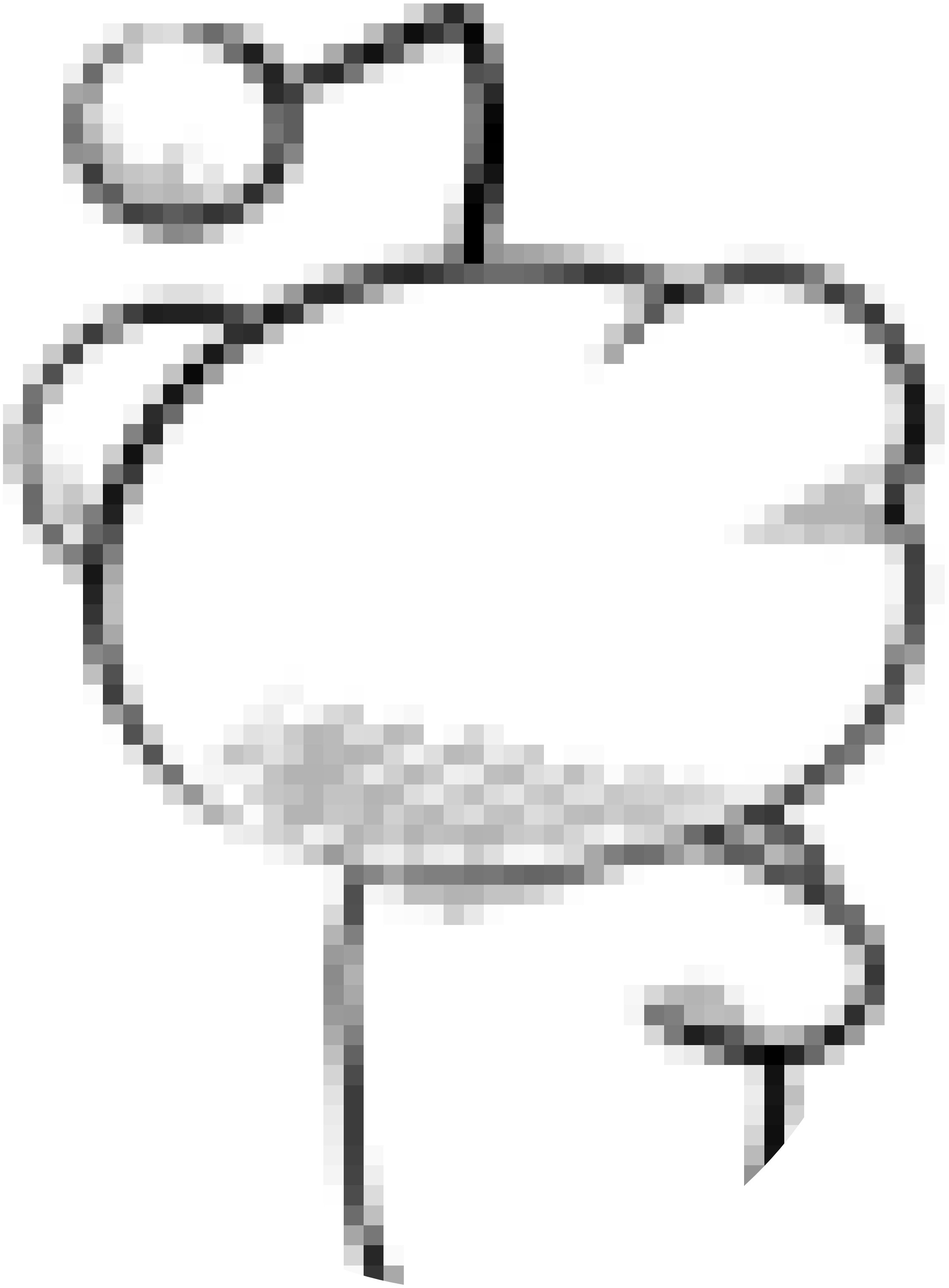

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I've posted this before somewhere, but what the hell...

When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a room full of my toys. One day my mom said we had to go out, so as usual I went looking for my favorite toy, a blue power ranger. I looked and looked for it in my toys room but couldn't find it. After a few minutes I said out loud "Whoever took my toy, give it back" and my power ranger fell from the ceiling, right in front of me. 4~5 year old me took it and told my mom. She acted like she believed me and stuff. Today I remember this and it creeps the fuck out of me.

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meevil

â€¢ 13y ago

I like to think of myself as logical, someone who doesn't jump to "paranormal" or "supernatural" conclusions straight away when something strange happens, but a few things happened at my ex-girlfriend's house that I could never explain.

The first was perhaps the weirdest because we didn't realise it was weird until after it had happened. One evening when I was staying over, I needed to poop but I was too nervous to just barge into the bathroom as her Mam had said about twenty minutes earlier that was she going to take a bath. So my ex went out into the corridor and shouted "Hey Mam, you in the bathroom?" and her mam went "No". So my ex responded "So... you're not in the bathroom?" and her Mam went "Yes".

The voice was very clearly coming from the bathroom, so I just said forget it and went to the bathroom downstairs. As soon as I opened the downstairs door, I saw her Mam sitting talking on the phone. Laughing, I asked how she was able to hear us shouting for her from upstairs. She said she hadn't, and had been on the phone for a good fifteen minutes before I came downstairs. Horrified, I ran upstairs and checked the bathroom. There was no-one there, and there were no windows open or anything. It was bizzare, because the voice was so clearly coming from the bathroom, it was impossible for me to think what it could have been. There was definitely something in that bathroom talking to us, but we've never been able to figure out what.

Other things used to happen in that house all the time though. Sometimes all the cupboards in the kitchen would just be open when you came downstairs in the morning, and once me and my ex were laughing and when we stopped, something continued laughing from outside the door. We were alone that night as well.

The best time though was when something through pastrami at my ex, so we dubbed it the pastramigeist.

**tl;dr - I once spoke to a pastramigeist in a bathroom when I needed to poop. Also it found me really funny one night. **

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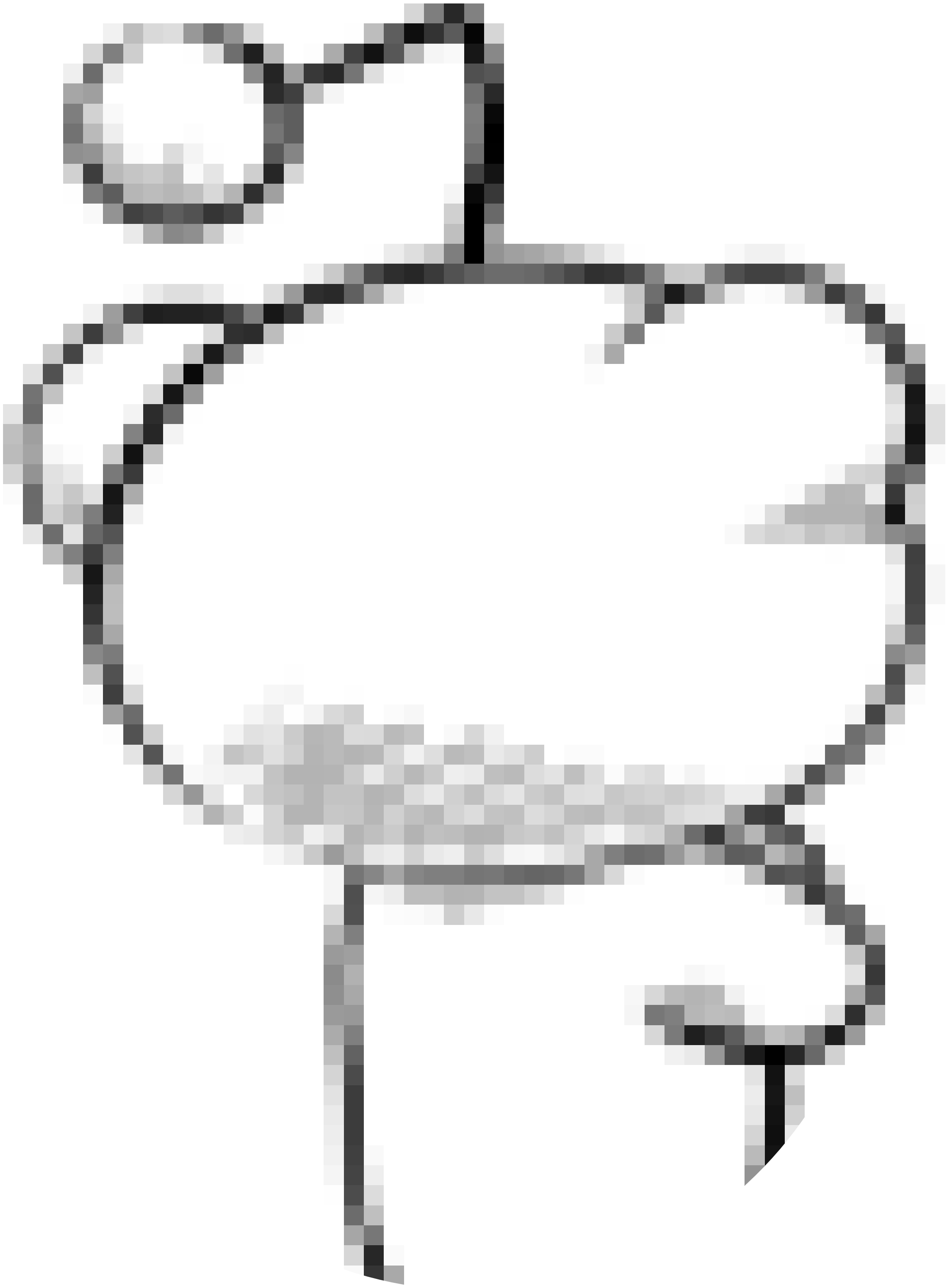

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was young. Not sure what age. I was at my aunt and uncles house (they live right across the street from me) playing with my friend that my aunt babysitted. We were being annoying I guess, and pissed of my uncle. He got mad and yelled at me to go home. I was crying (manly tears of anger) and began walking to the front door. Right before I left I looked at a painting on the wall (I always looked at it on the way out, it was my great grandmothers) and it fell down. Just like that. Made a huge crash that scared me. Then all of the clothes that were folded on the back of the couch just fell over. I stared at my uncle and then proceeded to run home. For a few weeks after that I would stare at stuff in my house hoping I could move it with my brain. Never did figure out telekinesis.

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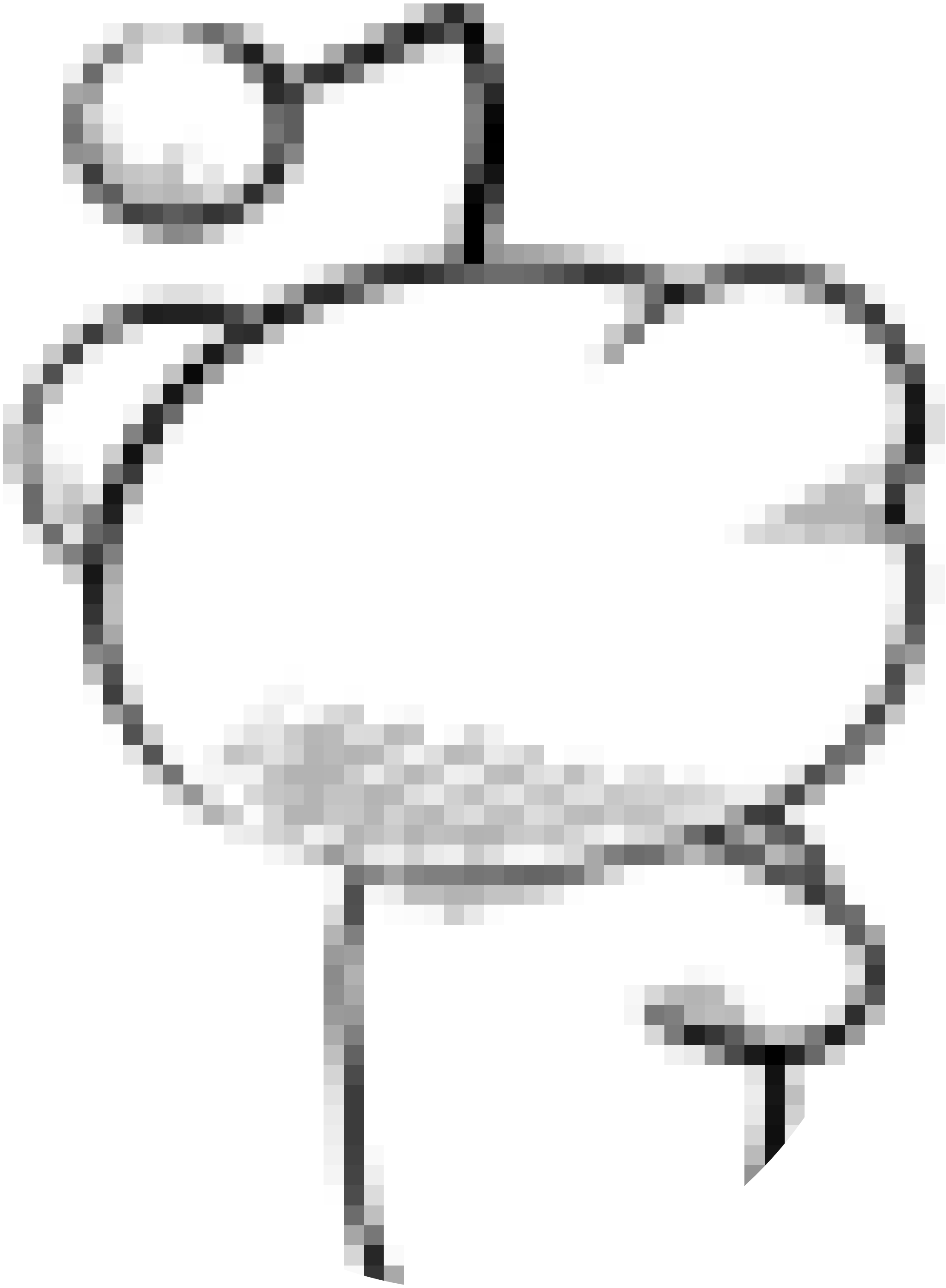

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â€¢ 13y ago

This is a true story and to the best of my ability,if it was a hoax,it was an extremely well made one:

I don't believe in ghosts or an afterlife, and I have seen many many many documentaries on how to spot charlatans and scammers who try to pry money out of poor,lonely, needy people with promises of talking to their dead relatives, curing cancer, etc.

I live in Miami and Santeria is huge here. Every other cuban here is a Santero or Babalow,in Miami,it's not unusual to drive by homes and see statues of Ochun, Chango,and other Orishas.

A friend of mine was really into it,and was trying to convince me that it was real,so he invited me over to his house for a cleansing. He told me to buy eggs on my own (which I bought at publix, and they never left my hands once I got them).

He gave me the traditional reading using conchas,and told me that my spirit was dirty and needed to be cleansed. He grabbed the eggs I bought (this whole time I had them in my hands, I never let them go since I left the store to avoid a potential scam), and he brushed the eggs against my body. He brushed them against my head,my chest, my privates,my legs and back.

What happened next, I will never forget, he looked at my and said "this is how filthy you are"! and threw the eggs on the floor, as the eggs cracked, BLACK yolk came out of the eggs,and a rotten stench filled the room. But wait, there's more: He picked up the cracked eggs,and threw them into an empty trash bag and I saw the bag was empty with my own eyes. The bag started to squirm and wiggle, and he told me "look inside" , I looked,and there were worms inside of it. At this point I completely lost my composure and vomited, then I ended the session and told him I needed to leave. I never saw him again after that.

That was almost 5 years ago, and I still don't know if it was an elaborate hoax or real...

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UsifRenegade
â€¢ 13y ago

Got a couple.

One night I was outside at about 2 AM having a cigarette after gaming for a few hours straight.. From the corner of my eye I see something in the top right corner of my backyard.

I turn and look and just see someone standing there. I just presumed it was my mind playing tricks on me due to gaming and staring at the computer too long.

At this point I decide to throw a rock just to help it clear away... No such luck. The rock hit the persons foot and they looked straight at me. Fuck my life. I dropped my cigarette and ran inside. As I went to go inside the door slammed shut on me... I struggled for a bit then ran inside and sat in the living room with lights on.

TL;DR I threw a rock at a ghost thinking I'm tripping.

Another time I had a relative come up state to visit. We decided to go movies (I live 4 minutes away from a shopping centre) and just chill there. Movie finished at about midnight and we decided to walk back home.

As we got near the T-Way and the park near by we both noticed something near the park, somewhat hidden in the trees.

It looked like if stood about 5" on all fours, and was just standing there. At this point we both froze and just kept staring, that is until we had to breath, and my relative exhaled gently. The second he exhaled this thing looked straight at us and we froze dead in our tracks. It then stood on two feet and grabbed the tree it was nearest, just sniffing the air. We both just ran from here and decided not to look back, even though we both heard puffing from behind us.

It wasn't till we were inside that my relative told me he could've sworn that thing had no visible eyes.

TL;DR: movie turned from comedy to horror thanks to a giant dog with no eyes.

Sorry for any grammar mistakes. Mobile phone.

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guitarromantic
â€¢ 13y ago

Just a few nights ago I had a pretty bad night's sleep, just couldn't get comfortable and lay awake for what felt like hours. I vaguely remember my girlfriend getting out of bed early for work at around 7am then I fell back to sleep while she left the house. Later on (probably 8am ish) I remember waking up with my eyes totally blurry, feeling really groggy. I looked up and saw what was unmistakably a woman at the end of my bed, with short blonde hair (couldn't make out a face as I rubbed my eyes but it was definitely a human shape). My girlfriend is a brunette; nobody else lives with us. I reached forward and vaguely waved a hand in its direction. The shape moved forward and I distinctly felt a hand close over my hand and hold it. It didn't hurt or squeeze or move and as soon as I sat up quickly the vision disappeared, but I really, genuinely felt like a hand had gripped mine. There was nobody else in the house but me.

I'm sure I was just sleep-deprived and still dreaming, but the physical sensation brought me out of that state immediately because it *felt so real.*

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jlisle
â€¢ 13y ago

when it comes to shit that should be eerie or downright frightening, I find that when you're there in the moment, it often doesn't feel that strange. I lived in a building (this one) where you could clearly hear somebody walking up and down the hall all night long (and don't give me that "the wood was expanding/contracting" bullshit - it was an old as balls building and I know what it sounded like when the temperature was changing, and the pacing was entirely different). Didn't think a thing of it while I was there, but in retrospect, kinda weird.

Anyway, the straight up weirdest thing I've ever seen has to be a UFO. Now, I'm not saying it was aliens, but it was aliens. It was August, I was working at a summer camp and I was out late at night playing "The satellite game" - basically, it's an excuse for stargazing. There was like, zero light pollution at this camp, so you got a really great view of the night sky. To play the satellite game, you watch for satellites - when you spot two together in the sky (which happens more often then you'd think) you watch and wait to see if they'll collide. Obviously its a pretty pointless game.

So, I'm laying there in a field, I've got my ears peeled for campers sneaking out of their cabins, and I'm watching the night sky when I see a doozer. Brightest satellite I ever saw. I remember thinking "Maybe it's the ISS." Steady bright white light moving in a linear direction across the sky - looked like an satellite, but much brighter. Much to my surprise, though, when it gets about halfway across the sky, it suddenly explodes with this giant flash of clean white light. Like, the intensity of the light source just multiples one hundred times for a split second. After the flash, the thing is apparently moving at a ninety degree angle to its former trajectory, but at the same speed. Now I know perspective can get messed up when you're looking at space, but it's not like this thing banked or turned or curved, just BAM! moving in a completely different direction (and at quite a pace, too - the whole episode couldn't have lasted more than about ten seconds). To this day, I have no clue what the fuck I saw, but it was pretty damn cool.

Anyway

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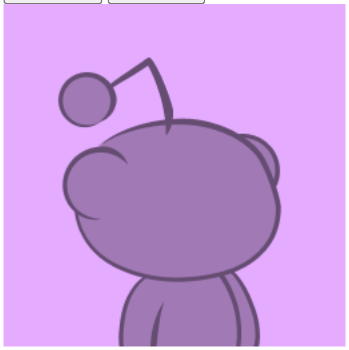

turtlesweater
â€¢ 13y ago

One night a few years back I was at a friends house. We got relatively drunk and for some strange reason decided to go look through the house with a black light.

We got down to the basement and turned on the black light and all of a sudden, the word "kill" appeared on the wall in front of us. I ended up moving into that house a few years later. But never went back into the basement without a general unwell feeling washing over me. And we never figured out where that word came from.

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SelfHelpForBastards

â€¢ 13y ago

I've posted this before but...

When I was 13 my family moved into an old farmhouse. In our first week there something weird happened. My mother and brother went to the grocery store. I was alone in the house upstairs unpacking. I hear noise coming from downstairs. I look out the window and my mother's car has not returned. I think there is an intruder in the house so I crept down the stairs with a hatchet. The downstairs is completely dark except I can see that the light is on in my mother's room. The sound is coming from in that room and it is getting louder and louder, like someone bouncing off the walls.

So I crept up to the edge of the door, screwed my courage to the sticking place, and announced "I have a gun". In a split second, the noise ceased, the light went out and a shadow of a person ran out of the room right past me and down a hallway. I say a "shadow of a person" because it was not solid but a translucent 3 dimensional shape of a man sprinting past me so close I could have reached out and touched it.

I ran screaming back up the stairs and barricaded myself in my room. Later I told my mother but she acted like I had imagined it. Years later she told me that I was so scared that I had scared her (it was her room after all) but that she decided to downplay it to calm me down.

Lived in that house many years and never experienced anything else.

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BlackestNips

â€¢ 13y ago

I live in Arkansas and there is a hotel in Eureka Springs called the Crescent Hotel. It is really old and said to be haunted and all that. My mom's friend took is there and they got a room in the presidential sweet and I had a room down the hall on the 3rd floor. I was a little creeped out sleeping by myself in that room. I was probably 15 at the time. Anyway, I got kind of relieved when I heard my mom at the door, she said my name and tapped on it. So I go and open the door. There's no one there. No one is in the hallway. I call her room and ask if she was in the hallway, she says no. I hauled ass out of that room to her. That morning when we woke up a black bird was flying around our room. They say they don't know how the birds get in (could just be saying this for the drama). But either way, that hotel is creepy as fuck.

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fargosucks

â€¢ 13y ago

Ghosts. Twice.

The first was my neighbor/babysitter. He committed suicide on Prom night when I was 10. The next night, I snuck downstairs in the dark (as to not wake up my parents) to pillage some brownies or cookies or something and when I got to the bottom of the stairs, there was a green-white figure laying on the floor in front of the TV, fiddling with the VCR, just like he always did whenever he watched us.

When it turned around, I saw it was him. He smiled and then faded away. I nearly pissed myself.

The second was my grandfather, who died when I was one, appearing out of the woods behind our house while I was looking out the window one summer night when I couldn't sleep. He did the same thing as the first, looked up at me, smiled, and faded away.

I had an active imagination as a kid, so it could be that I simply "imagined" these figures. I had a lot of imaginary friends and shit. To the point that I used to keep myself occupied all day in our woods, constructing complex fantasies and stories all by myself (we lived in the middle of nowhere).

But these felt much different. I still get a stone in the pit of my stomach when I think of them.

Reply Share

taketheRedPill7
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 7 years old my family and I were driving home from my grandmother's house in White Plains New York. We were driving north toward Croton falls when a white orb of light starting flying over our car. other cars were there, surely they saw but there was no question, this "orb of light" about the size of a basketball was following my car. I was in the back with my sister to my left while my dad drove and my mother was in the passenger seat. each of us saw the orb through our sun roof and naturally wondered what it could be. then, like some choreographed dance the orb starting rotating counter clockwise over our car as we were driving at least 60mph. as it was doing this, in the only way I could describe, there was this asexually budding effect and the orb divided into a second, then, third and fourth until there were 5 or six equally sized white orbs rotating counter clockwise over our car. these orbs continued to follow us off the highway. at this point my sister was hysterically crying, I was ensnared in awe and wonder and my skeptical astronomer father was trying to figure out an explanation. I literally wanted to reach out of my roof and touch these things. they were very close but at the moment I couldn't say exactly how close. as we got off the highway, we were still being followed. they made no noise whatsoever and were just rotating counterclockwise the entire time. we made it to my house and horrifying at this point to my sister and mom they were will still there. my dad ran out the car threw me over the shoulder. my mom did the same for my sister and we looked up at this point I was able to say the orbs were about 90-100ft above my car in my driveway. we got to our front door, they still hovered above my car and we jus started and watched them l fly off into a westward direction. not a sound made. never saw them again. never look at the sky the same. scarred for life.

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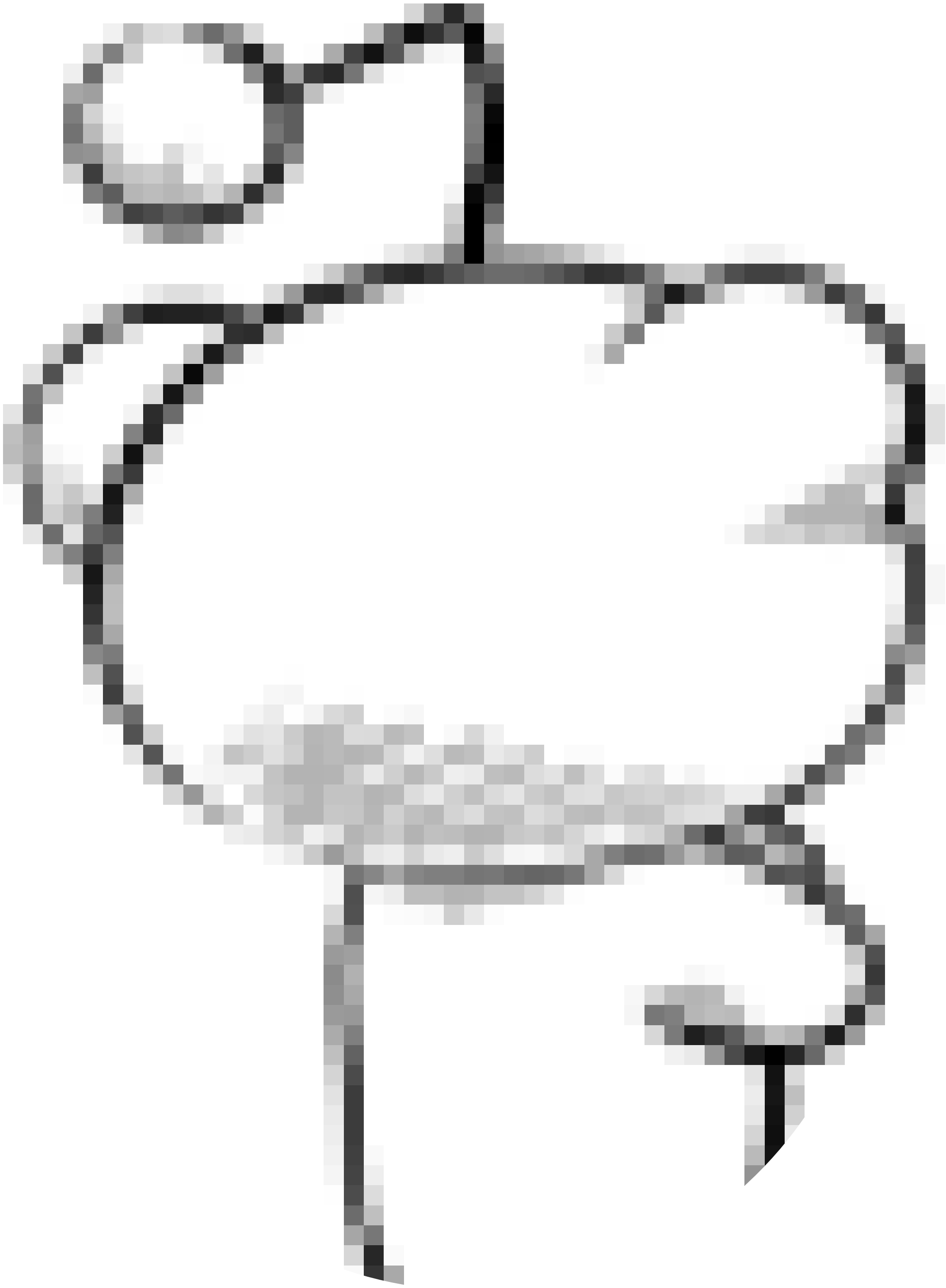

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â€¢ 13y ago

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eggyoke
â€¢ 13y ago

Oh i have some stories to share. I've never experienced anything but have heard many stories from my brother's friends. This one fellow who was always angry and irritated at his family and everyone. Would swear a lot and be vulgar in behaviour. So this Asian family hires a renowned ghost specialist to have a look at his home. He walked in and immediately walks towards the corners of his home and saying a chat. At this time Bros friend goes crazy and cusses at the guy saying he's full of it and that he's a con man then goes back in his own room. The specialist has a word with the mother and says to her "your son is not himself and it is not his fault" he then divulges that there are not one but two spirits living in his apartment , that were angry as hell. The specialist continued with his rituals. He stood there saying nothing and doing nothing eyes shut. Then suddenly bursts out of the apartment and goes on the elevator and out the street, all the while my friend thinking he's wack. He comes back up and puts a charm in the front door. He said that the spirits were trying to come back in the home. Apparently the specialist sucked the spirits into his belly and ran out to the street to release them. Then spirits tired to come back up via elevator:/
Afterwards my friend was much less angrier and felt less heated than before. This is when he realised that these things exist. I have more stories from others if you all are interested. This is my first post I believe. Lurker since :)

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DatRatchet
â€¢ 13y ago

Back when I was younger I was in the boy scouts where the chaplain was also the minister of the Church my family attended. After a day of boy scout stuff (learning rope knots, going through drills, making camping plans, etc typical boy scout stuff) we were going home. The chaplain drives me home since my parents worked past the time boy scout meetings were over and the chaplain/minister was obviously a volunteering person. This day he got a phone call to his cell phone as we're about to get in the car and leave and I only hear the chaplain's side of the conversation which was pretty much just "alright, I'll come over with a group and we'll pray for her." The group was him, me, and his son.

So I knew we were going to someone's house to pray for some lady (I knew it was some adult woman because of the dialect he was speaking in), but it turned out way different.

When we got there we started hearing groans/yelling from a female voice. The chaplain knocked on the door and and the guy that called him (the lady's husband) ran to the door and opened it and said "she's yelling now!" and starts running over to her and the chaplain followed and as they were running over he said "I have a confession! I'm so sorry!" and then we all got to the bedroom where she was and she was screaming and groaning really loudly. The man said "when I went to Viet Nam I bought that ornament" and he pointed at a wood kind of display thing with miniature gourd bottle, a musical instrument (i forgot what it's called but it's a Vietnamese/Chinese sort of violin-like instrument), and a pig on it. It was a trinket that a lot of Vietnamese people buy and put in their house, but he said "I knew that she was cheating on me so to spite her I bought that from an old lady that said it was cursed." The minister was freaked out, but tries to calm the woman down. However, she just kept cringing around on her bed while moaning loudly. Then he said to the man that she is possessed. Then he told me and his son to wait outside and he went to his car and grabbed a bible, a cross, and a holy bible then goes back inside telling us again to stay outside.

His son and I were freaked the fuck out. I had never seen anything so bat-shit insane in my life before and I was only 13/14 years old so I was scared to shits. About a minute later I hear the woman screaming at the top of her lungs and the minister praying in Vietnamese trying to be louder than her. Then about a couple minutes after that the door opens in front of us (as we were only a couple feet from the door just standing there wondering wtf is going on) and there is a metal trash can near us. The minister has the ornament in one hand and his bottle of holy water and a stick that was on fire and he throws the ornament in then throws the stick (pretty much a torch) and the bottle of holy water in and the entire thing shoots flame. The scarier part was that we hear a roar from the trash can that lasts about 15 seconds. Then it's calm inside the house.

The minister told me on the car ride back to not talk about what happened to anyone.

I'm an atheist now, but when I think about what happened I start to wonder if there's actually a God, or at least a Devil of some sort.

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wing-span
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened to me last week. Usually my husband leaves for work before me, as he works 1st first and I work 2nd. So this particular morning after my husband left for work, our alarm went off again and woke me up. I hit the snooze button and closed my eyes to try to fall back asleep. In the quiet and stillness of the morning, I heard shuffling down the hallway outside our bedroom, like my husband had come back home and was walking down our hallway with his socks on. I heard the sounds stop outside our bedroom door. I thought maybe he forgot something. I opened my eyes and saw a gray blur at the foot of my bed, but thought it was just due to my dry contact lens, since I slept with them in. I blinked a few times to try to see if the gray blur would go away but eventually just gave up and I turned my attention to our bedroom door, waiting for him to walk in. I waited but there was just silence. At this point, I was a little creeped out. Then all of a sudden, right next to me, a male voice says "Dad..." Inside my head I was like, is this really happening right now? I looked to my side and nothing. Then the voice says again "My dad..." Before he was able to finish what he was saying I thought to myself, this is sleep paralysis and I bet if I tried to get up, I wouldn't be able to. So I sat right up but felt no resistance. Everything just stopped right then and the house was quiet again. I called my husband at work and told him about it. Creeped him out. Thinking about it now, I regret not letting "him" finish what he had to say.

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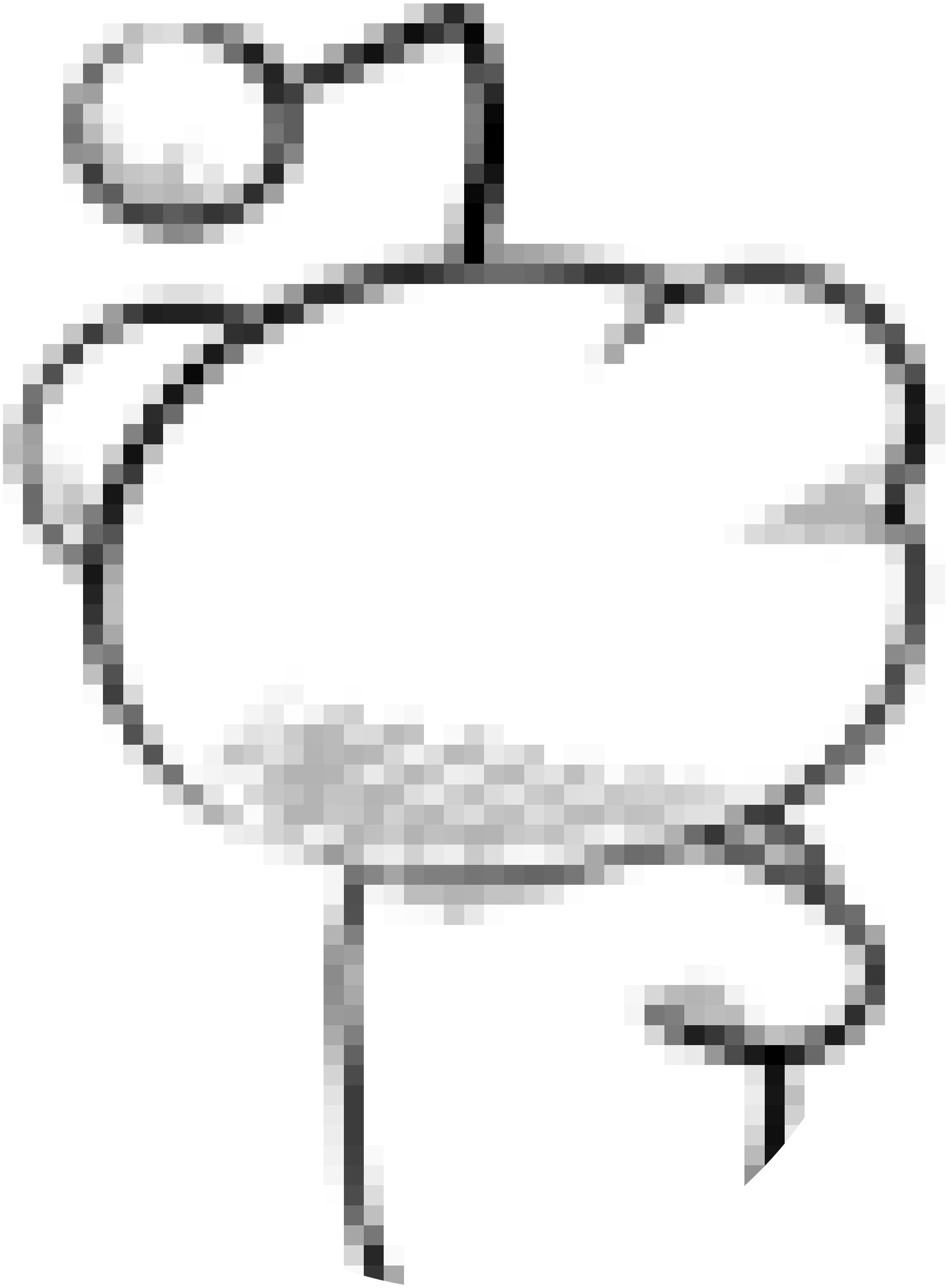

Saravi
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm an atheist and a pretty hardcore sceptic when it comes to the supernatural, but there's this *one thing* that happened to me in my teens that has always bothered the hell out of me, because I cannot explain it.

A little background: I was removed from my mother's home at age 13 and had no stable home as a teenager. I was mostly bounced around between my relatives until I was 18, but at one point my father decided I should come live with him, ~1700 miles away, so off I went.

Despite having no real "home" left behind to speak of, I was homesick for the familiarity of the town I'd lived my whole life in. I worked my ass off for a few months to save up enough money to fly back for the holidays. I had no expectations of seeing my mother during this visit because she'd pretty much washed her hands of me three years earlier, but I missed her (stupidly), and about a week before I left for my visit home, I had this really vivid dream about her. I ended up calling her and telling her, "I had a dream about you," but she didn't ask for the details and it wasn't an interesting dream aside from how vivid it was, so I wasn't particularly eager to talk about it. It just kinda made me miss her more, so I was bummed when my mother rattled out every reason and excuse in the world why she probably wouldn't be able to see me when I visited.

Fast forward to Dec 23. I'd flown home a few days earlier and was staying with my grandmother. Quite unexpectedly, my mother called and invited me over for dinner. I was stupidly excited (cringing at my youthful naivety here), but it didn't take long for me to feel really, really uncomfortable about being in my mother's home. It was really, really weird for me to be there in a home that was my mother's and my brother's and not mine. I'd never lived there. It was this tiny, cold, two-bedroom apartment on the basement level of an apartment building in a shitty part of a town, and I stupidly felt guilty that they lived there, since I'd sort of been the reason my mother's boyfriend/former financial supporter was presently incarcerated.

I felt like an idiot for agreeing to go over when all I wanted to do from the second I got there was leave. I managed to get through dinner, some talk about nothing of any consequence, and about an hour of TV with my little brother who I hardly recognized anymore before I really, really wanted to leave. My mother had pretty much disappeared right after dinner, so I went to find her. She was in her bedroom wrapping presents, and when I asked if she'd drive me back to my grandmother's, she told me soon and asked if I'd help her wrap some gifts.

She told me to sit down with my back to the door so my brother couldn't come in. I did so, and then out of nowhere, I got this really awful sense of impending doom. Just flat out, inexplicable dread. I was kneeling there in this room I'd never been in before, paralysed by this feeling, looking along this built-in mantle that ran along the two walls opposite the door (in the corner). I remember thinking something along the lines of "Why is this *wrong*? What's *wrong*?" Out of the corner of my eye, I could see my mother reaching into her closet, taking something out and putting it beside me on the floor. She then said, "Can you wrap these? They're for your brother. I think they might be a little old for him, but we'll see." It was a stack of Fear Street books, and the second I looked at them, I shot up and just stood there, totally freaked out.

It was my dream, exactly - the same room, the exact same words spoken by my mother, and the same books, placed in the same place beside me. The only difference between this reality and the dream I'd had a few weeks earlier (effectively forgotten for its seeming irrelevance) was the utterly paralysing fear. I don't remember feeling like that in the dream, but I was terrified beyond all reason as it unfolded, even before I realized what was happening.

I ended up bawling my eyes out, but I eventually calmed down enough to blubber out why I was freaking out. My mother completely dismissed it. She is in fact a cold-hearted bitch at her core, so her only concern was that I was crying like a baby over nothing, and she didn't care to put up with it. She drove me back to my grandmother's in awkward silence and I blubbered to her about it for a good hour. Being all religious, she saw it as some sign from God that I was meant to see my mother and "repair our relationship."

I've never quite figured out what the hell to think of it other than some one in a gazillion, trillion coincidence, but the part that gets me as even weirder than the whole dreaming of my own future bit was how absurdly afraid I was when it began to happen - before I had any idea what was happening. It wasn't until my mother spoke and I saw the books that I realized, "Shit! I dreamed *exactly this!!*"

There's a bit more I could add to do with some seriously weird shit going down in this apartment while my mother lived there, but... novel.

TL;DR: Dreamed about something that happened three weeks later. Freaked out. Still don't believe in that spooky shit, but can't for the life of me write this one off as nothing.

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Mrsharana

â€¢ 13y ago

Every time I take a shower there is a ghost that pushes the shower curtain towards me.

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FACEAnthrax

â€¢ 13y ago

My partner when he was programming a game used to take voice logs in the afternoon every day to track progress, he would listen to the log from the day before and continue on from there. Until one day when listening over the previous days log, his voice suddenly becomes quiet into the background of the recording and over the top begin strange whispering voices repeating the same thing over and over in some sort of strange language. After the whispers continue for a while, a harsh voice cuts in stating 'open your eyes'.

I got one very frightened phone call at work, in which he then played it back over the phone, needless to say I pooped myself a little.

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afropowers_activate

â€¢ 13y ago

Ive posted this before but here you go:

A few nights after moving into my new apartment, first place moving out of home. I remember everything being dark with a low light filtering through the window - we were on the third story. I woke up and couldn't breathe.

This wasn't new for me as I have sleep paralysis, I don't even get scared of that now and just wait until I can breathe again, but this night there was a huge weight on my hips. I look down and see nothing but black, where I should have seen a window a few meters away. As my eyes adjust, I make the outline of a man straddling me, all shadowy, with dim white eyes, but his head had huge rams horns.

Whenever I get sleep paralysis I'm able to make a whine in my throat, loud enough for my boyfriend to wake me. I start to try but the shadow figure places one hand over my throat and silences me, and the other on my wrist to stop me tapping my bf with what little movement I had. I used all my strength into my other hand and scraped on the wall trying to alert my housemates but they were asleep and couldn't hear. The man leaned right down and his horn scraped the wood of my bed head.

I felt his breath on my neck as he chucked and said "You won't make it out." He then stopped holding me down, stood and walked into the corner of my room that is covered by shadows. This ordeal went for around two or three minutes. I was finally able to take a breath and started shrieking. Somehow my pajama shirt had unbuttoned three buttons as well. My partner woke and took care of me but I wouldn't sleep there for over a week. When I finally returned I would get the feeling of hands on my throat and wrist again, hear breathing or see shadows of the man with horns walk by my windows at night - but I lived on the third story of an apartment block.

Oh, and the scrape on my bed headboard? Still there in the wood. Needless to say I broke lease and noped my way back to my parents' house.

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MzDimplez

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Okay so my family always believes is spirits. And almost every one in my family has seen or had an experience with a spirit. I was the only one who never seen, felt, or heard anything - until a few years ago.

My first encounter with a spirit was when I was 15. I was living in upstate NY, in my aunts house. It was late at night and I was taking a shower. My aunt had a pretty small bathroom. One that you had to pass the shower to get to the toilet. I was in the shower facing the shower curtain, it was one of those cheap see through ones. Anyway I was washing myself and I looked down as people do when applying soap. And when I looked up, I saw a old bald white man passing by the shower, like if he was going to the toilet. The only door to the bathroom was right next to the shower and it hadn't opened. I immediately looked to see if the old man was in the bathroom and he wasn't. So I got freaked out and ran to my room. I told my aunt about it. And she said that the owner of that house died in it. Since then I've always been terrified of her house.

My second encounter was when I was 20 and living in my cousins house. Well I had 4 encounters in her house. Ill go through them fast.

The first was when me and my cousins sister were up really late. I had the room at the end of the house. The back door of the house was right on the left next to my room door. We were trying to fall asleep. But ended up just talking in the dark. We left the light in the kitchen on. So we could see the light through the top and bottom of my bedroom door. Anyway as we were talking I saw the light on the bottom of the door be covered as if someone was walking by from left to right. Like if they had come inside from the back porch. Right at that moment I ask my cousin if she had seen that. She said "yeah, the light at the top of the door was covered up. Like something passed by." I told her I saw the bottom of the door get dark. So what ever it was had to be big enough to cover the top and bottom of the door. Me and my cousin opened up the door, but there was nothing in the kitchen. We went through the house and nobody was there but us. We freaked out and turned on all the lights in the house.

Second encounter was when me and my two cousins were playing the game Rock Band. We where in the living room, the house is pretty small, so the outside door was right behind us, as we were all facing the TV. Anyway, in the middle of our song we all heard the door open and seen my cousins husband walk in and go to his room. Which was to the right of the living room. He knew that when we were playing Rock Band we were pretty intense. So he didn't say anything when he walked in. But we all glanced at him and kept playing till the song was over. Once the song ended we said hi to him but there was no response. So my cousin went into his room, and then came out asking if her husband went past us to the kitchen. He hadn't passed us we told her. So she called his phone and he picked up saying that he was still at work. He would be home in 30mims. So now all three of us are freaked out because we all agreed that we seen and heard him come in. We all glanced back behind us and seen him walk into his room. We just couldn't explain what had just occurred. Let's just say we were done playing Rock Band that night.

My third encounter was when I was in the back room by myself, which was my bedroom. It was like 2am and I was laying on my bed reading..I heard knocking right above my head on the ceiling. The only thing above me was the attic. And by this time I was used to the weird occurrences and noises in this house. So I was more annoyed then scared. So I figured id lay with my head on the end of the bed. So the knocking wouldn't be right above my head. Now the foot of my bed was right next to the only window in that room. So about a minute after I Lay down with my head next to the window. The knocking started on the window. Again, I wasn't freaked out just annoyed. So I figured I rather the knocking be above my head then right next to it. So I laid back the way I was before. With my feet by the window again. As soon as I get comfortable. I hear the doorknob to my room jiggle. So I immediately look at it. And I see the doorknob turn and the door slowly opens all the way till it hit the wall. But there was no one behind it. Man, I couldn't have had run out of that room fast enough.

My last encounter in that house was when I was sleeping in my creepy back room. As I was sleeping I kept feeling wind on my face. But not just wind like from the window. Like a gust of wind only on my face. When I open my eyes, all I see are bats. A whole bunch of black bats flying in circles near the ceiling in my room. And as I'm looking, a bat comes swooping down and a gust of wind goes to my face from its wings flapping. It was so weird because I didn't hear them screeching like the way I thought bats would sound. I'm from Brooklyn, Ny. This is the first time I've seen live bats in my life. So my first instinct was to get up out of bed and head for the light switch. As I reached the light switch, before I turned on the light, I looked up. But all the bats were gone. Like completely gone. I flipped the light on just to make sure, but there was nothing in the room with me. I was alone. At first I put it off as if I was probably dreaming them then. But I wasn't dreaming. I was standing next to the light switch. I was fully awake when I saw and felt the gust of wind on my face. To this day I just can't figure out what I'd seen. I moved out about a week after that. I just couldn't deal with that room anymore.

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ThatFaceInTheCrowd
â€¢ 13y ago

My parents used to be woken up to somebody screaming me or my big sisters name and knocking on the windows, I never believed them but I woke up one night and had to pee, as I left the bathroom I hear a tapping and my name being called, I freaked and ran into my room and hid under my covers. A few minutes later the tapping was on MY window and I heard my name again and it continued for about 10 minutes then abruptly stopped...

Reply Share

mrrustybs
â€¢ 13y ago

I lived alone in a small one bedroom apartment above my carport. No inexplicable experiences there save this one. I needed to write down some notes about an event. I had a smooth wooden, clipboard in my hand which held a piece of paper.

I found a pen and started to write. As I did, the clipboard began to burn my left hand. Confused and burned, I threw the clipboard across the room. I didn't know what to do next. I didn't want to pick it up again, but I didn't want it to burn the carpet or anything. When I touched it again, it was normal room temp.

Two hours later, telling the story to a co-worker, there was still a white line that looked like a burn on my left hand between my thumb and index finger.

Might not sound creepy, but it still bugs me to this day.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't my story, but my family's. I've copied it from when I posted it in another sub a few days ago. It's been passed down through my family since it happened to my great grandparents, I believe, so it's probably missing a decent amount of detail, but here goes:

Back when they were young, I'm not sure when exactly, but they lived in an old wooden two-story house, with one set of stairs between floors. Weird things always happened in that house. Weird things like footsteps walking around on the upper floor, someone would go check, find nothing, then they'd hear the footsteps downstairs. I remember one specific story when my great grandfather was home alone, down stairs. He was just minding his own business when a bicycle tire comes belting down the stairs and out the front door. He went upstairs and checked to find nothing. Freaked him out so bad he waited outside for my great grandmother to come home. And that's not even the weirdest thing yet.

We live in the south, so everyone hangs out on the porch during summer, sippin sweet tea and just shootin the breeze. Well one day, everyone that lived in the house (my great grandparents and some kids I think) were on the porch as per usual, when this shiny black car rolls up. Two guys in suits (that's all the description I was given) get out and walk up to the *side* of the porch, not to the front or to the porch stairs. The reach under the porch and pull out this huge box, but don't say a word. The whole time they're there, they don't say a single word, not even to each other. They load up the box in their shiny black car and drive off. No one in my family knew what the box was, what was in it, or that it was even there. After those men removed it, though, all the strange things stopped happening.

Shortly after that, my family moved out of that house. I have no idea where it is.

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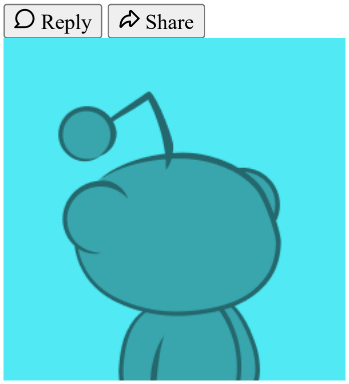

Coolenium
â€¢ 13y ago

me and my mother in our family are the only ones to have experiences like this.

when my mother was little she used to have a cat, the cat died and mind you she and the cat were basicly unseprable, (sorry i cannot spell too well =/), a few days later when she was in bed, the cat jumped up and started purring and wanting to settle down to sleep. she and the cat fell asleep and when she woke up the cat was gone. the cat had been dead for 3 days, my mom think it came to say goodbye

Back when i was a kid i woke up in the middle of the night, and a cloaked figure would be standing in my door way, he would motion for me to follow him and i did down the stairs and through the kitchen, this is when we got to the back door of the house(my dog slept in here), every time without fail my dog would bark and the figure dissapeared, this happend for til i was about 13.

i was also told by my mother that i kept talking to myself when i was a kid, i told here i was talking to a little girl, when she asked what she looked like she couldent belive it, because i had discribed one of her friends from when she was little that had died in a car accident.

another time i was older at this point, about 15 i went to the toilet, now at this time i was stood up (ah if only now) and when i was doing the buissness i look over and see someone in a Nursing uniform, the woman suddenly lurches forward and shouts "What are you doing!". i ran screaming back to the living room and could not sleep for a few days.

These days i keep seeing people that apparently dont exsist, but its much less frequent now.

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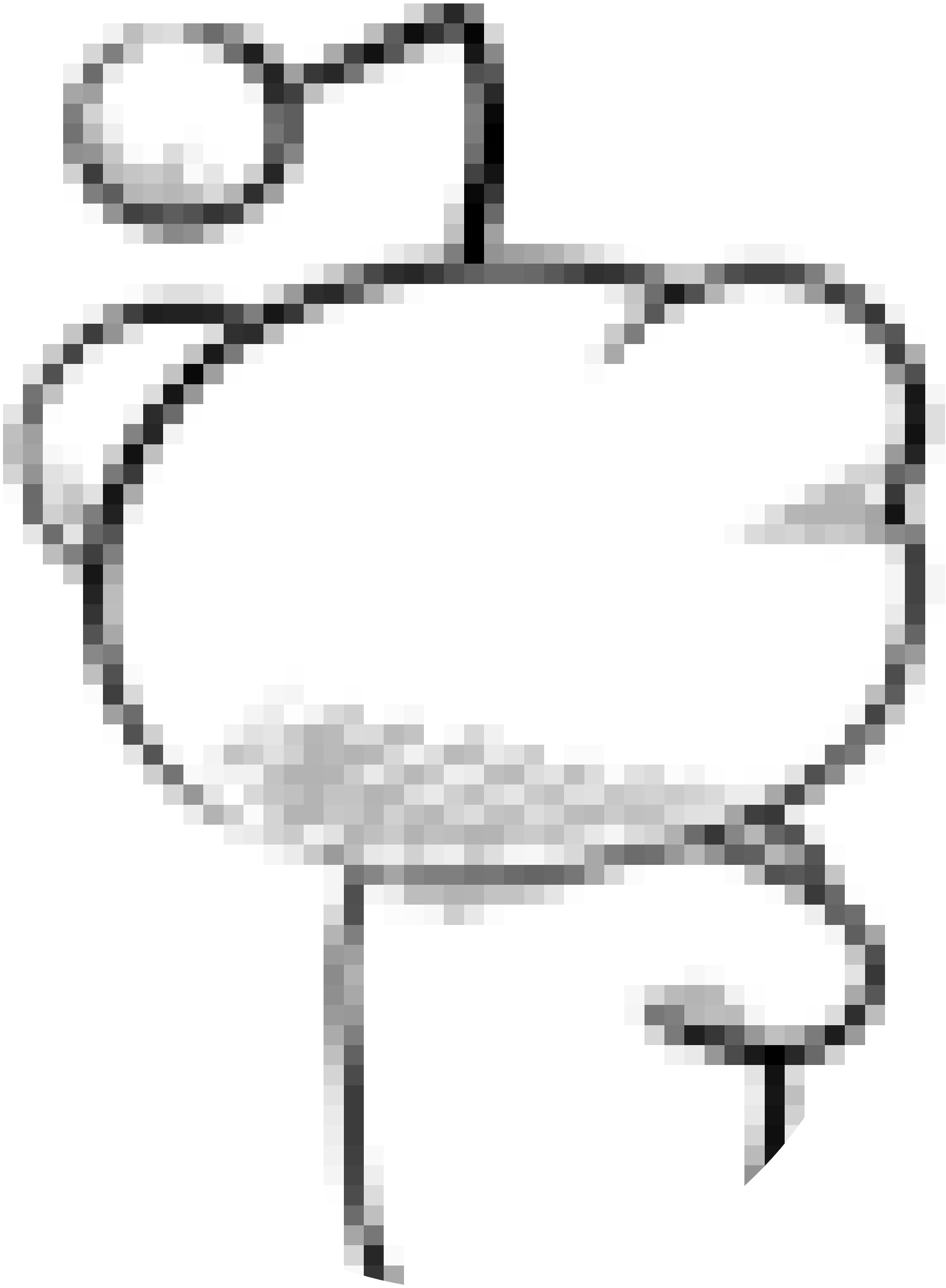

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â€¢ 13y ago

Why the fuck am I reading this thread on my phone in bed? Oh god, hold me.

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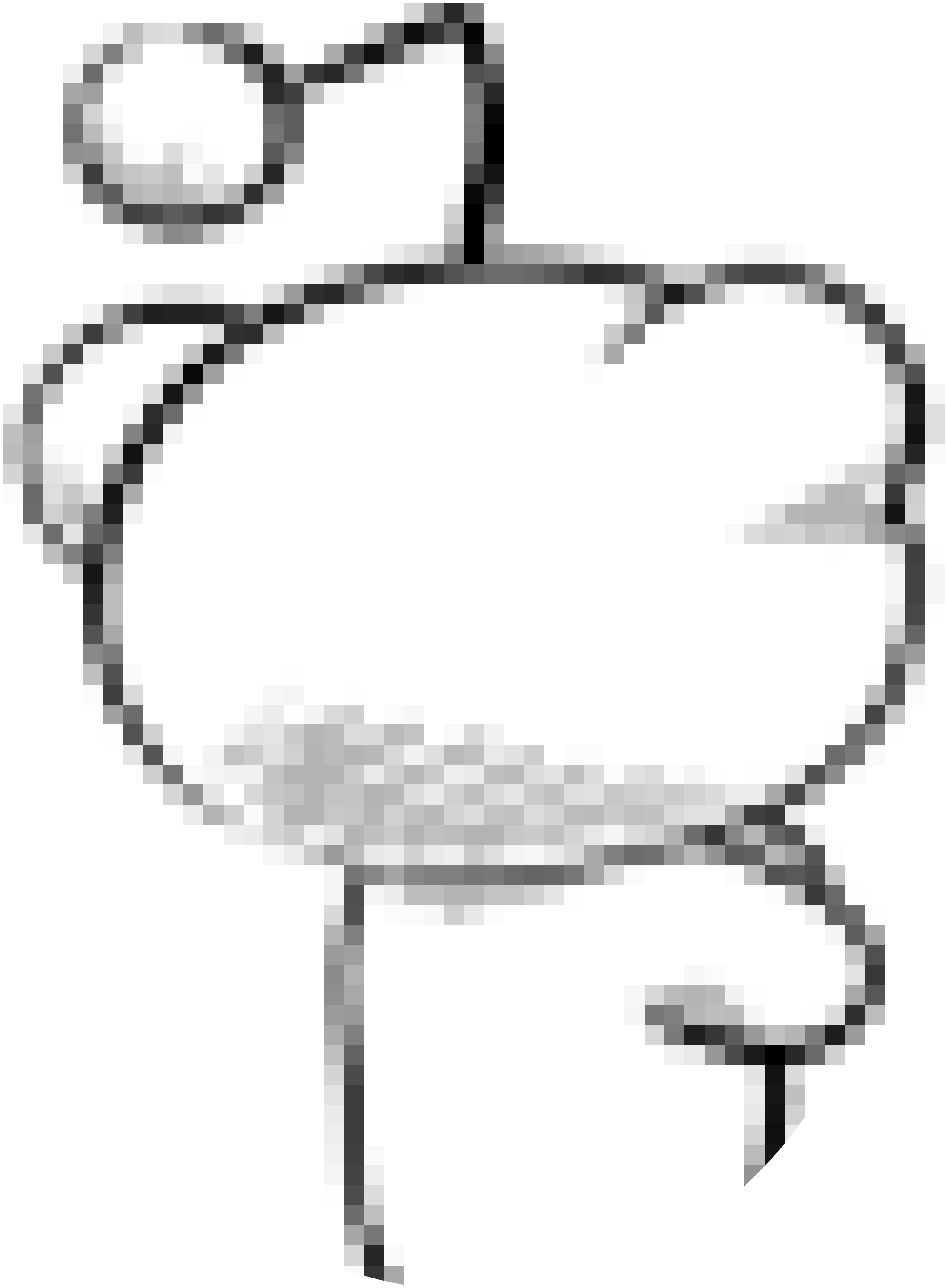

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I'll hold you, if you hold my beer.

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22mule22

â€¢ 13y ago

Years back, I worked as councillor at an ice hockey camp held at a local New England college over the summer. Basically it was getting the kids up in the morning, down to the dining hall then back and forth to the different sessions during the day - rink, gym, pool, classrooms for lectures ... I had the youngest group of kids, so we were first up in the morning and first ones back to the dorms at night. Being the first ones back, one of us would have to run upstairs and unlock all of the rooms while the other councillor and one of the senior staff would keep the kids downstairs.

One summer, they switched the dorms. Rather than the ones right above the dining hall, they bumped us up the hill to another hall while the usual ones were being renovated. On the nights I had to unlock the doors, I would run up the stairs to start with the 3rd floor. Unlocking and opening the doors for the first half of the floor, then crossing through the double set of fire doors in the center of the building, finishing the other half and up a flight to the 4th floor.

Every time I went up there on my own it, I just felt...uneasy. No idea why - all the lights were brightly lit and being summer it was still bright enough outside at 7:30pm-8:00pm. I would unlock and open the doors as I did on the 3rd floor, but when I arrived at the fire doors midway through, the doors to the rooms would start closing. Hard - not slamming, but more forcefully than you would expect them to shut on their own. Windows were closed, and doors face each other on opposite sides of the hall closed - so I couldn't chalk it up to a breeze coming through. When I passed through the fire doors to the far end of the floor, none of the doors I unlocked and opened there closed on their own.

This happened regularly over the couple of weeks we roomed there that summer. By the end of camp, I would try to running through that half of the floor as quickly as possible...always had this weird sensation up there and hated the sound of the doors closing. Avoided going up there when possible. There was never any other noise - no eerie noises, terrifying wailing...just the doors closing and the feeling that I wasn't alone.

Fast forward to August that year, I have travelled to California to visit relatives there. My cousin and I go to San Diego to visit our aunt & her roommate there. It's late at night during the summer of '85 and we're all in sleeping bags on the floor & couches talking about the Night Stalker killings taking place. One thing leads to another and we get on to spooky stories. I tell the one above when my aunt asks me "Wasn't that the dorm were all those girls died in the fire about 10 years ago?"

Being in my mid-teens, I had no idea what she was talking about. So she tells me the story about a winter fire just before Christmas in Aquinas Hall at Providence College in the late 70's. Seems the place went up like a torch, and a number of girls died that day. Fire safety laws were enacted to prevent something like this happening again. Apparently started with a hairdryer or a faulty light, but the hallways were decorated top to bottom for Christmas dorm-decorating contest, there was plenty of fuel to burn and not much chance for escape.

And where did the fire start...?

...a 4th floor dorm room.

(** This is just in case you are the couple who sat behind me when I was dragged to see Titanic and lack the foreshadowing gland. "Oh my gosh! *She* had the diamond!")

Still freaks me out to this day. (The dorm that is, not the idiots in the movie theater)

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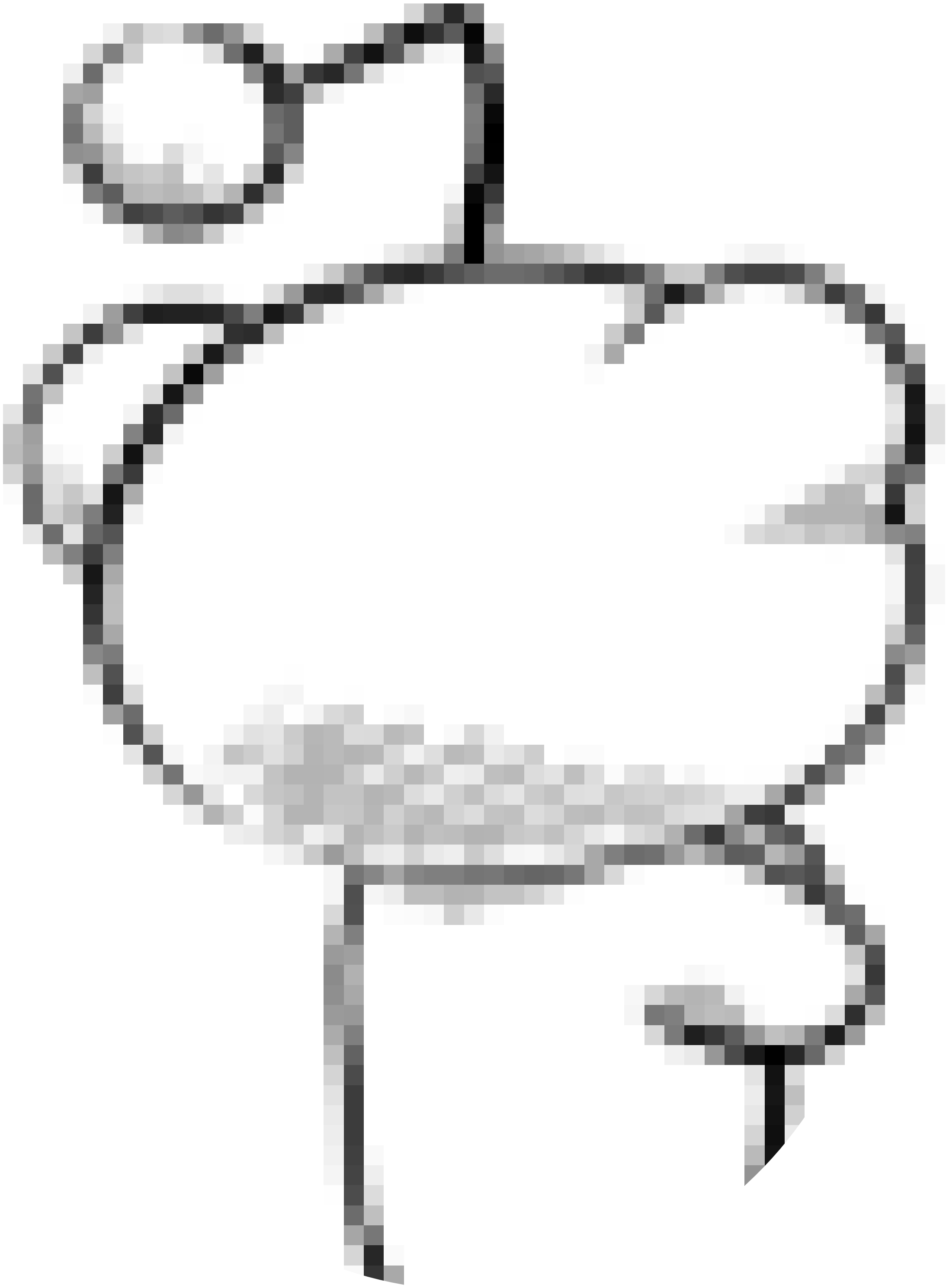

[carastotle](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I'm in my office in the basement I hear crazy clanks and see orbs and movements on the tv with cameras set up beside me, but sometimes like a door might be held open for me, which is neat, but other times they slam that shit in my face, which is not only rude, but pretty darn creepy

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I have never really told anyone about this even though it is a little strange I don't know how it compares to other stories in terms of creepyness. I was about 13 and decided to go over to my grandpas house to ask his help for studying for a test I had to take. It had been about 3 years since my grandmother had died and I tried to take any opportunity to go and spend time with my grandpa. I ended up studying pretty late so I ended up going to bed at around 2 or 3 in the morning. I clearly remember watching TV before I went to bed and I putting the remote on the stand next to the bed and turning the TV off. In the middle of the night I awoke to the TV on and on static which was pretty spooky, so I began to look for the remote which was nowhere despite me having put it on the stand next to the bed. I sucked up all my strength and decided to look under the bed and the remote was in the center under the bed. I reached my hand under to grab the remote and there was a huge slam on the closet door, which immediately sent me flying in fear. I ran and turned the TV off and then than ran back to the bed and went under the covers. I heard a scratching sound on the door outside that I made myself believe was my grandpa's dog trying to get in. The rest of the night was normal and the next day I left but that moment has stayed with me for a long time. I have some other stories too if you are interested in them just say so in the comments.

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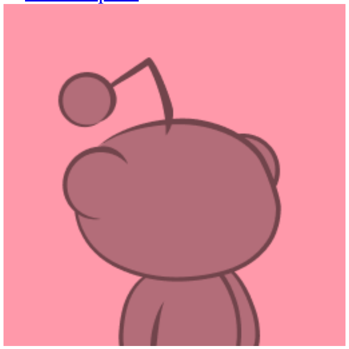

MrRipperGuy
â€¢ 13y ago

One day my dad was telling me that when he was a kid he saw five UFOs fly over his house that looked like tear drops that were moving not in sync. It was at 7:00 on June 16th 1967.

June 16th 2007, I was on the computer and I looked out the window behind the computer and saw five bright sparkles zooming so fast through the sky, very low down. I told my dad and he saw them and said that that was exactly what he saw 40 years ago.

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FILMROOKIE
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened quite a few years ago. I believe I was 14, I'm now 23(not that it matters). Anyway, my mom is a realtor and we live in Virginia which has tons of history and ghost stories. Everyone I know has had some sort of encounter.

I used to love going with her to show houses, especially older ones in the old Victorian area of the city. We had been looking at houses all day and we finally came upon the last one of the day. From the outside, it was nothing special, not worn down but not a disaster.

Once inside, it was beautiful. Two stories, tall ceilings, a wide archway leading from the living room to the kitchen. My mom's clients immediately fell in love with the house and the whole time they just raved about it.

For some reason, I felt uneasy the moment I stepped inside. I had the feeling that someone was always behind me and. Usually when I go with my mom, I'll wander off alone to give the prospective buyers some space, but this time, I waited instead of running off to check out the upstairs. I was pinned to my mom's side the whole time and I didn't know why.

Anyway. The wife, my mom, and myself were in the kitchen which led to a screened in porch talking about what the wife wanted to do with the house if they got it. The husband comes in from another room and lets us know that he's going to go out the front to check out the back yard. While he's out there, my mom opens the door to the screened in porch and we all go out there. Once on the porch as the women are talking I notice a door that is sealed up that I figured leads to the basement because I didn't see the other side of it while we were in the kitchen. I walk over to the door and something possesses me to knock. I have no idea why, thinking of it now, I would never normally knock on a door that is sealed.

So I knock and three seconds pass and I hear a knock. I'm shocked and look at my mom, asking if she heard it. She did not. She ignores me and keeps talking. I knock a few more times and this time almost immediately, I hear more knocks and then scratches..I'm freaked out but my mind says its an animal locked in the basement. I tell my mom that a dog might be locked in the basement but she tells me that this house has no basement. I think maybe it's the woman's husband playing with me, I knock more and get more knocks back. I look behind me and see that the husband is still in the back yard. I immediately get freaked and want to leave. Thankfully the buyers were ready to go too.

I tell them (although I'm not supposed to) that I think their house is haunted and they laugh it off.

A few weeks later the woman tells my mom that she agrees with me and has seen a man walking through her home at random times of day and night.

Still creepy to me.

Reply Share

GlitchedForLife

â€¢ 13y ago

Thought I was going to sleep tonight. Nope.

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scorchingbunny

â€¢ 13y ago

Probably no one will read this, but oh well, it's too weird to not share. When I was about fifteen, I went to a Civil War reenactment with my friend, Kate, and her mother, Deb. The "battle" was about two hours away from where we lived, and we came back very late at night.

Kate and I were in the back seats of Deb's van. It was very, very quiet, and we encountered very few cars on the way. Maybe an hour into the trip, I saw a pair of headlights coming toward us, and I noticed that Deb's brights were on. I didn't say anything, but I thought, "You'd better turn on your low beams, Mrs. Deb."

Out of the dead quiet, Deb says, "Oh, thanks, Scorchingbunny," and *flips her bright lights off.* Kate looks at me, looks at her mom, and says, "What are you talking about, Mom?"

Deb says she heard me remind her about her brights.

Now, I would say that I spoke aloud without realizing it, but Kate was sitting two feet from me and heard nothing. This woman heard my thoughts.

Kate and I have known each other since kindergarten, and we've always had a weird link (knowing when the other's about to call, dreaming about pregnancies before they're known about, etc.), but that's when I realized our bond had lapped over into a complete family bond.

TLDR: My mom's friend heard my thoughts and spared an oncoming driver an eye-full of headlight because of it.

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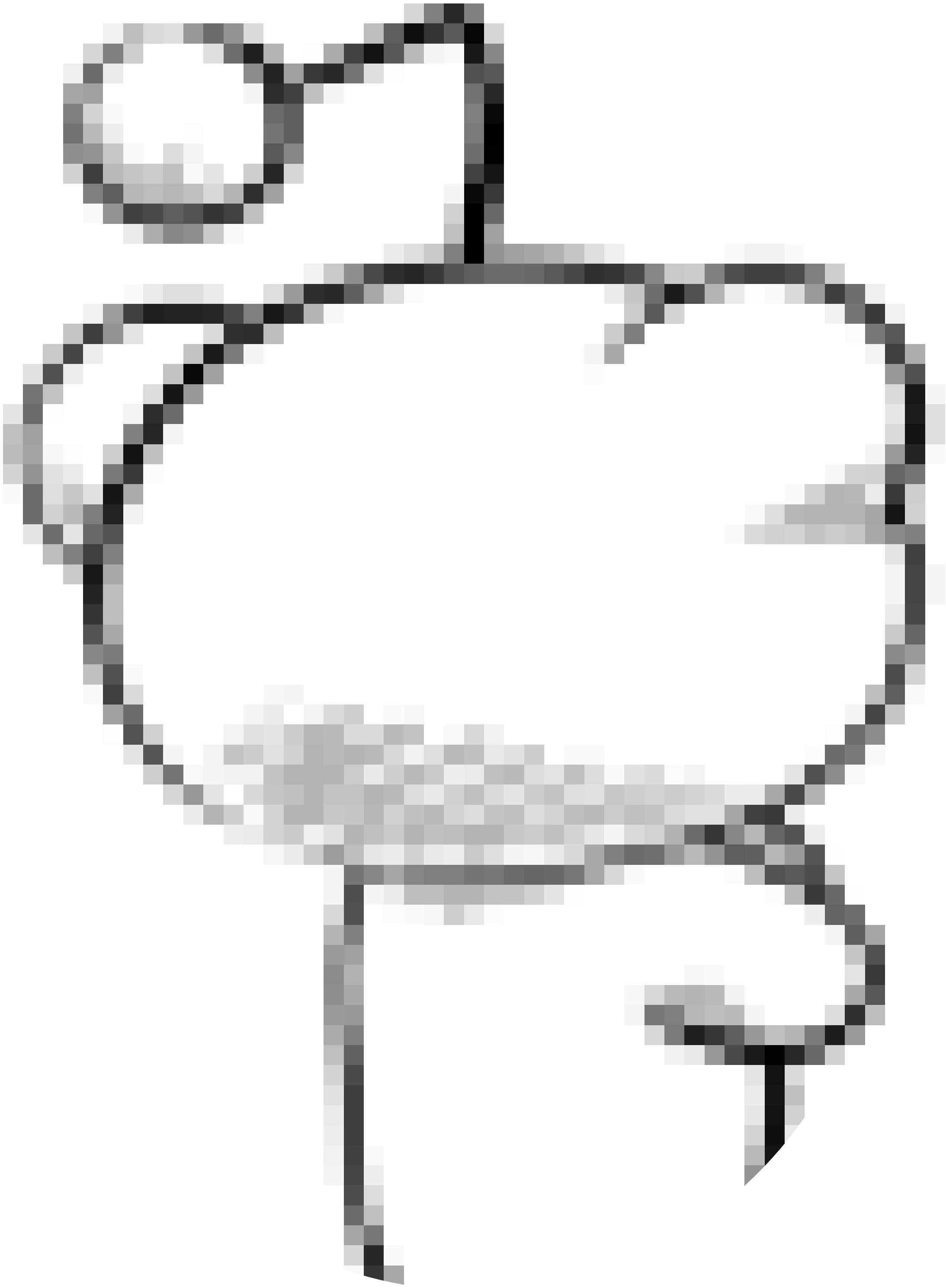

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

About a decade ago, my friend and I were coming up from Savannah, GA to Atlanta via I-16 in my 1993 Honda Accord with 198,XXX on the odometer, dents in every panel, drank oil like a fish... at 130mph. Because when you're old enough to know better but young enough for the hormones to tell you that you're still invincible, that's a reasonable speed to drive. We didn't go faster, as it happened, because the tail was lifting when we tried 140.

Anyway, when the exit for either I-75 came up, (I don't remember, at this point) we were still doing well above 100. Thinking myself a race car badass, I attempted to take the ramp late, since I had missed noticing the sign, and turned far sharper than was reasonable at half that speed... and that's when the tires let go.

Basic physics will tell you that when you cease to have any traction, your vehicle will move in a straight line whose equation is tangential to the curve you previously described. As it turns out, the termination for this line was staring me in the face - the sign for the exit. You know, those huge green interstate signs that are held up by concrete and steel beams? That kind of interstate sign.

After our rather rapid exit from the tarmac, we progressed on to grass- where turning a steering wheel or frantically pumping the brakes does exactly squat, and I thought that I was really, truly, going to die. As the sign loomed large and the posts became the size of tree trunks in my mind, somehow, someway, I can't explain it, nor could I do it again, I managed to put the car directly between the posts.

I don't mean that in the traditional concept of "between," meaning somewhere in the space atwixt the two posts. I mean literally between. The fit was so tight that both mirrors were folded in and gouged into by the lips of the posts about half an inch from their mounts to the doors. This is how the car stopped - with the mirrors embedded in the I-75 off-ramp signposts.

I cannot explain how I managed to not kill myself or my friend. I have no rational reason for having gone that fast. I can honestly say that my driving changed dramatically after that day. Both myself and Steve (names changed to protect the innocent) should be dead by rights of physics and statistics. Instead, I'm recounting this to Reddit.

You can't explain that.

Reply Share

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DontExpectMuch
â€¢ 13y ago

My dad used to do what they call "Deliverances" when we went to a Pentecostal church. The most believable thing he told me was that they were "laying hands" on this woman suspected of being possessed. This small woman started speaking in a deep voice in another language just like the movies then proceeded to fill up 3 small office trash cans with her vomit. Believe it or not he has far crazier stories & no, there is no way he would do an AMA.

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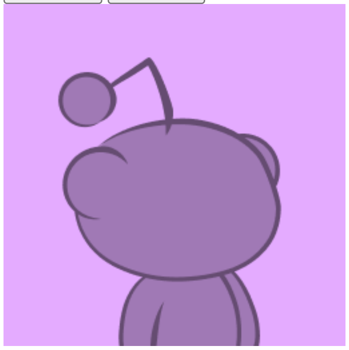

vectraa
â€¢ 13y ago

> no, there is no way he would do an AMA.

Upvote for username in this context.

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admiral_bulltraits
â€¢ 13y ago

Tide comes in, tide goes out. Can't explain that.

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[benythebot](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

this is going to get buried, but here it goes anyway. My great aunt died many years ago, at her funeral, my sister and I sat beside each other in church. In the middle of the ceremony we spotted a butterfly flying through the room and landed in between us. It sat there for a minute or two before it took off and disappeared again. now heres the weird part. this was in Norway, in the middle of January, we're talking less then -20C outside, and the church was poorly heated I might add. So I've never been religious, always seen things from a scientific perspective, but that event just doesn't make sense... maybe Hindus really are on to something huh?

[Shozak](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Rather than retype it all, I'll just link to my original post [here](#). I'm aware it's a NoSleep post, but it is true. It wasn't unbelievable enough to be fully fiction, but not believable enough for most to consider non-fiction, so I stuck it there.

EDIT: I'll also add a short one from a few months ago. Woke up in the middle of the night to a very deep growling sound from the corner of my room where there is nothing but an alarm clock. Much too deep to be my cats and too close to be from outside. Lasted a few seconds then died off. Still not sure about that one.

⊕ 4 more replies

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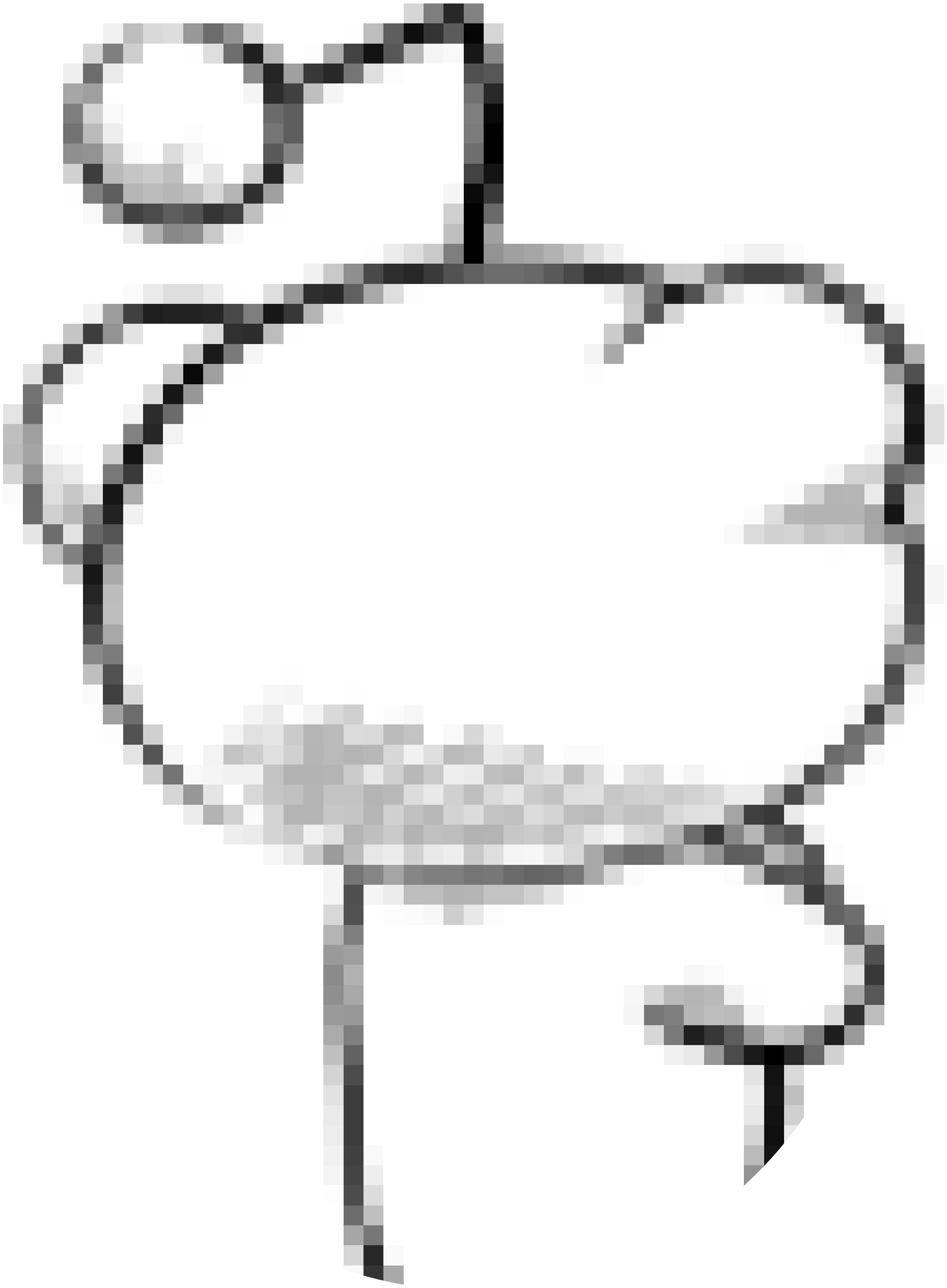

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My Dad and Step-Mom moved into a new house on halloween a few years ago. The house is a settlers house and about 120 years old.

Anyways, I had just moved into a new house with a built in microwave, and their new house had all stainless steel appliances. We didn't need our old stainless steel microwave so we gave it to them.

A few hours into their move I was sitting in their kitchen all by myself when the doorbell rings. I thought maybe it was someone with full hands trying to get in, so I check the doors, but there isn't anybody outside. Weird. Go back into the kitchen to keep drinking my tea, and the doorbell starts ringing non-stop. A bit freaky, but whatever; it's an old house after all.

Then the microwave comes on and displays "frozen dinner" apparently cooking a ghostly meal! Between the doorbell ringing and the microwave I pretty much shit myself and ran out of the house after opening the microwave door.

The doorbell kept ringing all night (on and off) for no reason at all, and the microwave came on one more time too - as far as I know something that had never happened while we owned the microwave.

It hasn't ever happened again either.

Dzhone
â€¢ 13y ago

My friend and I bought one of these RC UFO "hover crafts" from a dollar store. Needless to say it was cheap and mildly entertaining at best (it could only go straight up).

The directions stated that on a full charge it would last *up to* 5 minutes. So, it was about 6pm during the summer and we played with it for the whole five minutes. It was to the point that the blades wouldn't even spin. We headed inside at this point.

We shut the controller off, and just threw the UFO on the ground and started playing DDR (Yeah, we're fucking cool like that). A couple hours go by and we're sitting on the living room couch tired as fuck from playing DDR. It was at this moment shit started to get weird.

One of the living room floor lamps started to flicker and eventually went out. We thought nothing of this, that is, until his (normally very quite) dog started barking. We look to see what he is barking at and he is barking in the direction of the UFO thingy. And sure as shit, that UFO propeller started spinning at full speed.

We looked at each other in disbelief. All of a sudden the thing flips it's self over and starts going into the air. Needless to say at this point we were scared shitless and we hightailed it out of there. We ran up stairs to his room and on the way a couple more lights went out. we got to his room and shut the door.

We listened to that UFO thing hit the ceiling for over an hour. Fucking traumatizing. It finally stopped but we didn't dare go down there until the morning. We found it upside down in the kitchen. Once we poked it a couple times we decided to go Office Space on it's ass in the back yard and then threw it in the fire pit for a proper burning.

My friend's theory of what happened was a stray signal was going to the UFO thing but that was immediately proven false when I mentioned the battery was completely drained.

TL;DR - Cheap toy goes haywire for over an hour even though the battery is confirmed dead and the directions state that a full charge lasts 5 minutes.

Ghostly_Fireball
â€¢ 13y ago

My roommate and I were outside grilling after dark one summer. Completely sober I might add. We both saw a light on the horizon (we lived in a hill overlooking Lake Superior). The light we crossing the horizon, shot straight up, did a loop de loop, and came back down parallel to the horizon. It the crossed from right to left, before suddenly going back left to right and then back to the left. It was traveling faster than a plane normally does, and was definitely not a helicopter. After a few minutes it disappeared behind the clouds. After 4 years, we both describe the occurrence the same way, and still have no idea what we could have witnessed that night. The chicken was delicious.

⊕ 1 more reply

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cndman
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 14 I had the SCARIEST thing happen to me while laying in bed. It's kind of hard to paint a picture of how terrifying it is.

I wake up from sleep in sheer panic. I am paralyzed and laying on my back in bed, unable to sit up, even twitch. I hear what sounds like screeching and screaming/a train/ EXTREMELY loud white noise. I feel like my chest is being crushed and I cant breath at all. While laying there in panic, I start to hear demonic voices saying things like "YOU'RE GOING TO DIE." "I'M GOING TO KILL YOU." I feel hot and feel like I'm being pulled backwards into my bed. I feel like theres a demon/ghost/unknown scary entity in my room that is circling all around me but I just can't see. If I close my eyes the screeching gets louder and I feel as if I am being engulfed by whatever is there. After struggling what seems like an eternity, I can finally lurch myself out of bed and sit there shaking and crying in a cold sweat with my adrenaline through the roof and my heart going at about 1000 bpm.

I really can't describe to you how terrifying this was. Even as a non-religious individual I thought I was being attacked by the devil himself.

tl;dr Sleep Paralysis

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tarishimo
â€¢ 13y ago

I was on a road trip back from florida with my now Ex-GF. We decided to stop at a hotel for the night after 9hrs of driving. Nothing special about the place, was apart of one of the chain hotels and was right off a major highway. Eventually we both decide to go to bed, as were falling asleep we start hearing these strange noises coming from the bathroom, like someone almost tapping against the toilet. I got up and checked everything out, nothing.... so I attribute it to just random hotel noises and go back to sleep.

During the night, I had woken up a few times and every time I got this really uncomfortable feeling whenever I looked over towards the bathroom side of the room. So I never really faced that way when trying to fall back asleep, well at one point during my tossing and turning I did face that side. And I can remember it clear as day something whispering into my ear, what it was I don't know but someone or something talked to me. I immediately bolt up and asked "WAS THAT YOU" I borderline yell at my gf I'm so freaked out, and she hazily wakes up with a "no".

So as to not freak her out I just tell her it was nothing, I cuddle up real close and just try to forget about it. When I woke up, I had the most uneasy, nauseous feeling, so I don't bother mentioning anything to her until we had left that room, it just didn't feel right.

Well after we had left, I finally told her about what happened and she stops me right after asking if I'm kidding. I told her no and asked why, well I guess during the night she had woken up as well and when trying to fall back asleep her arm slipped off the side of the bed. And she felt something kind of caress her forearm, she ignored it as we had the AC blasting (it being stupid hot in the south and all). However when she moved she felt something physically grab her arm and hold it off the side of the bed, she said it was only a second or two but it was the scariest thing of her life. And just like me, when she woke up she felt really uneasy and sick. So she didn't want to say anything as well.

TL;DR: something whispered in my ear, and grabbed my girlfriends arm when we were staying at a hotel, we both wake up feeling borderline sick and leave ASAP.

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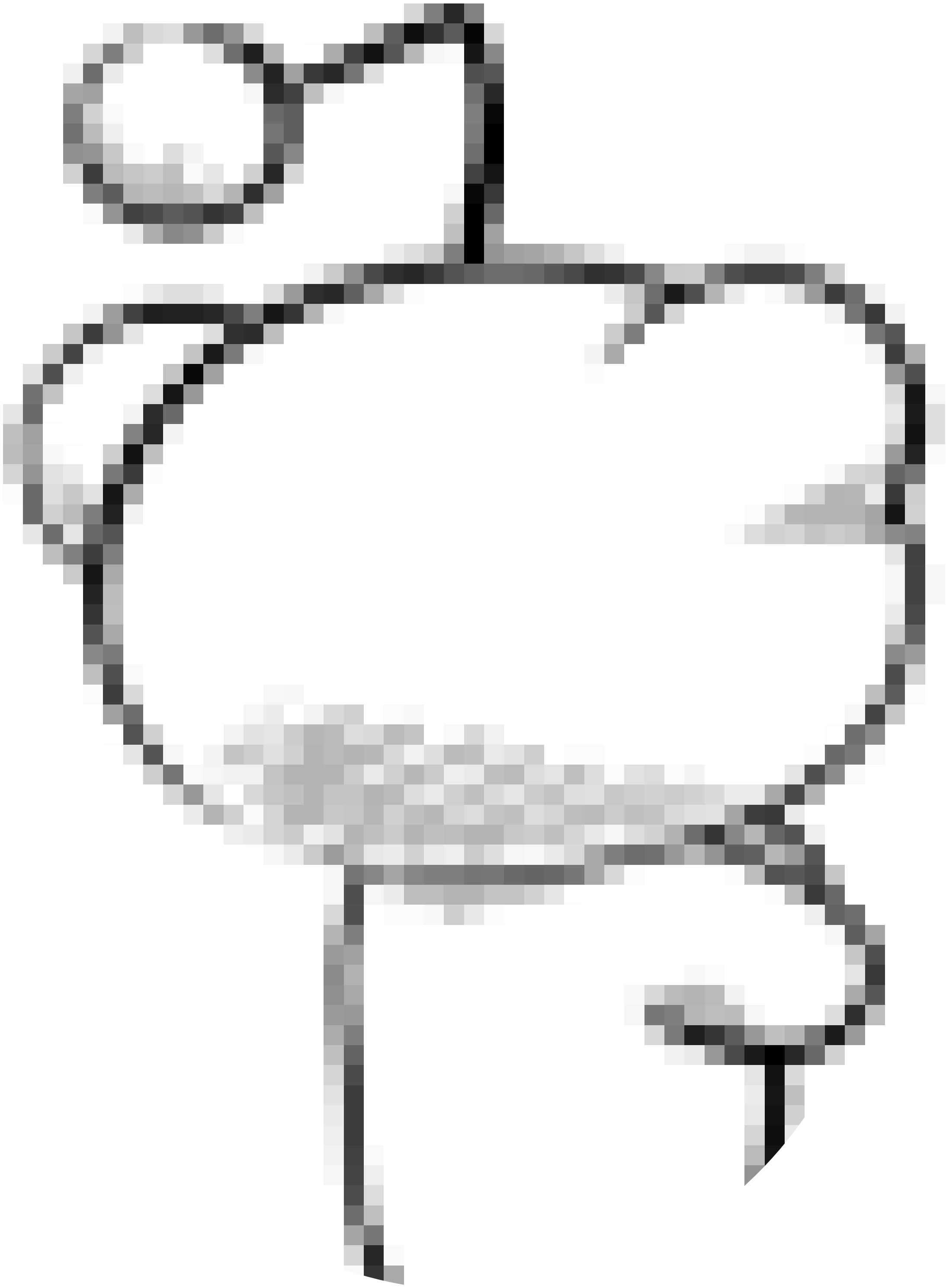

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Alright, I'll give this a shot. When I was nine years old my family decided to take a road trip down to Disney World, making a few stops on the way and spending the night. One night we decided to stay in Savannah, Georgia, in this really old but beautiful hotel. I hated the feeling of it right when I walked in. It was very elegant but there were some weird things like boarded up place in the wall, but I passed it off for renovation. Shortly after checking in we decided to explore the city a bit and we found out Savannah has a reputation for being "The Most Haunted City in America" so, what the hell, we took a nighttime walking ghost tour of the city. Some of that shit was really creepy... stories about kids throwing dead animals at people's heads and literally trapping him in his house, figures standing over people as they slept, orphanages on fire... seriously scary stuff. I was intrigued. Then we came to this building, and after all these stories she points out these freaky looking water spouts and tells us that because of them, a barrier is formed around the building when it rains, trapping spirits inside and making it the most haunted place in the city. Well rowdy dow, that building turns out to be our hotel. I'm a little fuzzy for details on exactly what happened to it, but I distinctly remember her saying that it used to be a hospital and dead bodies were put in the wall. There was something about a priest too and I think he was killed in the square in front of it. Anyway, this nine-year-old me was petrified. I wouldn't go to the bathroom by myself and I slept completely under the blankets. I managed to fall asleep but at around 3am I woke up and could not fall asleep no matter what I tried. I heard a strange clicking noise that sounded like metal, but I disregarded it as ventilation noises or something. I was about ready to fall asleep after working up the guts to poke my head out from under the blankets, but then I heard the most distinct moaning coming from the hallway. They moaned three times and then I never heard it again. A lot of people have tried to give reasons like "housekeeping" or "some drunk guy" or "people having sex" but I assure you it was none of the above. It was definitely from the corridor and we were right at the end of it... no one would be down there at 3am for the hell of it. This person sounded like they were dying. The next morning I tried to explain what happened to my mom and when I remembered the clicking, I looked for a source. I remain convinced to this day that it was our door unlocking and locking again. I didn't see it, but it was identical to the sound I heard last night. As we ate breakfast that morning it started to rain. Needless to say I freaked the fuck out and we left.

Tl;dr don't take nine-year-old children on ghost tours and then make them sleep in the most haunted building you see.

Badlay
â€¢ 13y ago

I once chased a ghost in to my sons bedroom

I once saw a picture hover in the air and fall on my sleeping friends head

I once saw 2 kid ghosts in the deep woods of southern illinois

Something once grabbed me when driving and screamed for me to stop. I learned 5 minutes later of a persons head inches from my tire marks.

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bbj0lty
â€¢ 13y ago

this isn't as creepy as other stories on here, i'm sure. but, it freaked ME the fuck out and no one can explain why or how it happened. so, my friend and i were visiting nyc and we were wandering around the museum of sex (thought it would be funny, was just a rip-off). i pull out my phone to take a picture of something. i go to the camera app and when it opens there is an image of an asian woman's face. it's in grayscale and very dark, almost like a photo that had been photocopied or something. her eyes are closed in the picture. it stayed on my screen for probably 3 seconds then the screen went to my camera. i started kind of freaking out and tried to explain what i saw to my friend. she believed me because of how visibly creeped out i was. i've googled and googled and haven't heard of a similar experience. my phone is an iphone5. i posted about what happened on nosleep and someone brought up the suicides in china at apple's foxconn factories....i'm not someone that believes in paranormal stuff...but i really can't explain what happened...

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I once saw Candlejac.....

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1 more reply

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ucnkissmybarbie
â€¢ 13y ago

I know this will be burried but here's my experience. I had just moved into a new apartment. It was a duplex with a shared basement. I hadn't met my neighbor yet and never heard anyone over there. (It had hardwood floors so you could hear everything, I later learned.) So, I'm laying in bed one night, it was the first week or two I had been there, and I hear something a light scratching noise at my basement door, which was in my bedroom. I shrug it off, thinking I was just hearing things. Then I hear a growling that seems to be intensifying. As this happens, my cat jumps to the edge of my bed with his hair standing straight up and stares at the door. He litterally jumped in between me and the door as if to protect me. I just think my neighbor had a dog in the basement or something. About 3 days later, I meet who I think is my neighbor, but it turns out that no one had been staying there for a month and this was her ex-husband taking over her lease to move in. There was no dog or sign of any type of animal in the basement. From then on, I stayed clear of that basement unless it was absolutely vital.

Ethicus
â€¢ 13y ago

I just leave a link to aww make everyone feel better

clever_gurl
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't know where to start. My boyfriend has night terrors in which he talks to me about the terrifying supernatural beings that are in the room. In the first month of dating, before I knew I had to be afraid of sleep sometimes, he was sleeping over. In the middle of the night I feel him grab my arm. He was sitting up, eyes closed, still asleep, but pointing to my bedroom door. He kept saying... "There is something outside the door. There is something outside the door. OMG it is a person. It's coming in, OMG it is coming in." I look, there were two leg-like shadows outside the door and the door moved. No one else was home. I will never forget the feeling of just, complete terror.

He has then talked about the children playing in the attic, the old woman in the window, the man on the roof, the hooded figure in my closet... ALL WHILE HE IS ASLEEP. No recollection of it ever. Nothing more than sitting up and talking to me about it. Daytime, he is the most happy, normal, awesome guy ever. 3AM- terrifying to me.

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typhoonfish
â€¢ 13y ago

Before I was old enough to know what was going on...

I was the only grandchild and my grandmother loved me more than life itself. My grandmother died of cancer in the morning. My parents didn't say anything to me about because I was only 2 yrs old.

That night my parents put me into my crib. My mother came into my room after hearing me talking. I was having a conversation with my grandmother. Saying something about "i'll miss you too grandma". It freaked the fuck out of my mother.

TL/DR I was speaking to my grandmother from the grave in my crib

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[MepMepperson](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

Snooki

Reply Share

mattockk
â€¢ 13y ago

I have an unexplainable thing happen to me quite often, it has to do with lights, Anytime I go walk outside at night or go for a drive almost without exception a street light will go out right as I pass underneath it. The only plausible thing i can think of is the street light timers are off or staggered or something, but I can't explain why they go out when I'm underneath them everytime.

⊕ 1 more reply

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agreeswithfishpal
â€¢ 13y ago

I was walking down the sidewalk one day and stopped in my tracks because the name "Mao Zedong" entered my thoughts as if from some outside source. The feeling is hard to describe but the thought entered my head abruptly and felt weird enough to make me stop walking and say to myself something like, "Whoa, that was weird." Two days later, giant headlines..."MAO DIES....NEWS DOESN'T REACH U.S. FOR 24 HOURS..." I did some quick math and realized he'd died 2 hours before my incident from two days prior.

madwickedguy
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid, I believed I had ESP... badly. I would literally get de ja vous 10-15 times a day... During which, I was able to actually cut people off and tell them what they were going to say... it was fucking creepy... it's died off alot. I rarely get it anymore, but I have exceptional instincts now. Anyway, one note... I did have a dream hundreds of time as a kid, with a brunette woman in it... All during my formative years and puberty. Met that exact same woman from my dreams when I was 21, been together for 18 years. Overall, a very creepy existence.

⊕ 1 more reply
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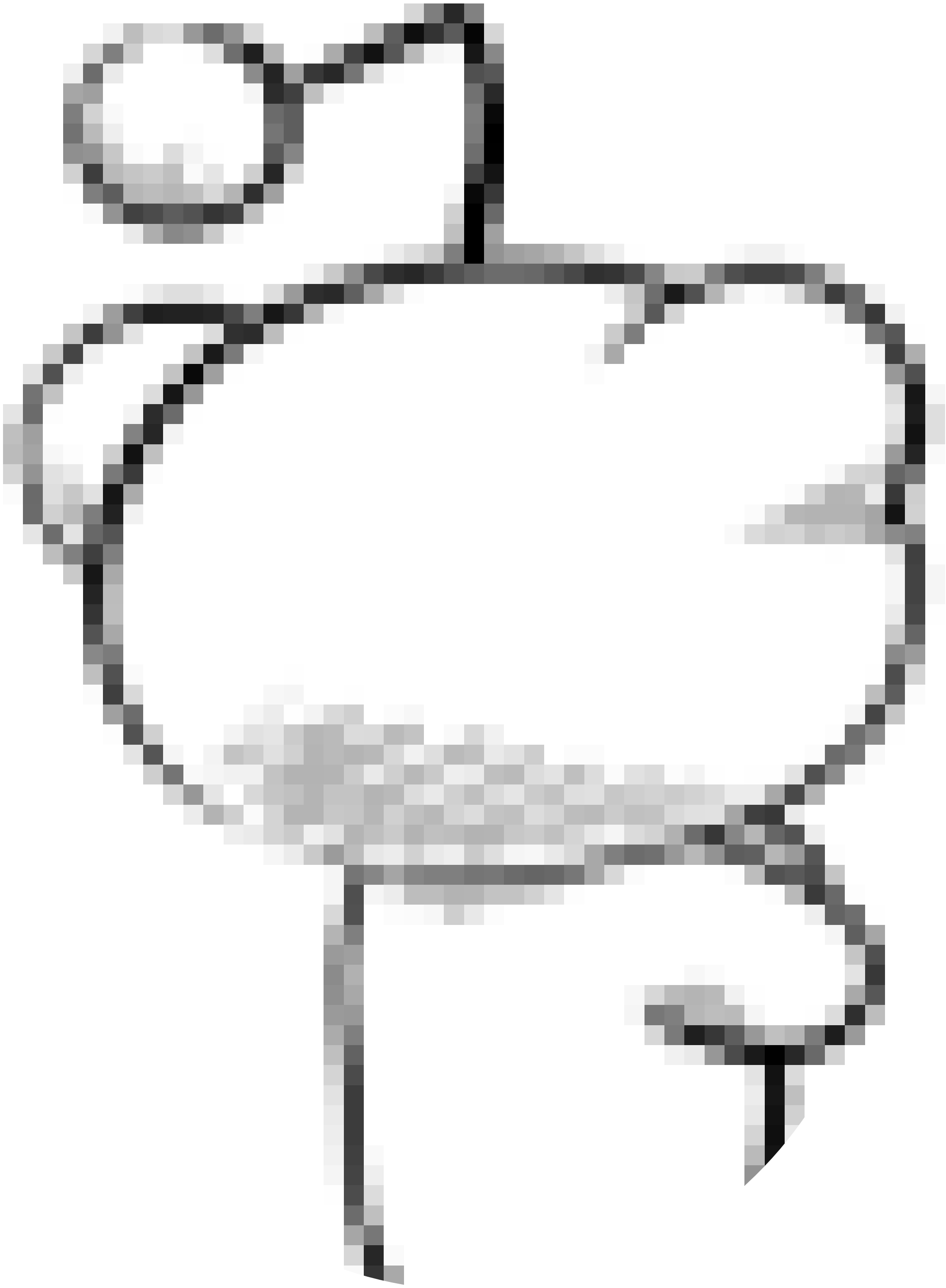

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My best friend in the 5th grade once disappeared from school in the morning. Everybody saw him in the morning, but he was gone. There was a test to write, and all the students urged the invigilator to wait for the guy. When he didn't show up, management got anxious and called up his parents. Turns out, he was in his grandmother's funeral 200 miles away in a different city. To this day, I don't know what to think.

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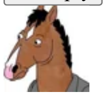

ThatBigHorsey
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom and her sister had an imaginary friend whom they named 'Snookums.' (When they asked him his name, he said he didn't know.)

As time went on, snookums continued to talk to them, and as they became teenagers, snookums was still there. My mom had the impression that he wasn't a ghost, but was actually a little kid who was somehow stuck in a higher dimension.

Snookums then disappeared for a long while, only to reappear after my mom had my brother and I. I have actually heard snookum's voice, and he really did sound like a normal kid. He even made the wood decking of the house cerak beneath his weight, even though you couldn't see him.

He never slept, and he was terrified of being alone. However, he would inexplicably disappear of weeks at a time, yet would deny he ever went anywhere.

He used circular logic constantly, and you could glean absolutely NO information from him about anything. However, he did say that trees 'talk' to him. So there you go! That's my ghost story, take it or leave it.

⊕ 1 more reply

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

1. Dreamt about an ex-lover leaving "this world" the morning of the day he drowned.

2. Walked past my dad downtown one day and saw the spectre of death haunting him: I knew my dad would die soon. He died two months later. My great-auntie also had a premonition about his death a few weeks before it happened.
3. Read about a boating accident in a national newspaper. I knew the family in the accident was my childhood foster family even though no identifying information was published not even the number of people missing. I dreamed that night about trying desperately--and failing--to rescue three ducklings drowning beneath a garbage bag. (In my dream the ducklings were in a garbage can in a park: somebody didn't see them and put a bag in the can. Then it started raining and the ducklings began drowning and I couldn't save them.) A week after the first report about the boating accident they found one person alive--the other four people drowned in the boating accident. Only three of the drowning victims were known to me; I never met or knew the fourth drowning victim.

Each event was too specific and the feelings too strong for my premonitions to be merely coincidental. Also, I'm Native American and each of those people whose deaths I had premonitions about were Native American. The first person I had a premonition about-- my ex-lover--was Native American by adoption not biologically/genetically.

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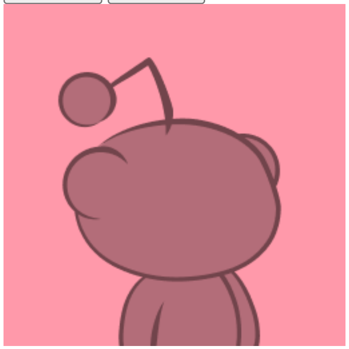

MoanOfTheGale
â€¢ 13y ago

So a lot of things have happened. None of which I will address here, as I chalk them up to sleep paralysis and hallucination due to a chronic sleeping disorder. But there is one thing that I very much know to be real and has spooked me for many years.

When I was much younger, I was surfing the Internet and it was a much different world than it is today. It wasn't always compartmentalised, so thoroughly. Interesting stuff was easy to find: hackers bibles and subversive "cookbooks" and the rest. Fifth column stuff. I was going through a subversive links, top list and found one called stapes (I have since referred to it as the suicide tapes, for reasons that will become clear). It was a video directory of some length, at least a couple hours of short clips with cryptic file names. A big deal at the end of the millenium but I think we had isdn, so no sweat. The first few were all of similar style. A comfortably dressed dark haired man sitting pool side on patio furniture. Different pools, different homes in each video. The furniture (patio chairs, sometimes a table) was always awkwardly situated too close to the pool and too close to the door of the house (not that that matters, I guess). After a tick, a person would come out and greet the man. Sometimes a man and sometimes a woman. A different person, each time. They'd speak briefly, amiably. They'd shake hands and then the person that came out of the house would produce a pair of handcuffs, fully clothed- climb into the pool (with the camera following them from the far side of the pool), swim to the bottom and handcuff themselves to the bottom of the ladder or something. A couple of minutes more and they would expire. Some violently. One woman exhaled completely after cuffing herself, took in the water with a jolt and drowned very quickly. Except for the man, who looked to be "Latin". I would say that these videos were shot in the united states. Could be Canada or western Europe but it looked like here, even though there wasn't much to go on. There were some other equally creepy things in the directory but that one really makes me uncomfortable, to this day. It was long before viral videos and the shit looks like it was shot with consumer grade camera. Looks real as hell. And the guy was the worst part, he was like seeing these people off. I don't know. Everyone was too calm for my tastes (not that I like to watch people kill themselves).

I've told a few people about it but was never able to find it again after a few years. I tried every possible search and once came up with a site I though it was but it turned out to be something else by the same name. The other thing I looked up later from the directory was the name of a peice of farm equipment, so that was a dead end too. If you find it please share!

- tl;dr Suicide "whisperer" calmly gets several people to drown themselves on video *

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UpvotesIntoOblivion
â€¢ 13y ago

For 2 years in my childhood, during the ages of 8 and 9 to be exact, my family relocated to Reno, Nevada. Reno is meh, but some odd miles South is the capital of Nevada, Carson City. I am not sure the background of this place, other than it is an old western goldmining town. I remember several distinct trips with my adventurous parents, in where we would almost go looking for trouble. One afternoon, we took a stroll down a very deserted strip of shops built in western-style architecture. Everything was wooden and smelled musty. As my mother and I were creaking along the flooring, both of us felt (at the exact same time) a chill, and the placement of someones hands on our shoulders as we were walking. My father was several paces ahead and no one was behind us. Another day, also in Carson City, we had found along a mountainside a very old house that had been destroyed by some happening, and a small graveyard. Of course we get out to go look around. I start rummaging through old pieces of pottery and figurines I am finding on the ground. I find an old dolls head, worn and sad looking, and I pick it up to examine its creepiness. Out of the neck of the broken doll bursts a spindly white tangle of baby Scorpions that find themselves all over my hands and dress. EVERYWHERE.

You're welcome :)

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wearecareful

â€¢ 13y ago

I had some weird shit moments as a kid that still creep me the hell out when I think about them. I had a lunch box that used to shake for no reason. Sometimes it would just shake a little and other times it was very aggressive. My whole family witnessed it happening once and I got up the bravery to open it and felt like something whooshed by me but nobody saw anything. It stopped happening after that. We also around this same time had a mirror that hung attached to a cardboard backing on the smallest of nails on our wall. One day that mirror flew off it's cardboard backing and shattered on the other side of the room. Nobody witnessed this happen but my mom was sleeping on the couch and though my brother or I was responsible. The creepy part was that the cardboard backing was still hanging on the wall. I'm an atheist now and my whole family are Christian and whenever we get into religious debates they always bring up these incidents as proof of a spiritual side. I have no explanation for it.

Reply Share

slapandpickle
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened a few years ago. Nothing as crazy as some of the ghost/ whatever it is stories, but it's what I got. I have a buddy who I've been very close with since grade school. I was supposed to go out with him and his dad for their birthday(they celebrate their birthdays together since they are so close together), I get this phone call from him that he cant make it something went down and he cant talk about it now. So I try calling him later, then the following day, and a few more times after that. Cant get a hold of him. So a few weeks go by and I'm taking a nap, and in my half asleep half awake state I just know what happened to him. I cant explain how or why but it just hits me, my buddy lets just call him Joe, is in rehab. I just knew it. A few weeks go by and I get a call from him telling me he was in rehab. I dont know how or why this happened I just knew it. So that's my story.

[Strongbuns](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I get drunk, things aren't where I left them in the morning. Can't explain that.

Reply Share

Dan_The_Manimal
â€¢ 13y ago

This is going to get buried, but here goes.

For the past several years, I have been followed by a poltergeist. It started on a vacation before I went to college. I watched the 6th sense after everyone else fell asleep. I'd never seen it before because someone ruined it and I figured it wasn't worth it, I was wrong. The suicidal mother ghost got to me so I quit at about 2 am to pick it up in the morning. I turned off the tv, rolled over to go to sleep, and the tv turned back on.

Ok creepy, whatever, I must have sat on the remote. I sit back up, find the remote, turn off the tv, roll over. The tv turns on again. I don't believe in anything supernatural but it was dark and creepy so I got a little jittery. I turned off the tv for a 2nd time, and keep an eye on the tv. That time it stayed off.

So whatever just a shitty hotel tv, right? Well I get to college and my parents buy me a tv for my dorm. Over the next few years the tv has a habit of turning on randomly. Well not 'randomly', it happens most often just as I come home or get ready to leave. And my roommate was there to witness it several times. We never came back to the tv already on. This went on for 2 years, and I had the same roommate both years.

So maybe it was a shitty tv, right? Well this year I got a new tv, bigger, better. Same roommate though. Truth be told, it hasn't turned itself on as much, probably because my roommate got into football so it's been set to ESPN almost 24/7. It's still turned on by itself a couple times though.

For comparison, I've never had this problem when I'm at home, where we have the same kind of tv. And I didn't have this problem before that vacation.

TL;DR I'm really bad at turning off tvs.

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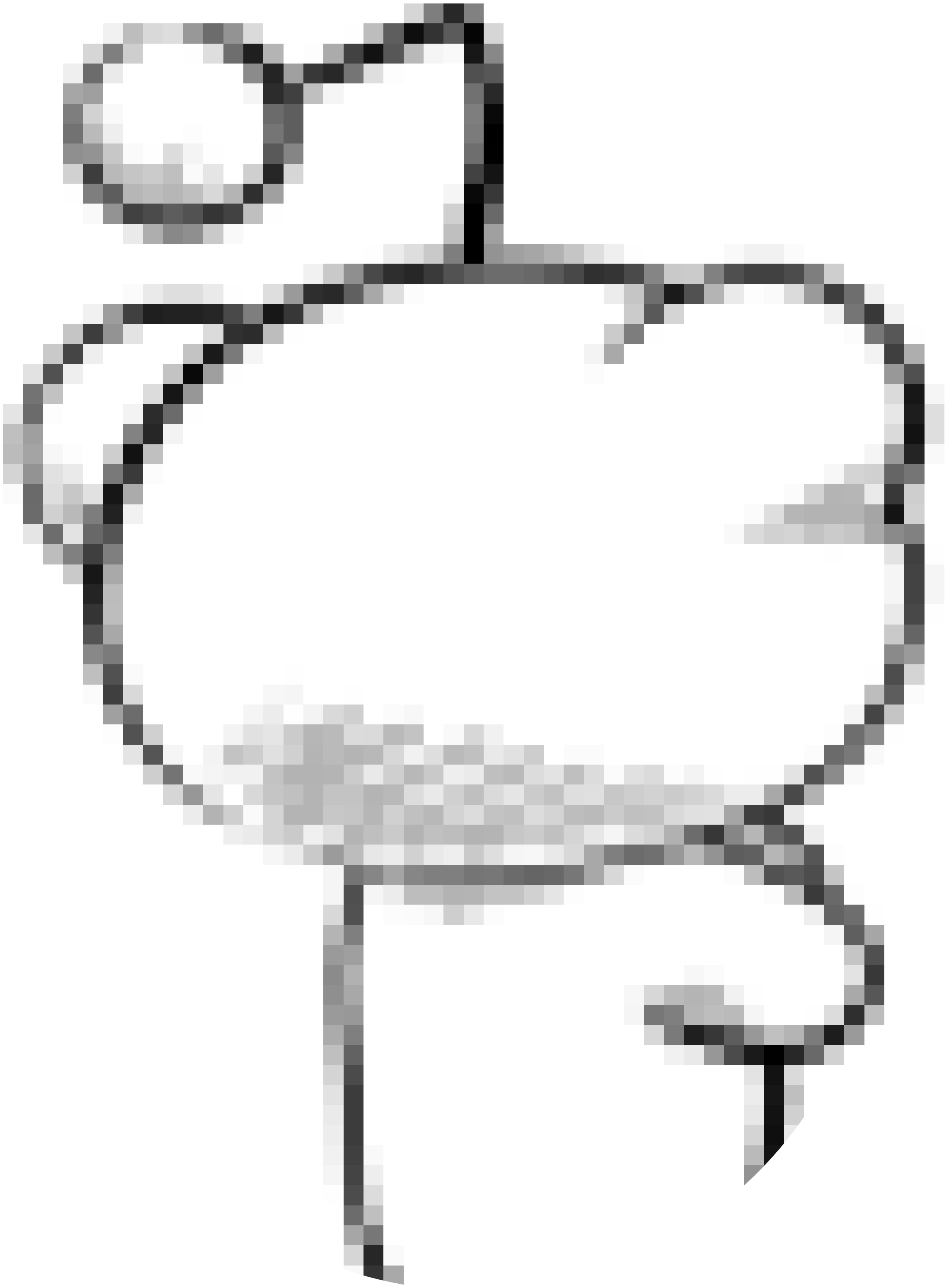

mlwilkes
â€¢ 13y ago

Back story: my Maw Maw died in 2008 due to Alzheimer's.

Well, I was home alone last year in the summer time, due to me living in Louisiana and it being hot as Satan's dick outside, I was inside all day. And all day I kept hearing a thump coming from in my mother's room but thought it was one of my two dogs. I got up after playing CoD for a bit and went to play with my dogs when that same thump sounded and they were by me. Went to where it sounded like it was coming from and my mom has a picture of my grandma that my sister drew and I kept hearing the thumping coming from that. Well, I asked "Maw Maw, is that you, knock twice if it is." thump-thump. Said I loved her, but I was freaked out and ran to my room XD Wasn't really scary, but basically my grandma came from beyond the grave to knock on the wall and freak me out a bit.

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GonzoFistPump
â€¢ 13y ago

For the love of god please post this to r/nosleep

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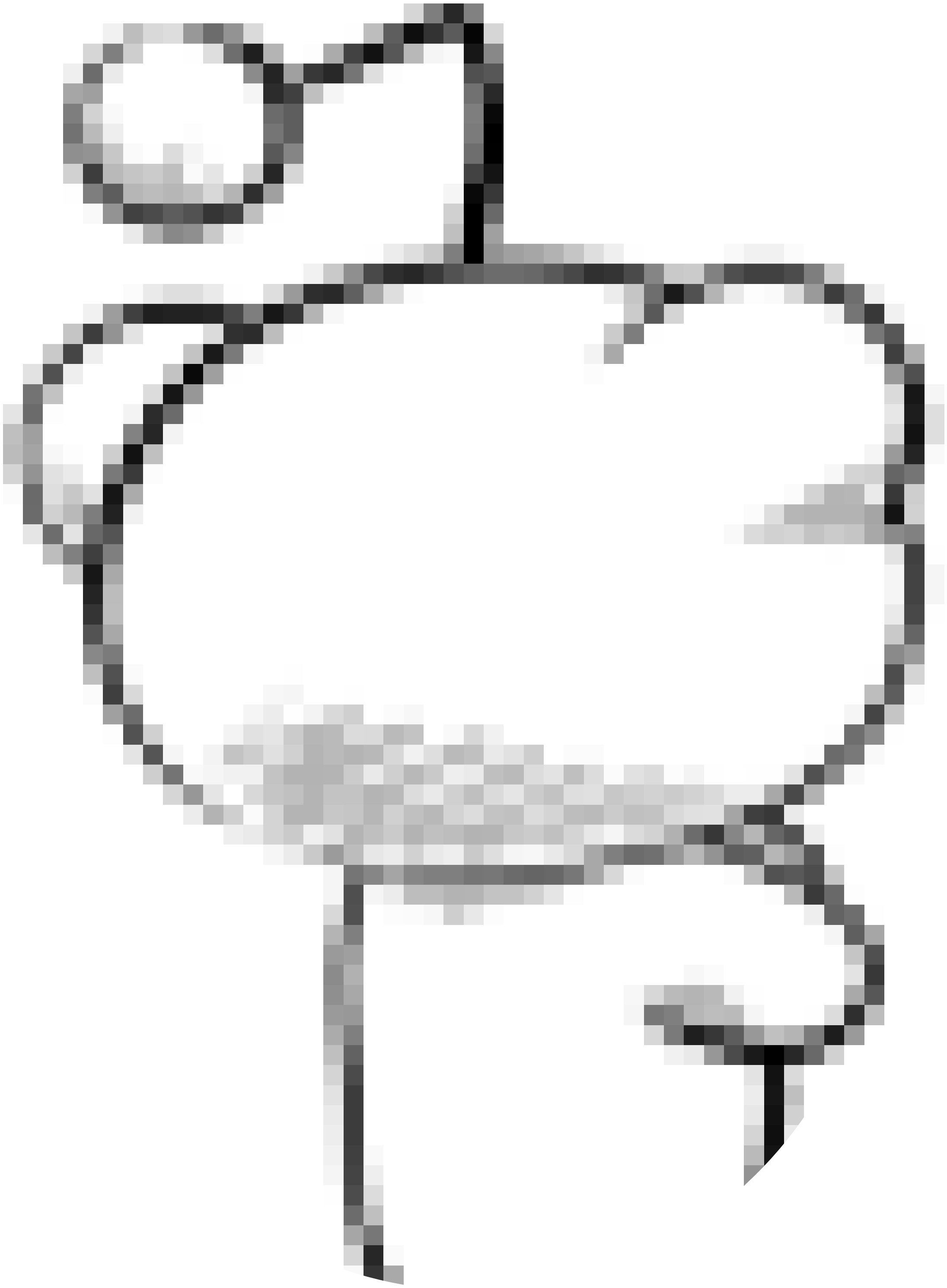

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â€¢ 13y ago

I had just finished a hard day's work, out in the sun, hard labor. I was high school age. I told my grandmother that I would go to church with her that evening and so I cleaned up a bit and headed up. We sat in the pew together (she was Catholic) and watched as the priest/father whatever went about his rituals and chants. Suddenly I'm aware of people whispering to each other. The whispering grows more intense and the mood in the room becomes very anxious. I'm looking around, trying to figure out what the excitement is. Finally I look back up at the podium and the priest, in his green and purple robe, has a guy, about 35 years old, bent over the podium. The look on this guys face was mild terror and then the priest produces a long needle, which he proceeds to insert into the guys lower back and then push up his spine. The place is going nuts and I cover my eyes, incredulous. When I open them everything is normal, no sound, no whispering, no guy with a needle up his back. Freaked me out a bit though.

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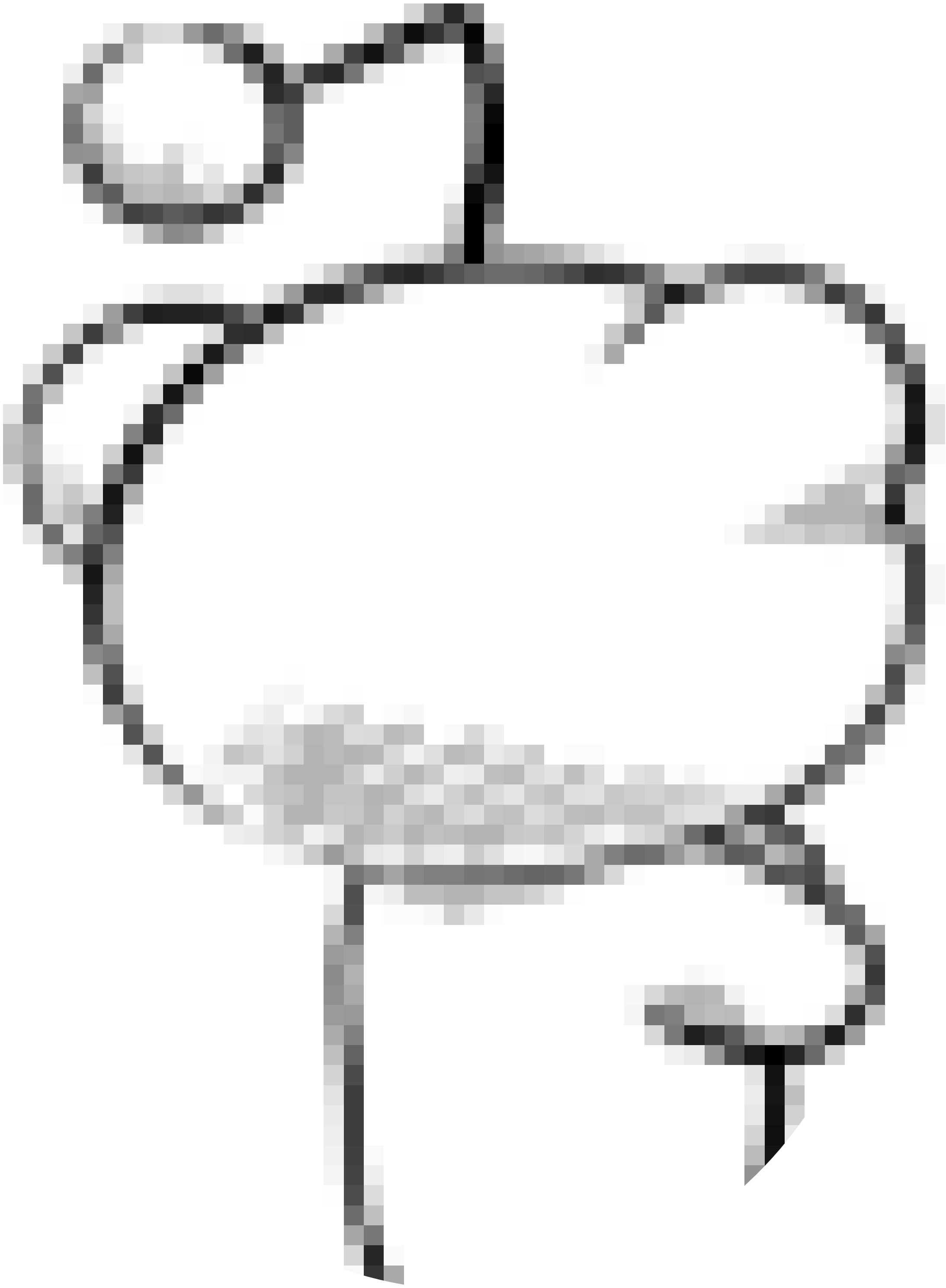

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â€¢ 13y ago

The bed shaking in the night, sometimes waking me up. I always look at the chandelier and it's never moving.

Happened to me several times, mostly when I was little (about 10 to 15). For the past 3 years I live in a different country and this happened again recently. The creepy part is that it happened while I was laying in bed with my girlfriend. She turns around and asks me if I'm sensing the same thing. I tell her yeah .... it happens quite a lot to me. She says she never had it happen before to her. What about you reddit people?

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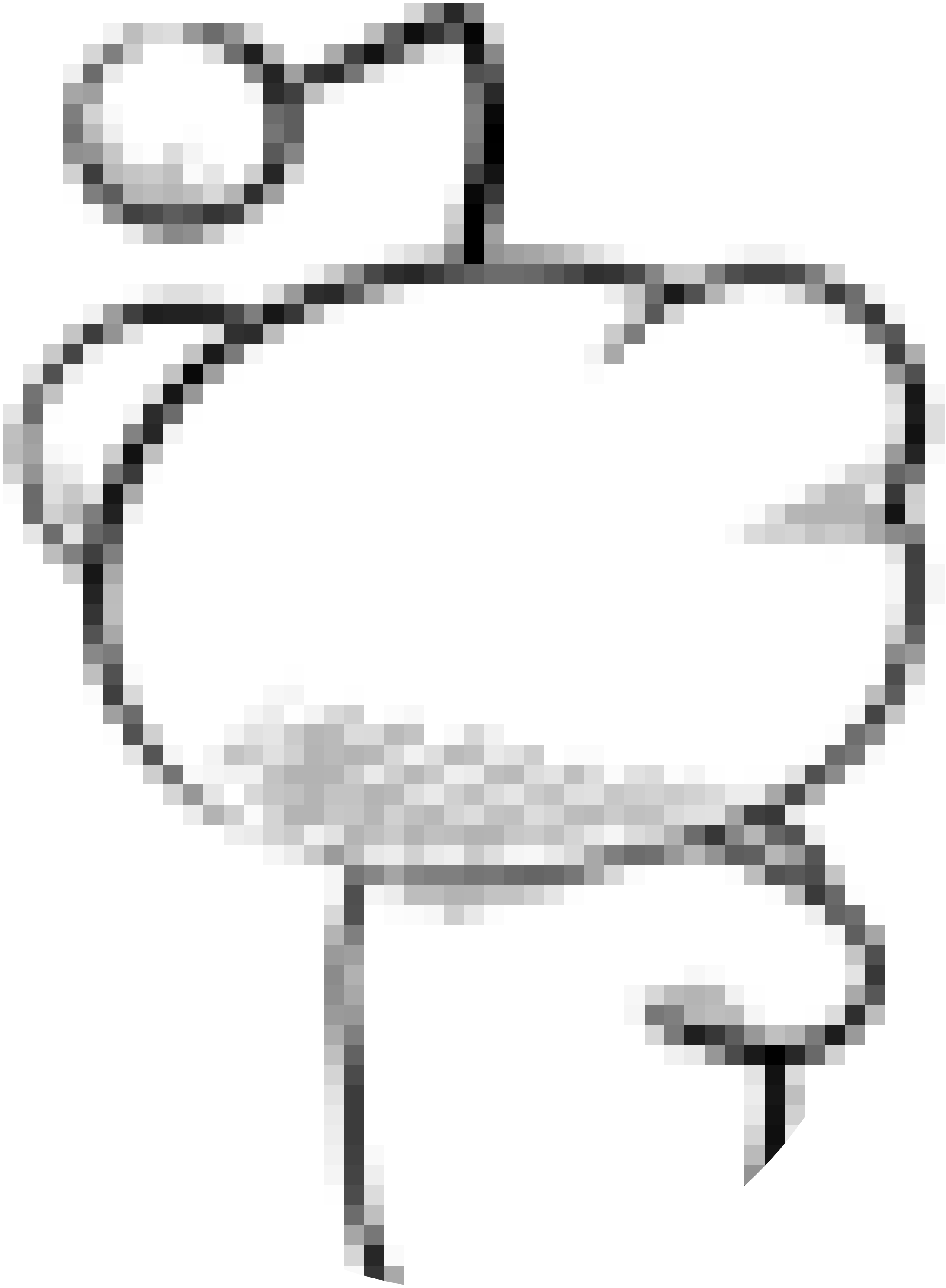

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â€¢ 13y ago

I have one that's pretty recent. Please excuse any typos and such.

I recently got a job working security at a construction site, and they require 24/7 security so as a result there's a night crew. Part of the responsibilities of the night crew is to make sure heaters and dehumidifiers are on in 2 of the buildings. Some of the rooms are insulated, but for the most part, there are just studs separating the rooms, and there are gaps you can slip through to make the patrol shorter. During my first night of training, I'm told about a ghost in one of the rooms. Considering the site is nearly 20 acres, I kind of brush it off as a joke to scare the new kid.

So my trainer and I head out for our night patrol, and as we go through the buildings to make sure everything is on, we're just chatting. As I follow him through a gap in the studs, I get this huge chill and I get major goosebumps. All the hair on the back of my neck raises and I start to feel really uncomfortable. But it was weird for me to be cold. I'm wearing three layers and there are a multitude of heaters on. After we check to make sure everything is on, he says "Oh yeah, this is where the ghost is." He didn't tell me where the ghost was, and I had no idea where we were. This horrible uneasiness had suddenly washed over me when I crossed the threshold. As we stood there, he told me how he heard a sound like someone dropping a piece of wood behind him, but there was no one there, and nothing on the floor...

I have to work at night tomorrow.

Reply Share

dopplerton
â€¢ 13y ago

My flatmate last year had her boyfriend and his friend round one night. The friend of her boyfriend was an aspiring filmmaker and was really insistent on showing us some footage he'd shot a few nights ago. We took turns watching one by one and listening through headphones plugged into his laptop.

The footage was shot at maybe 1 AM at London and was little more than a slow panning shot. The bridge is pretty dead, no cars or people, but in the distance you can hear buses going by, the Thames sloshing around, that sort of thing. However all of a sudden you could hear what sounded like someone whispering directly into the camera's microphone: 'As you walk the devil's path...' something unintelligible - then - '...death.'

I'm not a believer in the supernatural or ghosts or anything like that but it scared the shit out of me. I'm pretty sure we watched it maybe five times each that evening. The guy who shot the footage was legitimately scared, to the point where he was nearly crying and insisting that no one ever believed him until they saw the footage. I still think about it sometimes and now avoid London Bridge at night like the plague :(Wish I could get my hands on the film now...

Reply Share

missmaia
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My stories all revolve around rural areas in Northern California.

When I was 15, I picked my girlfriend up from work and took the scenic route home. Somehow, we got turned around and ended up down in the valley of California, around the same latitude as Manteca. After 3 hours of helplessly driving around, the highway turned into a regular road, which turned into a small, dirt road. We were lost, we had no cell reception, and we were getting scared. A few miles down this road, with forest to our left and a drop-off into the forest on our right, we see high beams quickly approaching us. A Porsche squeezes by and disappears. About 30 seconds further, my lights pick up a chain stretched taut about 6in off the road, with railroad spikes sticking out in all sorts of angles. The timing was too short, and the Porsche was nowhere in sight. After turning around, I look at my girlfriend and see some rustling in the forest that's now to our right. A creature jumps out of the brush and onto the road. I've never seen anything like it.

It looked like a black dog, except its haunches were higher than its forearms, its neck was about 2ft long, and its legs were broken. It stopped in the middle of the road and looked at us before disappearing. My girlfriend and I started screaming, I go to lock the doors, and it's right next to my driver's side window. I hit the horn, and it jumps down the cliff.

Fast forward 3 years.

I'm at a friend's house around 2:30am. We're all just shooting the shit on a warm summer evening on the front porch, near the pond. Their driveway is gravel, with thick trees on either side that go for about a quarter of a mile before hitting the main road. Around 3am, my friend's girlfriend gets really uncomfortable and starts trying to get us to come inside. At 3:10, she comes back outside and begs us to come in. This continues.

3:30 rolls around and she's staring at us from inside the house when we hear a noise outside the reach of the porch light. My friend runs inside to grab his gun, and the noise increases. It sounds like something dragging along the dirt. My other friend and I sit, frozen, on the porch and watch as this black creature with mangled, broken legs, an elongated neck, and haunches that are higher than its forelegs drags itself just barely into view of the porch light. It has no head. Once it reaches the middle of the driveway, its headless neck turns to us and emits this bloodcurdling screech before continuing its trek across the driveway.

It's been three years.

I'm terrified.

⊕ 4 more replies

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ClassyChris226
â€¢ 13y ago

One of the freakiest things that happened to me and my friends was while we were in high school together at boarding school.

It was halloween and there was a dance or something lame going on and we decided that we would investigate some of the schools myths and legends. There is a section of the school that is used as a history wing at the top of a huge flight of stairs. All the way down the hall in this area is a big room that is used for some of the more popular, larger classes. Long before it had been a history wing though it had been the school's infirmary in the late 19th to early 20th century, and this large classroom was the intensive care room with beds on either wall.

The history of the school is filled with students sent to WWI who came back from duty to finish high school before going to university. Several of the students came back carrying what was called "Spanish Flu". The disease quickly spread around the school and actually killed a large number of younger students and elderly faculty. And the legend goes that the ghosts of dead students still reside in the school's history wing.

None of us particularly believed in it but we decided to check it out. So we wen into this classroom, turned the lights off, and shut all the windows since it was a pretty windy night outside and we didn't want any possibility for interference. We all sat down at the table in the room and waited for a while. Time passed and nothing was happening until the shades and curtains on the windows began to flutter like there was a breeze. My friends and I walked around and made sure all the windows were shut and locked, and they all were. As soon as we started our way back to the center of the room to look around the curtains went taught as if someone was pulling them into the center of the room. All of a sudden the curtains were literally ripped from their curtain rods and whole shelves of books flew off the shelves like someone was sweeping their arm over the contents and scattering them around the room.

Needless to say we got the fuck out of there so fast. It is by far the creepiest moment of my life.

[Murmatron](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Way too late to the thread, but my brother told me a good story about the recording studio he works at.

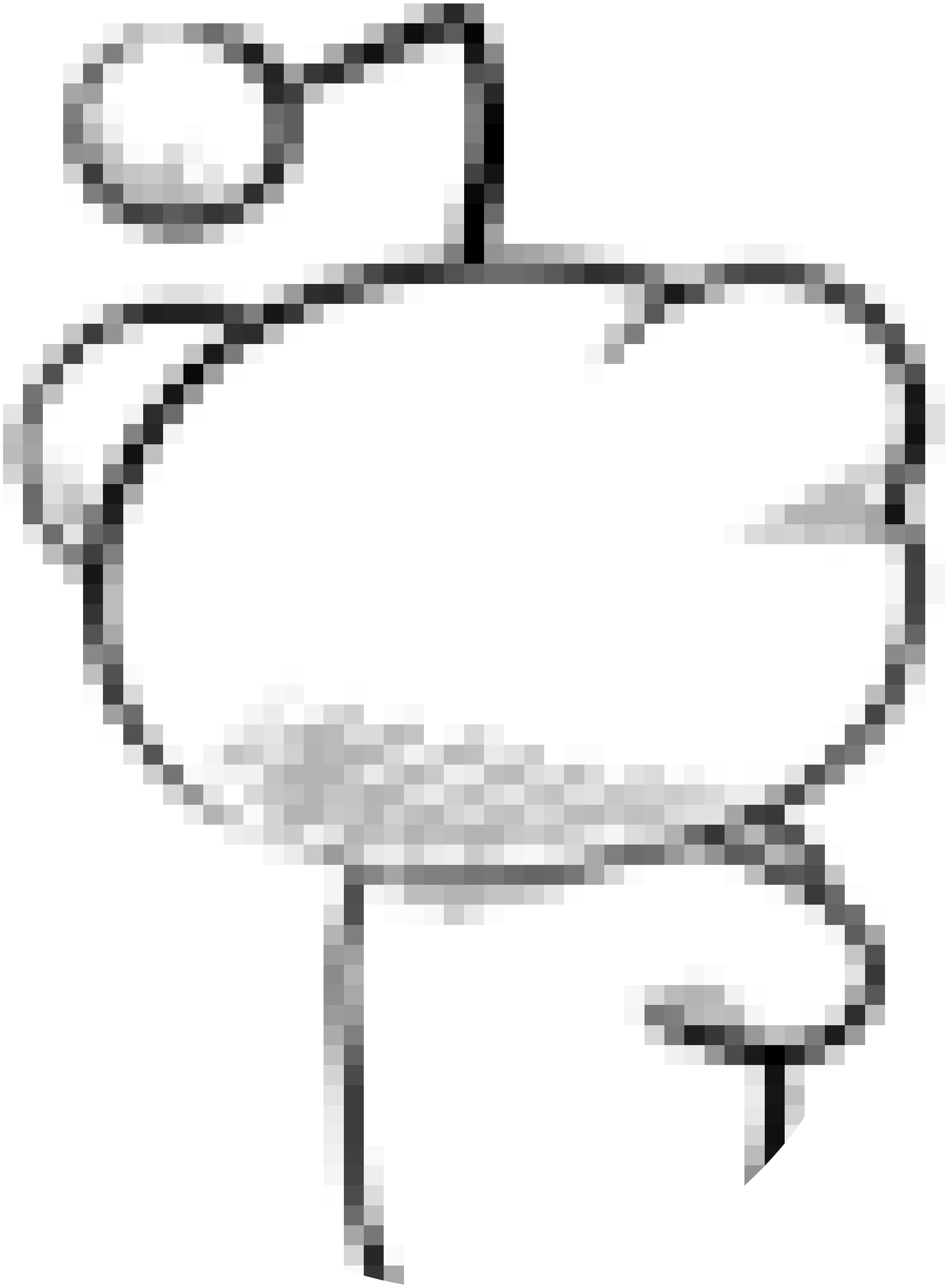
Basically, when the studio opened and recorded their first band, they got a ridiculous amount of feedback in the first recording that they couldn't explain. They slowed it down and through all the crazy frequencies could just make out a woman screaming at a child for wetting the bed.

Turns out- HONEST TO GOD- that where the studio is built, was once an orphanage. The owner named the studio 'Paranormal Studios'. I thought that was pretty cool...

[that-jennings-lad](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Well when I was a lot younger I remember waking from my sleep to the sound of laughing outside. I look outside into a nearby field (Irish here) and I see a fire with things dancing around it. Little red things. They looked at me as I looked out the window and all turned to face me. I absolutely noped out and closed my blinds and slept with the lights and tv on.

Next day, no sign of a fire and nobody else heard any laughing or seen anything. To this day I've never experienced the paranormal in any way except this but I've left it down to hypnogaugic hallucinations.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

I hate myself for reading these. Goodnight, not.

[FalconOne]
â€¢ [13y ago]

It was by my own actions... But. one day about 2 months ago or so I was working out in the gym. (I'm not in any reasonable shape yet, still quite a bit overweight) I saw this absolutely stunning woman working out, I mean she was jaw dropping, I forgot what I was doing and where I was for a few seconds, seriously, not exaggerating that at all.

I had to compliment her, so I made it simple. I just said "Ma'am, You are very attractive..."

Yea, It ended up being creepy for the both of us.

[totemcatcher](#)
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I saw my sister walk by the washroom -- where I was just finishing brushing my teeth -- from the kitchen to her bedroom. The lights were out in the bedroom. My little sister was afraid of the dark and would never walk into a dark room. This was uncanny and unsettling. I froze up for a second and then called for her in the room, turned the light on, and didn't see her in there. I turned around to look into the kitchen at the opposite end of the hall and there was my sister sipping from a glass, just looking at me funny.

I never said anything about it. However, I happened to bring it up 20 years later with my mother. She looked at me in disbelief and told me that my sister had a 'secret', imaginary friend that looked a lot like her.

I have some theories to explain how this could have happened (among other 'paranormal' events in my family history). My theory has less to do with "childhood imaginary friends" and more to do with a predisposition within people who carry these similar thoughts/delusions/memories. Like myself and my sister. I think that paranormal events cater to particular individuals who are susceptible to these experiences. In the same way that two people with a minor genetic discrepancy can result in the same mental health condition. In other words, we were both predisposed to having a visceral childhood friend, but it never manifested in me during childhood as it did with her. I caught a glimpse of what would have been given the right settings to invoke it. This may also explain the split second of me freezing up upon seeing the imaginary friend. I felt no fear, but I froze up -- this could have been some sort of mental spasm adjusting to this internal experience manifesting in my senses. I think this theory carries over to things like ghost stories and acute memory lapses of important, relevant information to an otherwise logical event. Like glitches in the matrix. ;)

TL;DR - I saw my sister's imaginary friend.

The-Oncoming-Storm
â€¢ 13y ago

One of many unexplainable things my Uncle has told me was one time after the February 22nd Christchurch Earthquake. He worked in the Cathedral which had partially collapsed. A few days after he was brought inside by emergency defence staff to retrieve stuff like computers and the server. When he walked in he and the other people with him could clearly hear the piano from the Nave of the Cathedral playing despite there being no one inside. Many other times him or other staff had to go in late at night for some reason and reported hearing someone playing the organ. Many more stories from there if anyone wants to hear them but I suspect no one will reach this comment. Comment if you want to hear more.

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Balian84
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to work at a movie theater, all of us employees and managers were all good friends so we would hang out there after hours.

A few of us started having this fixation with a Ouija board. We heard the best time to use it was as late as possible and in a very dark room. Well the last movie ended at about 1 am and when the lights go out in the theaters it is pitch black, you can barely see your own hand.

Anyways, we would mess with the Ouija board in different auditoriums and eventually we found auditorium #6 would make the board work EVERY TIME. We would switch people operating the board to make sure people weren't messing with it. We all trusted each other and were all adamant that we weren't messing with it ourselves. It was bone chilling seeing this thing move with just barely touching it.

We would ask the spirit or demon or ghost (whatever it was) what it's name was, it moved the planchette to spell out "heather" and we proceeded to ask it questions, just stupid stuff. Like, where are you?, How did you die?, etc.

One of my friends doing this Ouija board was Christian and thought that this spirit was a demon, so he would ask it if it loved Jesus and it started freaking out spelling bad words and cursing us. Just really weird. One time he kept yelling out "Jesus loves you! Jesus loves you!" and the planchette shot off of the board to about 3 ft. away from our circle.

Now the creepy part came later, for months after that there were noises, shadows and voices that would come up. Everyone heard things, all of the employees were freaked out. One day we start cleaning out stuff from behind the screens, there are like little storage rooms behind the screen that were filled with junk from a long time ago.

We pulled out these old poster cases, you know the fancy ones with the flashing lights. And inside of one of the cases on the white backboard there were these shaky smudges. Something had clearly written in the name "Heather"

Now before you say one of the employees did this, this poster case came from behind the screen, no one had gone back there in years and only one person had the keys to get back there and that was the GM who had not heard about the incidents with the Ouija board.

To this day the memories and experiences from that time still give me chills. I'm glad I don't work there anymore, it brought me so much stress.

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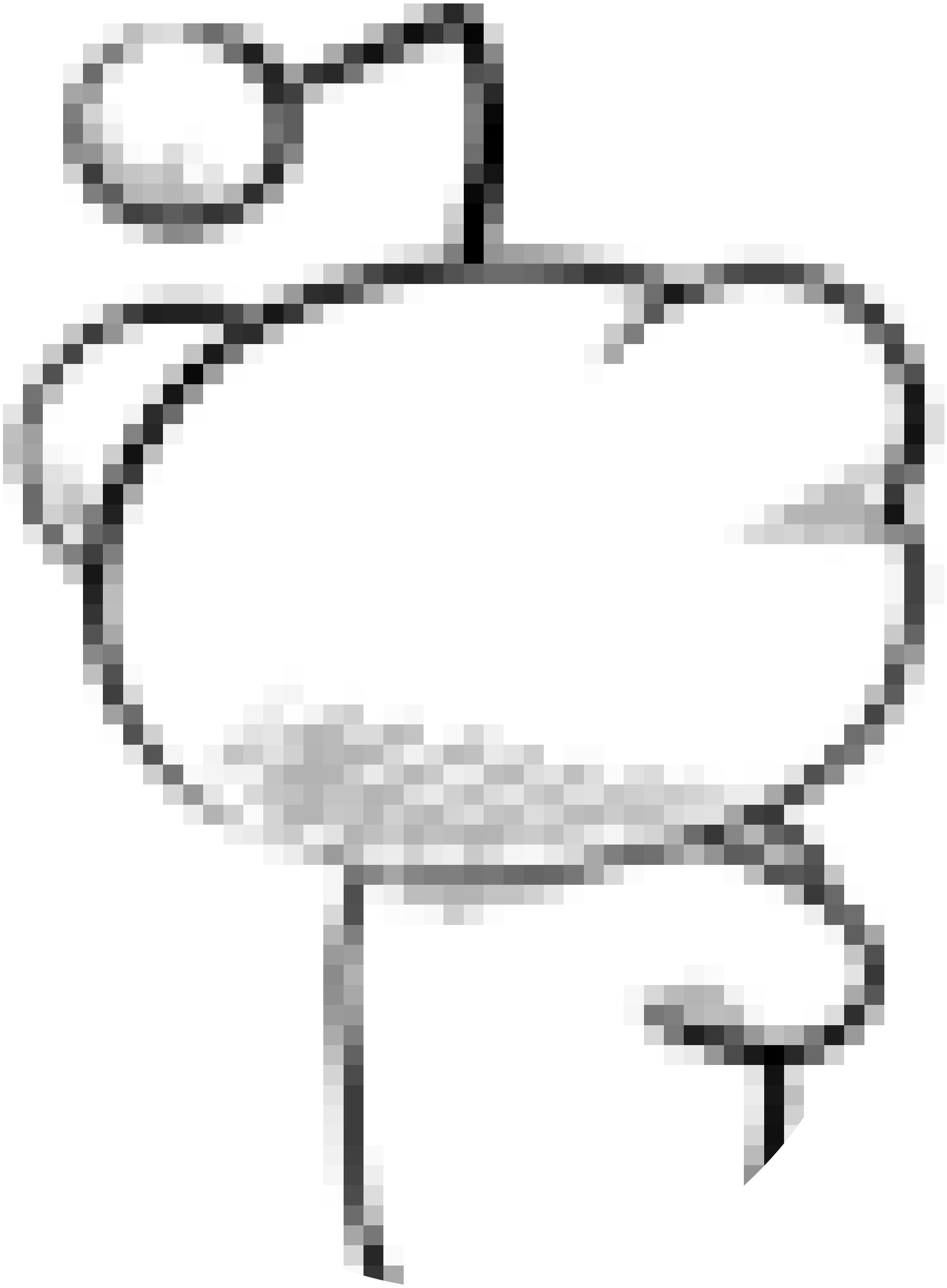

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â€¢ 13y ago

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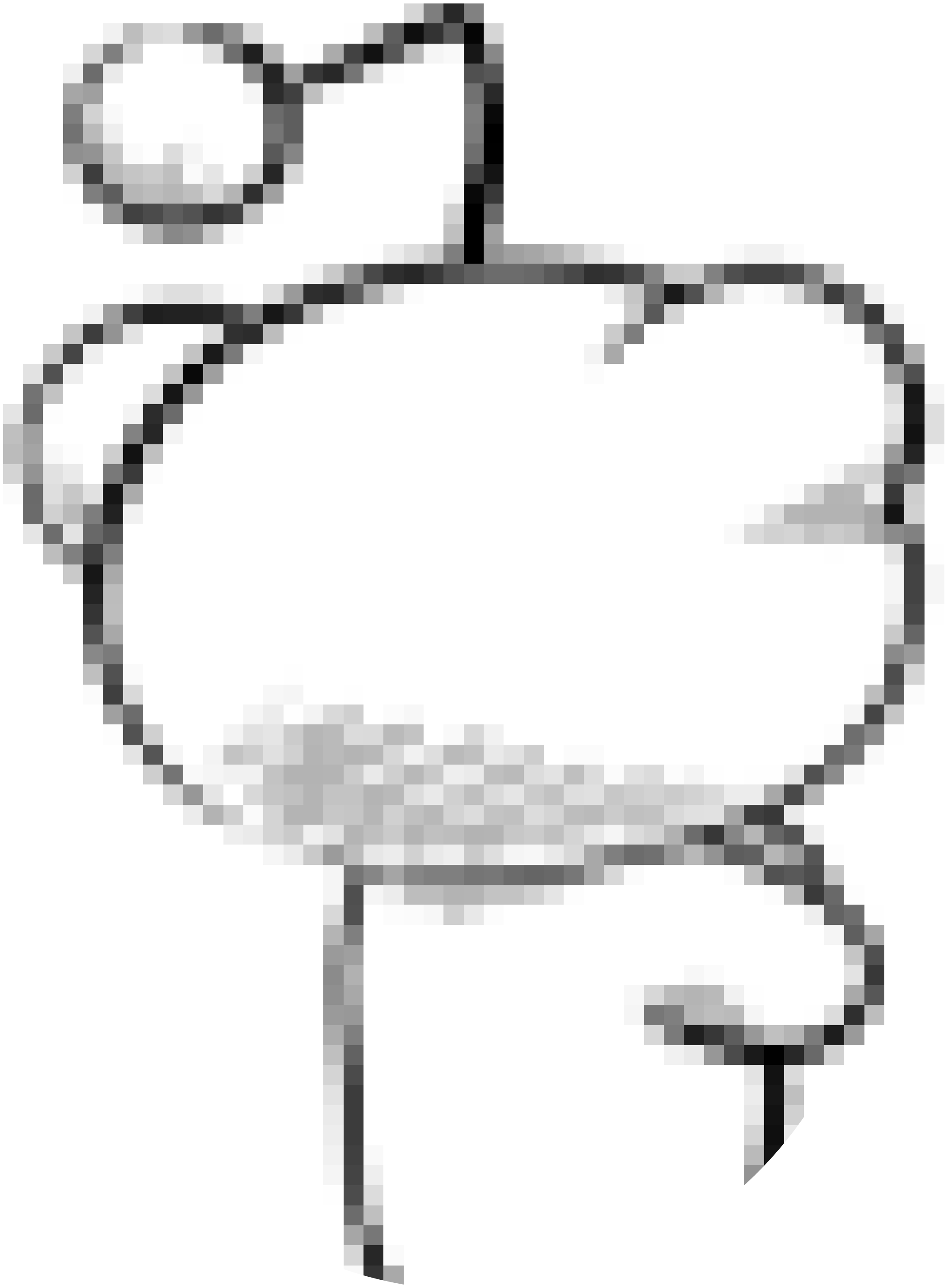

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â€¢ 13y ago

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Rukia_Kuchiki

â€¢ 13y ago

Several months ago, I had a friend borrow my phone because she had lost hers and wanted to call her mom to see if she had it. I was there the whole time, watching her dial the number repeatedly. At 4:00 PM, I put my phone away in my bag because we had tennis practice; we were the last ones on the courts and no one was around. The courts were also set up in a way that allowed us to see where we placed our bags at all time. When I got home later that day, I had a text from an unfamiliar number, asking "Who is this?"

Four hours later, I received another text, "Who is this? Im sorry I dont recognize your number"

I was a bit miffed because I hardly give my number away, and I had no idea how this person could've possibly gotten his or her hands on it. So I answered back with my name, and demanded to know who was texting me.

It was my friend. Now at this point, I was pretty spooked, especially since this was happening at 10 PM. I had never given her my number, and no one else on my team knows my number either. I asked her how she got my number.

According to her, I texted her to call me. How odd. I never seen her phone or number prior to our conversation

She seemed really spooked as well, then forwarded me the message

Fwd:

From: (My number)

Sent: 4:05 PM Wed, Sept 26

Msg: PLEASE CALL

Even creepier. I never sent that text; I didn't even know her number in the first place. Maybe she used my phone to send that message? Nope. She never texted; she only called. She didn't even call her phone. She had called her mother's.

Ratherinn
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine memory is a bit fuzzy because I was young but here it is to the best of my memory.

When I was around 10 my dad moved into a bigger house because we had come into some money. I moved a lot and didn't think much of it, but me and a couple of friends had a tradition that whenever I moved, the first night we would stay up late in the living room and make sure the house wasn't haunted (We were 10). Usually we just scared each other, ate a snack, and went to bed, but this house was different. Everything went as planned until around 2 A.M. , We were all sitting around eating and telling stories when one of my friends swore he was something in the pantry (It was walk-in), he was completely serious. I didn't buy it, expecting my other friend who had when to the bathroom to be waiting to scare me when I went to check. We didn't check the pantry all night even though the 1st friend was 100% sure he saw something

I had nightmares in that house nearly every night. It really shook me up and I spent a lot of time at my mom's house because I felt safer there. We also got consistently "ding-dong-ditched", at least that's what my family chose to believe. I have no way to prove that it wasn't just some kids pranking us, but it happened a lot. Nearly every day the doorbell would ring and nobody would be there, sometimes it would seem like someone was rapidly pounding the doorbell and then it would abruptly stop.

I dealt with the nightmares and the doorbell for about a year with no other supernatural occurances. The final day there, I was taking a shower before I left for good. The mirror in this bathroom was at such an angle that you could see from the shower into the hallway. I looked into the mirror and there was a man staring right at me from the hallway. I closed my eyes and pressed myself as far away from what I saw as possible. Nearly 30 seconds of horror later I opened them and he was gone. I dressed quickly and went outside, I didn't go back in until a few hours later when my dad came back. He told me it was all fine and to come back inside and pray before we left. We got on our knees and said one last prayer. The doorbell had a fucking field day for nearly the entire time we prayed and the lights shut off almost exactly when we stopped. I was horrified and ran outside again. My dad, equally perplexed, drove us to our new house. I never went back.

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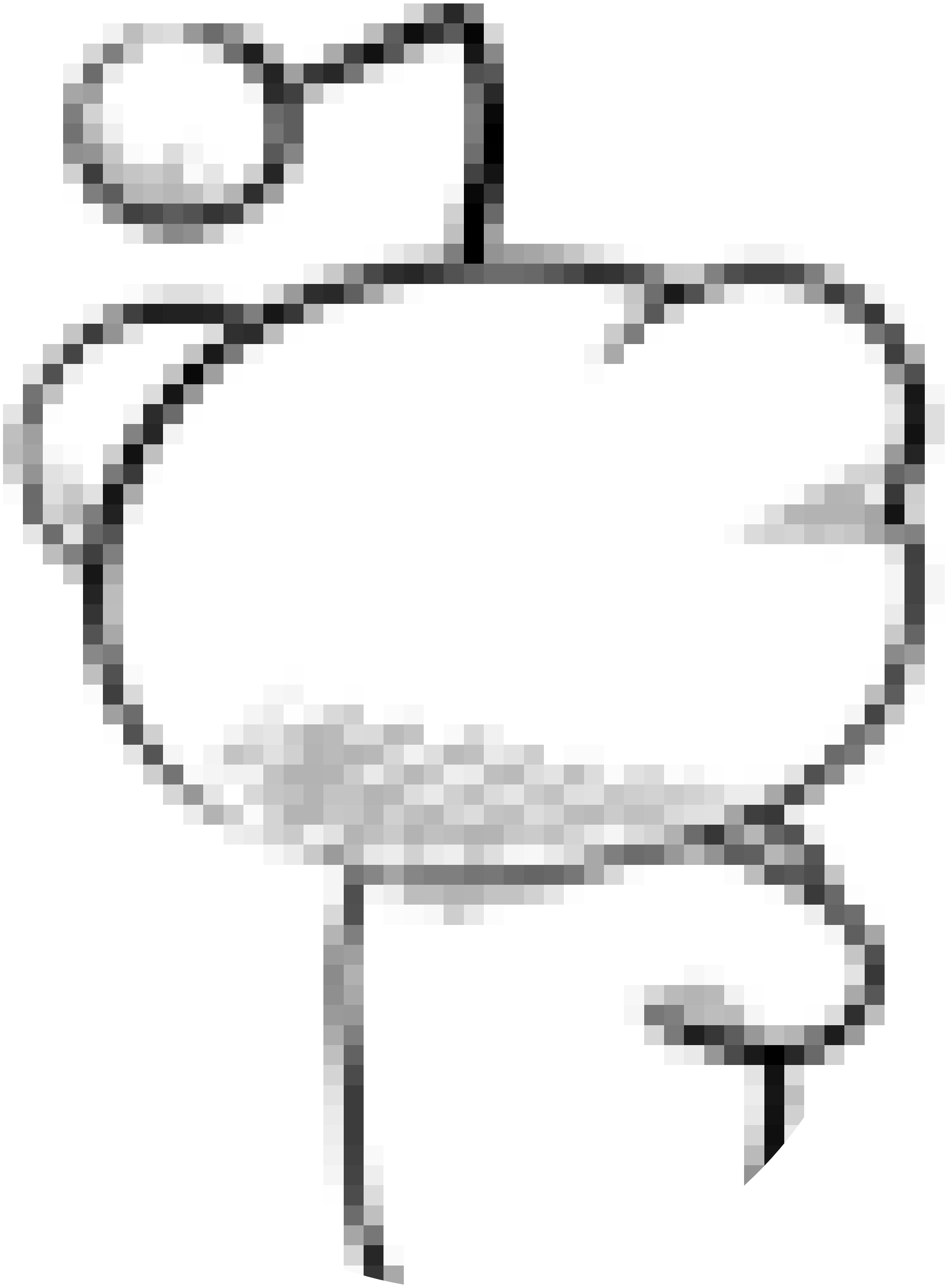

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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

several years ago I was starting what I didnt know then to be a successful career. My now wife and I were living in 2 story quad plex. We both worked alot (this will make sense at the end). I was working 7-12's while my wife (then girlfriend) was working a day job and waitressing in the evenings. We stayed on the ground floor of the quad plex and our ground floor and our neighbors were hippy. Not the keep to them selves trees hugger type but full on hippy. Wake up in the morning to go to work and find a bus, Yes a bus and people passed out everywhere. Fucking hippies. The type that if you take hit off their joint the whole damn crew thinks that you owe them something. Be of giving they say! Anyway thats another rant. So after a long days work I get home and Im broke and want to have a drink. I sit down to some cheap beer and burnetts vodka. I know burnetts sucks but we were poor. Im having a time waiting for the wife to get off work. Watching old simpsons re-runs or something. Shit, probably talking to myself after a few shots of burnetts. Anyway Id been in my own party for a couple hours. And then, Then I heard a big noise come from the second bedroom of our tiny ass apartment. I go to see what it is. Im drunk, walk into the 2nd bedroom and dont see anything. Start walking away and I hear it again. I go back, Open up the closet door - And a fucking 4 year old little girl is hidding in my closet looking back at me..... WTF I freaked out for a second and ran out of the room. Then drunk me goes back. She is still sitting there. Did I mention the hippies next door. Yeah one of their kids broke into my house to hide from their parents and her hope was that closet would be a better place to live than at home. The rest of the story I wont talk about, so dont ask. Thats my creepy boogie man in the closet story

Reply Share

[fukyosadface](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Me and my cousin used to go ghost hunting. One night I had a video camera and he had just a regular camera and we where filming and taking pictures of my room. When we went back and watched the video we noticed that when the camera flashed there was a face. It was the most hideous face I had ever seen. We where freaking out and watched it over and over agian and slowed it down. Finally we realized it was my little sisters hannah montanna poster.

Reply Share

snowlion18
â€¢ 13y ago

when i was younger, me and 3 other people where in the house hanging out. the house was semi haunted and there was occasional weird things that happend in the house but no one thought it was a big deal.

we were sitting in the living room and i thought it would be funny to play a joke, i thought i would yell out "look! theres a ghost coming out of my brothers bedroom!" (which was in clear view down the hall)

so thats what i did, i yelled that out and they all looked and started chuckling cause nothing was there, but i shit you not. a few seconds after that a large 3 foot oval light source did a 90 degree turn out of my brothers bedroom and started floating slowly towards us, i was in shock i couldnt even say anything so i pointed. they were in shock too and it took a couple seconds before we all ran our asses off out of that house and didnt stop running for 2 blocks.

we all seen it and described it, i mean it was only about 10 feet away when we were hauling ass so we all got a good look at it. and the thing is it mustve heard what i said which means it had some intelligence.

i have other stories but thats my holy grail of ghost stories because so many other people seen it at the same time, and with a decent duration, it wasnt like a fleeting glimpse.

PopnCrunch
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Spoiler alert: somebody dies.

Years ago I was working an IT job in downtown Seattle at a law firm. I was newly married and we had recently moved into a newly purchased house.

At work, I started getting bad vibes. I'd be sitting there, and a low grade anxiety would start to creep up. Each time I'd take personal inventory to identify the source of my anxiety. "Something wrong...what is it?" The job wasn't working out, but that didn't seem to be it. I had some issues at home to take care of, but that didn't seem to be it either. I couldn't put my finger on it.

Eventually the anxiety swelled up into dread over a few weeks, and another phenomenon started to take shape - a darkness settled over our house. Our house was normally warm and inviting, inside and out, and it started looking different, especially when we were returning at night, it looked menacing, ugly. We could both see it. Inside...when we moved in, we had taken down all the cheap hollow interior doors with plans to replace them. (Maintaining privacy around the bathroom with no door was interesting) One evening I'm sitting in the living room, and I look at the hall closet with no door, and it has that dark, heavy look. A bad look. To me the darkness has a meaning, something dreadful, like "you will never finish this house."

These dark feelings at work and at home built up until it crested at home one weekend. We went to bed, and the dread was palpable. I felt like something terrible was going to happen. I tried talking to my wife about some problems we were having, thinking that perhaps it was about relational tension. That didn't fix it, and neither of us could sleep. Finally I got up and walked through the house to make sure everything was okay. When I got to the kitchen, the hair on my neck stood up. Now people say that often, but when it actually happens, it is a dreadful experience - scary as hell.

Being Christians, we ended up going through our entire house room by room and praying in each one. That seemed to clear the air, or perhaps just make us feel better, a little bit, but that wasn't the final answer, the tension remained - though at least we could sleep and get through the weekend.

The following Monday morning, I go into work, and as I get to the office my dread meter pegs out on "SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN." I step into the office and my coworker gives me a hi how are ya greeting. I tell her I feel like something terrible is about to happen.

So, how does this end?

In the thirty minutes following that greeting, our entire IT team was gathered into a meeting room, and via voice conference our CIO tearfully told us that our coworker - the guy who's desk was right next to mine, died over the weekend in an accident that occurred while he was working on his home. He had been sanding dark stain off of his rafters and fell off to the floor.

(His body was discovered by local police that had went out to the home at his wife's request to check on him, she'd been trying to call him, with no answer.)

The dread cleared up after this.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

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OldZippo
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

When I was a kid (around 8-9) my mother moved me and my sister upstairs. Crappy drawing of floor plan for reference.

The guard rail that went around the stairwell when you got upstairs was made of wood posts and boards. So you could sit on the floor and dangle your feet over above the stairs. Eventually I got brave and started climbing all over it. Then I would start at the top of the steps and go from one end of the steps to the other walking on my hands, suspending myself above the stairs.

One day my hand slipped while I was trying to turn around and make my way back to the landing. I closed my eyes and when I opened them I was sitting on the bottom step perfectly fine and felt like I hadn't fallen at all.

I stopped fucking around on the stairs after that.

0sublime
â€¢ 13y ago

Right so this post is old, this will more than likely be burried. But this happened just recently to me and no one believes me.. cue reddit. So a bit of background to start this off, when I was 6 or 7, my little brother died from Croup. In the middle of the night he got up for whatever reason and suffocated, we found him in the am. I always used to joke around when I was younger about him being a ghost now and that he was around, to impress my friends. I kinda think he actually is around after what's happened. So onto the story, in my room I have my comp set up on the one side and my bed on the opposite side of my room, its decently large. I got off the computer to finally go to sleep around midnight, got out of my chair and went across my room and into bed. Fell asleep. I don't remember if I was dreaming that night, but at some point in the black of night, Im awoken by two of the loudest fucking claps imaginable. Think of those ppl who's claps you can hear clear across a field, right next to my head. Or was it in my head in my dream? I can't remember. Anyway after I wake up, and it wasnt like a groggy wake, I was eyes wide open awake. Now in the position I was in, my back was facing my room, I was on my side facing the wall. So I couldn't see whatever was in my room with me, but I shit you not I felt something in there. The hairs on the back of my neck were fucking screaming. I was frozen with fear for maybe 10 minutes before I finally whipped myself around to see if there was anything there, and what do I find? My god damn computer chair not 2 feet from the side of my bed, facing me. Holy fucking shit balls. I don't even know how I got back to sleep after that, but I did. And not 20 minutes later claps wake me up again! They were softer this time though and I whipped over to check it out instantly, nothing there. K so I picked up my phone and farted around on reddit for a bit, then realized something. My alarm was not set for the morning, and I had an exam, a final, at 8 or something. Sooo my crazy thoughts have led me to believe that my brothers ghost woke me up and he's looking out for me :)

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 12, I woke up in the middle of the night upstairs, I needed to go downstairs to use the bathroom. At the top of the stairs, I heard what sounded like a pot being dropped. From where I was standing, I could see the back door at the time. As I came downstairs, the light in the kitchen went on. My father was in there and heard me, he stopped me before I could reach the kitchen and asked if anyone came past me. I was confused and said no. He went past to check on my brother and sister to see if they were up, the door to their room was closed (and isn't easily opened without making a considerable amount of noise). My father had been up watching tv with his door open, from where he was laying he could see anyone come out of my brother and sister's room them being approximately 8 and 6 at the time. The walk from his room to the kitchen isn't more than a few feet and once in the kitchen in the hallway, you can see the front door. Our front door was very creaky and loud as well as difficult to open and shut completely. Well, as he went to check on my siblings (visibly disturbed), I walked into the kitchen to find all our pots and pans laid out all over the kitchen, on the counter, on the floor, on the seats, completely covering the entire kitchen. It's disturbing to think someone could sneak in while my father was awake and do that and it's just as disturbing thinking...how the hell did someone sneak in there and do that? I mentioned it to a friend of my sisters years later, but told her not to mention it to my father because he had always been very upset by the event. Of course the ass went right over and asked to which my father replied, "Oh it was a joke I played on my son." and when she questioned him more he got very upset yelled at her to leave him alone and locked himself in his room. My father doesn't play jokes and I know when he gets angry or upset, and that event was very upsetting for him. Some people can't handle the unknown. I have another one, because I only really have 2 ever that I have no idea how to explain.

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[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

So maybe a few years before the above event, when I was more like 7 or 8, my mother had left to go shopping at the supermarket. No one else was home except me and my Great Dane Maxi. He was a loveable protective Blue/Gray Great Dane, beautiful creature. So it was broad daylight, and I could hear my best friend next door banging away and his huge steel tonka trucks with a hammer like he had done a lot at that age. I had just came downstairs and I noticed Maxi was a little nervous you could say, he was acting strange almost as if he had done something bad. So I asked him what was wrong to try and comfort him and I was petting him, and he kept looking from the living room to the direction of my little sister and brother's room (my sister being in a crib at this time). Then I heard her cry and realized that's what was bothering him. So I went to my sister's room to check on her when I walked in and realized, she wasn't there. My parents rarely left us alone and certainly wouldn't leave a crib ridden child alone. So I thought that was strange and that I was of course hearing things, but Maxi was getting more fidgety and nervous with his ears down, he was staying really close to me even bumping into me some. So I came back to the living room fairly confused that I thought I heard a cry from that room, when my dog looked up to the ceiling. At that point, I heard footsteps upstairs across the uncarpeted wooden floor slowly, as if someone with boots was walking all the way across from one side of the house to the other. The side of the house upstairs where the steps started, well there is no way in through the window, it's a straight drop off (this is an old Levitt house). Even if you had gotten in through the other window by getting up onto the garage, the window is very tiny and very noisy (later in life I was in that room and had tried sneaking out a few times). So I went to the bottom of the stairs with my dog, and tried to push him up the stairs (he wasn't an aggressive guy as big as he was at all) and he was scared worse than I was, even looking at me like, "You would send me up there?". So I went to my front door and my friend Marybeth was walking past, I called her, told her it was an emergency, she yelled to my friend Kurt, and they were in the house in no time (now realize that if someone was up there at this time going out that window, I would easily be able to hear everything, that house creaks, echos, and Marybeth from the sidewalk would be able to see someone coming out the window onto the roof of the garage.) They came in, I told them what had happened, and we decided to go up and investigate. Not a thing, but things like that didn't phase me, we talked about it, said oh well, then started talking about what we were going to "play" outside. Waited for my mother to come home and went out. Only 2 events like this I've ever experienced at any time, and 1 I shared with someone else so. Now I'll tell you some creepy things my sister told me which no one else believed.

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throwawaykdremo

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

It's not so much supernatural as it's proof of parallel universes accessible through our dreams. At least through the dreams of my best friend, who has an insane photographic memory (perfect total recall to the point of their birth).

They recopied stories I was still thinking about, not only as I imagined them, but from another version of myself but also ones in personal notebooks they couldn't possibly see because they'd never visited my house or even been in my area of the world at the time. As well as other, more personal proofs of knowing me before we ever met in this world.

Their dreams are actually pretty banal aside from many people we know having flipped genders, President Jeb Bush entering his second term, a Jewish settlement in the Yukon but no Israel, and some variation of the male/female global population ratio (40/60 instead of 49/51).

Not so much creepy because we've become close friends like we were in this parallel universe since being young. I'm sadly not as successful as parallel universe me (who is a published author) but I have considered plagiarizing the other me from time to time. :) Also, she's been able to invent little things from the ideas and experiences of her dream alternate.

There are a few other things which verge even further into the unexplainable, such as insane coincidences related to this and even stranger things.

Using a throwaway because while my friend doesn't mind talking openly about it, I'm much more private about it, especially since I still have no idea what to make of it.

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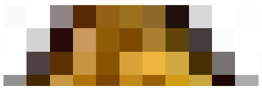
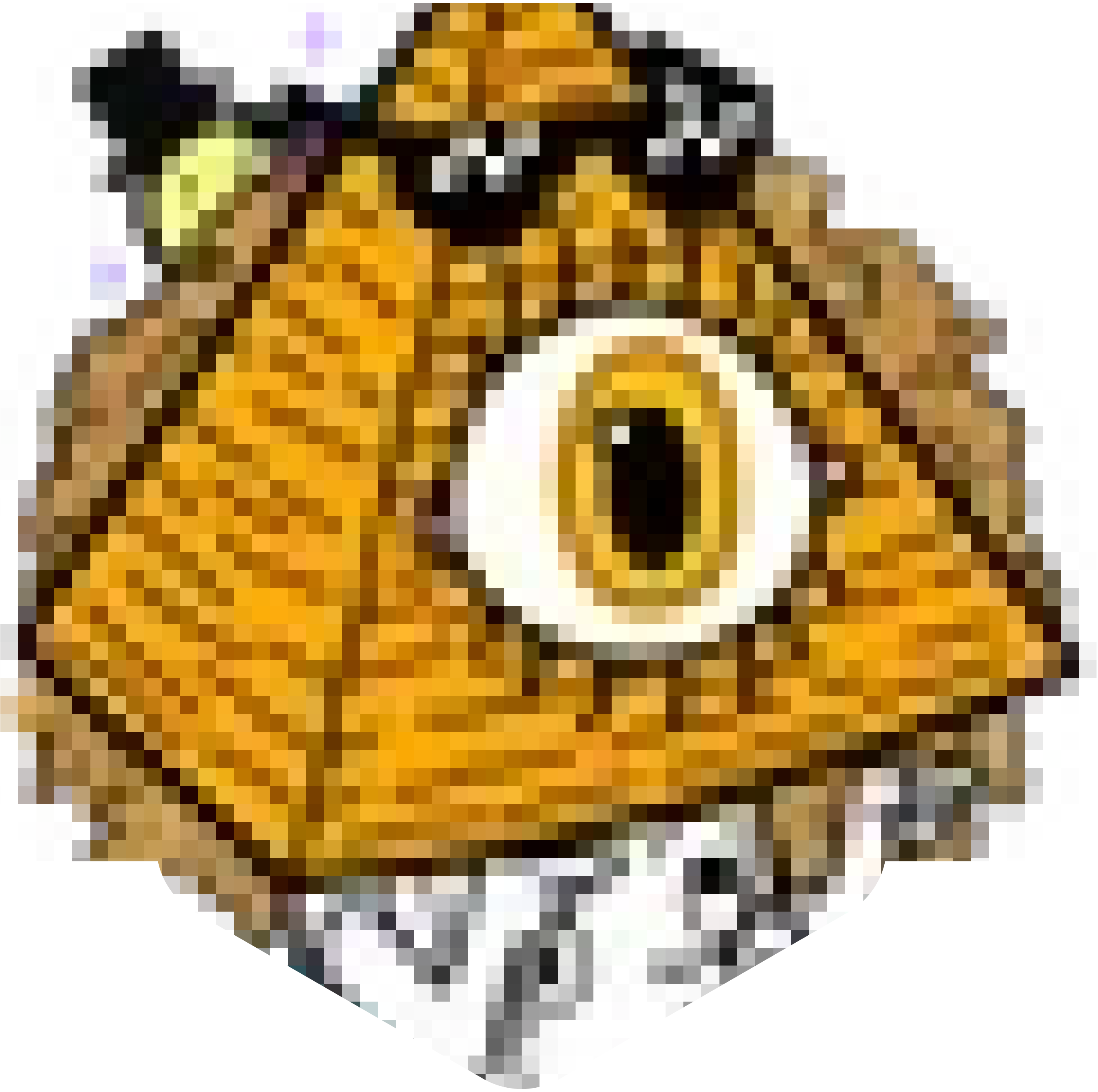


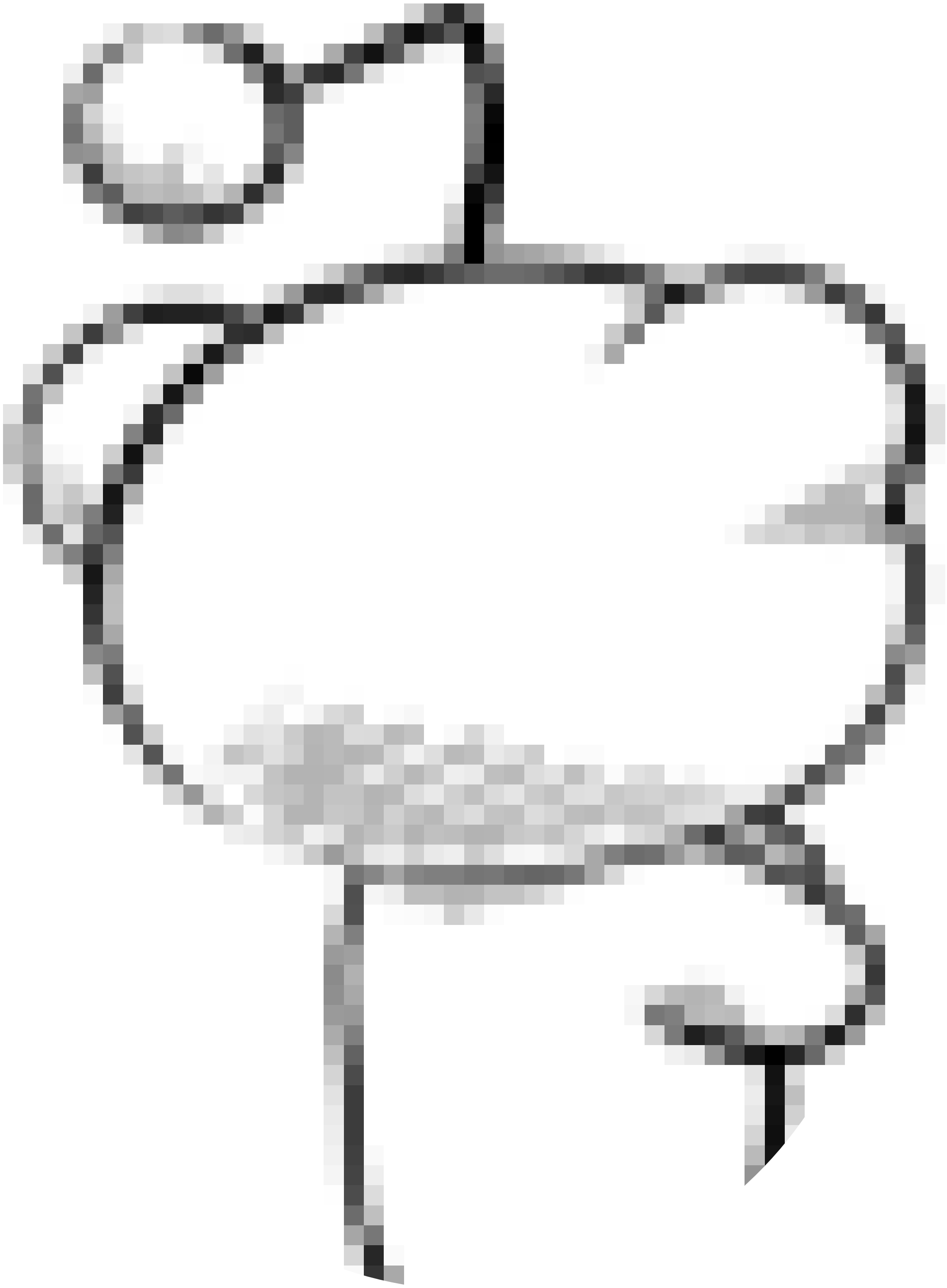


TwoModernHippies
â€¢ 13y ago

A bit late but oh well. Didn't happen to me, but to my Dad. About 30 years ago he was working in Cairns (A town in Northern Australia) as a security guard at the Sheridan Mirage (An expensive hotel), and one night he was patrolling around the rear side of the hotel. He sees a motorbike pull up on the side of the road and takes his helmet off. But instead of seeing a face he sees a skull, no flesh, just a skull. He leaves from there pretty quickly, and finishes his shift. When he gets home he tells his wife (My Mother) what he had seen, she just said "Maybe it was just a mask or a bandanna, a lot of bikies wear them with skulls on them." So he thinks nothing of it. A week later a story in the local paper shows that the man on the bike as killed in a motorbike accident. The image of the skull has never left his mind since then.

younoenglish
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

I'm late to the story telling but here is mine. My friends grandpa passed away and it really upset her mom a lot (clearly), but more so than the other siblings. She was sitting at home and got a call from the number 000 and no one answered. Her brother was driving to the funeral and had the windows cracked and the newspapers in the back with their fathers obituary went flying around in the car. It landed on the front seat to his obituary. My friend and her mom were at my house and they were sitting talking about him, and out of no where one of our snow globes locked in a cabinet started playing the full song! And then stopped. Maybe they are all coincidence who knows, the snow globe was the eery one for me.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Was 7 years old, mom was unaware of the fact that she was pregnant at the time, i got rub her belly and tell her "its a girl". creeps her the fuck out enough to go get tested. Still in the same house and age, random scratches and dog noises at night on front metal door, mom goes to check and nothing is there but the noises still go on, i go check, tell it to fuck off, and the noises stop.

geeners
â€¢ 13y ago

I have two young children. One night we were all in the living room, TV off, just playing. Over the course of a few minutes, I became overwhelmed with sadness and a sense that something was wrong. I couldn't figure it out... then I looked at my kids and was overcome with a feeling like, "What if I couldn't see them grow up? What would their lives be like without me?" and even started crying.

I kept telling my husband that something was wrong, I felt so sad, I felt awful for our kids. It took at least a half an hour to dissipate.

The next day I noticed RIP messages on my FB wall for a friend who's about my age... she had died the night before of cancer... adjusting for time zones, it was at the same time I was having that feeling. The last I'd heard she was in remission, but then we lost touch. She does have a son... I was pretty freaked out. We weren't that close.

divisibleby5
â€¢ 13y ago

reading all these haunting tales makes me think about how annoying my parents are going to be as ghost.

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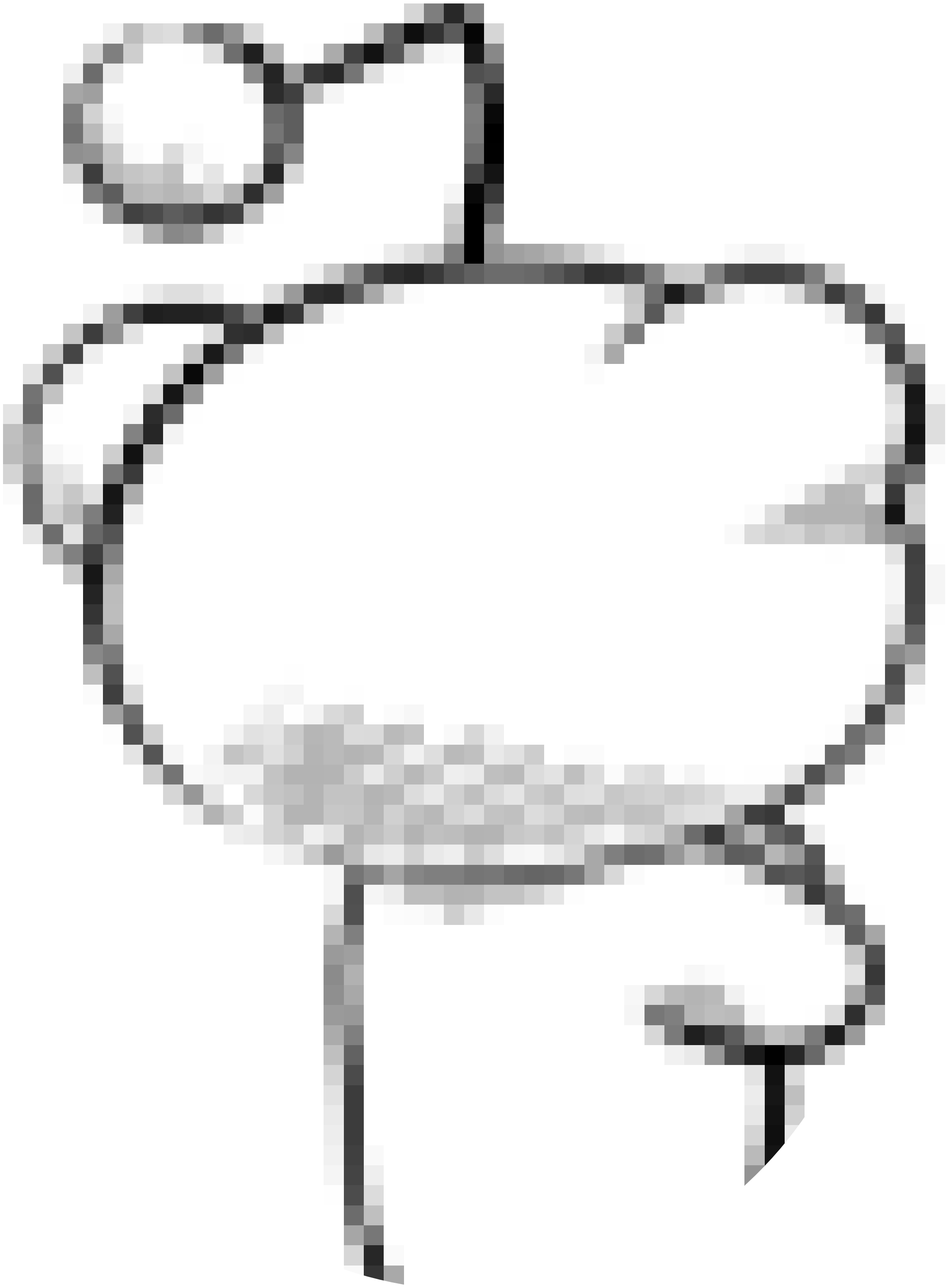

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â€¢ 13y ago

Not a story, but this information may or may not come in handy some day for someone. I read somewhere that if you happen to find yourself in sleep paralysis, you simply wiggle your toes and/or fingers, and slowly you'll regain movement throughout your body.

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codfishy
â€¢ 13y ago

this actually might be explainable. So one morning I woke up but I couldn't open my eyes at all. All of a sudden I see myself walking in a house with checker-board tiles. I walk into the room over and there are weird creatures everywhere. the only room I can escape through is pitch-black and I can't bring myself to go in there. So I walk into the room I came through and walk towards the entrance. All of a sudden, this woman in a 20's-ish dress walks in with a arm-full of apples and asks " why would you want to **leave** " and she has this creepy ass grin on her face. Every time I would try and move past her she would get in my way. All this time I was struggling to open my eyes. after awhile I finally open my eyes and it's morning. Is this a thing that other people have had before?

TL;DR:had a weird dream and couldn't open my eyes the entire time.

EDIT:placement of tldr

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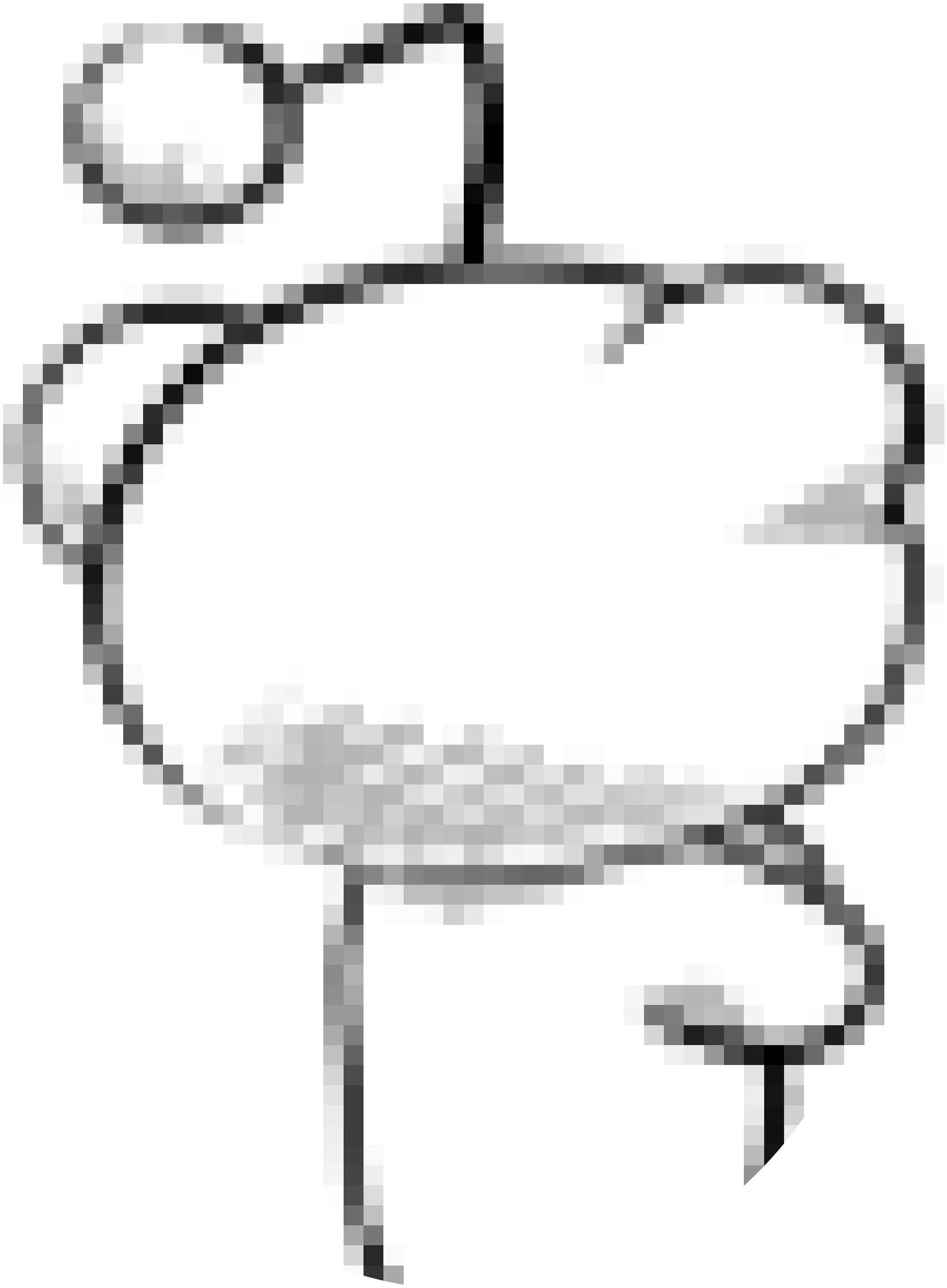

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â€¢ 13y ago

Let me preface this by saying that I am an agnostic/atheist - and because of the experiences below, it took a long time to convince myself there might be rational explanations.

When I was very young, one of my earliest memories was going to a wake for my great grandmother. I did not know her at all, had never met her before, and as I was so young, I didn't really understand what was going on. There was lots of food, movies for the kids, etc. So I generally had a good time. We stayed the night and I slept in a guest room. That night, as I was falling asleep, I experienced sleep paralysis accompanied by an odd electrical sound. I didn't think much of it until years later.

When I was much older, my uncle died. That night, I experienced sleep paralysis for the second time in my life. Again accompanied by an electrical-like sound. Unlike the first time, this time I was scared almost out of my wits, and it left a lasting impression on me.

When my grandmother died, both of my parents and my aunt *independently* claimed to have seen a bright light dart off from her eyes and leave the hospital through the window, mere hours before her death. I was in the room too, but I was looking down at the floor when the event happened. I didn't see anything.

I cannot make sense of these events and they are one of the main reasons that I usually call myself agnostic, rather than atheist. I sometimes think that, regardless of my believe in a deity, there may indeed be some sort of afterlife... but I have no proof of that, just a bunch of odd experiences.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

You know how a lot of people are freaked out by looking out the window at night? My fear started out rather different from most. I was at a friend's house for a birthday sleepover in fourth grade. We were just joking around, telling campfire ghost stories around a flashlight, typical sleepover stuff. One of the girls told a story about how the host's house was haunted. Besides the host, I was the only one who wasn't freaked out. We finally go to sleep around two in the morning, when one of the girls has to go downstairs because she was really freaked out by something. The other girls are just like "Oh, it's her first time away from home, no big deal." I hear her hyperventilating downstairs, so I decide to sleep where she was sleeping. Right under the window. I'm about to go to sleep when I hear "tck tck" "tck tck tck" I look up and see bright. Yellow. Eyes. They looked like the owner had liver disease, and he was wearing bright red contacts. I was a tad shocked, but I thought I was just having a dream that made me THINK I was awake. I start drifting back to dreamland, when 'PSST! HEY! tck tck tck" I look back up and see a face from my nightmares. LITERALLY from my nightmares. He was oozing something from all of his orifices. His face was too long to be real. He looked like someone grabbed his bottom jaw and pulled. His teeth were even stretched out. I shrieked and ran to the bathroom to throw up. I was THAT frightened. I sat there dry heaving, when the girl that went downstairs and said "He came to you too." I see that face every time I have a nightmare and it's been nine years. I'm almost twenty and a fourth grade fright still affects me.

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â€¢ 13y ago

I was upstairs, my wife was in the basement doing laundry. She thought I was behind her playfully grabbing her posterior. She turns around to find no one behind her, freaks out and sprints up two flights of stairs to find me. No one else in the house and all doors are locked.

For me it was cool. Freaky, but cool.

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username_0

â€¢ 13y ago

I've one of those sleep paralysis stories...probably not the creepiest thing ever, but it freaked me out.

It was the first night staying in my boyfriends new house. I was lying on my side with my hand on my pillow, palm facing up towards the ceiling. I felt somebody grab my hand and what felt like somebody's forehead resting against mine. I tried to move away but I couldn't and I didn't want to open my eyes just in case I actually saw some one. Then it started talking to me telling me his name, I think it was Eunan something, and that he was from Scotland and just a load of random stuff. Then when I didn't answer he kept shouting "are you even listening?" I whispered yes and he started talking normally again...totally freaked out at this stage, still hadn't opened my eyes and still couldn't move so I was "very brave" and asked him to please go away, more like pleaded with him. It all stopped straight away.

Opened my eyes, there was nothing in the room. Like I said it was most likely sleep paralysis but it scared the shit outta me. To this day I always sleep with my hands under the blanket so nobody can grab them

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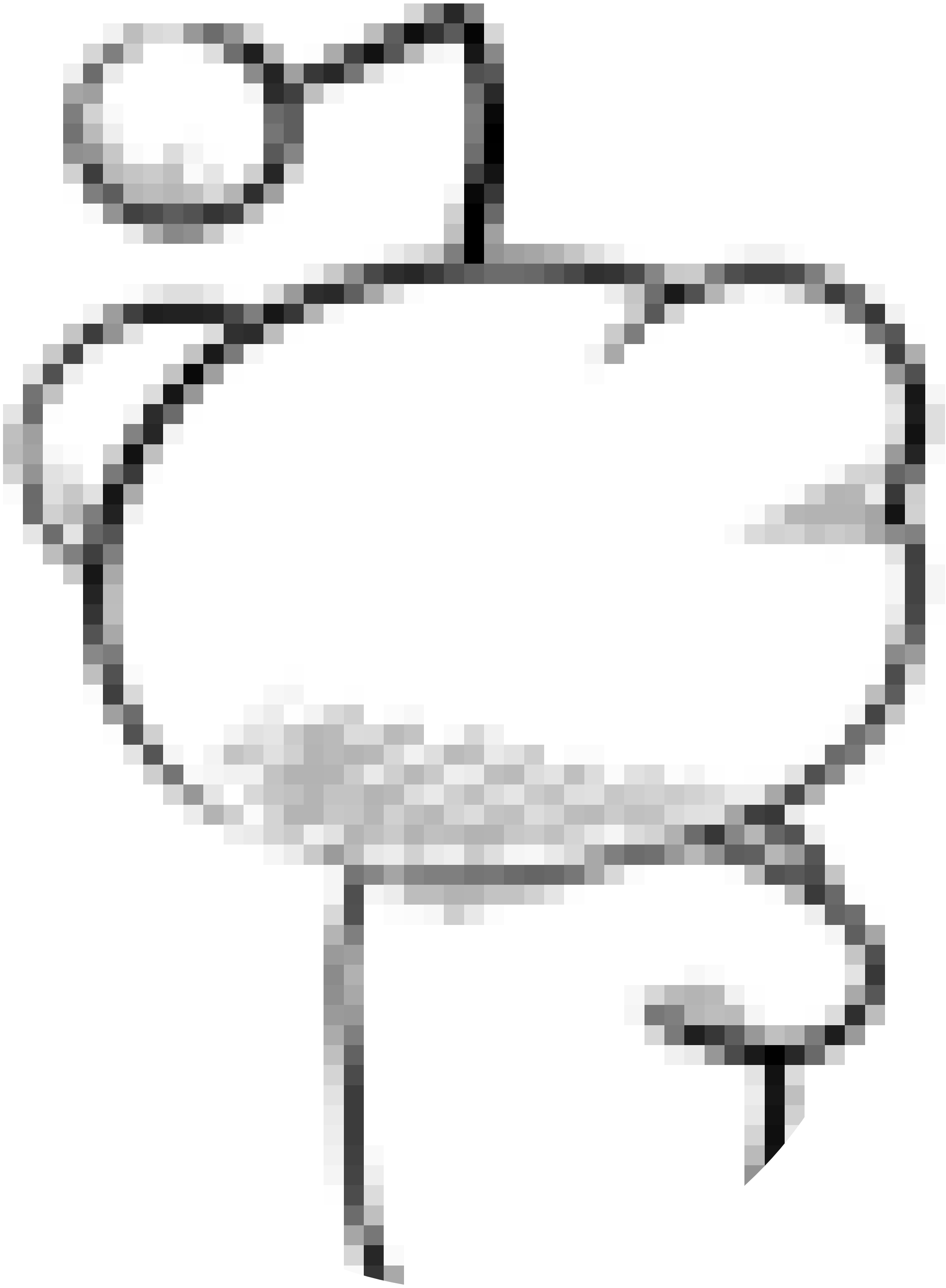

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â€¢ 13y ago

When I was little, I lived in a house with an old barn. The barn was full of junk and falling apart, we never used it. But I liked exploring it.

One day as I walked around the barn I came across a kitten. We didn't have any cats, and neither did our neighbors. But the weird thing about it, was it was bright orange (think neon), almost *glowing*, and *I could see through it*.

The kitten and I stared at each other for a moment before it turned and ran, *right through the wall of the barn*.

I never saw it again.

mybustersword
â€¢ 13y ago

I posted this elsewhere, but its valid. I went to Dudleytown in CT and had the most terrifying experience of my life. A few years back my friends and I heard about it and decided to drive up there illegally. We finally found the entrance up this off-the track kinda hill, with a bunch of houses leading up to the gates. We parked off the ways having read the residents don't take kindly to trespassers nearby and that police regularly keep around.

As soon as we started walking up, a fog assimilated. That was creepy enough, but we were too distracted to care about that by the fact that there was no sound. No sounds at all. Not of animals, no insects or of nature, of wind, no background white noise, no sounds of the nearby humanity, nothing. The single most disturbing experience of my life was that aspect. But it did not end there, as some slightly more creepy stuffs started happening. A family of deer jumped (without warning oddly) 2 feet in front of us from the woods and ran off. From something? Who knows. No warning of a crack of snap as a tree literally fell in front of us on the path. Deciding now would be a good time to turn around, a dog starts barking off in the distance, so distant that it is not breaking the silence. Merely coexisting alongside of it. We each felt this unnatural presence, this feeling of being observed. Discomforting, uneasy experience as we made our way down and out of the fog back into civilization.

TL;DR: don't fuck with Dudley town

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â€¢ 13y ago

My son floating two feet above the floor for a couple of minutes. He was smiling the whole time, but it really freaked me out.

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EzEXE
â€¢ 13y ago

Lets say I used to work for a certain large, well known, but not well liked company. Lets also say that that well-known-but-not-well-liked company was contracted by the United States Government to work on classified material. Lets say I worked in that department for a few months. Maybe 5 or 6 months.

I can't really disclose the nature of my work there, as I signed multiple NDAs throughout my time at the company, but it was all on computers. My co-workers and I usually worked shoulder to shoulder typing the night away, barely speaking to one another, from 11pm to around 7am.

Now I should clarify that everything from here on out never happened. I made it all up. I am basically required by law to let you know that NONE of this could POSSIBLY be true.

One night, a friend of mine and I went out to the local hotdog stand for lunch. We were famished, but waited to get back to the office to eat because it was positively frigid out. We got back to our part of the office to find the place empty, not too surprising since there was still about 20 minutes of lunch left. But before we could go back to our seats, before we could even THINK about going back to our seats we noticed a smell. Subtle at first, but it soon became almost overpowering. We searched around for the source of the smell and eventually narrowed it down to an completely blank, unassuming bulletin board on the back wall of the room.

Both taking an edge we hefted it off of the wall and we were NOT prepared for what we saw behind it. Ground into the cold cement walls was a stain. A disgusting, putrid, vile stain. It was the color of death. A sick green, a fetid brown, and a dark bloody red in the center. Large too. Maybe 3 feet across. And neither of us mentioned it then but by the gods it was shaped like an eye, a bloody, crying eye.

Now I've smelled death, my friend owns a funeral home and I worked there for a time picking up corpses and bringing them to the morgue. The smell of the dead is pretty bad, but the stain was like nothing i've ever experienced before or since. The thing was absolutely vile. It smelled of horrible, slow and gruesome pain. It smelled of disease and burnt hair, of rigger and vomit. It smelled of feces, mucus and decay, and it looked the part. I vomited then, and I'm getting queasy thinking about it even now, years later.

Like most people in this thread, I don't believe in the supernatural, but this stain triggered an almost primal fear in me. That stain was everything I imagined evil to be. It was the embodiment of all things morose. It was the reason people walked away from Omelas... but try as we might we couldn't move from that spot. We simply could NOT move from that spot. The stain had cast a vile spell on us that took us nearly 10 minutes to break.

By the time we came to our senses our coworkers had returned from lunch and stood, completely silent, on the far side of the room, looking at us as if we had caused this inexcusable stench. Finally moving to the side, we let them see the stain themselves and were met with a audible gags and gasps from the crowd.

We all left early that day. With nobody around to clean the mess, and none of us willing to even go near it we had nothing to do but leave and hope the cleaning crews got in before that horrible stain managed to take the first shift by surprise just as it had us.

I arrived home at around five and got out of the shower at around 8. I couldn't stop seeing that damnable stain everywhere I turned and when I closed my eyes I swear I could smell it. I was distraught to say the least. Everywhere I turned I was reminded of the "Stink Eye" as my co-workers and I would come to call it.

I skipped work the next day. As did the majority of my department. Didn't even call in sick.

This story has taken me around 3 hours to fully write as it is physically painful to recall the events of that night. But I'll end it by saying that I ended up working there for a few more months. Quite a few employees never returned after that night, but when I came back two days later I saw that the bulletin board was back in place and the smell was gone. But every 2 or so weeks afterwards, everyone in the room would stop typing and nervously glance back at what they new to be the source of a terribly vile smell that had suddenly filled the room.

I apologize for the quality of the writing in this post. I'm actually a writer by trade now, and I'm normally a lot better... but recalling all of this had made me sick to my stomach.

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Rustywolf
â€¢ 13y ago

Was sitting in my aunts house, downstairs at 2 am reading reddit, alone. Dark corridors all over the shot, seeing things from my periferals, because, you know, 2 am. I'm reading the thread on r/wtf about the weird cd casing (This wasn't long ago). I'm reading when i see the tv flash, as if it turned on for a split second. Ok, whatever. I'm reading the comments allowed when i see 'Remember to drink your ovaltine'. I say it aloud and no sooner does the laptop across the room turn itself on. I heard something moving and then bolted to my room.

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jay_stone42
â€¢ 13y ago

Sitting in my cousins basement watching tv and hear some woman say his name twice. I shrugged it off until he turned to me and said "did you just hear someone say my name?" We both freaked out and ran upstairs but there was no one there, considering we were home alone. Kind of made me reconsider the paranormal.

christianmm
â€¢ 13y ago

One time at my old dark house I was in bed trying to fall asleep & I start hearing these faint footsteps around my room. I was kinda used to this since these kinds of things happened often around me. Anyway, these foot step sounds starts escalating & I can feel my heart racing.

Next thing I know I'm hearing one of my necklaces being picked up & thrown across the room. I got up turned on my light & ran downstairs as fast as I could Pretty terrifying at the time

KindsofPain
â€¢ 13y ago

As a child of about 8 or 9. The family was driving from New England to Florida on a road trip vacation, and we were at a hotel for the night. At one point, I woke up in bed and noticed what seemed to be extremely tiny, glowing, ant-like things crawling around on bed. Each one was unique, but they were too small to make out the differences. Each one glowed a different flourescent kind of light. It wasn't a dream. I was too young to know what hallucinating was, but I figured that I was seeing things that weren't there, but I watched them for a solid 10 minutes before deciding to "crush" one. Sure enough it twitched around and "died," and all the other things seemed to be agitated by it. I seem to remember watching them and trying to figure it all out for good while before I must have fallen back asleep.

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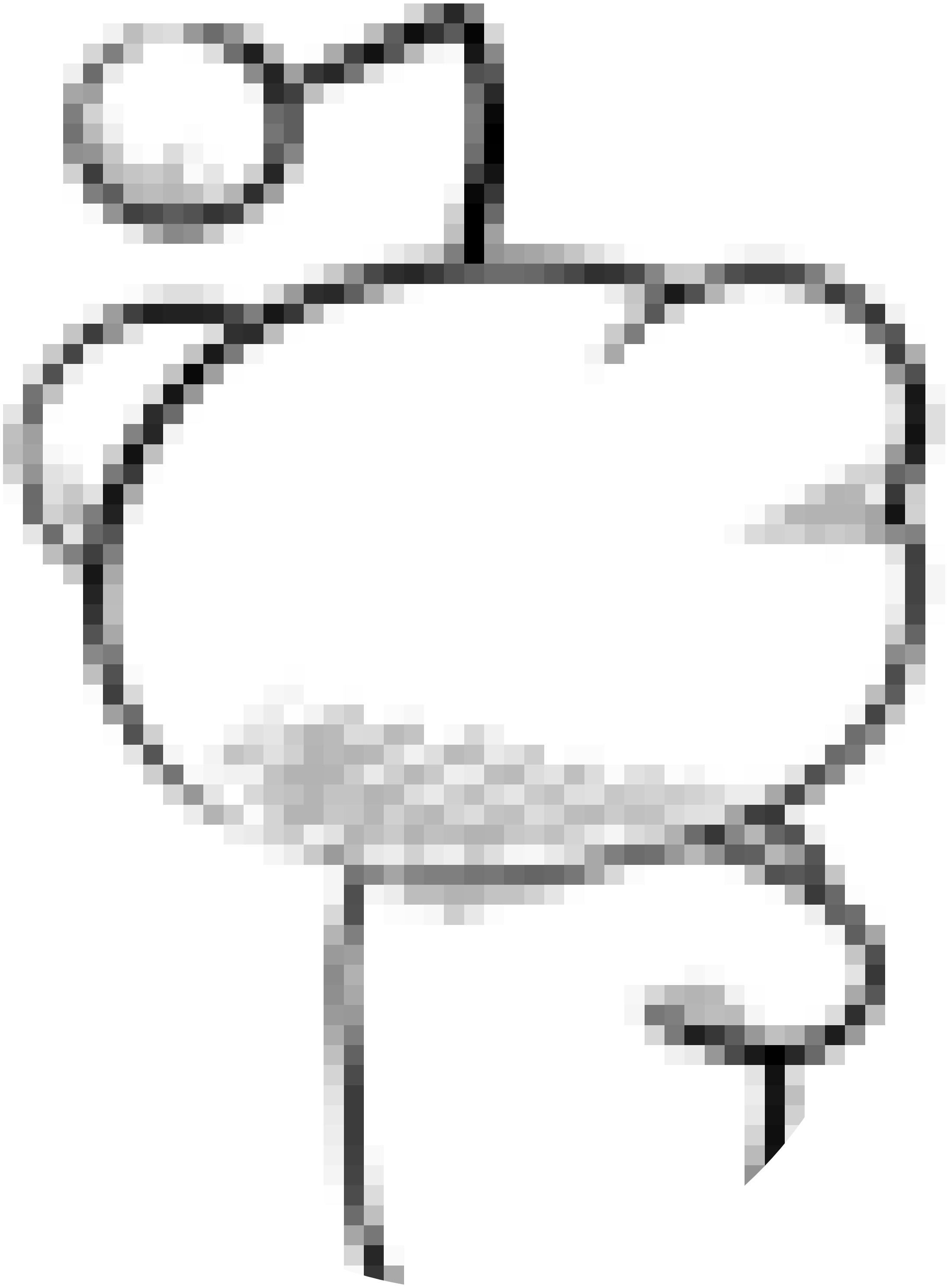

riverwalker
â€¢ 13y ago

Posted this to r/nosleep a while back. This building I live in is definitely haunted and creepy as hell. Luckily we're out of there at the end of next month.

http://www.reddit.com/r/nosleep/comments/13w07e/ive_tried_a_few_subs_and_this_doesnt_seem_to/

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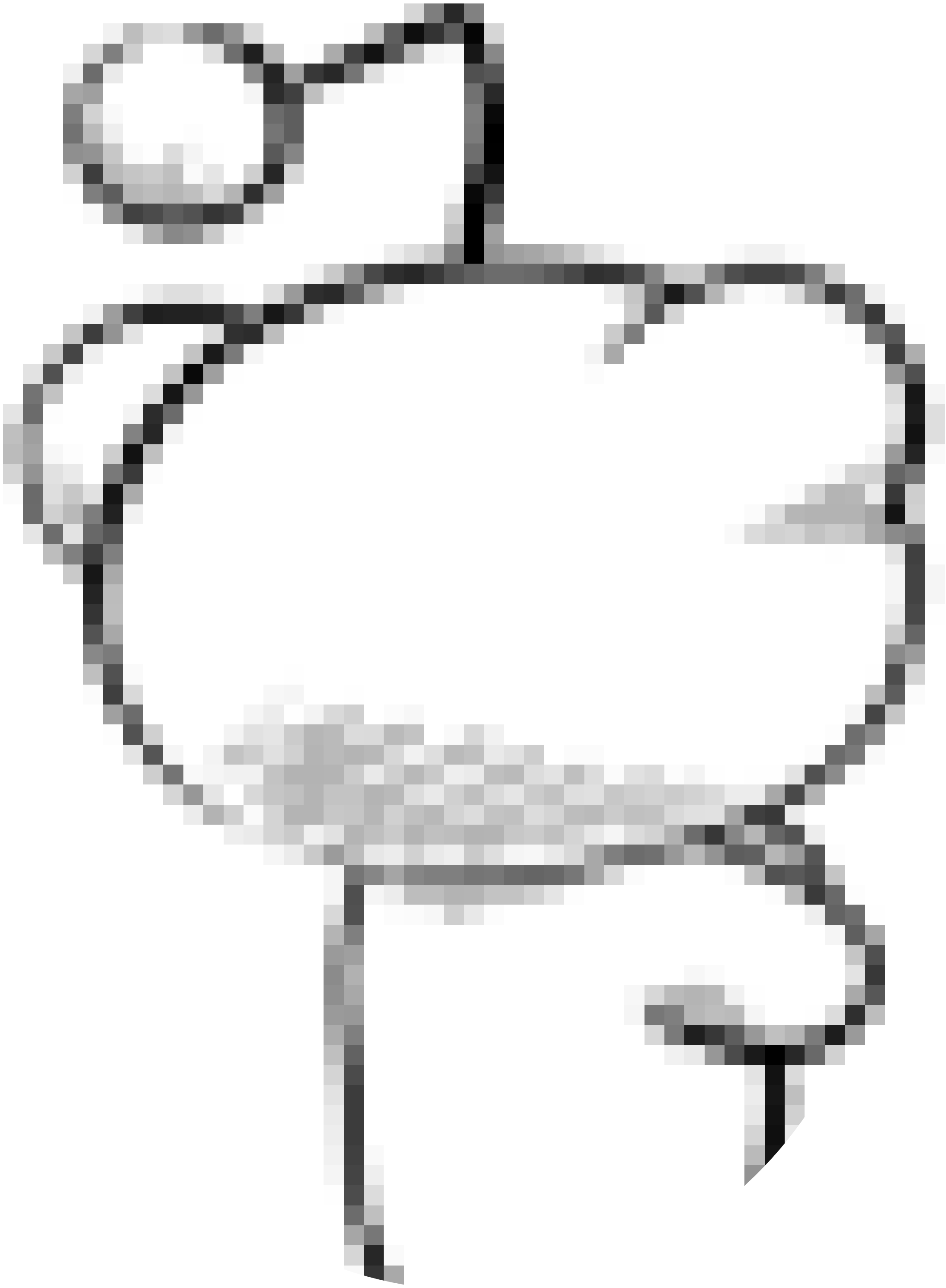
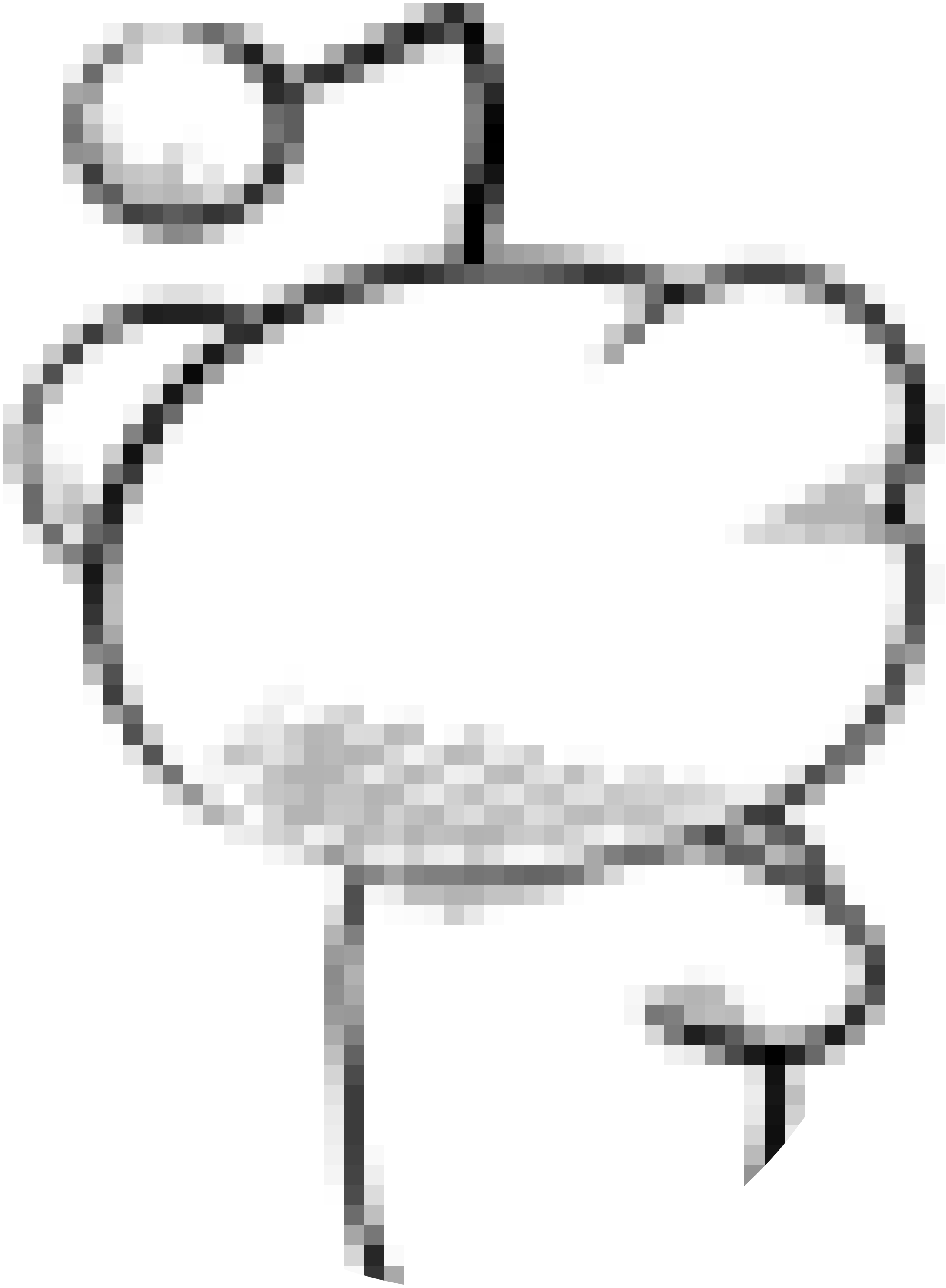


[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

That one time my sister and I disposed of this creepy clown doll my grandmother had in a dumpster in a far away part of our apartment complex only to have it show back up on the same shelf a few days later with no explanation.

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

This girl died my freshman year, I never talked to her so I wasn;t really upset, but a few weeks ago I heard her calling my name in the middle of the night and it creeped me out. Though I hear people saying my name at night all the time, it was just weird this time because it was that girl.



veritasgj
â€¢ 13y ago

i was in an old museum and ahead of the tour group when i was fifteen. i came into a room with a horse drawn hearse that dated back to the late 1800's. i looked at it from several angles and then slowly put my hand out to touch it, thinking i was ridiculous how cautious i was being. when i put my hand on it the feeling that jolted up my arm felt like electricity without the pain. I casually freaked the fuck out and walked straight to the gift shop to await the tour group and the rest of my family. haven't felt that specific sensation on my limbs before or since.

Reply Share

0116316

â€¢ 13y ago

I used to live in a house with a creepy ass basement. One day I was doing laundry in this basement and I hear a baby start crying. The noise is coming from the completely dark area we didn't use. I was home alone and this couldn't have come from outside. It kept getting louder and I ran out of there freaked the hell out. I later find out this has been heard before by other family members.

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

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Bulletblackwolf
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a security guard. I've worked in a few places that gave me the creeps, but hospitals were the worst.

One hospital in particular, which I won't name because security, had a floor which was closed due to asbestos clean up. One of the rooms on this floor was extremely bizarre. The air felt thick and stuffy, even through the mask you had to wear when patrolling it.

I was checking it one morning, I'd say it was around 4am, and I noticed that the usually open bathroom door was shut. There was a scuffling sound inside, so now I had to check it, in case it was a lost patient or a homeless person. So, I went in, held my breath, and threw open the door. No one! Ok, weird. So, I turn to leave, and the large room door suddenly swings closed without any warning and so forcefully that the noise causes my ears to ring.

I peed a little, but I wasn't about to stay in the room. So, I steeled myself, opened the door, and ran out into the hall. I still can't explain it. HVAC was shut off for safety, no windows were open because they *can't* open, and I was the only one on the floor.

dagobahh

â€¢ 13y ago

I once spent a year doing yoga and meditating two or three times daily. After I had been meditating for many months, one night while sitting in the floor on a mat and burning a candle, I decided to end my meditation session by focusing all my mental energy on the candle just as I began to open my eyes. To my astonishment, at the very moment that I put all my concentration into the flame, the glass candle holder cracked. I've always been a skeptic about these type of things, and after much thought, I decided that the candle holder was perhaps already very hot and by moving my head ever so slightly, I generated an air current that cooled the hot glass and caused the crack. Only problem with my theory is, the candle couldn't have gotten the candle holder that hot, I mean after all, it was just an ordinary candle with a flame that was burning well above the glass holder.

Edit: I have posted this before in a somewhat similar thread...

Reply Share

rderekp
â€¢ 13y ago

Nothing creepy, but my massage therapist told me that my dead grandfather (a decorated WWII vet) was bothering her because he was mad that I was anti-military. (This was during the Second Iraq War).

So I went home, and I said outside, "Not mad at the soldiers, grandpa, just the politicians." Didn't tell her. But when I went back the next time, she said he was satisfied and went away.

I still don't believe in life after death. And anyway, I would be surprised that my grandpa cared more about that than my heathen lifestyle. :)

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â€¢ 13y ago

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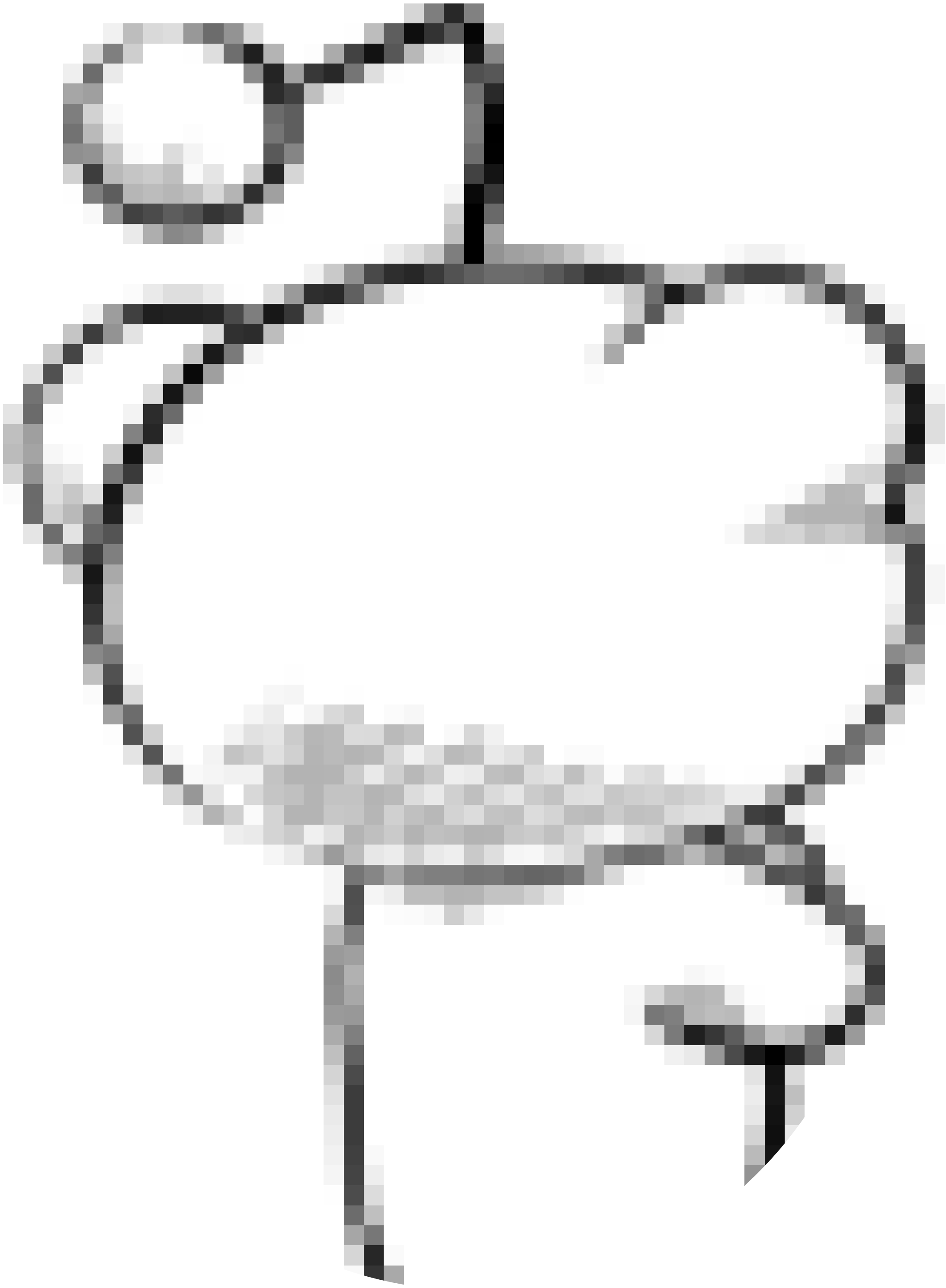
cakefizzle
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

We were living in a house that we had rented from a single, middle-aged woman. I kept walking into the living room and I could swear I saw someone standing off to the right, wearing purple. When I'd turn my head there was nothing there. It would happen almost every time I went in the room. Finally, we mentioned it to the landlord while we were talking one day. She told us her husband had been very sick (cancer, or something similar) and he had died in that room, on that side, under a purple blanket.

EDIT: clarity

Reply Share



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â€¢ [13y ago]

When i was young i had a friend named Paul and i stayed at his for days on end in the holidays playing games and stuff like that, i was sat on the couch watching tv and i had the sudden urge to turn my head and look at the doorway, i don't have a clue why and i'm very sceptical of these types of things but when i turned there was a black figure clearly stood there, moving around slightly, just a complete black figure the size of a 10 year old. It then walked into the wall and through it, the house had previously had a door there leading into the kitchen when the house was built which had been closed up and was just a wall now, so i turned around and told Paul's mum that had seen a ghost or figure of some sort and she was trying to make up explanations and stuff which clearly weren't correct and then the day after found out that all of them had seen this figure within the house but were trying to calm me and make me feel comfortable, i slept there that night as well in the floor next to Paul's bed, safe to say i had no sleep at all. To this day i have no clue what caused it, there is no gas leak in the house as it had been previously checked and they had been seeing the figure for years prior since they moved in, i don't really have explanation for what happened but to say it was a ghost is not logical, i'm not ruling anything out but it's always good to be sceptical even if what you see looks as real as night and day.

Reply Share

Nikami
â€¢ 13y ago

Nothing too spectacular compared to other stories, but happened just last year.

So when it was getting colder outside I had the idea to place a pair of socks in front of my bed, so I could put them on right after getting up. Because, well, my bedroom tends to be cold on a winter morning and I hate cold feet.

Anyway, the next morning, the socks were gone. Vanished while I was sleeping. I checked if they slipped under the bed or so and later (after work) searched everywhere, but couldn't find them.

They did show up a few weeks later, though...I woke up one day and there they were. In the exact same spot from which they disappeared.

I live alone. There is nobody who could have done this (as a prank or whatever). I'm not sure how to explain this.

Reply Share

flesh_crayon
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 5 years old my family moved from a major metro to my great grandmas farm house about an hour south. I had never met the woman because she had died before I was born.

The house we moved into was quite old and therefore didn't have any central air conditioning. This meant we had two window AC's; one in the living room on the main floor, and one in my parents room upstairs.

When it got too hot during the summer months my two sisters and I would "camp out" on my parents floor so we could indulge in some cool air. Well one night I woke up to the sound of my older sister and my parents whispering to each other. I asked them what they were whispering about and they quickly shushed me. Then I could hear it; it sounded exactly like an amplified heartbeat.

We sat there in silence listening to the steady rhythmic thumping until my dad finally swung his legs out of bed to go investigate. Keep in mind this was my dads grandmother, so what happened next is the truly creepy part for me. As soon as my dad crossed the threshold of the door, the heartbeat sped up. Not crazy fast, but certainly twice the pace. After a few more minutes of listening he came back in the room empty-handed, and the heartbeat immediately slowed to its normal pace. It continues for another minute before finally fading to silence again; just the humming of the AC.

This was far from the last "creepy" thing to happen in that house, but this one is a story that most of my family experienced, so I like to think it adds credibility.

Sorry for any errors! I'm typing this on my phone.

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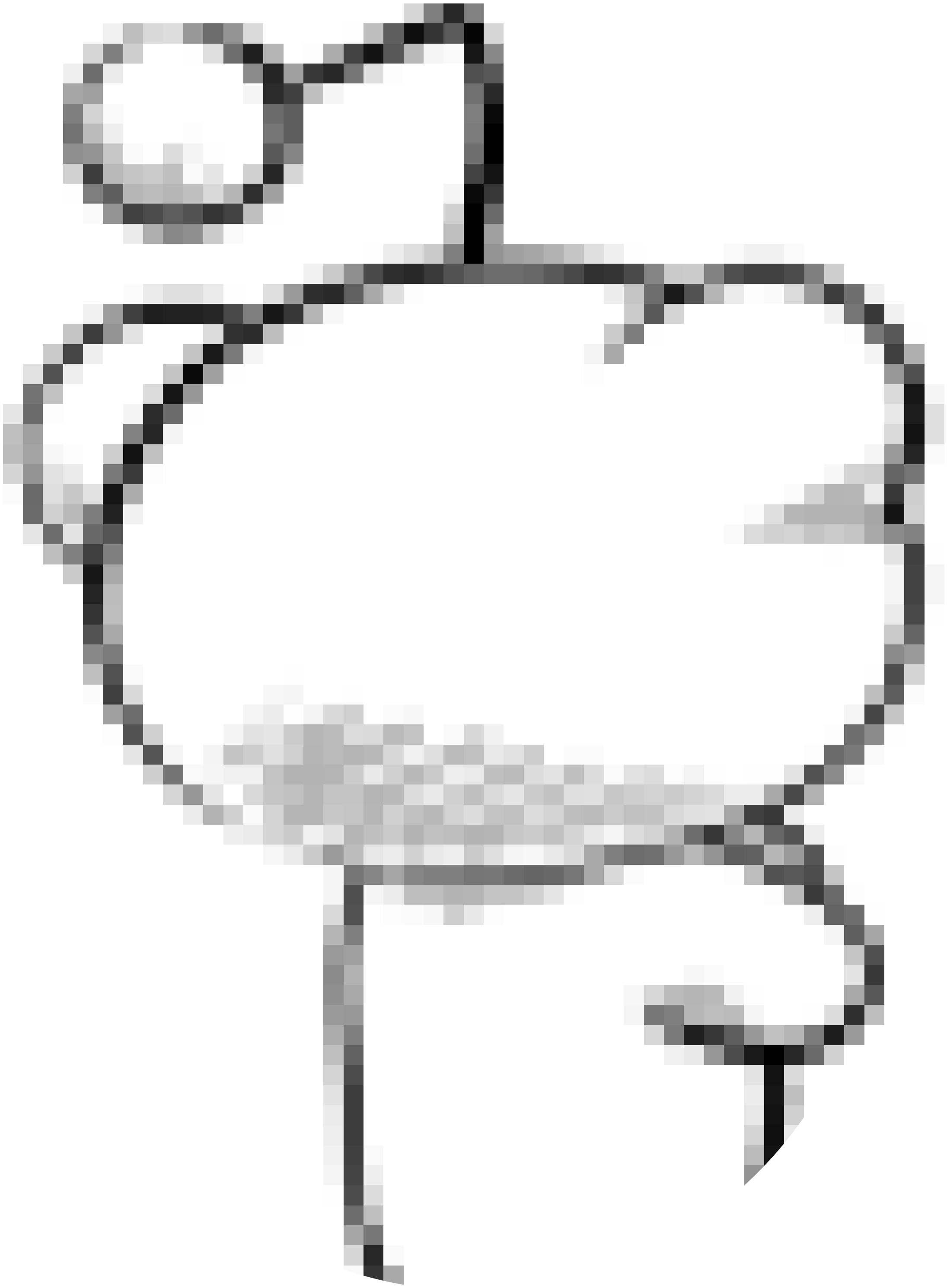

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was lying under a pool table with my friends and we were stoned as balls. We were looking at a door that led to a boiler room/storage room with nobody behind it, and I could swear that it just flew open. None of us went anywhere near it the rest of the night.

Reply Share

madabsol
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 12, we lived in this big council house on the corner of a street. During the school holidays, I had gotten in to the habit of waking up before everyone - about 7-7:30 - and going on our PC to play on Habbo or something similar. The computer was in an office type room downstairs. So one day, I got up as normal and went downstairs to play on the PC. It was dark outside, and there was only a lamp in the office - no big light. I was playing on the computer as normal, when I heard a grating voice announce very clearly and loudly - "HELLO?"

Here's the catch. This computer had NO SPEAKERS. Absolutely no way to produce sound at all.

I ran the fuck upstairs to bed and never woke up before anyone for months.

Reply Share

silenttd
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a little late to the party, but I used to work late shift in a warehouse while I was on summer break from college. I usually got home around midnight and would stay up til 4 or 5 am on the internet or watching tv. This particular night I was chatting with a friend online about creepy stuff we found on the shadowlands website. It's basically just a searchable database of haunted sites broken down by city and state. Basically just chatting back and forth about the different haunted sites in our area so we were kinda creeping each other out. I had been home a few hours at this point and my dog did that thing where he walked to the kitchen and just stated barking at a random spot on the wall. This creeps me out to no end on its own let alone when I'm already a little creeped out. So I walk over and shush him then pick him up to take him out of the kitchen (he was a small dog). As I was leaving the kitchen a fucking egg timer went off. It was a 15 minute egg timer, no one had been downstairs in hours. Not only that, it didn't go off in a normal fashion, it slowly ramped up from this painfully low "groan" like a mechanical toy whose batteries are just about shot. I was terrified and could not come up with an explanation

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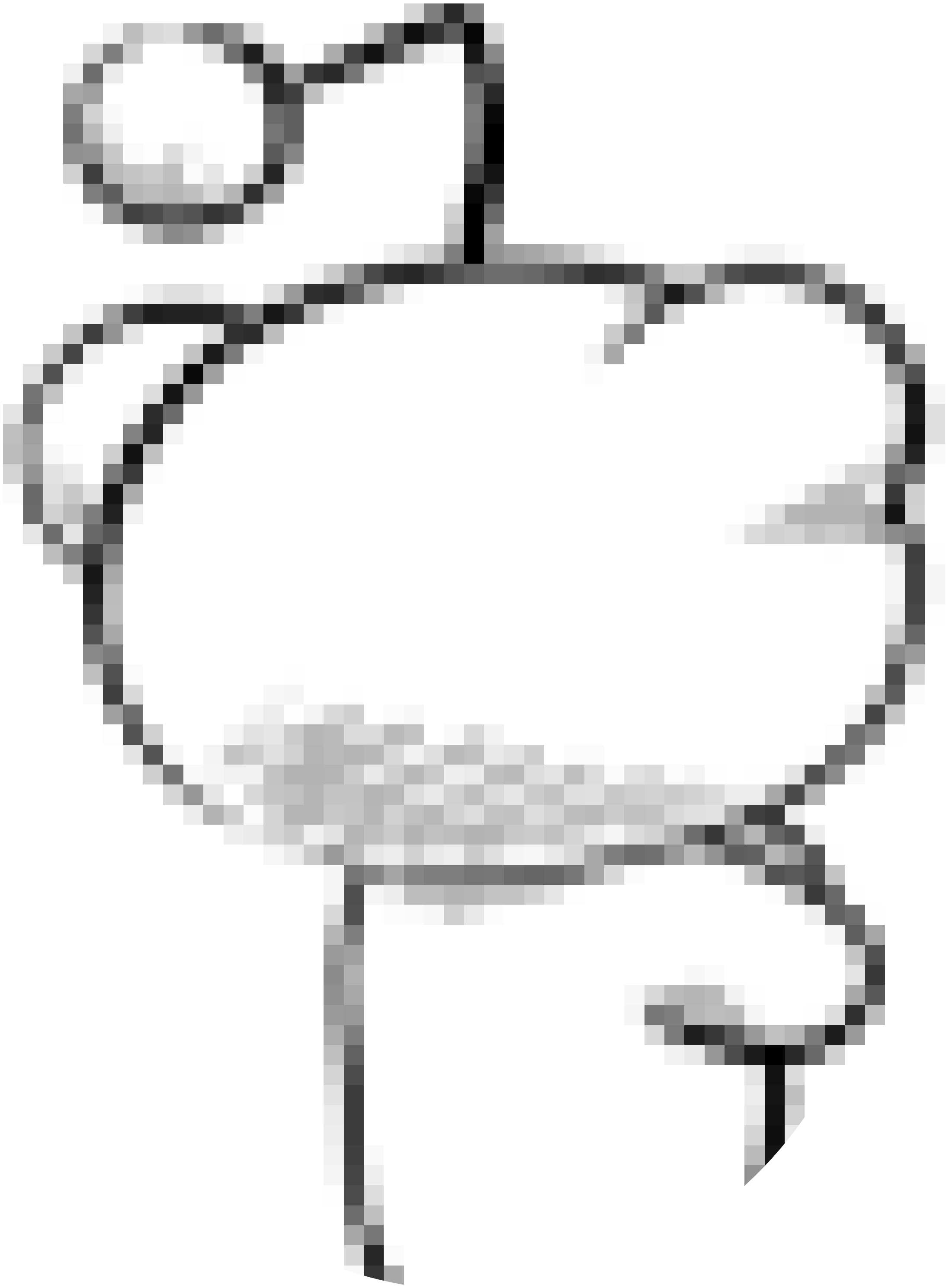

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â€¢ 13y ago

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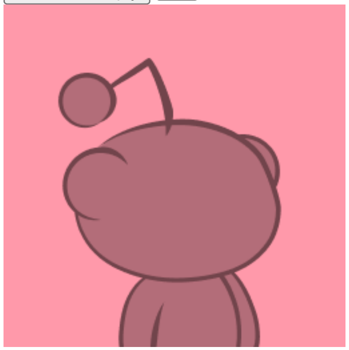

cranberry94

â€¢ 13y ago

I went to an all girls boarding school that was founded in the early 1800s.

The main building used to house the dorms, but for about 60 years, was just used for administration things on the main floor. But a few years ago, they renovated it for senior dorms.

There was this old story that we heard about a girl that had committed suicide in one of the dorm rooms a long long time ago. The story goes, that after she did this, a faint cross appeared on the wall behind where she hung herself. And that no matter how many times they painted over it, it wouldn't go away.

Before they renovated it, we snuck up there to see it for ourselves. And there it was. We thought that maybe it was just a hoax.

So we waited. And when the renovation was done, we went back. Everything was beautiful. Hardwood floors, fresh paint, all that jazz.

The dorm room had been turned into a "hall mom" room for a teacher to live in. And there was a painting strategically placed over that spot on the wall.

We moved the painting. And the cross was still there.

I still don't know what to think.

Suldrun

â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 5, my parents lived just down the road from my grandparents (on my mums side). We lived just outside a small village and every so often my parents would drive us all through to the next town over to get some ice cream for a treat.

Anyway, this one time we had just arrived at the ice cream shop when my parents started arguing. Being 5 and just about to get ice cream I didn't pay it much attention but my mum was trying to convince my dad that they needed to go see my grandparents since she had a really strong feeling that something was wrong. We abandon the ice cream trip (we were in sight of the shop!) and go to my grandparents farm to discover my grandpa had just had a stroke.

This was about 25 years ago so it was well before mobile phones, to this day I can't explain how my mum knew. My grandpa died later that night :(

⊕ 1 more reply

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itsmothafuckinsteve
â€¢ 13y ago

I was working nights in Phoenix and we were demo'ing (i do demolition so whatever the phrase would be) the inside of a business complex that used to be a counselling office or something like that and my crew and i kept getting a really creepy feeling like goosebumps where the hair on the back of your neck stands up. Well this continued for about 4 hours and we started noticing movements in an office in the dark corner of the building we were in and heard footsteps or something similar to that sound. So lunch time rolls around and its about 1 AM and the security guard was coming up to us and shot the shit because he was bored and we all tell him that the part of the building we are in is weird and kinda creepy. He then goes on to tell us that in the exact part that we saw and heard and felt all this creepy shit that some woman who worked as a counsellor had shot her self in the head in her office and everyone who had ever been in that building always saw things and left or just became super uneasy about everything when they were in the building. Now i don't believe in ghost stories or anything but something bad was in that building i just don't know what. Nor do i care to find out. So yeah DO NOT GO TO 7500 North Dreamy Draw Drive Phoenix, AZ 85020. For what its worth, if you look up dreamy draw drive there have been UFO reports, ghost sightings and alien conspiracy theories. Also the Mexican place next door called Aunt Chiladas is fucking delicious and reportedly haunted also. So alot of coincidence? Probably.

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[Dardanos14](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My old bedroom had a corner where no light would ever reach at night but I always slept on my side and fell asleep looking into this corner. At one point, I had a dream that I was trying to fall asleep whilst staring into the empty black corner as I always do. This continued for a few moments when something caught my eye at the top of the wall. A girl's head had popped out and looked down at me. My adrenaline started pumping as I started to sit up while this girl's white face and black eyes stared at me. And then she started to move. Down the wall, through the darkness. I woke up - But she was still fucking there, stepping up onto my bed. I scrambled backwards on my bed and stood up and screamed for help as this girl looked at me. I heard the sound of footsteps coming down the stairs, distracting me for half a second and when I looked back, she was gone. I dropped to my knees and heard my brother screaming my name, then he came crashing through my door. "Dude! What's wrong?!?!"

"Nothing man... Bad dream." But it was so god damned real.

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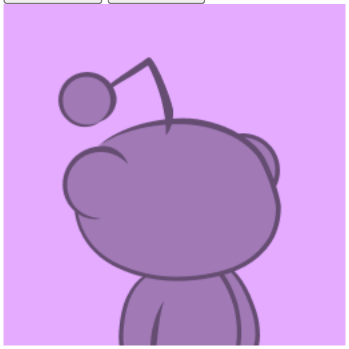


[allsmilesandsunshine](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Happened to me: Once when I was at a friend's house for a slumber party, I kept getting these really bad feelings and chills. At one point I looked up at the TV and saw someone in a nightgown walk by - but all of the girls there were sitting on the other side of the room playing a game. Needless to say, 10-year-old me freaked the fuck out and refused to stay there any longer, so I called my brother at 3 in the morning to come and pick me up. He asked what was wrong, and when I told him, he actually believed me - unlike my parents did the next day - because he had been friends with the previous homeowner's children and had experienced some of the same things at that house. D:

Happened to a friend: We think that one of my friends is being followed by a spirit of some sort. The first house that she started having strange experiences was the first home she shared with her babydaddy. I don't remember any specific incidents in that house other than the day that they came home and their new poster on the wall was ripped down the middle. She said it looked like someone with long nails had just ripped their nails down the whole poster - and this was before she had a cat. They moved into a different place, and weird things still happened. Here's a short list of the things I can remember her or her sister telling me, and things that I had happen to myself while in the house.

- Came home one day and the broom was standing straight up in the middle of the floor. When she touched it, it fell over, and they spent the next hour trying to get it to stand again. They couldn't figure that one out.

- Sister heard someone turn on the shower upstairs, and afterward it sounded like they were getting ready for work. She assumed it was her sister, but about an hour later, her sister actually got up to get ready for work.

- You know those little kids' foam mats that are shaped like puzzle pieces, and they make that distinct squishsquish type sound when you walk on them? Sister heard someone in the basement walking over those in the middle of the night - and even the cat was upstairs at the time.

- Both of her young children have had experiences with the ghosts/spirits, too. Her daughter came running into her room one day and said that someone was watching her sleep and refused to go back to her bed that night. Another time, her son came up and calmly said "I'm scared, Mommy." When asked why he was scared, all he did was stare and point into the hallway, and bury his face in his mom's legs. Now, he can't really talk all that well, despite being over two years old. A friend who was there at the time said that if you looked at him, he was white as a sheet and you could practically see his mind racing, trying to explain to them what he was so afraid of. All he could manage was "Dooodi, doodi." He sat on the couch beside our friend, and within five minutes it was like nothing had ever happened - he was calm again and went back to playing with his toys.

- Things being moved / going missing for a few days.

[jpog07](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I worked for a company in Lincoln, NE that serviced business aircraft for a while in the late 90s. The duties in my first position there included driving around in the afternoon to places around town and picking up various items on purchase orders, dropping off other items...basically errand guy. One time I'm in the Haymarket area (old warehouses etc, revitalized back in the 80s), parked the van under an overpass and dropped off an item. I come back to the van and there was a DEAD, BLOATED ROOSTER right behind the tire of the van. I didn't drive over it while parking - I would have felt that. No tire tracks on the body, nothing. It had obviously been dead for a while - it wasn't smelly or decomposing, but that wasn't too far off. I was sure I was a victim of a prank or something. I looked around and didn't see anybody, didn't hear anybody. I had some gloves with me, so I put them on, grabbed the feet and pulled it just far enough so the tire wouldn't hit the bird on the way out. I left...wondering WTF had just happened.

TL;DR - Found dead rooster under work van, no idea how it got there

Reply Share

kaihau
â€¢ 13y ago

One night I was listening to coast to coast on AM radio while in bed, and there was this lady on who said she had spirits and stuff in her house. So I'm listening and she goes "wow, the lights just flickered while I was talking about the spirit."

So I'm laying there in bed and think to myself "wow how weird would it be if the power went out right now". Closed my eyes again, thought nothing and then about a minute later I hear my computer fans and air conditioner spool down. I flipped out and turned my flashlight on and then the power came back on. A few minutes later I got on my computer to tell a friend what happened and right before I was finished typing out what happened the power went off again.

I don't believe in any spiritual stuff but this freaked me out.

Reply Share

Gibellini
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Okay - I don't really believe in any supernatural stuff, but I have one that's really quite freaky.

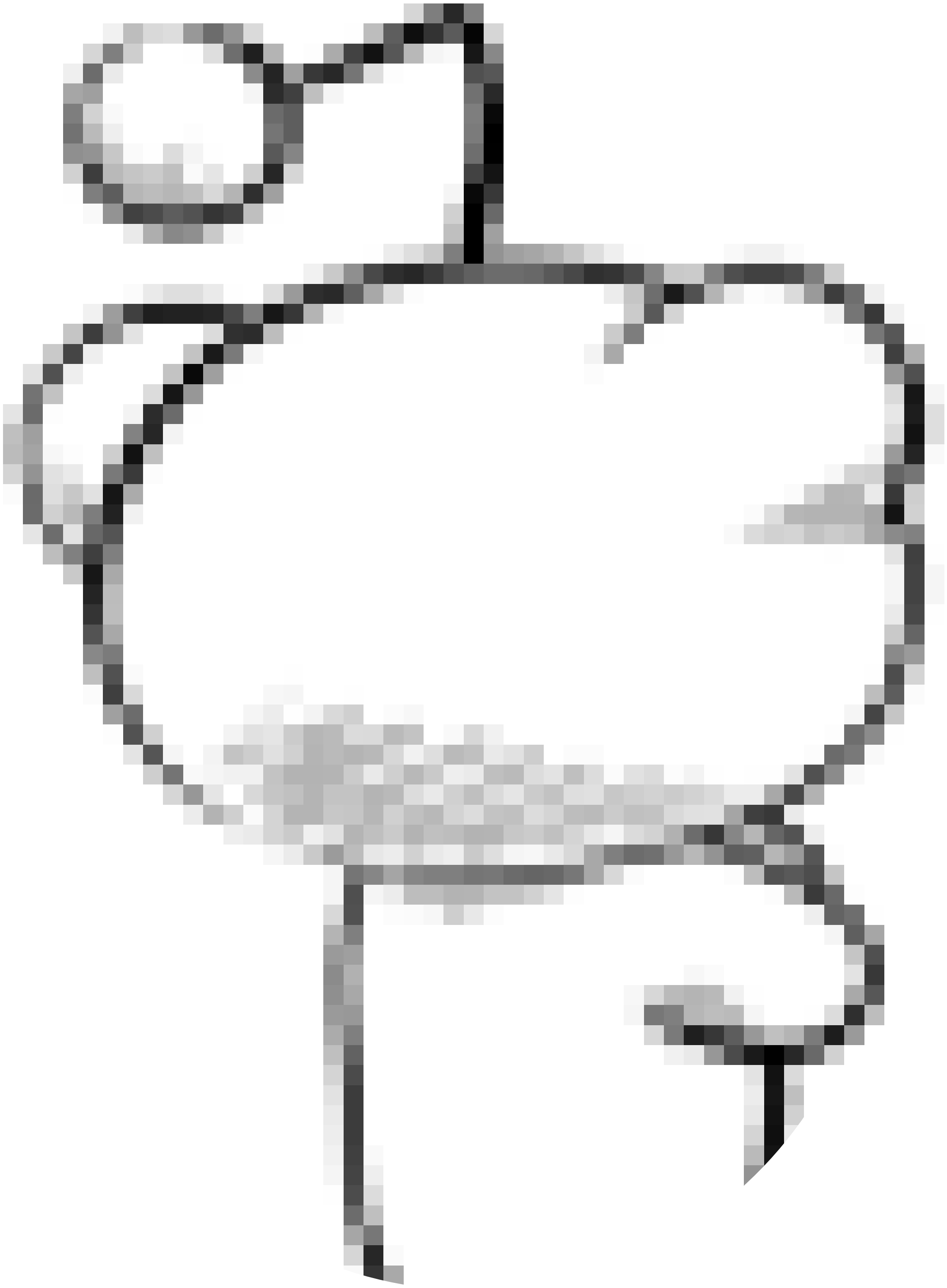
Before I was born, my mum and my sister lived in a countryside cottage. Very quiet place. My sister was about 6 years old when this happened. The cottage had a very large and deeply dug pond in the back garden which had become kind of shallow and mucky, but it used to be much deeper.

One day my mum was sat downstairs in the living room and my sister came downstairs saying 'The bed's all wet and the boys are soaking'. Mum thinks 'Okay she's wet the bed or spilled something and is just making up crap to try to get away with it - but boys??'. It was just my mum and sister in the house. Regardless she goes upstairs with my sister to her room and finds nothing at all - nothing wet, no sign of water anywhere, and obviously no sign of any boys. My sister again says that the boys were all wet and had been in her room getting things wet. She's just a bit annoyed because she thinks two boys got her bed all wet.

A year later my Mum finds out that two boys, brothers - drowned to death in the pond in the back garden many years ago (been a while since she told me so I dunno when exactly, but long enough ago that it wasn't ever brought up before). My sister had never shown any real interest in the pond or talked about it. Very very strange and freaky coincidence, I guess - but I get chills thinking about it.

A more light hearted/funny coincidence. Friend and I walking through a graveyard late at night, in a very small remote village, mildly drunk on our way back to a party. We are talking about the the inevitability of death and he says 'One day, that'll be me!' as he points to a random gravestone which is juuust about illuminated by the church lights 15 feet or so away. As he pointed we both glance at it... Gravestone has his name on it! We laughed/scuttled off back to the party.

*edit: clarity



[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]()

I have premonitions about text messages. It's completely random but I'll think about a person and they'll text me out of the blue seconds later. On occasion I'll know what its about too. I can't tell if my brain has tuned into the wireless signals that come down or what. Everyone always just says I'm full of shit because I can't do it on command. Anyone else?

death-crab
â€¢ 13y ago

I have two odd little stories. One was from when I was very young. I was probably 7 or 8 and my family was getting our first computer. I was watching my dad set it up, cause we used them in school and I always thought they were really fun. Anyway. Turns out watching your dad plug in wires is really boring so I turn around to walk out of the room, in the hallway I see a shadow of a man. But there is no light to cast a shadow. It turns to me, and I can see it looking at me and he nods, tipping his cap (like an old fashioned racing cap or something... I dunno it was a shadow) and then he runs and when he hits the corner of the wall he was gone. I think it was my grampa, who I never met, but how am I supposed to know?

My other story happened at my school. I go to University of Vermont and live in Redstone Hall which is a very old mansion converted into dorms. People say it is haunted by a ghost named Andrew who haunts the upstairs bathroom. My event didn't happen there, I was in the common room writing a paper really late at night, no one else was up. I had my headphones unplugged on the table and suddenly I hear faint crackling coming from them. I hit pause on my laptop but it doesn't do anything. I pick them up, the crackling gets louder. Then I realize they weren't plugged into anything. I ran out of that room so fast man. I was fucking scared.

Sirtrolalot
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 14 my sister used to be into the Ouija board thing. I have always been very sceptical about supernatural things so I decided to see what they were doing and how they probably made unconcious group decisions or what not. It was in the storage garden house, where they always did this game and it was during the night. At the time they asked the 'ghost' to prove that it was with them, the light switched off.

A couple weeks before this happened my sister and her friends were also doing their 'ghost' thing. The electricity of the garden house can be shut off from within the house, which I did at that time, hilarity ensued. This time, however, only the main lights switched off, there were also red christmass lights which were still on and should have been off if electricity was switched off from within the house. Furthermore I was standing next to the door, in front of the only light-switch in the garden house and I swear I did not touch it or accidentally bumbed into it. Of course I was accused, but after awhile everbody realised it was not me and could not have been anybody else without me noticing it. I still don't see any reason to believe in ghost or anything supernatural but I haven't been able to explain what happened in the garden house.

Reply Share

sylvanochrome
â€¢ 13y ago

Posted this a awhile back, once. This is just about the only really freaky/unexplainable stuff that I can really remember.

So for about as long as I can remember, me and my family have gone up to cape cod for the last week or so in august before school to hang out in wellfleet with some family friends that are also often up there. There was a particular house that we rented constantly for quite a while. One year, the family that lived there stopped renting it, so we had to get a different house. If i recall, i was about 6 at the time, my brother was 10. The family friend's kids were both two brothers, a year older than me and my brother. So we move into this house, i feel like it was near Chequesset Neck road? Whatever.

So there were a few weird things about this house. First was that right next to it, on the same property was this warehouse full of broken, unpainted wooden furniture, which i was scared to death of. I refused under all circumstances to go within fifty feet of that goddamn thing. Often, during the night, loud footsteps were heard tramping up and down the stairs (according to my parents and brother; I never heard it) and often things just wouldn't be where we thought we left them. There was also this room in the attic with a bunch of beds in it, but whenever ANY of we the kids were in that room, we'd just start BAWLING. We couldn't stand being up there. Just.. bad, bad vibes.

Later, my parents told us that once they woke up in the middle of the night hearing this awful wailing singing coming from somewhere outside, which was creepy to hear about. The TV was strange because i never really found it odd, because I was six years old and a know-it-all. The TV didn't really work. It was all static on every channel, but you could pretty clearly make out a face in the static. The exact same image was on every channel of this face in the static. I remember my mom talking her friend, the mom of the other family, saying "The TV doesn't work" and I said "It works, there's just the same thing on every channel!" Looking back, that was probably the scariest house i've ever dared venture into, much less live in for like, a week. My parents still sometimes wonder why the hell we stayed there for so long.

rhcp91
â€¢ 13y ago

Ive got one!

I was about 10 years old playing video games on my computer (diablo 2 oddly enough) and there was an electric drill on next to me on the chair. I suddenly hear a loud thud and find that the drill is now 6 feet behind me sitting in the middle of the room.

TheRapturous
â€¢ 13y ago

Sometimes I wake up and I see my long passed Granny standing at the foot of my bed. I know I'm not dreaming when this happens, and it's happened at my house as well in other houses and even on vacation. She's as clear as day, and when I blink she's gone.

[Maxentium](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

When my grandmother died, a day later my aunt's friend who had moved to Denmark called and asked for her, completely out of the blue and without knowledge that she had died. After my aunt explained what happened, she said that my grandmother appeared to her in a dream, told her a couple of things [most important one was "If you dislike it there in Denmark, move back here, it's fine"] before seemingly disappearing.

Was pretty eerie and very weird.

gypsywhisperer
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 3, I had a dream that I was with my grandpa, who died 11 years prior. I was able to describe his height, his outfit, his voice, his taste of clothing, everything.

GaetanDugas
â€¢ 13y ago

My brother died several years ago. People who have never met my brother or who have ever known my brother sometimes mistakenly refer to me by my brothers name.

You know how your parents or grandparents will often confuse siblings names? Well, this happens to me, but often with strangers. Our names aren't that dissimilar; they both start with the same letter and are the same length. But to call someone you hardly know by a completely different name is odd. I had a professor that used to do it and several coworkers have done it. No person we both know mutually has my brothers name, so I can't explain it.

I've asked people who have done this "why did you just call me ****?" They always give me a blank look and go, "well...I don't really know."

Reply Share

5ArrowsArchery
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to work at a full-body donation facility. If you donated you're body to science, I was the guy who would cut your body up and send the parts to different researchers around the world. Official name: "Anatomist". The general rule was that you don't talk about ghosts, you don't bring in ouija boards and NEVER talk about how ghosts can follow you home. Some of the anatomists had that unfortunate experience. So we receive a body one day and put it in cold storage. Before we can touch the body though, we need official consent from the family, but this family was in dispute. The son (with power of attorney) wanted to donate the body, the rest of the family didn't. Legally, it didn't matter what they thought, it just matters what the POA wanted, but ya know, we're not assholes and since the son sounded unsure we told him we'd hold it. During the next few weeks we get death threats from the friends and family about how they're going to come, shoot us all, and take the body back. We tell them "sure, if you want it that bad, we'll even load it into your truck", no one ever comes. Lots of drama. Eventually the son gives us the official "ok". We go to the cold storage unit and notice something weird about the door. Etched onto the stainless steel metal door, is the word, "NO". It's clear. We all know it's clearly telling us NO. My buddy tries to rub it off to no avail, then points to the door and says, "Ya know, if you put another line right here it actually says 'WO' like 'Woooo!'... I think he's excited." Quickly we agree, grab the body, dismember it and ship it out. The etching never came off.

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Ergok
â€¢ 13y ago

Not sure if creepy, but unexplainable to me.

Me and my cousin were hanging out at his house, big old house with a massive front yard and a big iron gate.

Cousing is playing his guitar with his back to the window overlooking the front yard. I'm on the other side of the room looking at him, the window, the yard and the gate (among other things).

Some guy shows up at the door and start walking to the house, they have a business running inside the house so it's normal for some random customers to show up and leave from the house.

But this guy, was wearing a big hat and long brown coat, which is weird cause it was mid summer. So I stand up from my chair and go to a door right next to me to ask the guy that was coming in this direction what does he want. I open the door... and the guys is gone. It's a big yard, but nowhere to hide.

Me: "Well, that was weird..."

Cousin: "What?"

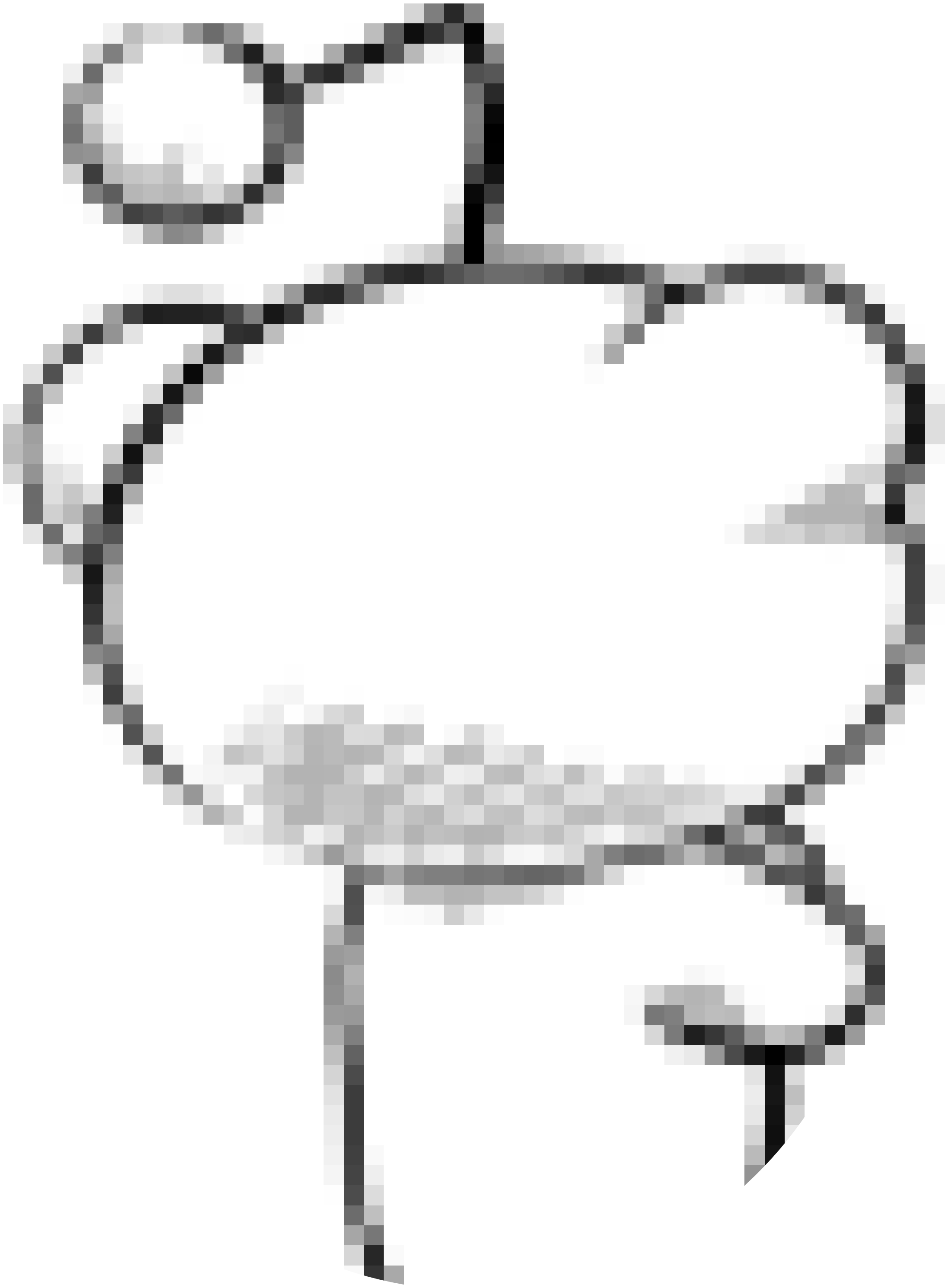
Me: "I would swear I saw a guy coming here"

Cousin: "Tall, long brown coat and a hat?"

Me: O_O

Cousin: "Yeah, it happens" *keeps playing the guitar*

Still have no idea what happened...



[YaBoyNazeem](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was driving home late one night from my girlfriends house, it was around 2 and I was very tired. My eyes were heavy and it was a dark stretch of road. I heard in my head in my own voice, "Fall asleep. Fall asleep." I'm not suicidal and it still creeps me out.

Reply Share

inkslave

â€¢ 13y ago

Not supernatural, but I interviewed a serial killer. The guards locked the two of us in his 6 x 9 holding cell for an hour. He was still on trial but I left the jail convinced he was a true psychopath and guilty as hell. The judge and jury agreed. He's still on death row.

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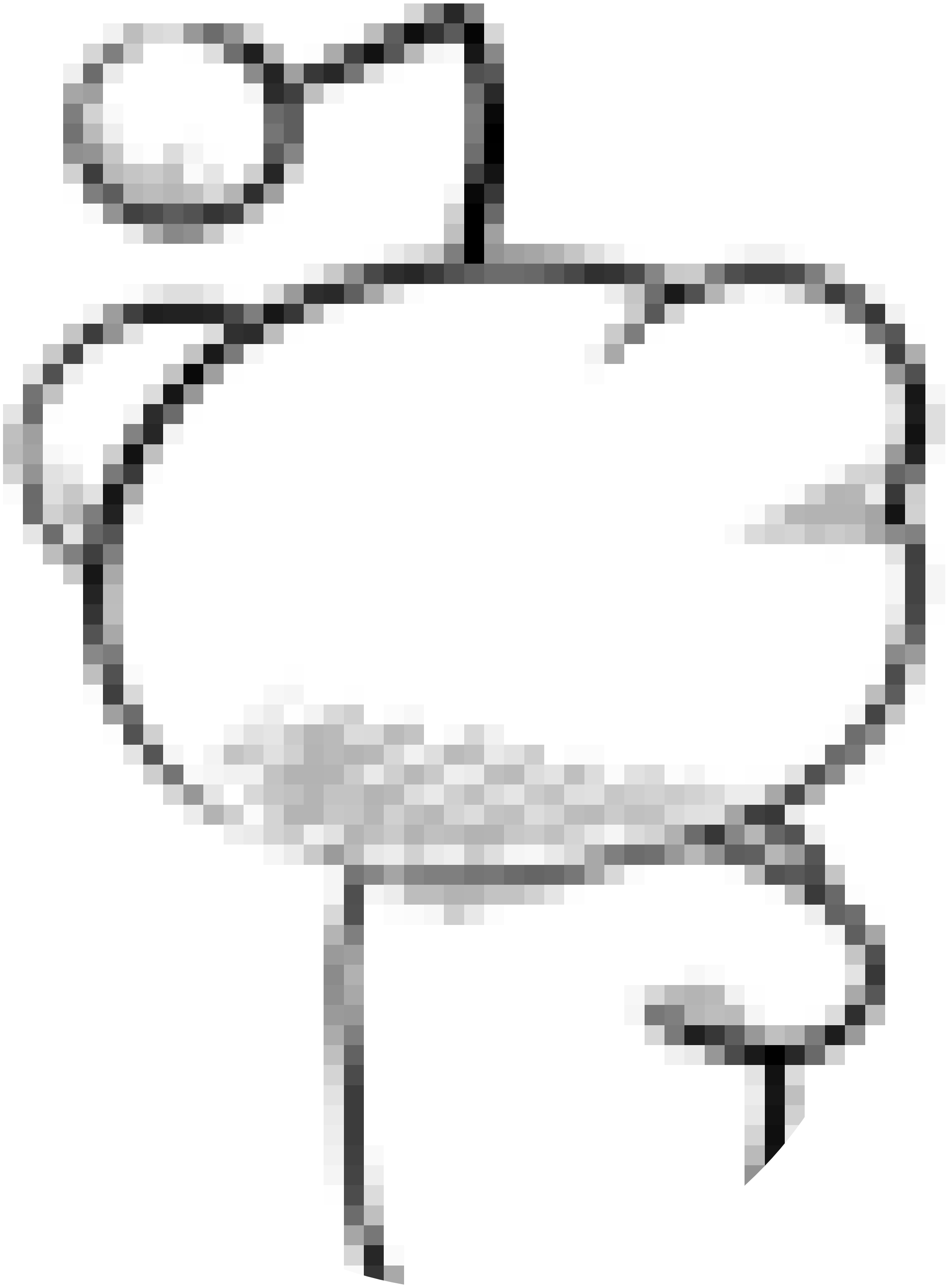
zingo-spleen
â€¢ 13y ago

In New Orleans - some friends and I were in one of the graveyards looking around. One friend had a video camera with a light and tried to shove the camera in a hole he found in one of the crypts to videotape the inside.

As soon as we got in the car to leave, the car wouldn't start. When it finally turned over, it would only go about 10 feet and then stall. It kept doing this over and over again. One of my other friends started to panic and said "It's because you guys were screwing with that grave! They're mad at us!" So he starts shouting "We're sorry! We're sorry!"

All of a sudden - the car starts. No shit. Doesn't happen again the whole trip.

Later on - my friend pops the tape into the VCR. There's static where he sticks the camera into the crypt. Again, no shit.



[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

One night, my mom and I were arguing (we argue a lot so that's not out of the ordinary). Then, mid sentence, I start smelling cigarette smoke, which was odd because nobody in my house smokes. I ignore it and keep on arguing with my mom. Five minutes later, it gets stronger and stronger. My mom is very anti-smoking so I know she didn't notice it. She could smell a cigarette a mile away. Anyway, once the smoke gets absolutely unbearable, my mom just stops yelling and tells me to call my older sister. I refused and asked her why. She just kept yelling at me to call my sister. She had a really bad feeling about her. So I get my sister on the phone, she spuds absolutely fine, but to be sure she comes stops by the house and ends up spending the night. That night there was a really bad shooting at the apartment she lived in.

shiny_brine
â€¢ 13y ago

George Bush being elected to his second term.

xColonelxTurtle
â€¢ 13y ago

I saw my grandma in her underwear once.

JagrsMullet
â€¢ 13y ago

Context:

The time was high school and I was having dinner with my neighbors. We were having a conversation about supernatural stuff and I said "Maybe people always chalk up weird events to ghosts and aliens because they are not educated or are not thinking scientifically."

My neighbor's answer to this statement was to tell this story about a time when he was back in Virginia. He is a brilliant guy, smart in business and a veterinarian. He loves the outdoors and chose to live in a rural area before the northeast. In this part of Virginia, houses were spread out and neighbors relied on each other if they needed something.

Story:

One night he's eating a nice candle light dinner with his wife in their house when their three neighbors come banging on the door. It's a husband, wife, and the wife's brother who were all living in a house down the road. Each one is a professor in the sciences of some sort at the university. And each one was completely white with fear and shock.

My neighbor sat them down and the brother explained that he went upstairs to tell one of the kids that dinner was ready. He heard the son talking to someone in his room. The brother opens the door and an old man is sitting on the bed looking at the son as he plays with toys on the floor. The old man stands up, turns and looks the brother in the eyes, and walks into the wall.

The brother is hysterical. He goes downstairs to the husband and wife and tells them what happened. They both immediately freak out because they have been experiencing similar things around the house but never said anything because they didn't want to acknowledge it.

The wife explains that she wakes up in the middle of the night and sees someone standing next to the bed just staring at her. She only sees a silhouette and the glare from the eyes. The husband says that he's seen an old man in his sons room through the window when he pulls in the driveway.

These three well educated people, generally on top of their shit and always ready with an explanation in the classroom, were standing in my neighbors living room freaking out and unable to comprehend what they all experienced.

Made a believer out of him.

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PocketBurrito
â€¢ 13y ago

Probably buried at this point but I'll give it a shot.

My house has had a lot of weird stuff happen over the years. My brother took a picture on his old, old cellphone of himself with the wall directly behind him. When he looked at it some time later, he realized there was a girl with black hair behind him. (Swear to God, I and many of my friends have seen it)

Short while later, I'm home alone and my whole family is gone at a hockey game. My mom was going to be back at like noon at the earliest because it was far away. So I'm in the shower and I hear this girl screaming my name, so I quickly finish showering when I shout back and nobody answers. I decide to immediately go downstairs because I assumed it was my mom or my sister (who was with my mom). Nobody is there so I go to check the time to see if it were anywhere around noon. I look at the oven and it's 10:30 am. Right next to my oven is a door that leads to the dining room and as I look at the oven I see a girl with black hair sitting on the couch staring at me. Literally almost shit my pants.

On a side note, all of my friends except one had been around and experienced stuff like this. The one friend was skeptical and didn't believe me. So one day were sitting watching TV facing the fireplace and something flies off the mantel. Now mind you, there's no windows open or anything. So we look at each other and get up to see what it was and it's the Holy Bible.

TL;DR: There's a girl with black hair that likes her photo taken and hates the Bible in my house.

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Valetudo170
â€¢ 13y ago

So I live in Cleveland Ohio. I am sure a bunch of you remember when Alex Rodriguez for about to hit his 600th home run. Well he was in Cleveland when he was able to do it so my friend drove up from Columbus and we went to the game in a attempt to get rich quick or witness a bit of baseball history whatever. Well my friend in attempt to show that with his key fob he could not lock his keys in his car somehow managed to lock his keys in his car. Well we went to the game anyway and after called his fiance and she started driving up and I started driving down and we met halfway with his spare set of keys. I then dropped him off at his car and at this point it was about 3-4 A.M. I hop on the freeway 480 which runs parallel with lake but about 10 miles from it. Out of the corner of my eye to the west of downtown I see about 20 flashing lights that were high in the sky and out over the lake. There were no buildings and this was a large grouping of lights that were flashing brighter then softer and they were moving back and forth. I pulled over on the freeway and took video of it but it came out really crappy. Slowly one by one the lights dissappeared. Freaked me the hell out.

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Beatmaniaiidxs

â€¢ 13y ago

I thought I'd share my experience (not really a deep experience or anything).

So I was in my college town living with my ex girlfriend for the summer. One weekend, we got ice cream, which was within walking distance of the house we were staying at. We get the ice cream and go to a graveyard, which happened to be right behind the ice cream building. We sit down for awhile and enjoy our dessert. Didn't really think much of it.

We walk back to the house. That night, we both woke up to my laptop being on. It was on youtube. Keep in mind, I generally keep my laptop off and at that point in time, I rarely went to youtube, so I didn't have it open in a browser or anything in case the laptop was on before I went to sleep. We were pretty startled, but went right back to sleep. In the morning, I open the laptop again to look at the video that was playing. Just some random celebrity video of a woman walking to her car with the paparazzi following her. But for the next few days, we felt uneasy being in our room. Like there was a change in *pressure* in the atmosphere. We were reminded of a ghost story that my ex had shared with me awhile ago, and just asked if anything was there to leave us alone. Pressure went away and we felt like we weren't bothered ever again.

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macadorer
â€¢ 13y ago

Here's my story. During my childhood, we often go to parks for BBQ/picnic. Because my sisters are 8 years older than me, I often played alone as a kid. During one of the picnic we had, there was a big hill not too far from the area we settled down at. Like the usualy, I played by myself. I remeber started playing on the ground and just rolling on top of leaves. After a couple of rolls, I felt something and started digging around to see what made me uncomfortable (physically wise). I found this. What you clicked on is anicent currency that has not been around for many, many, many years. I don't believe I found gold, rather it was either silver or copper. Being a young child at the 6 or 7, I actually knew what it was and brought it to my mom. I distinctively remember my mom saw what the hell I was holding, but DIDN'T freak out (in front of me anyways) and simply told me to put it back where I found it. Being a good child (which I actually am not), I listened and went back to the pile of leaves and rested it back on top and left. I went back to the picnic area and had some food, but my curiosity got the best of me and made me wonder why I can't keep what I found. After downing some food, I went back and thought, screw it, I found it, I should keep it.

Except... it was gone. And I am to this day, very certain, that no one would've picked it up or went there while I was eating because I can SEE the area from where the picnic area is (<250 m).

You may ask, why is finding this, is something freakish. Because in the Chinese tradition, you would fold joss paper and burn it to the dead during different celebrations. The Chinese believes the joss paper becomes really currency (and take the shape of) in hell/the other world. In my tiny childhood brain, I think I 'crossed over' to the other world by accident and took 'someone's' money by accident. I haven't brought up this story to my mom ever since and don't think I will ever.

I experience other unexplainable coincidences during my childhood, but this story sticks out for me the most.

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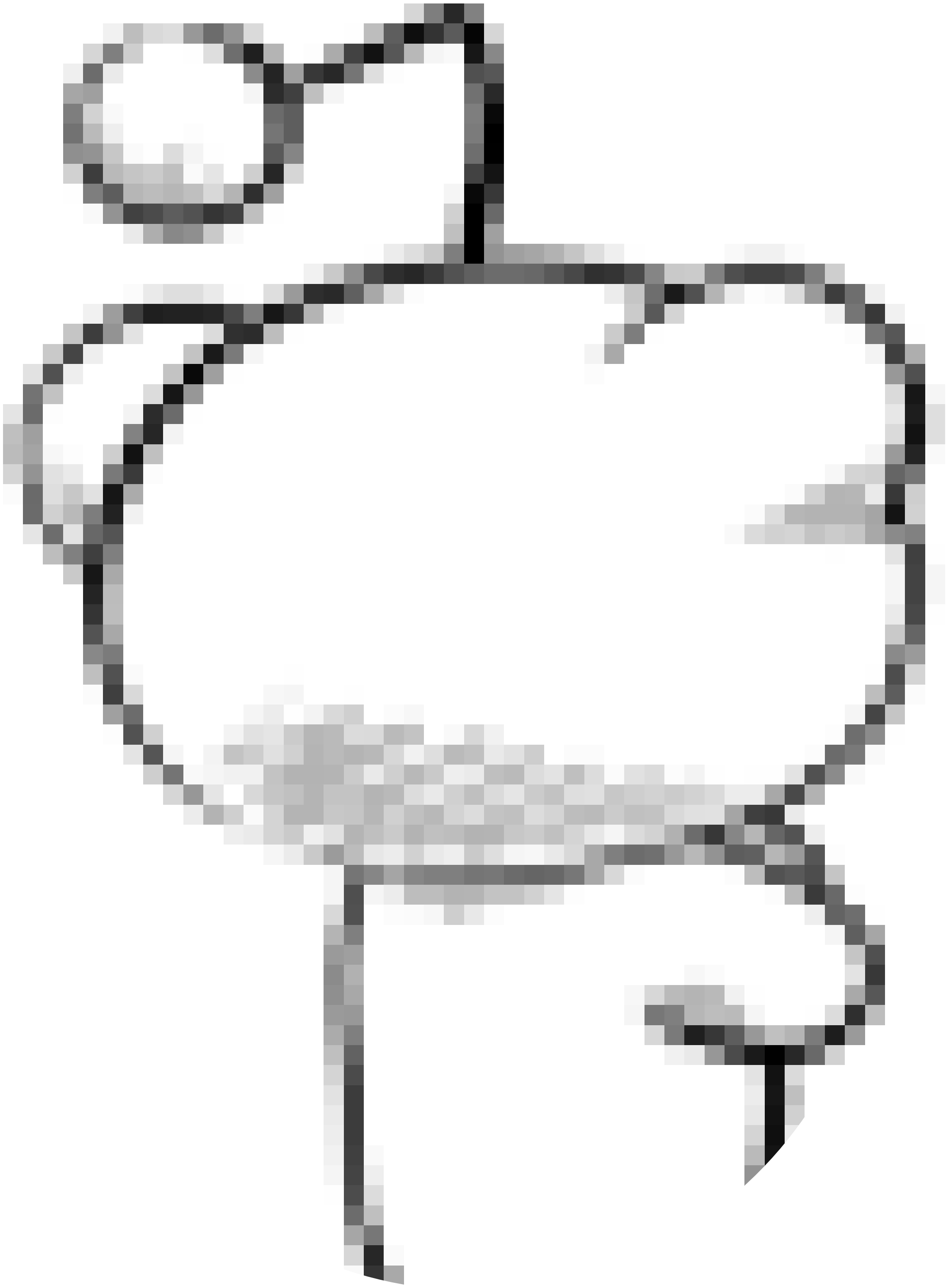

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Let me preface this by saying that i don't believe in ghosts and am agnostic right now. I was working remodeling an old farm house with me and another guy. It was only us 2 in the house and I hear faint singing coming from in the attic. Happy singing from a young woman it sounded like, still creepy.

Weird, but the weirdest part was that about ten minutes after i hear the singing i become instantly tired. Like so exhausted that i have to sit down on the spot. I had to tell the other guy i was working with i had to go home. I was soo exhausted that he had to drive the truck back to the shop and i had my fiance pick me up from the shop and take me the rest of the way home. I slept on both car rides and from 2 that day when i got home until 2 the next day. Then when i woke up i felt perfectly fine like nothing had happened at all.

Strangest thing thats ever happened to me.

Reply Share

garlicfox
â€¢ 13y ago

About 7 years ago, I had 2 accidents in one summer (car and motorcycle). After my car accident in August, I had a very weird dream... I dreamt I was in a dark/gothic style church sitting in the front listening to my friend's mom 'preach'...All of a sudden, her eyes rolled back and she started speaking latin. Someone in the church was able to translate and she basically said in latin to read 2 random passages in the bible..and that if I didn't follow "God", I would die in 2 weeks. I woke up crying hysterically. I immediately looked for bibles in the house and read the passages that were told in my dream. They basically described how jesus died for our sins and how good christians are supposed to 'promote' the christian religion...

I'm not a religious person, nor did I die (obvious)...but I didn't leave the house for 2 weeks after that.

I think about this dream from time to time...and I've always hoped for someone to tell me why I had it.

ArsenicAcid
â€¢ 13y ago

I know this will get buried but -

When I was 4 my mother and I lived in a house owned by a church in a small town here in Florida. A lot of weird shit happened in that house while we lived there and if I get enough upvotes will fulfill peoples curiosity about the history of the house before we moved in, while we lived in it from my memory and what she has told me that I didn't remember and things since then.

But in this house, I apparently took a chalk rock and wrote "zion" in Aramaic on the exterior wall of the house next to the back door. I had just turned 4. Didn't go to church. Couldn't write legible words. I tell friends stories about the place all the time, and have driven them past the house before and everyone in the car gets serious chills. Then I tell them the more horrid things that happened there and they punch me for taking me by there.

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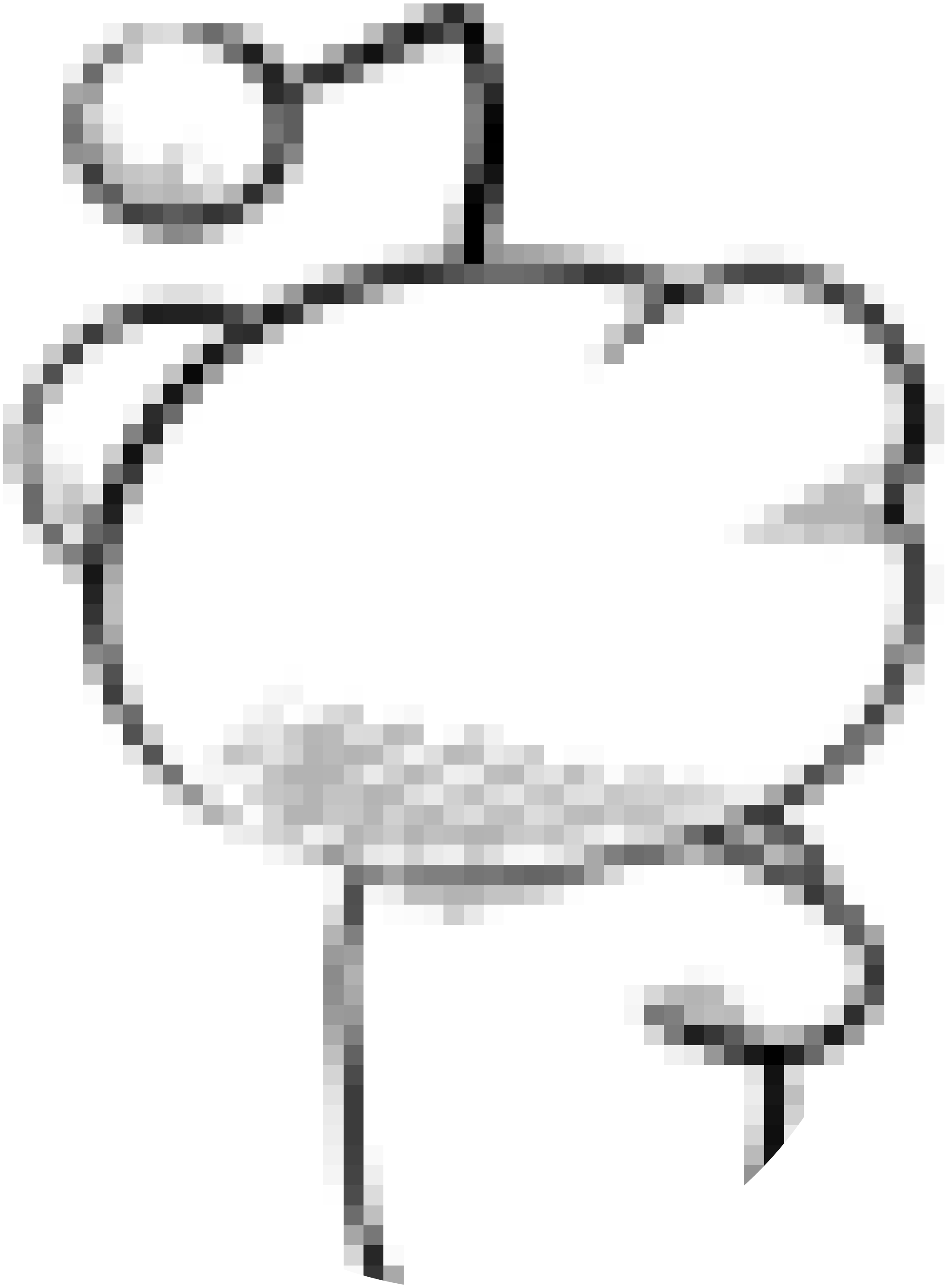

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â€¢ 13y ago

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desi8389

â€¢ 13y ago

So my situation wasn't really scary or anything but It still baffles me to this day.

I am a University student and used to be a part of an a cappella group and traveled to perform at different Universities. Anyways, 2 years ago, we had a show in New York City so we were driving there from Illinois (where my University is located). It is quite late at night - about 2 am while we are driving and I am sitting in the back staring out the window. While I'm looking out, I notice this triangle shaped object with white lights on each edge of it rotating about its center. At this point, I am so taken aback by this object that I can't do anything but stare out of amazement. The object gets closer and closer to the car and appears stationary (but as the car is moving, it must be moving at the same speed of the car to appear stationary). The object turns out to be gigantic..i'd say maybe as big as a football field. There is a single red light in the center of it that is blinking on and off. It is close to hovering around our car and then suddenly just shoots off across so I look through the window on the other side and see it going straight up into the sky and disappear. All while this happens, it does not make any noise...like nothing at all.

When I ask the guys in the car about this, they tell me they saw nothing and suggest that I was probably hallucinating or something. I'm sure that I saw this though. Even freakier, when we got to New York, I googled "Triangle UFO" and found the EXACT object that I saw in various websites and on google images. Considering that we were in Ohio, I am certain this has something to do with Wright-Patterson Air-Force base being in the area.

To further make this entire ordeal even weirder, I realized that my iPod, which I had brought with me and played music with on the car's stereo, just vanished. I lost it during the trip and I had this horrible feeling that it was gone as I never found it when I got to New York. Once we came back from the trip, I went into my apartment and sat down on my bed. I wanted to pull out a pair of my good headphones to listen to music with and opened up my closet and then my drawer in which all my stuff was. I was amazed to see that my iPod was sitting right in there. This blew my mind because, as I said before, I had it with me in the car and played music from it for the rest of my members. How it appeared into my drawer still is a mystery to me this day.

So there you have it..2 really weird things happening to me in the span of 1 or 2 days.

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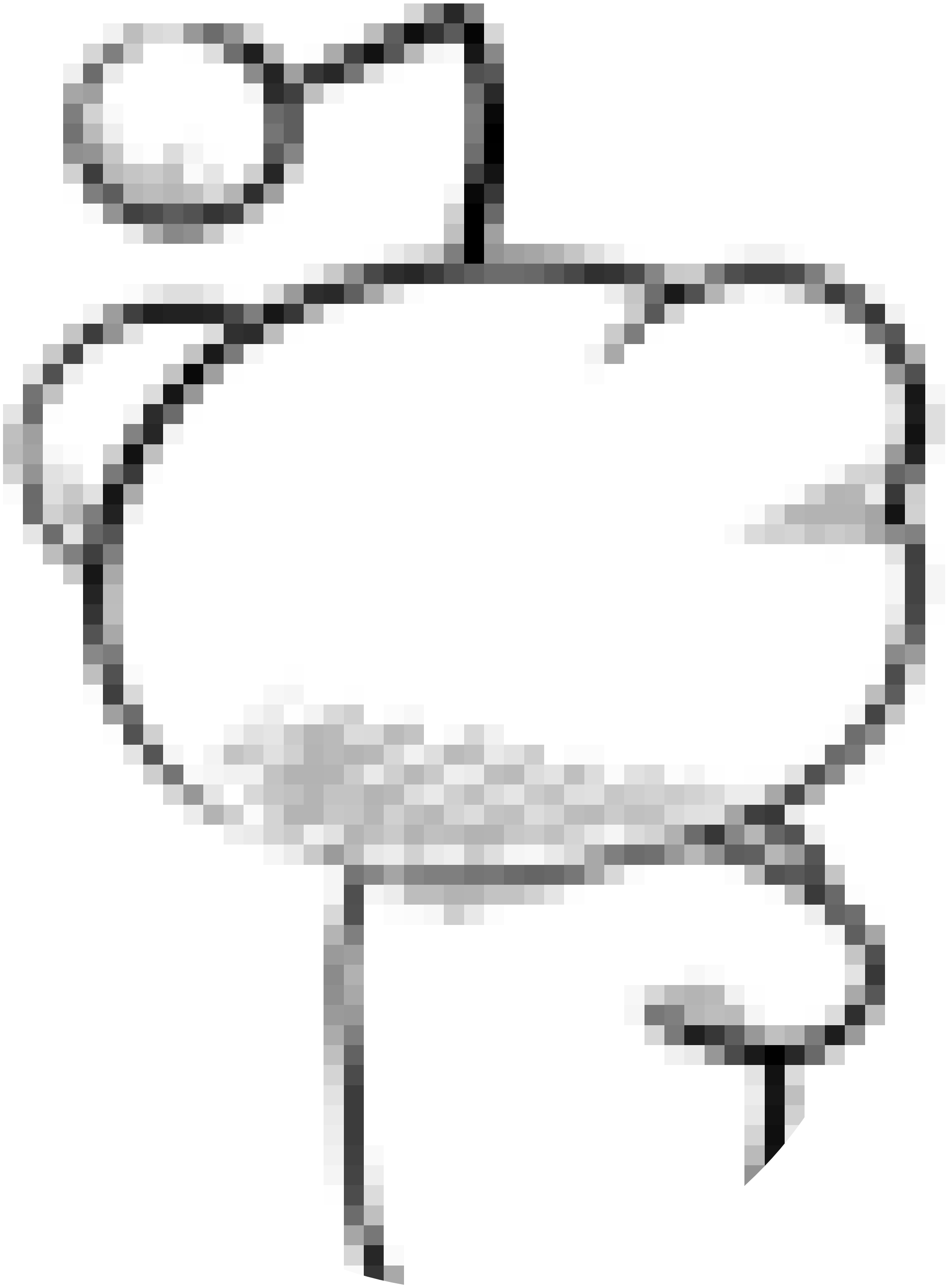

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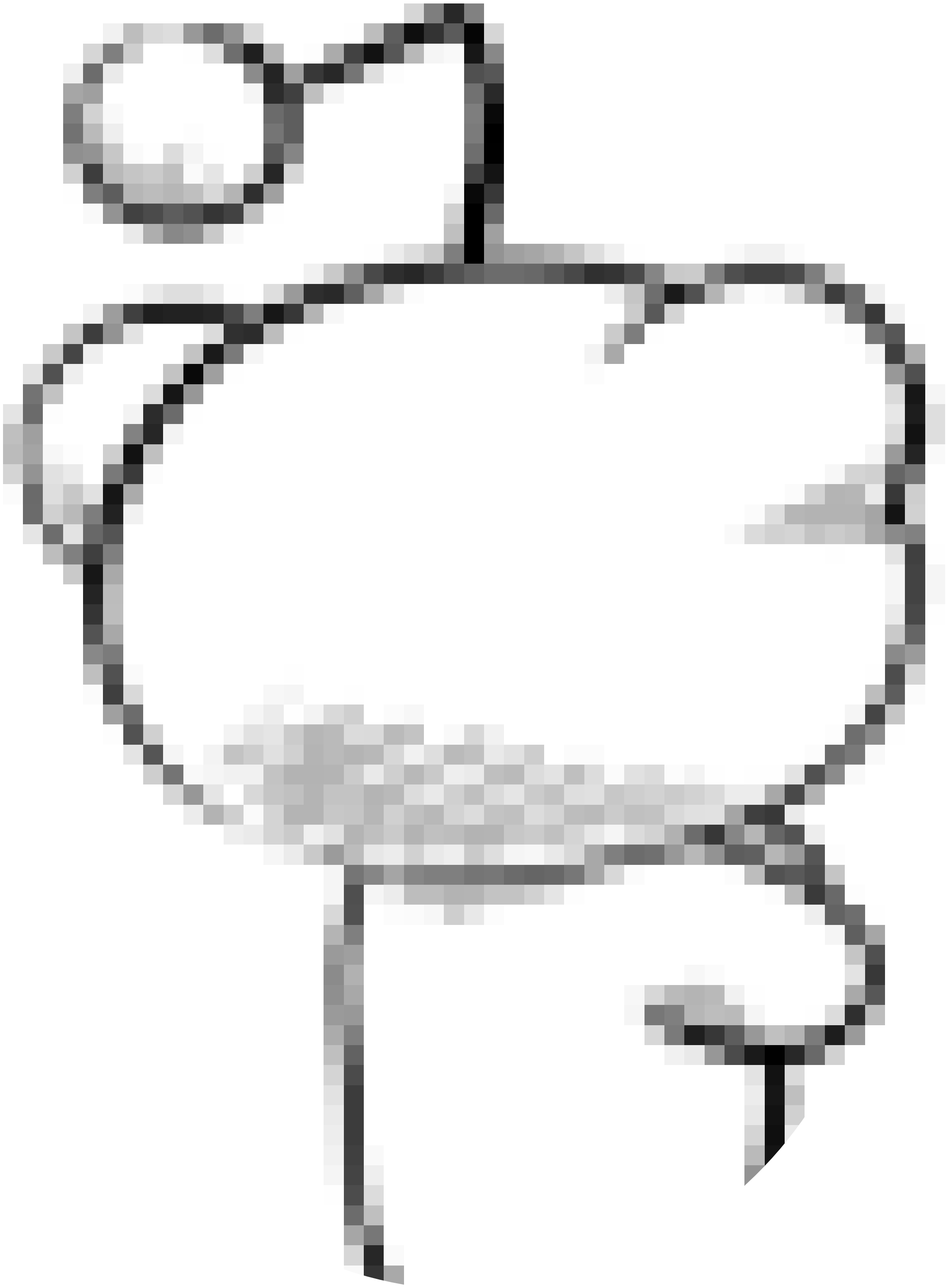

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â€¢ 13y ago

One night I was sleeping as usual, then I'm woken up by my mom screaming "WAKE UP!!!".

Her voice was a bit off, a bit too screechy, either way I open my eyes and I'm starting to adjust to the darkness when I see her sitting in my chair and her eyes seemed to be glowing red. Then I blinked and the chair was empty.

About a year or so before this, I woke up in the middle of the night to see my mom walking from her room and going downstairs(stairwell is next to my door). After a while I notice she's not coming back up and didn't turn on the light, so I call out "mom what are you doing down there?".

She answers, from her room, that she was sleeping. She never went downstairs and she didn't even get out of bed to begin with.

All of this happened while I was half asleep so I'm going to write it off as dream residue or just an overactive imagination. But it just felt so real... Was rather creepy.

mrpeace
â€¢ 13y ago

A few years ago when I was asleep on my bed, I woke up by the sound of my apartment door opening and closing and foot steps. At first I thought it was my wife and neglected the footsteps. Then I start hearing multiple footsteps getting louder and closer to me, then I start hearing chatters of multiple women, laughing and giggling. I really thought it was my wife and her friends. THEN I heard the laughters getting louder and louder. I tried to move to see what the f*ck is going on. I couldn't move for the life of me and I started to panic, I felt the laughters where really laughing at me and they were not normal laughters.

After I panicked I started using a lot of force to free myself. After a few minutes of terrifying ordeal I could free myself and open my eyes. When I opened my eyes I couldn't believe what I was looking at. Right beside me was sitting this asian looking midget of a woman wearing full make up staring at me, I felt she is staring into my soul.....I saw her like I see other real people. I freaked the f'ck out, jumped out of my bed to the opposite side of the old hag. Then she disappeared. I was terrified for hours and thought my apartment was haunted! UNTIL it occurred to me to Google the experience....it was nothing but an episode of sleep paralysis attack.....f'ck you SP.

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Clownpounder2442
â€¢ 13y ago

have told this before but here is what happened.

Me and a few of my friend's where going to a party out in the middle of nowhere, we got lost on this long country road we would drive for 20 minutes and not see a gas station, or a house and then this ambalance comes out of nowhere and flys pasted us, and one of the door's comes open and a small cooler comes rolling out the back and almost hits us.

So we turn around and stop to look for the cooler we find it half open with some ice dumped on the ground, we open it and find a fucking human finger so we are in a panic we close the cooler and go about 80 mph trying to get up with the ambalance, we stop at a gas station to call 911 we explain to the dispatcher what happened.

She starts yelling at us for playing a prank with 911 we are alittle confused we ask her why she thinks we are playing a prank she says because we don't have any ambalances out in that area we are floored by what she said so we think there is a mix up on her end.

So we drive to the closest hospital in the area and hand over the finger but they have no patient with a missing finger.

The hospital calls the police and we all give a statement and we go home about a week later a detective calls and gives me the biggest shock of my life he says that they never found the ambalance or the person missing the finger, they checked the dispatching records which are kept on computer and paper and no emergency vehicals where out.

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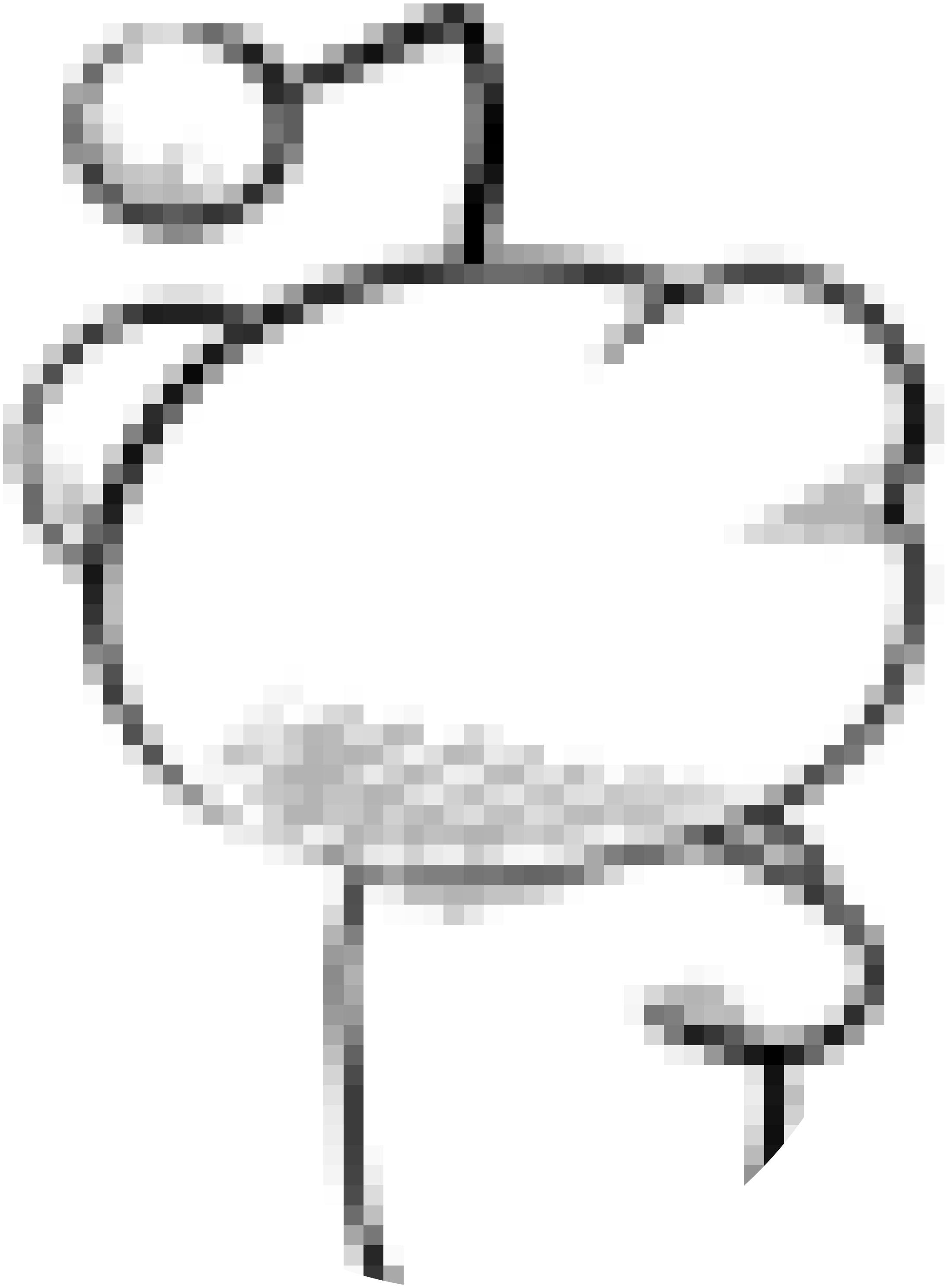

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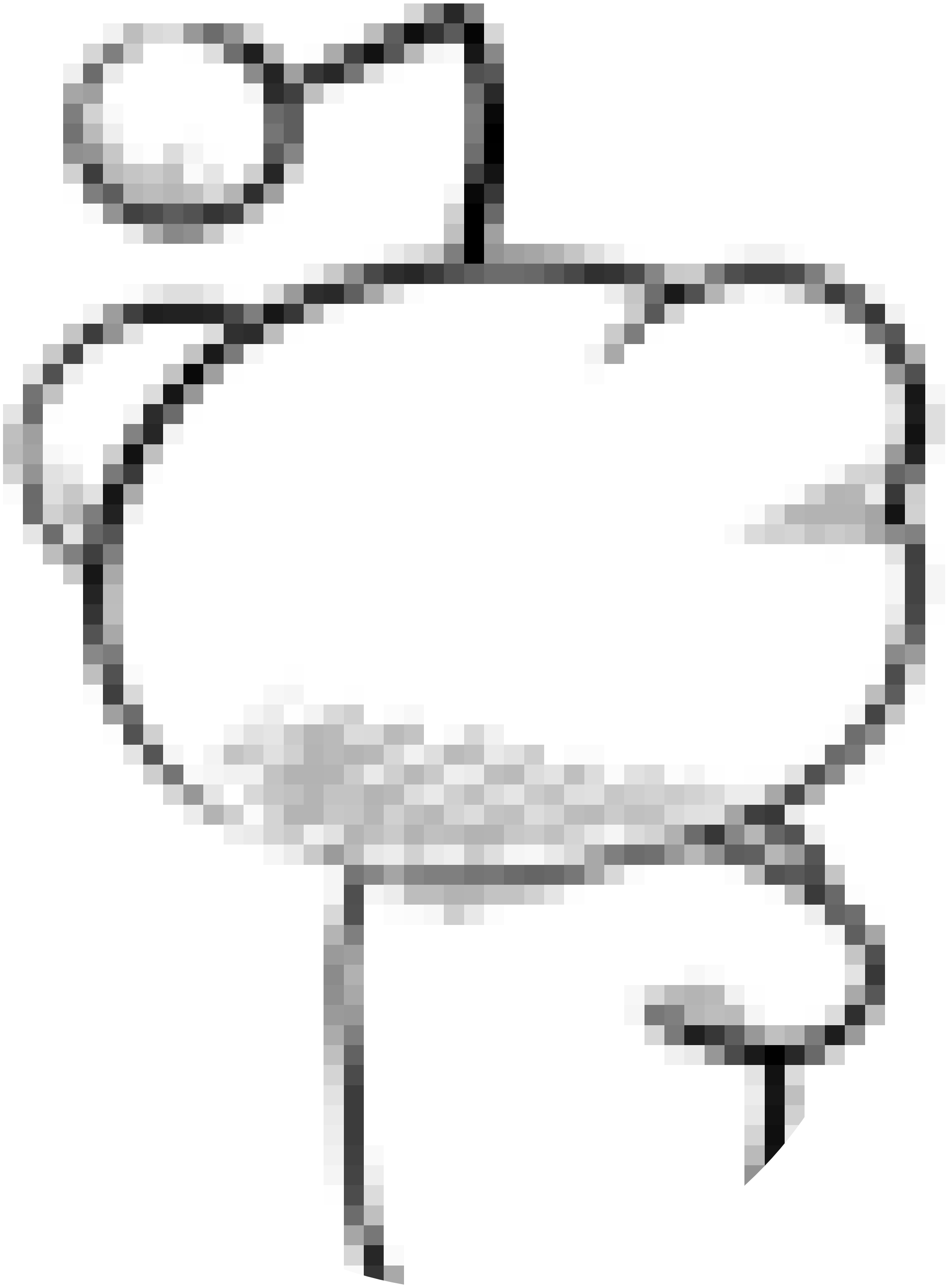
â€¢ 13y ago

I was in 4th grade. I had written a love note to a girl and the teacher found out. She was going to talk to me about it the next day. I was so embarassed that for some reason I thought "my grandma will die or something or I'lll get sick". Next morning, I find out my grandma died in the middle of the night. Not sure if coincidence or premonition



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â€¢ 13y ago

I'll probably end up reading this thread on my phone in bed as I'm getting ready to fall asleep.

chamboi
â€¢ 13y ago

I am in Psychology class right now and we are discussing abnormal disoders. I just came across this definition of Old Hag Syndrome.

This is actually fairly common across a multitude of cultures. A type of sleep paralysis, the hag is believed to be a witch or other type of supernatural being which comes and sits on a person's chest as he slept. The person experiences an inability to move, feelings of pressure on the chest, and difficulty breathing. They may see red eyes or feel feet or fingers. They may also hear the hag breathing. Visitations from the hag tend to cross multiple generations in a family. It is not generally considered pathological. Sleep paralysis is a common sleep disturbance, although it is less common for people to experience the sensation of the "old hag". A modern version of the old hag may be found in some alien abduction stories, which feature the same general themes.

This is what all of you are talking about! The pressure on the chest and everything. Here is the explanation.

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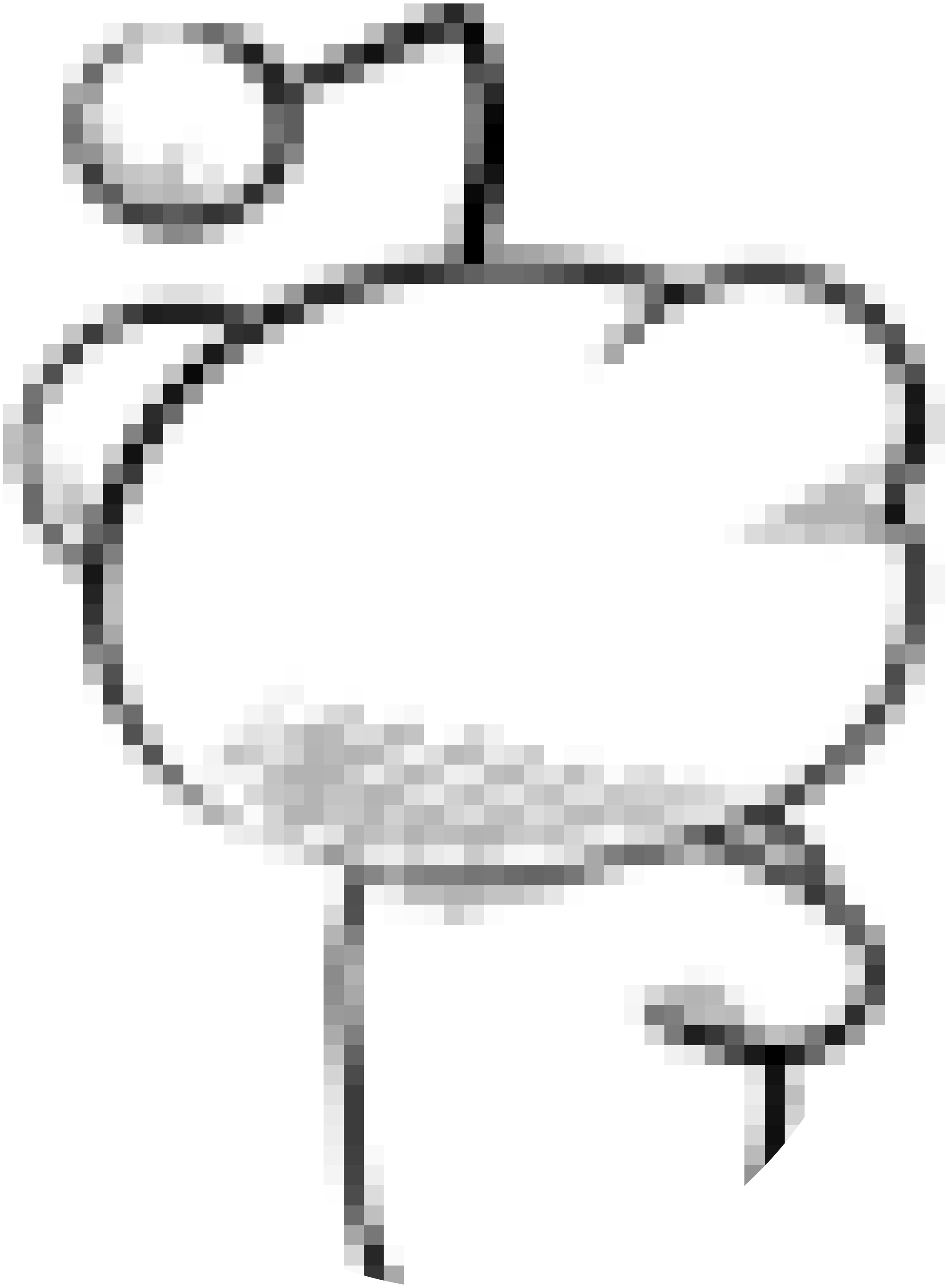
Doc9
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandma passed away about 10 years ago. She had this cross she used to own and it was hanging in her casket at the wake. My dad decided to hold onto the cross. The cross has been hanging in my parents bedroom (far from the bed). The night before thanksgiving 2012 my dad asks me, "did you move grandma's cross onto my bed?"...puzzled...I said "no". He asked my brother and mom and neither of them did.



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DrCthulhuPhD
â€¢ 13y ago

Not really scary, but when my grandpa died when I was 5 or 6, we started finding feathers around the house when we talk about him. Like, for the first Christmas I had without him, we got a blanket made partly out of all of his old PBR shirts, my grandma's sister said we should say a prayer for him ((southern family, no hate please)) as we looked up, there was a feather on all of our blankets. Ever since then we started finding feathers when we mentioned him. Might just be a coincidence or something, but it's happened like 20+ times since then, only when everybody gets sad about him.

dontbait
â€¢ 13y ago

First off, My spelling and grammar sucks total ass.. ok here we go.

My brother was stationed down in Jacksonville FL. The family had planned a trip down to visit him before he was deployed to Africa. I had arrived a couple days before the rest of the family and was treated to a personal tour of the small 3 bedroom house. I'd gotten a weird feeling as soon as I stepped foot into the house, and I jokingly asked my brother "Is there any weird noises or scary things in this place I should be aware of?". He chuckled and said "well it's haunted". We had a quick laugh and before I knew it, he explained many things that went on inside the place. I'm a very skeptical person, and i discredited almost all of them instantly. In the next couple days before the fam arrived, I had spent alot of time alone in the house partnered with his new pup "Yenko" My brother would leave at 5 AM, come home around 6 PM, and go to sleep around 8, so without a car, I spent most of my time on the couch in front of the tv. One of the days when I was home alone watching tv, I hear some clunking in the kitchen. I got up, walked into the kitchen, grabbed a drink and returned to my butt grove on the couch. The noise continued, so i got back up and went to refill my drink. I walked back into the kitchen to find every cupboard and drawer opened, exactly like the scene in the sixth sense. I slowly shut everything, and went to sit back on the couch. The noises continue over the coarse of the next half hour or so, until I finally yelled "stop!" all noises quit for the rest of the day. The next day, I again made sure the couch had no chance of floating away. The couch sits along a wall facing the tv, and at the end of the couch is a hallway that goes back to the bedrooms. I hadn't really noticed until I heard the growl. but Yenko had been staring down the hallway for about a minute. "Yenko" I yelled as the dog directed his attention at me for a split second and than instantly back down the hall way. "Yenko! Get Over he....". The dog started barking like mad, and cowering backwards towards the middle of the living room. I believe it was roughly 4 PM at the time, and outside I sat until my brother got home at 6. The family was arriving tomorrow, and me and my brother had said our goodnights. I stayed up late and went to bed at about 1 in the morning. I woke up a little after 3 AM to the sound of.. slower early 1900's swing music? It was faint, but loud enough for me to wonder WTF my brother was doing... I left the room, walked 10' down the hall to his room. At the door I noticed the music did get louder, but seemed to get louder the closer I got to the living room. His door opened and I screamed the most embarassing scream to date. He was a bit upset at me for waking him up, and asked what in the world I was doing playing music while he was trying to sleep. I let him know what was going on, and we began searching the house. Thinking it was coming for the neighbors, I stepped outside only to hear traffic. We pinpointed the source of the music to just outside the dining room, where nothing was. We both just shrugged and went back to bed. My family had finally arrived, and later that night my mother had made her famed lemon rice soup that me and my brother loved so much growing up. We all ate at the dinner table for the first time as a family in years. There was a light over the table with a switch on the wall that was one of those circular push in for on, and you can rotate the circle to adjust brightness. during dinner, the light switched itself off. My brother gets up and clicks it back on. "has that ever happened before?" asked my mom. "No" my brother laughed as he sat back down... There were many other story's from the house. My sister in law heard some voices, every picture we have of my brother in that house has an orb in it, usually next to his head, my brother swears he saw a shadow walk down the hall... lots of stuff... anyways, figured I'd share.

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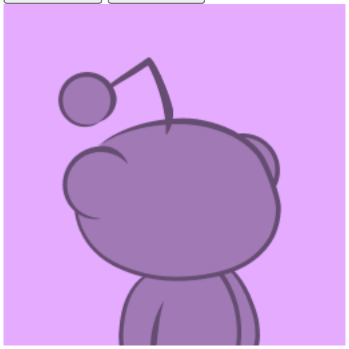


al4crity

â€¢ 13y ago

Watching Poltergeist with my family, I was 7, and scared out of my wits. Bravely, I watched up until the ghosts are starting to come through the tv and lights and all the electronics in the house are freaking out. At that instant, for no apparent reason, three light bulbs in the chandelier over the kitchen table blew up- BLAM BLAM BLAM!! Glass was tinkling onto the table as I levitated out of the living room with the grace and speed only a terrified 7 year old can muster. When I finally came back, my parents had the movie paused and they were scratching their heads at the chandelier. I kept asking why that happened, and we never figured it out. True story. I still ask my parents about it- it's a favorite story of ours.

Reply Share

MrEps412
â€¢ 13y ago

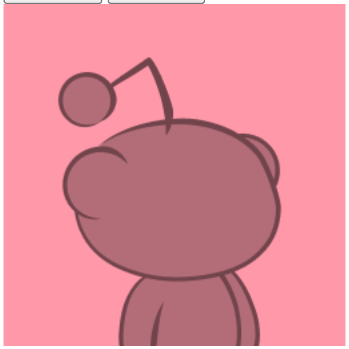
When I was younger, I would wake up and just lay in bed because I didn't want to get up yet. My body would go numb and I wouldn't be able to move or anything. Almost felt like I was being held down by someone. It scared me so bad that until this day I make my self sit up in the bed until I'm ready to move.

Reply Share

Theycallmemaybe
â€¢ 13y ago

Well after reading this thread I got really cold..

Reply Share



ImActuallyLieing
â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't exactly creepy, but hey, it's ghost related, isn't it?

Me and my parents moved into this old house when I was about 9 or 10. It was in Connecticut, and the oldest house on the road. I don't remember much, but I'll try and recount everything.

The house creaked and made old house noises all the time, but for some reason they never really bothered me like any other house. My family and I loved the house, adored it. It had the most beautiful kitchen, sunroom, a huge yard with a hill and a beautiful forest... A view of rolling hills and fields that deer and bunnies and foxes always snuck around in... It was perfect. The house was always sunny, and it was just... Beautiful. We were always happy. Even after a scary movie, the creaks meant safety.

It's also the house my beloved cat loved, too. Sadly, he got hit by a car. We made a little grave up for him on the hill and everything... I was devastated, I couldn't sleep, but I wasn't scared.

One day, my dad told me about my house's history. He said it was once owned by the owner of the little street, hundreds of years ago, built by himself. He also told me a little tale involving a man and a young woman, but I don't remember much of it.

A couple months later, my mother has a small get-together with a few ladies. She tells me that one of the women was a ghost-spirit-lady thingy, this was a while ago, I don't remember much. She tells me that she had sensed ghosts in the house, which surprised me and dad, but mom told me she always felt there were ghosts in the house. She then says the lady says she sensed a man, a boy, a woman... And a newly added cat.

I asked my mom if she told her about our cat.

She swore on my grave that she didn't.

I always prayed at my cats grave every day after school. I still do sometimes. I guess I'm not really atheist or Christian, because who's to say they're sure there is or isn't an afterlife? I just like to pray to him, mostly to keep the memory of him. It went something like this:

"Dear Kirean(the cat),

I hope you're having fun, wherever you are.

I'm happy too.

But I miss you.

Nothing much happened at school today, either...

Nothing ever happens.

I miss you. I wish you'd come back.

I love you, bye."

Not kidding, I'm not making this up for the sake of story-telling, I really did miss him that much. I always felt as though he followed me, as he always did in real life...

We only rented the house for two years, for we traveled a lot. We kept in touch with the owner; He was a nice guy. He even let us paint the walls, change plumbing, all that... I think he was happy that someone was actually taking care of the house, because he never visited it.

After we left, I couldn't feel as happy as I was... I knew that Kirean had to stay at the house. I was sad. And I told my mother...

"I'm going to miss them." She told me...

"I think they're going to miss us, too... I think they liked having friends to make their house homely again."

Note: The animals did seem peculiar at that house. They barked and stared into certain areas, but they were never scared. I think Kirean knew they were there. He always sat at the foot of my bed, every night I slept, until he died. Days before he did die, (he was missing, but I never noticed and am very angry with myself) I heard cat wailings outside, but as soon as I opened the door they stopped, no matter how much we called out. I still feel guilty.

Extra Note: Weeks after we moved out there was a burglary at that house. Nothing much happened, but the pipes were messed up horribly. I remember feeling sad when I heard the news from the owner, and was mostly thinking of the ghosts. I hope to go back there one day if the house is still for sale.

NotNotNotAMethAddict
â€¢ 13y ago

OH GOD, SCROLL UP SCROLL UP SCROLL UP!

Stormsoul22
â€¢ 13y ago

Ben is Glory, Glory is Ben.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

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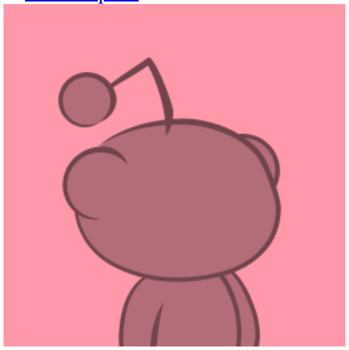

jmutter3
â€¢ 13y ago

A friend of my family died a few years ago, and on the night of his death I was goofing around on an anagram generating website. I decided to put in his name, and the first result that popped up was *"I'm dead, vandal."* Serious fucking chills, and I felt strangely guilty.

uffington
â€¢ 13y ago

David Leadman? Sorry, not being disrespectful and you won't want to say, but I can't resist anagrams. Cool story, though, and possibly the only one here I truly believe.

⊕ 2 more replies

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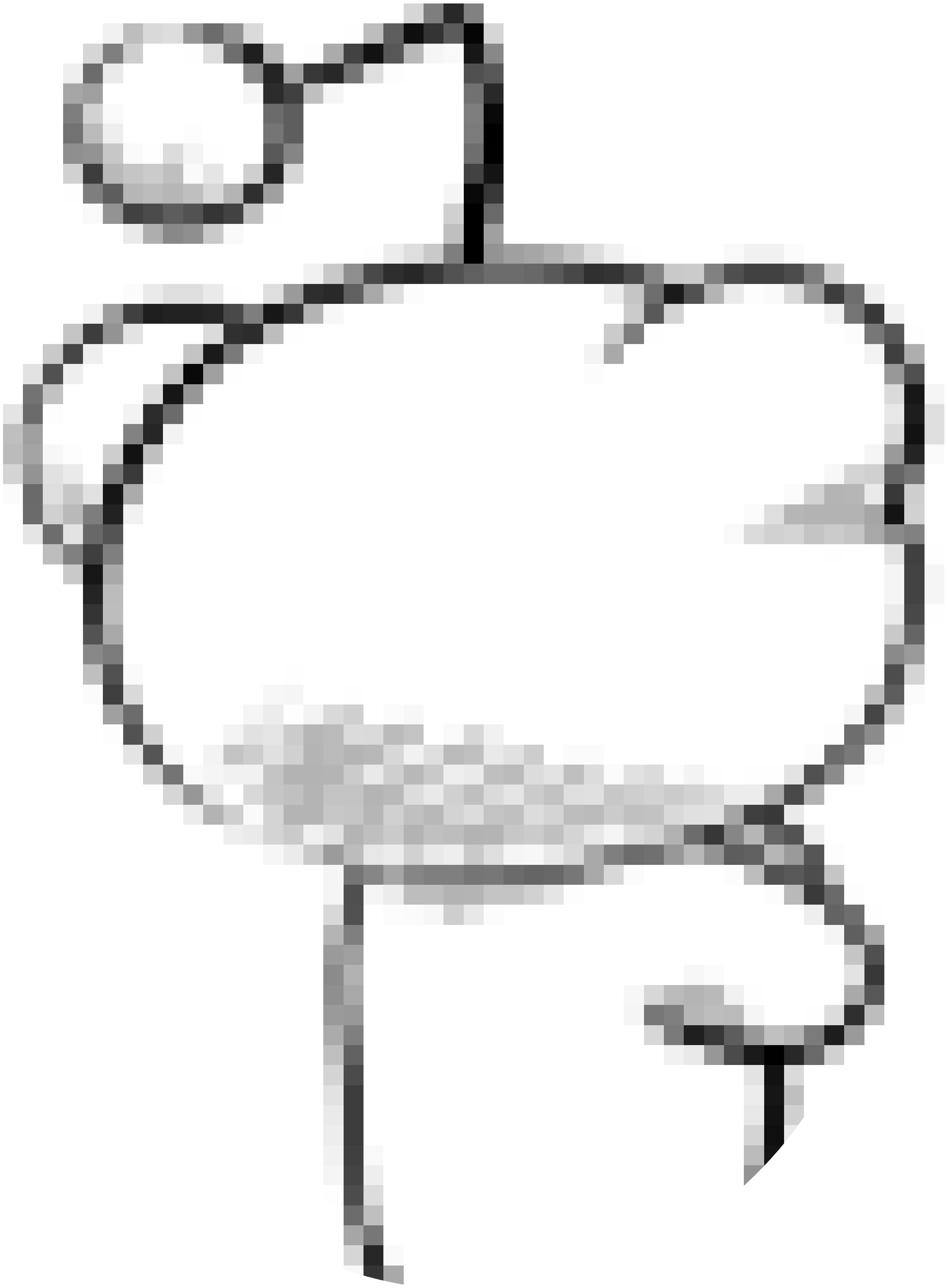

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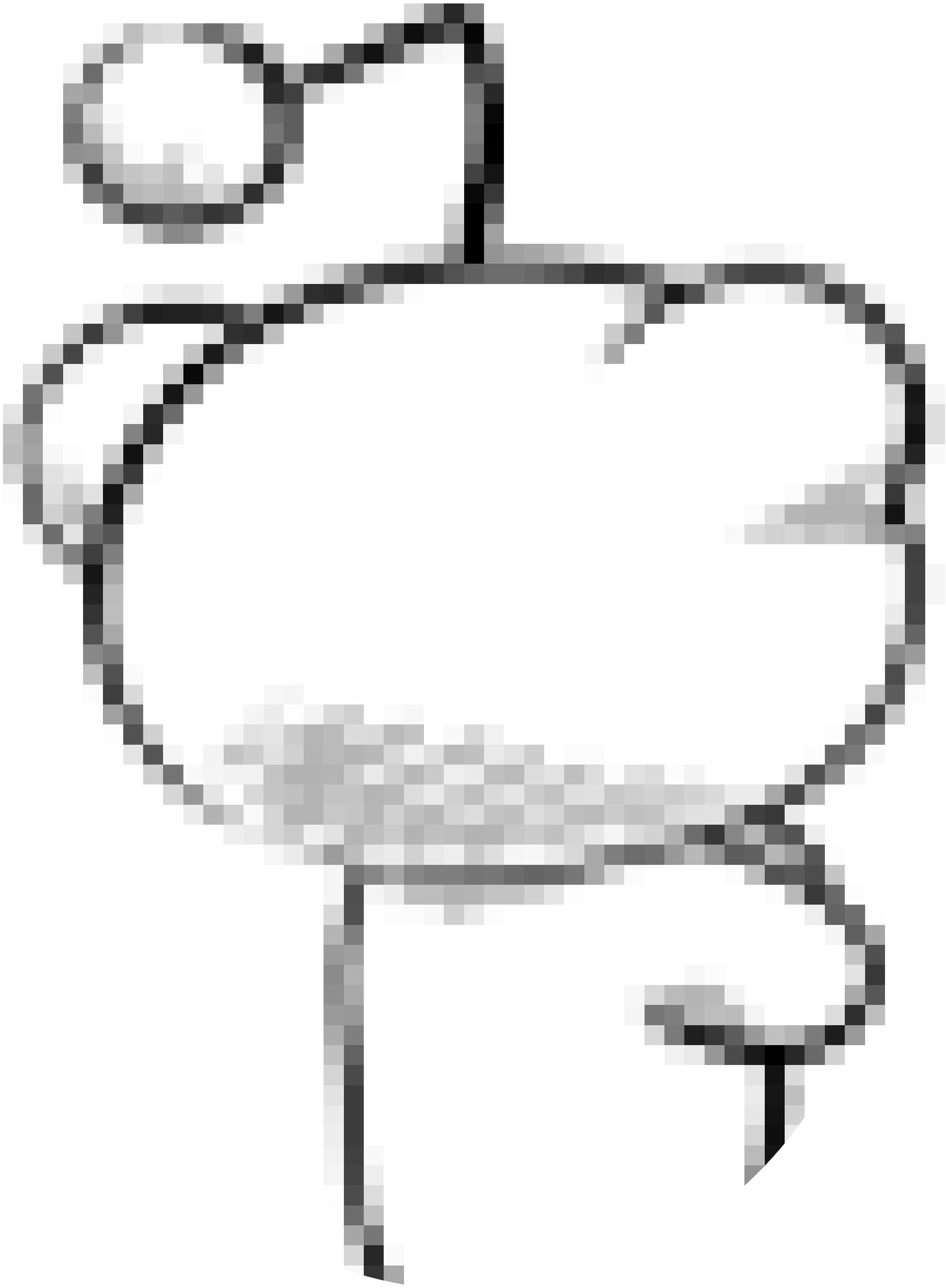
â€¢ 13y ago

when i was about 4 in my room i would always hear like tribal drumming sounds coming from in the corner of my room. me and my bro always cried an got scared. the drumming happened all the time till we talked to it and told it to stop. never heard the drumming again.

leokat
â€¢ 13y ago

I feel like this can probably be explained in some way, but I haven't been able to think of an explanation yet. It happens to me every once in a while, maybe 4 times total in the past 5ish years. It will be a weekend morning, I'll wake up and just be lying in bed, staring at the ceiling. The blinds are shut and the lights are off, but the room is light because it's day time. All of a sudden, these shadows appear on my ceiling. They're not human, but they're pretty anthropomorphic. They have skinny legs and arms, but no hands or feet. They have long oval faces, but no hair or facial features that I can see. There are like 4 or 5 of them, some big and some smaller. They sort of look like a family. And they just walk around my ceiling. Just walk around and around. I'll watch them, confused, for maybe a half an hour, trying to figure out what they are, because come on, there has to be some explanation for it. They are not actually alien shadows walking around on my ceiling. Are they? But then I get up to pee or something and when I come back they're gone. I am positive that I was not dreaming.

What do you think they could be?



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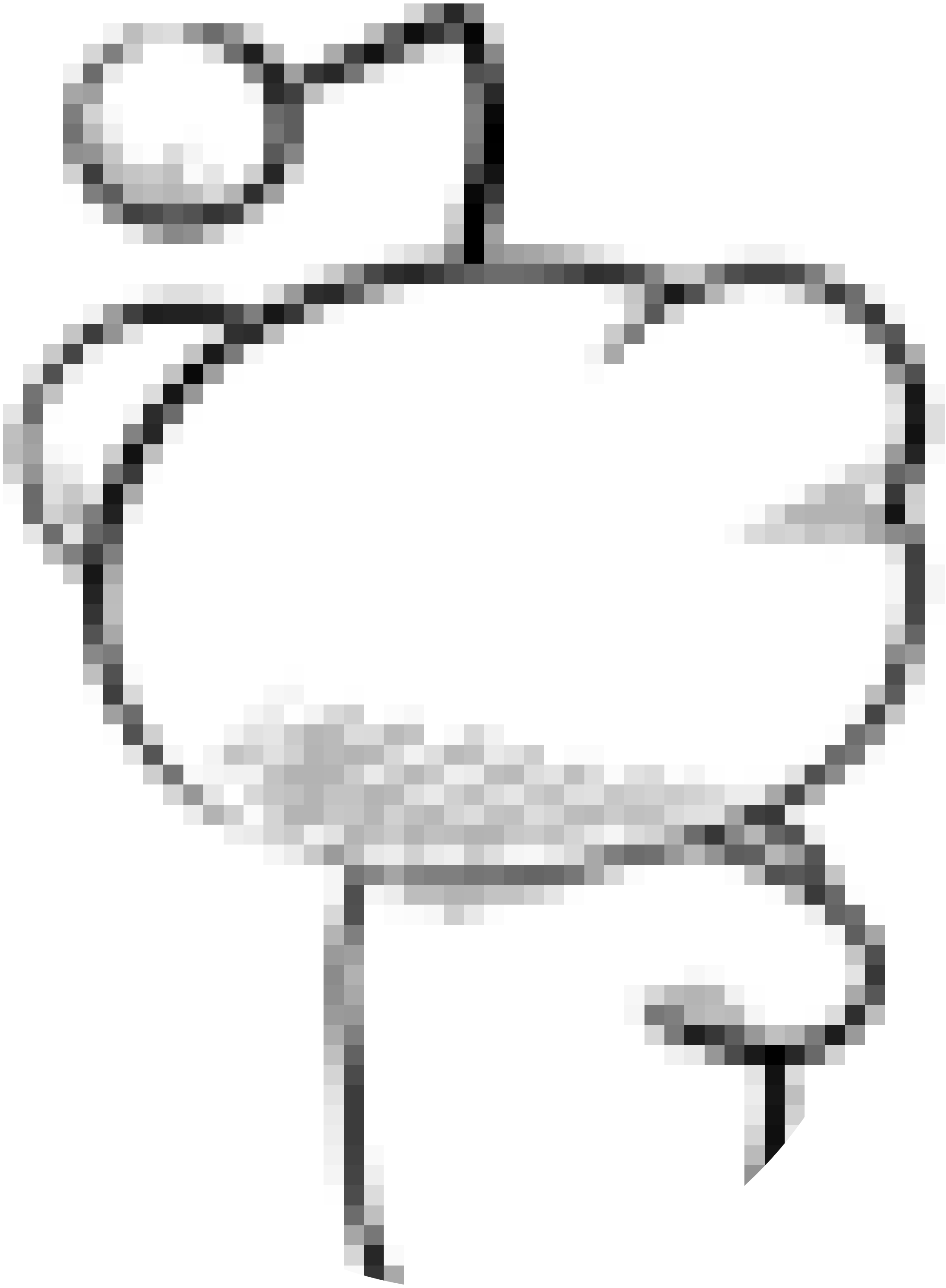
â€¢ 13y ago

I was 9 years old. For some context, I had made up that I had seen a ghost once to get attention, and the lie stuck with me. Everyone believed me. On my tenth birthday, shit got freaky. I had a stuffed dog that I loved to very much. for my party, I had friends over and we played video games. I naturally took the dog with me. about an hour into gaming, I reached to pick him (his name is Oatmeal) and felt warm air around his moth. I stopped. I held my hand there and **it seemed that the dog was breathing.** I naturally freak out and tell my friends. We convince ourselves we see it moving with each breathe. we spend 6 hours talking to it, but nothing happens. Then the air flow stops. everyone goes home after that and think I'm haunted.

Spaghettioes
â€¢ 13y ago

Way back when I was little, maybe about 9 or 10, I saw something that has kept me thinking about it. I was laying in bed, about to go to sleep, when I look out into the hall and see a shadow-like figure walk down the hall. Now, from what I saw, it was a just a shadow upon the wall, but no one was there. Everyone else was in their rooms. I immediately got up and shut my door. The next morning, I asked my mom and sister if they had seen anything like I had. They both agreed and said they saw a shadow on the wall go down the hall, yet no one was up. To this day, I am still freaked out.



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â€¢ 13y ago

oh, god WHY AM I READING THESE AT MIDNIGHT ALONE?!?!?

lonequack
â€¢ 13y ago

Not creepy now, but it was creepy to two kids. A friend and I had a set of walkie talkies, and we would often talk into them and see if anyone else in the area would respond. So one day we're in the grocery store with her mother and, giggling, say into a walkie talkie "I see dead people".

Someone responded in a raspy voice, "I see Alive people". We looked at each other in horror, and didn't use them in that store after this.

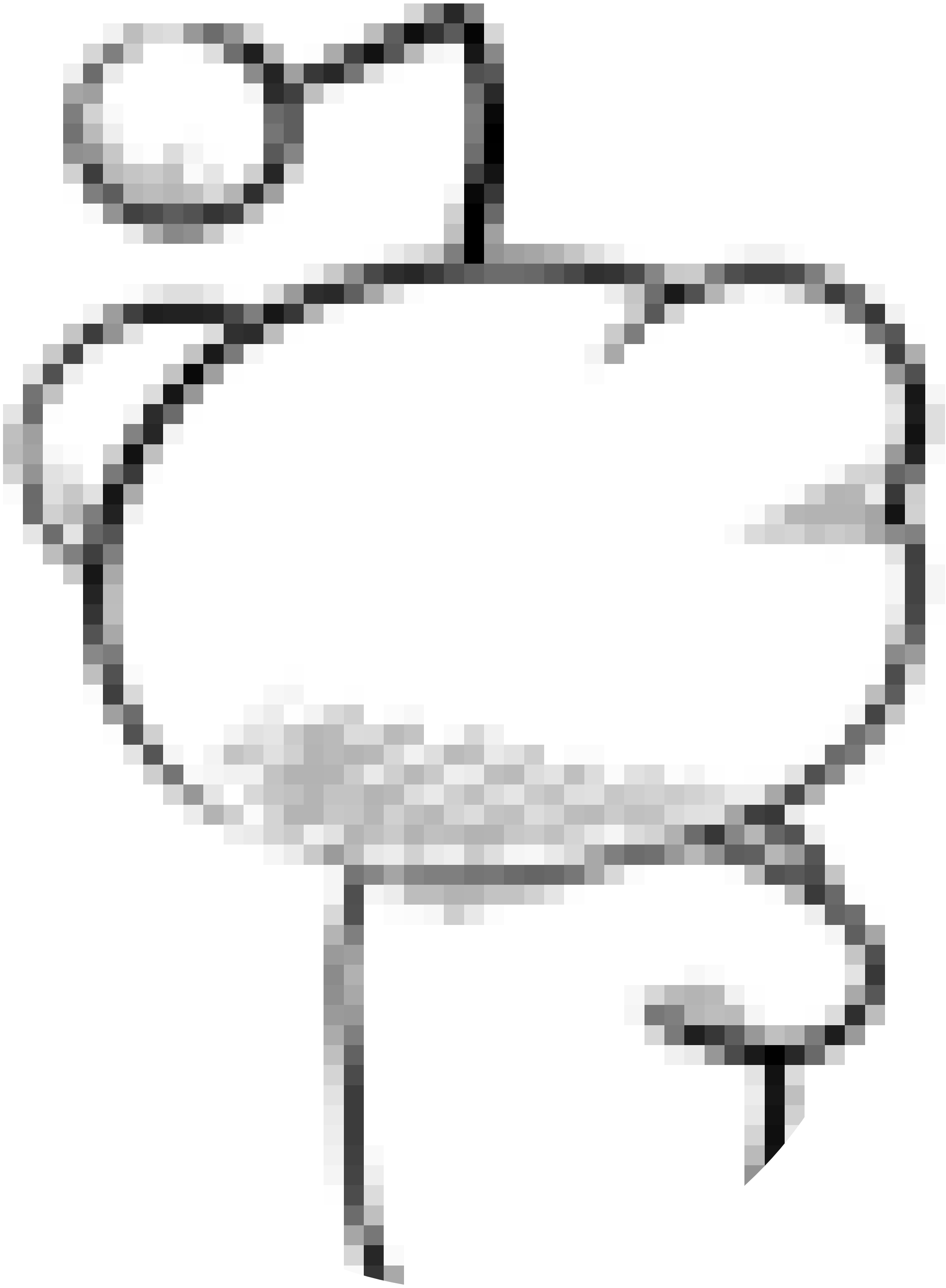
Reply Share

Deadairx
â€¢ 13y ago

DÃ©jÃ vu! I seriously experience it almost twice a month. I'll be talking to someone, then realize the scenario is really familiar. Even with complete strangers and I also remember the conversation that's taking place.

It can freak me out sometimes where I have to stop the conversation for a minute and recollect my thoughts.

Reply Share



[CivilCJ](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I get deja vu a lot. Like, a freaky amount of occurrences. And people often say that if you die in your dreams then you die in real life, or something fucked up is supposed to happen to you. But I die in my dreams quite often. That's about as freaky as it gets for me.

Also, Michael Jackson died June 25th at 2:26 pm. My birthday is June 25th, time: 2:26 pm.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

Treycoolis
â€¢ 13y ago

ITT

[ILikeMyBlueEyes](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

About 20 years ago when I was a kid, I experienced one of my scariest nights. Everyone had gone to bed and I slept with my bedroom door open with my bed facing the door, so I would have seen if anyone had gone downstairs. I was just laying there, trying to sleep, when suddenly it sounded like every single window was being pounded on downstairs and that all the pots and pans were being banged against each other. I remember seeing my older brother running across the hall into my younger brother's room because he was so scared. I just went under the blankets.

⊕ 1 more reply

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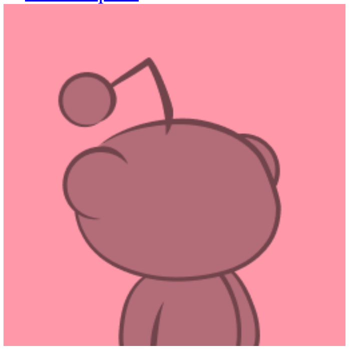

erock0546

â€¢ 13y ago

Probably will get buried, but whatever.

I have a friend who told me about his old house. He said some creepy stuff, but the worst was about the garage door leading into the house.

He was with his sister in the kitchen when they heard a banging on the door. They freaked out, because the garage door was closed. Then, the door's handle started to turn slowly. They both ran over and tried to keep the door shut, but they couldn't. The door flung open, and no one was standing outside.

From personal experience, my mother. She's been blind for over 20 years. One day, I'm showing her how to play Texas Hold'em with her braille cards. We get into some kind of discussion about card tricks and statistics, so I lay out the aces and ask her to pick the ace of diamonds. She hovers her hands over the cards and chooses the ace of diamonds. 1/4, not statistically impossible.

I lay out 4 more cards and give her something to pick. She chooses the right card. 4 more, she chooses the right one. 4 more, she chooses the right one. We get to 9, which is 24 cards, and she had picked the correct card every time. It freaked her out and she wanted to stop.

⊕ 3 more replies

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funkstrong
â€¢ 13y ago

This is a story told by my uncle who lived in a house on top of a fairly large hill next to a small pond. There are many scary stories that my family tells about this house but this one is my favorite.

One night in the middle of winter my uncle starts to hear a strange scratching sound coming from the floor. It starts out very quiet and is just mildly distracting. My uncle is fiddling with his guitar and thinks nothing of it. But as time passes it starts to get louder and he can tell its not a scratching sound but a low growling sound, like an angry dog. Its coming from the floor and seems to be moving around.

My uncle's first thought is that some animal trapped itself in the basement and is freaking out. So he marches down to the basement, and when he opens the basement door the noise stops. He's starting to feel a little uneasy but isn't worried yet. He turns on the basement lights and does a search for animals, finds nothing. Its a fairly old house and has no basement windows, so he's confident the basement is clear.

After he gets back upstairs the noise starts up again. He said it sounded like a wounded animal, but it was snarling and growling. It starts to get REALLY loud, louder than you can imagine an animal making. Its resonating the hardwood floor when it hits certain guttural low tones. My uncle freaks out and runs outside of his house into the freshly fallen snow. The noise stops again. He walks around the perimeter of the small house and sees no tracks. The cold air calms him down a little bit and he goes back into his house after convincing himself he over reacted. The noise starts again almost instantly after he closes the door.

My uncle is in a panic and grabs a huge wooden mallet that he has laying in his house and starts to smash the floor where the noise is loudest. (I'm not sure why he has a gigantic wooden mallet, my uncle is kind of an eclectic guy). The noise is so loud he can't tell where its coming from anymore so he is just randomly smashing the floor with giant full blows and screams to stop. The noise starts to sound like its being sped up ever so slightly until it just instantly stops. Its dead quiet, just the noise of my in tears uncle gasping for breath amid a smashed up floor. He never figured out what the hell it was.

I always assumed it was an animal caught in the heating ducts, but my dad told me his house had an old radiant heating system, so no ducts. He also assured me nothing that would fit in a heating duct could make a noise that loud.

TheHungryMeeca
â€¢ 13y ago

I was once closing up the salad bar that I used to work at with a co-worker - I had been with the store since a week after it opened and knew it inside out.

One day, after I turned off the music and lights, I heard something strange. Following the noise, I tracked it to the bottom of a broken pop fridge. I looked all around it, and realized there was faint piano music that sounded like it was being played from cheap speakers that was coming from *inside* the motor. Freaked out, I called for my co-worker and told her to check it out. The moment she arrived, the music stopped.

We continued to clean, and suddenly she called out to me freaked out. When I arrived, she claimed that there was faint radio static coming from the fridge but that it stopped the moment I arrived. I shined my phone's flashlight under neath and couldn't see anything that could broadcast any sort of sound at all.

I don't work there anymore, but it was a really strange experience and nothing else has ever happened that I've heard of since.

tl;dr dead fridge comes back to haunt us as a radio ghost

Wonderjea
â€¢ 13y ago

One time was a taking a nap in my sister's room because I was just worn out. I was trying to close my eyes, but I couldn't because I could hear loud childlike laughing and fast running *right outside* the bedroom door. I was frustrated thinking that it was my younger brother and sister playing tag or chase or something. I'm normally one that is able to sleep through anything, but the level of noise was too much even for me. I got up, threw the door open ready to tell them to knock it off, but the hallways was pitch black and empty. I walked over to the stairs and leaned over the railing calling for them to keep it down next time and my mom told me that they had been downstairs the whole time watching TV. I was the only one upstairs.

zelcat
â€¢ 13y ago

My experience happened as a kid. After spending the day trying to summon dead people by looking in a mirror, by chanting their names and doing other stuff we read in ghost books, my friend decided she was going to sleep over. We both shared a bed in my room. Anyways, because she had taken my spot in the bed, I couldn't quite fall asleep. I was basically in a state where I was staring into nothing as I was hugging my pillow trying to get comfortable. Right in front of my face was a chair that I used as a table or to sit on since nothing much fit in the small area. All of the sudden, a white figure of an old lady appeared in front of me, fitting on that chair, staring directly at me. I saw every small detail of her face, her wide open eyes staring at me, her wrinkles, her sparse hair hugging her face. Out of instinct, I blinked, and when I did, she vanished. I was shocked beyond belief at what I had just witnessed. One second she was standing there, staring at me with wide open eyes, and the next she vanished. If this was a work of my imagination, it was a one time thing.

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

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brusseykins

â€¢ 13y ago

Firstly, I don't do drugs, so none of this happened under the influence.

I woke up one morning less than a year ago and my keys were just nowhere. I have always had a really spotty memory, so for really important things I have pretty specific rituals that involve speaking aloud mantras that ensure i do things properly. Sounds a bit Alzheimer's but it's the only thing that keeps me from losing things constantly.

Keys were gone. I get desperate and check outside the house, and see my back lawn.

It's like someone has had a yard sale.

There's a whole bunch of orange, pink and red (warm shades) of knitted items - mostly cardigans. Probably fifty cardigans. Mostly old and ugly, some I'd probably be seen in, but they all looked very dated.

I freak out for at least an hour. Then, a woman comes to my house and tells me she's found keys. They are mine. I feel like I've sleep-stolen a whole bunch of her shit and invite her out the back, terrified I've become a sleep-thief. She says yes, a lot of them ARE hers (but not all!). More than half... but she lost it all years ago in a lost luggage thing going overseas. She is royally freaked out. I did not even live in that state when this all happened, never worked for an airline company, nothing.

I still wonder how this happened. Fairly innocent, but very wtf. Of course, nothing ever happened, because she had my car/house keys and the entire neighborhood knew before I did.

Reply Share

vivichase
â€¢ 13y ago

My family and I were in New York City in the summer (August) of 2001. I was 12 years old at the time, and we were touring the US since my brother and I were both on summer vacation from school. We were with a large tour group, and since the World Trade Centre was advertised as a major tourist attraction at the time, naturally it was one of our stops.

We took that famous elevator up the 100 or so floors to the WTC viewing platform. At one point I had wandered off from the group since the tour guide had told us we'd be stopping there for 40 minutes to take pictures and whatnot. I had wandered over to a quieter area of the platform at a corner juncture where two parts of the floor-to-ceiling windows overlapped. At that point, I distinctly remember complaining to my mother that I smelled smoke. It was really strong and almost acrid. My mom shrugged me off and said it was cigarette smoke, despite the whole platform being a non-smoking area. I looked around and didn't see anyone smoking. I was an outdoorsy kind of kid, so I knew what smoke from a fire smelled like, and this was definitely not cigarette smoke.

What I saw next really creeped me out, although it didn't hit me until several weeks after I had seen it. I was watching a seagull fly around one of the buildings in the distance when I remember seeing this black *shape* fall vertically in front of me. It was big, real big. Like human-sized big. From the way it was falling it truly appeared as if someone had jumped off from somewhere above the platform. I immediately looked down, but saw nothing falling below the platform. I flipped shit and grabbed my mom's arm, but she hadn't seen anything. When our tour group headed back down, there was nothing on the ground to suggest anything had fallen, especially nothing as significant as a *body*.

Around 2 weeks later, 9/11 happened. I remember flipping on the TV when I came home from school to watch the coverage. They were talking about the collapsing buildings, and the toxic fumes, and the suffocation, and about how a lot of people trapped at the top had jumped off in desperation.

Still gives me chills to this day. I'm a skeptic by nature and I don't believe in ghosts. I don't believe in omens, and I certainly don't buy the conventional interpretation of "ghosts" - residual energy or some related variation, perhaps - but not "ghosts". But this is something that I, 12 years later, can still not explain.

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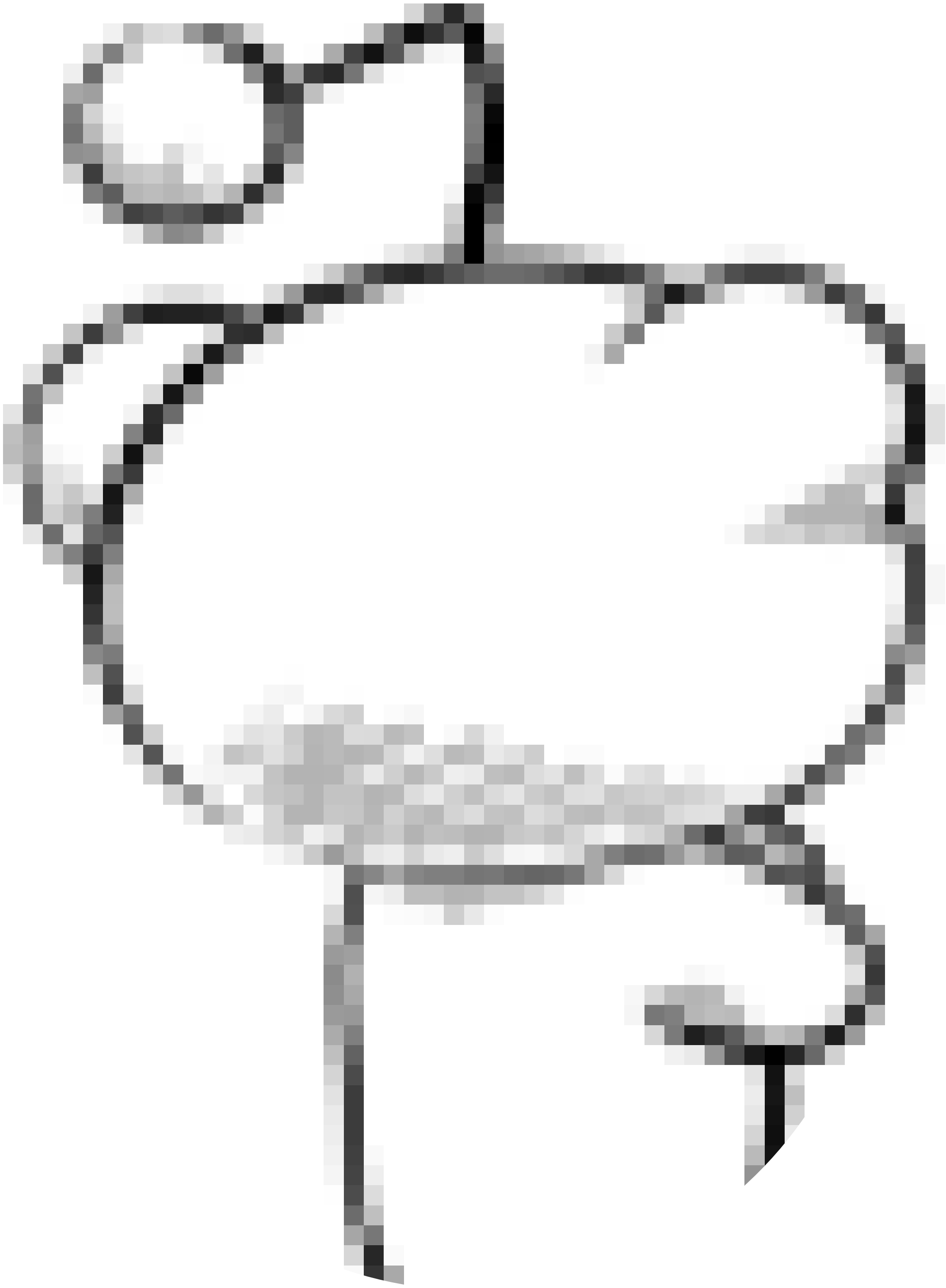
Dalelol
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm sure I can come up with something about how my meat spins...



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â€¢ 13y ago

Meat spinning is a myth. I'm here to read about some interesting experiences, not some made up bullshit.

⊕ 15 more replies
⊕ 15 more replies
⊕ More replies
⊕ 2 more replies
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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 3, my grandma that I had never met and had never seen a picture of died. Maybe a day later, I was in the living room with my set sister and my grandma came over. She asked where my mom was and I said she was giving my little sister a bath. She said can you tell your mom I love her? So I told my mom and she was like describe her for me so I said white hair and red lipstick. My mom got out a picture and asked if it was her and it was. After that I had many more experiences like that but first I would have a terrible dream of one or more people dying, but some wouldn't have dreams before, it could be the middle of the day and it would happen. I haven't seen one since I was 15, two years ago.

Cicerotulli
â€¢ 13y ago

It'll probably get buried but here it goes: I was outside smoking with a friend at about 9 pm. He was saying something while I was looking up at the sky and I saw a star move, then make a 90 degrees turn, it traveled very quickly and then disappeared. I wasn't smoking weed. I told him about what I just saw and he obviously didn't believe me.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

In late 2007 I was deployed to Afghanistan, an Army base called Ghazni. One night, I was hanging out with 3 friends outside our hut just chatting. The sky was clear and fill with stars. One star caught our attention, it was kinda bright reddish color. I decide to take a picture of it with my digital camera. When I point my camera towards that star, what shows on my camera was unbelievable. The reddish bright star seems normal and so is all the other stars around it. But one star however, was moving unbelievably fast. More like 100-light-year per second fast. Circling crazy around that reddish bright star with no specific pattern. My friend and I were freaking out and I took a ton of pictures of it. The crazy thing is, you can only see it through a camera or phone and when you look with your naked eyes that star stays still. I only told two friends about it and they didn't seems to care. I may still have those pictures, if anyone cares I'll try and find it. If not, o well.

EDIT: Found the hard drive I was using during that time but missing the cord. hopefully the photos will be on there. I will post it as soon as I get a new cord and find it on there.

⊕ 6 more replies

⊕ 6 more replies

⊕ More replies

ScanBeagle
â€¢ 13y ago

Had a dream of being watched while sleeping, in my room with lots of detail. Then woke up as a chill ran down my spine.

⊕ 2 more replies
⊕ 2 more replies
⊕ More replies

orniver
â€¢ 13y ago

I've seen ghosts with my own eyes. I still firmly believe that there's a scientific explanation to that, though.

piggybankcashflowa
â€¢ 13y ago

I myself have never encountered any sort of supernatural or paranormal activity (knock on wood) which leads me to believe that maybe these experiences only happen to certain people in the world? I don't know. Maybe I'm completely wrong and something terrifying is going to happen to me tomorrow just because i said this

⊕ 1 more reply
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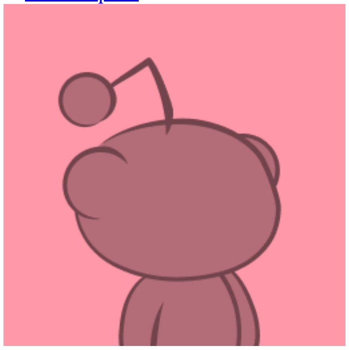

rockandlove
â€¢ 13y ago

A couple friends and I sneaked onto the grounds of Central State, one of the US's Top 5 Haunted Places. It's a psychiatric hospital that was built in 1848 and closed in 1994 because of patient abuse. All kinds of horrible things happened there, as this place was functioning in a time when individuals with mental illnesses were not considered humans with rights.

At one point we were standing in a large open field, and my friend told me the field was actually a mass grave where the hospital staff would just dump the bodies of the patients who had undergone horrible "experiments" in the name of medicine.

I took quite a few pictures of weird things that we encountered in the buildings and on the grounds, and every one came out normally except the one I took of a sign we found in the field. This one, and this one only, came out in black and white. The whole time we were there, I swear I didn't adjust any settings on my Sony point and shoot camera, and when I looked at the screen immediately after taking the pic, I am 100% certain it was in color. If it hadn't been, I would've retaken it.

Let me just say, I didn't and still don't believe in ghosts or anything of the paranormal variety. I was more scared of getting busted by the cops, falling through the 160 year old floors of the abandoned buildings, or encountering a wild homeless person that I was of any so-called spirits.

tl;dr Sneaked into a 19th century abandoned psychiatric hospital, took a bunch of pics, one came out as black and white.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Central_State_Hospital_%28Indiana%29

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Punch_A_Lunch
â€¢ 13y ago

Alright, so I used to be big into ghost hunting. These are both true stories that I'm pretty sure were awesome coincidences.

Story One: The Escape

I was out with a few other members of the team. It was 3 am, or more commonly known, "ghost hour". Apparently that hour was the pinnacle of paranormal activity.

We were all walking through the local graveyard with the one piece of equipment we had, an EMF reader with voice and text output, and a radar.

We were walking around, looking for a strong signal. Then all of a sudden, we see one on the radar pop up about 300 feet away, and hear the voice go, "Sam". We're getting a little bit of adrenaline in us, so we head over there to see what it is.

Come to find, it was a new-bury. He had died about three weeks before.

We go over, and we start trying to talk to this spirit. I forgot most of the conversation, but Josh was getting scared out of his mind.

So naturally, being as nice as we are, we made him talk to Sam. His voice was shaking as bad as his hands and Sam just says, "Smile." It didn't work. Josh got freaked out even more, so Sam comes back on and says, "Escape." So Josh dropped the EMF and booked it back to his house, in which he tripped on the gravel, and cut a gash on his chin that left a blood stain on his shirt in the shape of a smiley face.

2: The Day I Learned Black Magic

Me and Josh again, same graveyard, 4 in the afternoon. We had heard rumors of Satanist gravestones somewhere in the back of the graveyard. Being the adrenaline junkies we were, we took off to find it to see how much shit we could get into.

We search until we find them, and we try to communicate with the spirits the graves belong to. Next thing I know, I got a light tingling sensation over my entire left arm, heavier towards my fingers. "Do you want me to sit down," I asked. The feeling intensified. I'm on my knees at this point, moving to lay down when Josh goes, "Dude, get the fuck up!" Come to find I was about to lay my head right onto a fire ant pile. I decided that was the deads' way of saying, "go to hell!" and went on our way.

As we were walking back, the feeling came back stronger on both arms. I decided to let it take control and see what happened. My arms ended up slowly sticking straight out, turning over, making a fist, and pulling back in. As soon as I did that, clouds rushed over and swallowed the sun. My only reaction, "JOSH TELL ME YOU JUST FUCKING SAW THAT."

I have more that include a man vanishing into thin air, and seeing the ghost of my dead grandmother if Reddit's interested. :)

idontsugarcoat
â€¢ 13y ago

ffs can we just stop with the cliff hangers!? Yes we are interested. Case in point? We're on reddit!

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dchangd
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

True story. Bear with me while I go into details. Only 7-8 people in my life know about this.

In 1992 my family lived in Fort Lauderdale. I had just turned 12 years old a few weeks earlier. My little brother Jeff (he's 8) was at a nearby friend's house playing, and my mom asked me to walk over to get him for dinner. The friend lived a short 5-minute walk from our house. It was around 8:30 p.m. at the time - I remember distinctly because the sun was beginning to set and that's how late is usually sets in July. Anyway, I was walking through the woods when I suddenly slipped and fell down a small hill.

I may have hit my head - don't really remember - but I do remember feeling as if I had just woken up. It was a strange feeling. The night sky was still the same brightness as a few seconds earlier, so it's not like I was knocked unconscious or anything.

I get up, brush myself off, and decide to walk back home. I have no idea why at this point I decided to neglect my brother. Well, when I get home the door is locked.... and I start banging on the door. A strange woman answers. I ask her for my mom. The strange woman gets her husband from the living room. They ask me if I'm lost. I start crying and ask them for my parents. They tell me I have the wrong house and that they have lived there for 6 years.

They call the police. The police take me in and start asking a bunch of oddball questions. I am literally freaking the fuck out at this point. It's then that they tell me...

It was the year 2000... eight years later.

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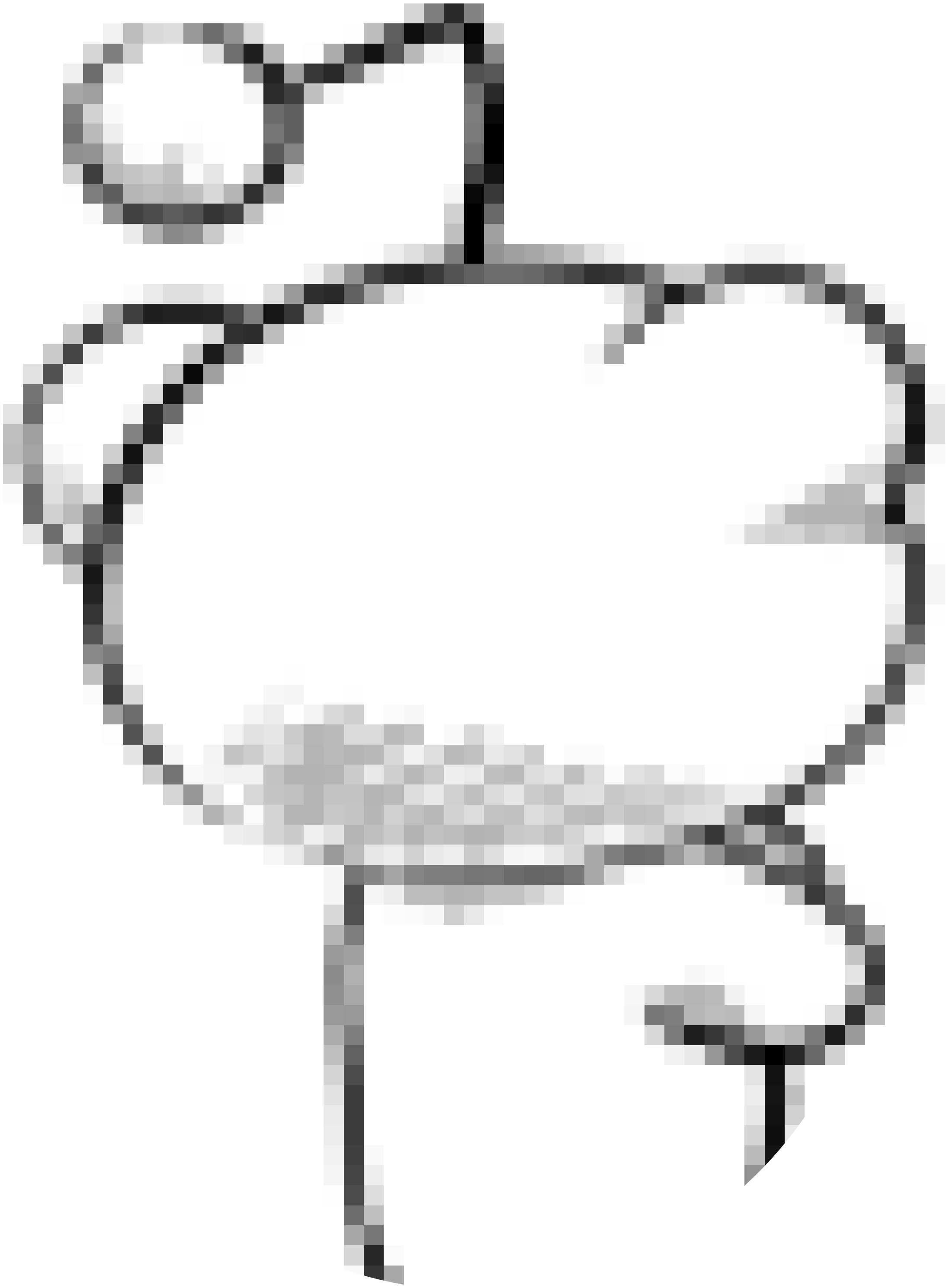

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

You sure it wasn't 1986?

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Badmoto
â€¢ 13y ago

I was driving to lunch one day with my wife and two kids. My daughter, who was 4 at the time, was in the backseat with her older brother and they were playing.

Out of now where she just starts crying. Weeping.

"Sweetie, what's wrong? Did you get hurt?"
"No" she replied, "I miss grandma".
"Grandma? Mommy's grandma? Daddy's grandma?" Our parents who lived in town. "No, grandma in the wheel chair."

She was referring to my grandma (her great grandma) that came to visit us for a few days with my aunt about 6 months earlier. My grandma was 86 at the time and was fairly immobile so she rolled around in a wheel chair. My daughter, who's incredibly social, especially compared to my son, who's much more introverted, really bonded well with her.

The whole incident in the car was rather out of the blue, so to speak. My daughter hadn't really mentioned grandma for months before that and my wife and I hadn't brought up her name for a while. Anyways, we managed to calm her down and have a good lunch.

The next day, I get a call from my Aunt telling that the same grandma had fallen into a coma due to complications with the issues she was having and very peacefully passed away, that same day before.

I was an atheist before and still very much am after. I don't believe in any way, shape or form in a God like being having anything to do, either overtly or subtly, in our daily lives or in any kind of after life. After death, we're all worm food. Perhaps on some level, I certainly wish there was something more to life and the whole "Why we're here" bit, but I just don't see it.

With that said, I have to say this event did make me pause for a moment. What if grandma came to my daughter in some mystical or spiritual form and said goodbye before or after dying? What if there is something else besides total organ failure and nothingness. That event didn't necessarily change my philosophical views on life and death but it did make may consider alternatives for a bit.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Coincident dreams over several nights with my spouse of a murder victim without communicating the nightmares beforehand.

Reply Share

isthatvelvet
â€¢ 13y ago

My story isn't very creepy but I haven't been able to come up with a definitive explanation. My girlfriend at the time and I were coming home from Arizona to North Carolina for winter break and I saw something unusual on I-40 in Arkansas. It was about 10:00 pm and I see a large glowing green ball just above tree level to the right in the woods. It looked like a sphere shaped glow stick with green flames pulsating off of it. We were driving separate cars, so after a while we stop to fuel up and I ask her if she happened to see anything unusual. She then describes the ball pretty much word for word. It was a marshy area and the best guess I have is swamp gas.

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Deponent_Verb
â€¢ 13y ago

I was in the Netherlands on an island, outside the town of Nes. I was staying at a farmstead bed and breakfast, and during the night as was drifting off to sleep I heard a very loud, rhythmic noise, like stomping on the floor above me.

In the morning when I woke up, I remembered hearing the noise and walked outside to see if I could figure out what had been making it. It was at that point I realised that I had been sleeping under a thatched, arched roof with no attic, and the people working at reception had been gone since 9pm.

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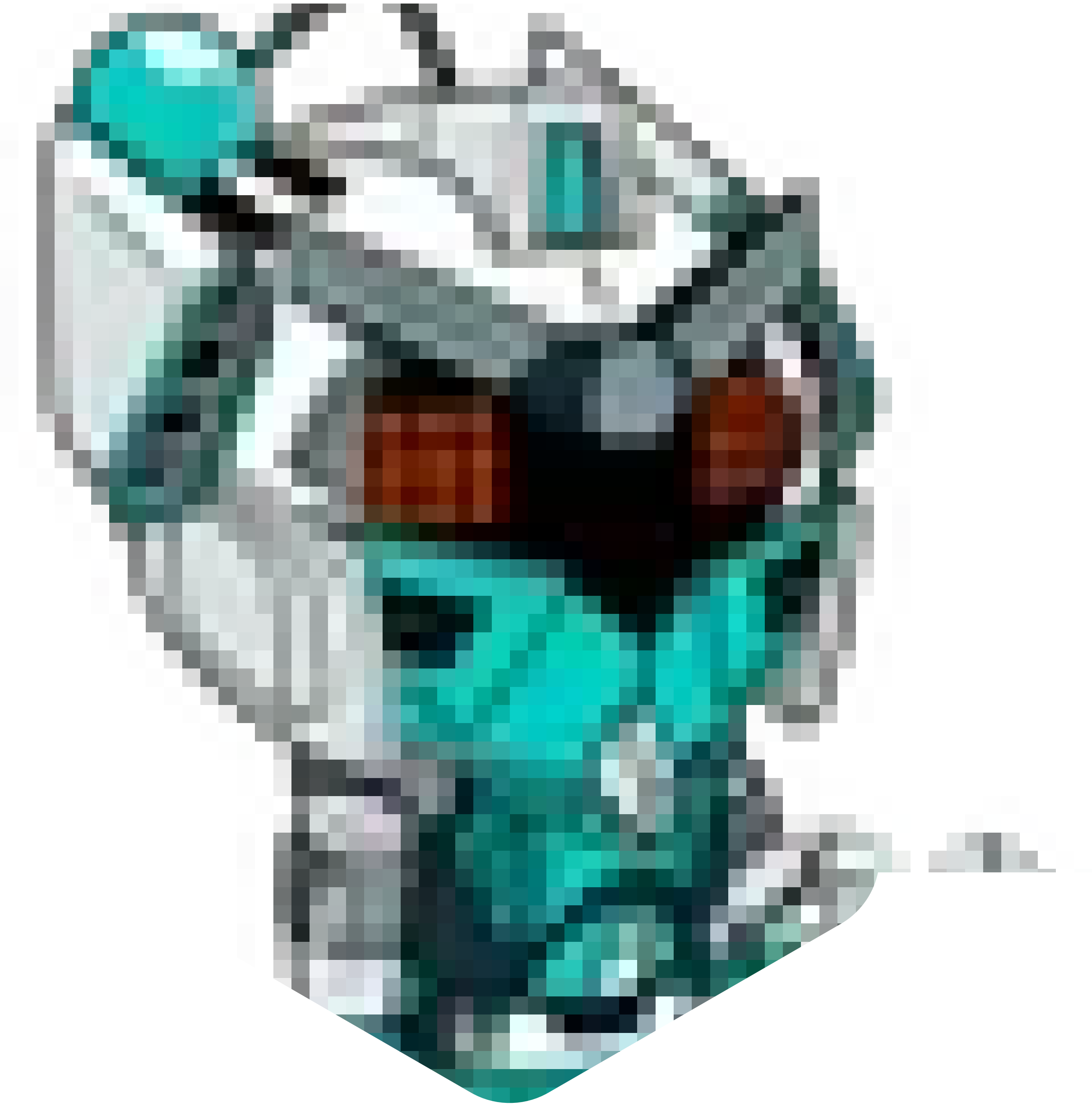

[ashenfield](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was about 15 I was reading a story in Readers digest about a haunting. I was alone in the house and it was just about dusk.The story detailed the story of a family who had all manner of strange occurrences happen in their new home.

If I recall there were mysterious scratches appearing in a bathtub overnight, strange noises, etc... I was reading through the story, getting quite engrossed in it when I read about an experience where their kitchen stove inexplicably had some sort of explosion.

The creepy part is at that very moment when I read the words "stove exploded" there was a huge bang from our kitchen in the next room over.

I leaped from my chair, heart racing, right out the front door of the house. After a few minutes when I caught my breath I ventured back into the house and inspected the kitchen. I made it to the stove and found that inside one of the racks had somehow fallen askew which must have made the big bang I heard.
There is probably a logical explanation, and I don't really buy into supernatural stuff, but the timing of that happening was pretty uncanny, and definitely creepy.

Reply Share

[rickroll95](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When my brother was three, he had this little toy train thing that would play music and if you turned it on it would roll by itself. The train has to be turned on for it to roll and it immediately starts rolling when turned on. My stepmom put it on the top of his little toy shelf in the living room. One night I was watching tv and it randomly rolled off of the top of the shelf, knocking of all of the other toys next to it. Some of which happened to make noise when moved. So all of the toys fall off of the top shelf and half of them are gong crazy making noise, which is very loud, al whilst the train is still rolling into the kitchen. I was sitting there traumatized, though it may not have been anything paranormal, it was still the scariest shit ever.

TL;DR: My life is apparently extremely uneventful due to the fact that the scariest thing in my life was cause by children's toys.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Probably this:

One night me and one of my friends were trying to find another one of my friends. Unable to get a hold of him, we called it a night, and went to bed.

At that point, I had an interesting dream involving my friend getting put in jail.

I wake up the next morning....and I see a text and facebook post from my friend roughly saying, "Fuck, I got arrested".

Reply Share

[zombiebearhug](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

so, I been seeing this girl for quite awhile and I'm over at her place doing Couple-y things. I can't recall quite what happened before hand but I remember as soon as I'm one foot out of the room, the cross she had on the wall flew off and smashed into the opposite wall near me. My lady friend was in the room at the time, but in the process of me turning around and stepping out of the room she could have in no way crossed the room, removed the cross from the nail, and then returned to her original spot.

The cross survived. It was supposedly made of shark tooth or something though months later down the road when she is moving out of another apartment her friend ends up breaking it. But thats months later.

We couldn't explain it so we went to the neighbors to see what was up. There was no neighbors though. She was at the end of the building, to her left was an empty apartment and to the left of it was some old lady.

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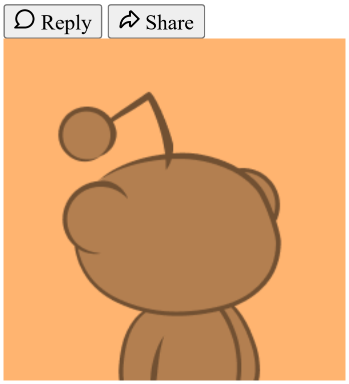

bacobits
â€¢ 13y ago

Not extremely scary, but I'll share anyways.

One night last year, me and my SO were at my parent's house. We were staying in the guest bedroom (right next to my little brother's room). We were just laying there when suddenly the hallway light switches off. Of course, we thought it was my brother, so we called him out on it. He responds from behind the shut and locked bathroom door. Okay, it must have just been one of my parents. I go over to my parents room to find them both sound asleep....

Who the hell turned off the lights!?

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rhubarbarino
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in grade 12 we decided to fool around with Ouija board one night. There were 4 of us and I really didn't know what to expect, but I played along. After several attempts in which nothing happened, we decided to get serious and lo and behold the pointer started to move. At first I was incredulous, but the pointer seemed to be flowing so smoothly, I couldn't believe that one of us was moving it.

It started slowly, with us asking yes or no questions, which were subsequently answered, and then we moved on to more complex questions which required the answers to be spelled out. We found out that we were talking to a spirit named Billy, who claimed to be a young boy. He told us that he had lived in the late 1800s but refused to tell us how he had died. He also expressed a fear surrounding an evil spirit who had been tormenting him, but on the whole seemed please to talk to us.

After talking with Billy for some time (prolly an hour and a half), we asked if he could give us a sign to prove his existence. He agreed, but said we would have to wait, so we took a break.

When we returned, it took some time before we were able to contact Billy again, and when we did, something seemed off; he didn't seem to be the same person we had met before. After several minutes, the tone of the conversation changed. The spirit we were talking to became hostile, swearing at us and making threatening statements. He called himself Am. At this point, the pointer was flying around the board, and we became incredibly freaked out. We all removed our hands from the pointer at the same time and broke the connection.

We discussed what had occurred, and decided to try to contact Billy again, despite our fear of what might happen. With much trepidation, we all placed our hands on the pointer and asked for Billy to return, certain that instead we would be facing Am. To our relief Billy returned and confirmed that Am was the spirit that had been tormenting him, but didn't give us any details with respect to who or what Am might be. He confirmed that he would give us a sign to prove his existence.

At this point it was about 2 in the morning. Suddenly we heard a knock at the back door. In order to get to my back door, you had to go through two gates, one to get into the back yard, and another to get onto the deck, so if someone was approaching, we likely would have heard at least one of the gates being closed. We all jumped up from our chairs and rushed to the back door, opened it and saw no one. This was moments after the knock, which we all heard. We looked around the back yard and found nothing; all gates were closed.

We were dumbfounding and returned to the board, but were unable to contact either Billy or Am. I was scared shitless, and of course my friends all decided to go home, leaving me alone in the house. I have to say, I didn't get much sleep that night.

I'm still not sure what to think about this. It could have been a series of coincidences, or some sort of group subconscious controlling the board, but at the time, it seemed so real. Regardless, we never attempted to use the Ouija board again.

tl;dr Used a Ouija board in grade 12 and made contact with spirits both good and evil. Asked for a sign to prove the spirits existence, which turned out to be a phantom knock at the door.

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bigedthebad

â€¢ 13y ago

I lived in Okinawa from 1979 to 1981. We lived in government housing (I was in the Army) and our house had these big heavy glass and wood sliding doors out to the patio. They just sat on their tracks and were kind of loose.

One night I was sitting watching TV. It was dark outside and completely silent, just dead quiet. All of a sudden, the patio doors start shaking harder and harder and harder, just building up to a fairly violent crescendo. Then, they just get quieter and quiter till they are silent.

It completely freaked me out. I was sitting in my big easy chair so didn't feel anything or see any other shaking or activity of any kind. Okinawa is prone to occasional very mild earthquakes/tremors and I kind of figured that's what it was.

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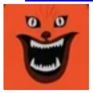

PhazonZim

â€¢ 13y ago

It was my friend's 16th birthday and most of us were at her house. One friend called to say he'd be really late, and didn't know when he'd get there. We decided to play with her Ouija board in the mean time (this was around 11am). We jokingly asked it when he would arrive. In our hands, the planchette moved to the numbers 3, 7 and and 2; 372.

At 4:12 exactly, the friend who said he'd be late rang the doorbell.

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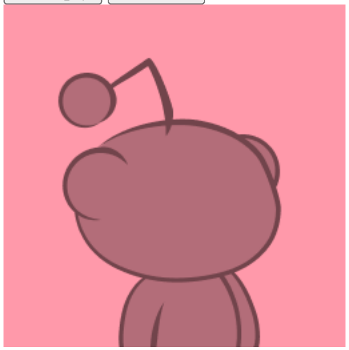

DelianSK13

â€¢ 13y ago

Two things.

My grandmother lived in this old house. we would visit her occasionally and in the summers when we were young... maybe 9 or 10, we would spend a week with her. Whenever I was in the upstairs, specifically right at the top of the stairs, I would always have this bad feeling. I never saw anything or heard anything. I just knew I hated being upstairs. It just felt like something wasn't right and I was scared. It was a very strong feeling.

She lived there until I was 17. Even at that age I was scared. When she moved out me and my two brothers were sitting around talking and I brought up these weird feelings. They said they were terrified of it too and felt the same feelings. Nothing concrete but still strange.

Second story: I lived in a house from ages 13 to 16. The house had a marker on it stating it was built in the 1750s. Old stone house. It was an awesome house. I actually saw a ghost when I woke up one night. It was a lady just standing in my bedroom. She was lit up like someone had a flashlight shining on her and it was dark because it was the middle of the night. I was terrified and threw my blanket over my head. There were other times that the stereo in my dads office would turn on in the middle of the night at full blast waking everyone up. That happened five or six times. Other times my dad said he would be in his office, which was in the lowest level, and hear footsteps on the hardwood floors in the middle of the night. He would walk up and see who was up and we were all asleep.

My brother told me a story the other day that I don't remember... he was sitting in our living room and heard the front door latch jiggling. These were old style latches. A piece of metal would fall into a receiver. There wasnt a knob. According to him someone was messing with it. Lifting it up and down at a fast rate. It had a distinctive sound of metal on metal. Iron I think. He ran upstairs to my room and told me what he heard. According to him I told him to "stop being a pussy." He went back downstairs and grabbed a BB pistol and sat in the corner. He said the latch would jiggle for a few minutes andwoke stop for a few minutes. He sat in the corner of the living room for 45 minutes until my parents came home holding the BB gun.

That house was awesome.

woodowl
â€¢ 13y ago

My wife and I were doing yard work all day, it was getting dark, and we were both dead tired. I heard my wife ask if I would put the water hose away, and I replied that I was just about to do it. "Just about to do what?" she asked. "You just asked if I would put the hose away, I was just about to" I said. She said that she didn't say that, she had only *thought* it. I can remember hearing her say it as clear as day. Freaked both of us out for a while.

⊕ 1 more reply

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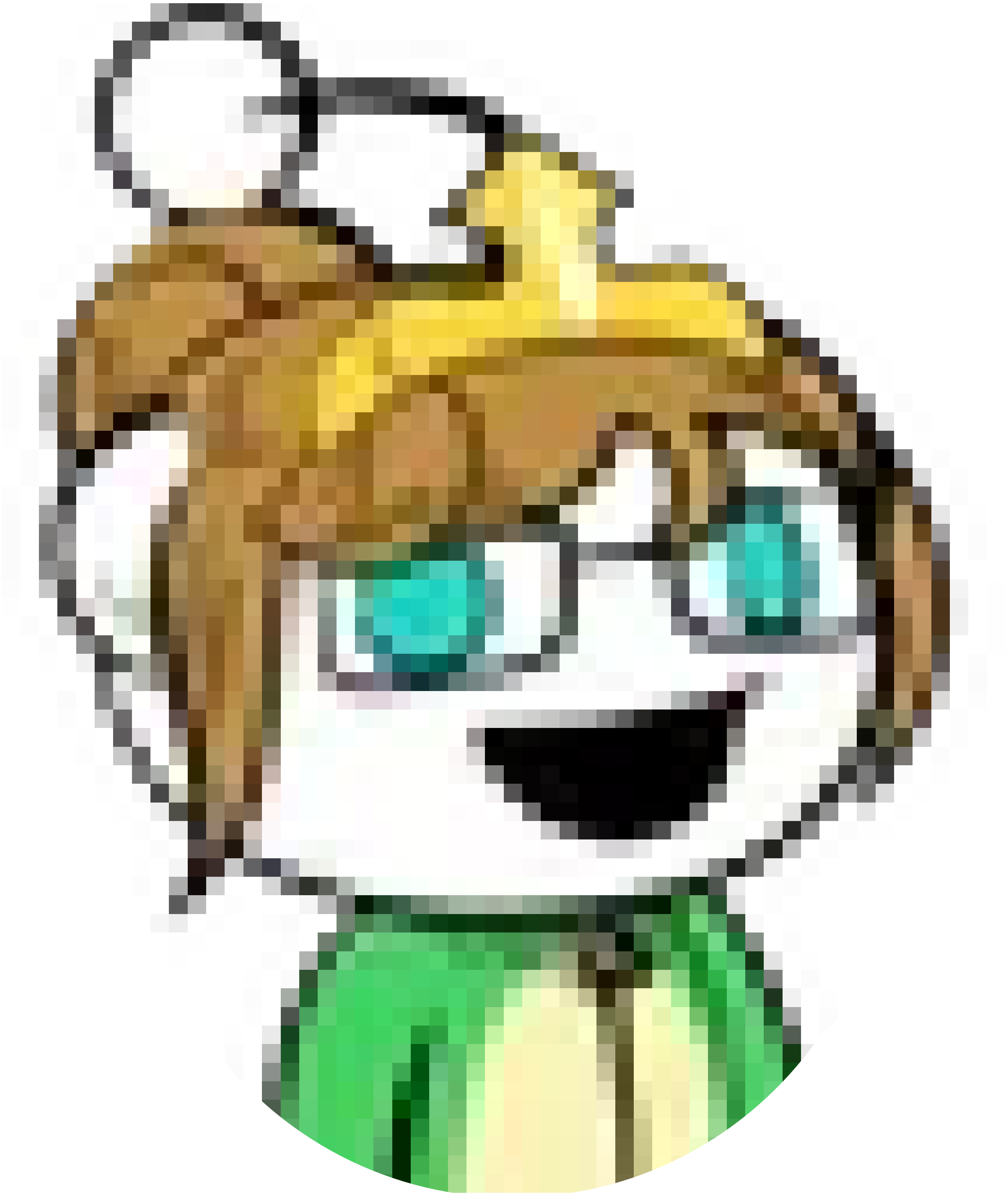
Jamman636
â€¢ 13y ago

I was in middle school and studying in my room. I lived in an old, Victorian house and had two closets, on opposite sides of my room. Well, as I was working at my desk, a banging on my closet door occurred at the closet furthest from me. It was like a man was standing inside my closet and used both arms to bang on the door about 3-4 times. I quickly grabbed my shit and ran downstairs to sit at the kitchen table. My mom was the only other person home and was in the kitchen. She asked what was wrong, I told her, and she went upstairs to pray and drive the demons away. I never had that problem since and I lived in that same room many years after.



teags123
â€¢ 13y ago

The scariest thing to happen to me was right after my aunt died. One night like 2 days before her funeral, my sister and I were sleeping and I woke up to something grabbing my ankles at the same time she sat up screaming bloody murder. It was fucking freaky.

⊕ 1 more reply

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This is probably going to seem rather tame, but it *really* stuck with me. I'm a baker and I work in a really old building. Being a baker, sometimes I start work as early as 4:00 a.m. and will spend a good hour and a half alone in this old basement before any of my coworkers come in. I'd been working there for well over a year already when things started to seem...off. I'd come in in the morning, and things in the storage area will have been knocked over. Every day. Things wouldn't be where I left them the day before. I kept on seeing *things* out of the corner of my eyes. I did so many double takes that week, but there was never anything there when I thought I saw something. Stuff at my work station seemed to fall over a lot more frequently and easily. It gave me the creepy feeling that there was *definitely* someone or thing in the building with me. These creepy feelings and instances only lasted for maybe two weeks.

One day when I was working I heard what sounded like someone moving stuff around in the storage area. I was pretty freaked out, because I knew it was way too early for my coworkers to arrive. This was also two weeks after almost daily occurrences of creepy feelings and thinking I'm seeing things. I went out to the hallway and looked down it and yelled "HELLO? ANYONE THERE?" There was no response, of course. I don't know what made me say it, since I've always adamantly denied the existence of ghost/spirits/or whatevers. I yelled, "Whoever you are or whatever you're doing, JUST STOP IT." When I turned to go back to work, a very detailed image of a woman I'd never seen before suddenly popped into my head. The image in my head was of her, standing at the far end of the hallway I just yelled down. She looked to be between 17 and 20, or so. Long blond hair, petite, with a simple blue dress and a dusty apron. She didn't look like she was from our time. That image stayed in my head all day. Every time I closed my eyes, I could see her standing at the end of the hallway. After that day, all the creepiness stopped. All I had to do was ask it to stop. Maybe the being listened? Or maybe in telling "it" to stop, I was really telling myself subconscious self to stop making shit up.

I fully acknowledge that all of this could be the product of an overactive imagination. And yeah, going into work alone in an old building at 4:00 a.m. *is* creepy and is totally the type of setting where your brain wants to play tricks on you. But I've always been able to brush off instances of seeing things and creepy feelings as just that -- feelings, and feelings that don't really mean anything. Why was it that these two weeks in particular did I have an unusually high occurrence of creepiness? Why did that image of a woman pop into my head and stick with me, to this day? I don't know. It doesn't prove anything. But it sure did make me question my life-long denial of "other beings," be they ghosts or astral projections or...something. I still question it, and I can no longer say that I *definitely* don't believe in ghosts anymore.

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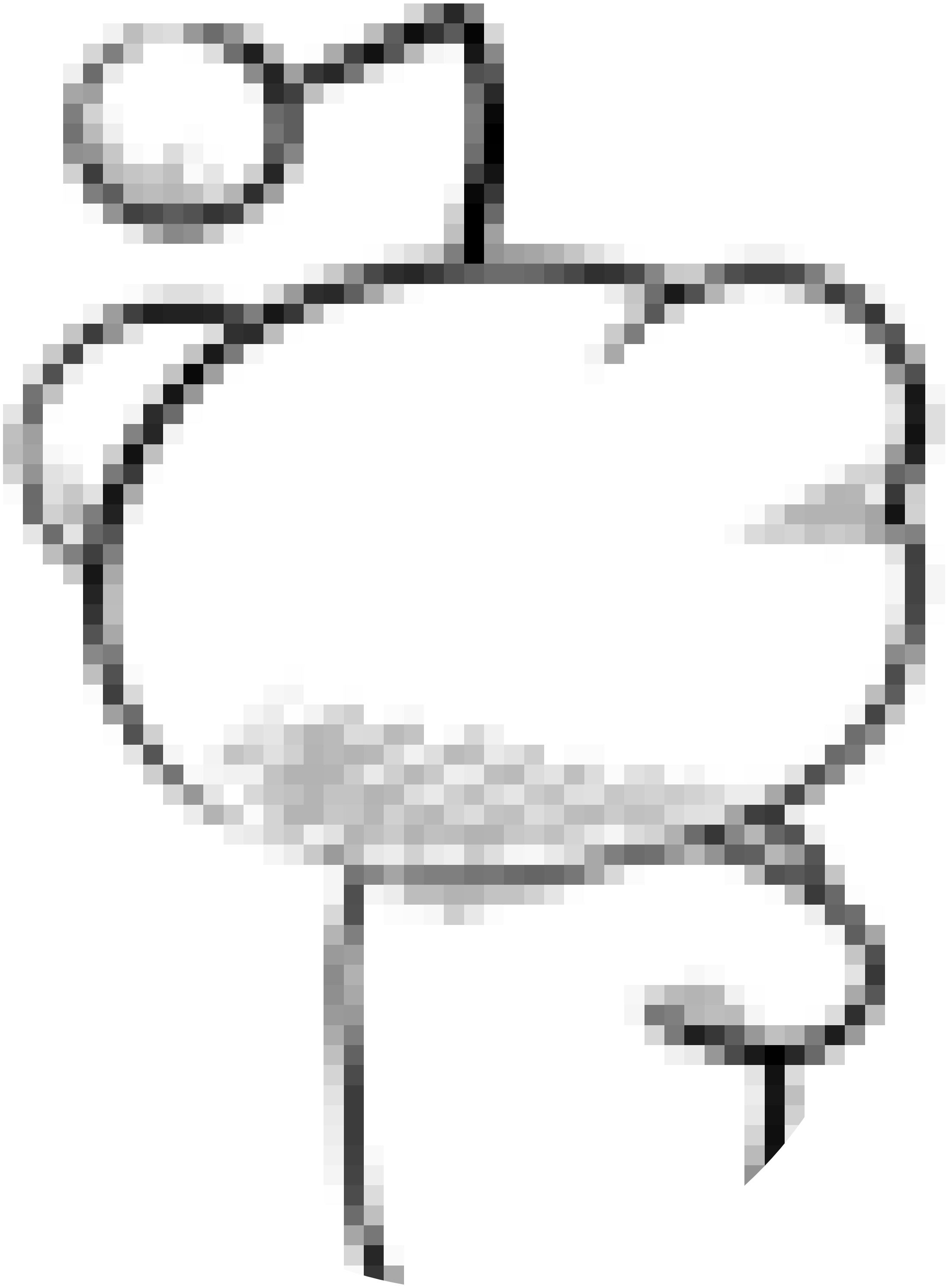

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â€¢ 13y ago

She said yes.

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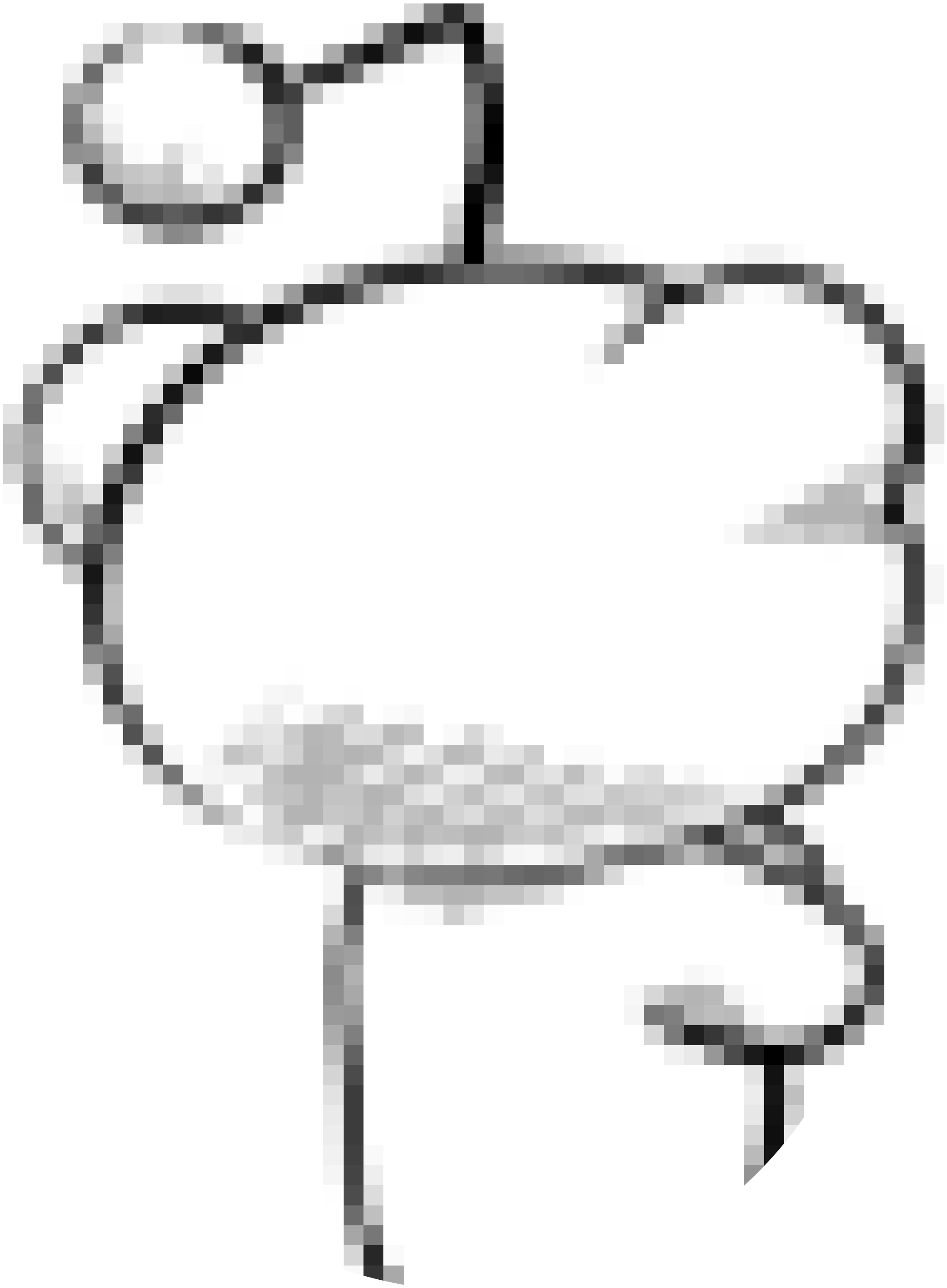

Cornyb304
â€¢ 13y ago

Family was on a cruise I got the house to myself for a week during my senior year of high school. I was watching the Exorcism of Emily Rose around 9 one evening, and was getting ready to head out with a bunch of friends. The part came on when they were asking 'her' for the name of the demon inside her. It was a little creepy. Then she said something to the effect of 'My name is Lucifer'. At that exact moment the DVD froze, my dryer door slammed, my bathroom door opened, and the power went out. My dryer is a commercial deal with a heavy door and it slammed very hard and my bathroom door is designed to hold itself shut(its off level incase you didnt close it all the way so it wont swing open.) I sat there in disbelief of what happened in the last 5 seconds, and calmly stood up grabbed my coat and went to shoot some ball before my friends came over. Upon walking out on my porch I saw the neighbors across the mountain had power, and that I could see the lights from the beginning of my road. Got back home later that evening and everything was back on including the DVD still paused at that exact spot. Sleep did not come easy that night. tl;dr Satan paused my DVD and i can only assume tried to shit in my mouth

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Back in high school my group of friends and I had a very secluded hangout spot on top of a brushy hill out in a foresty part of town. On this hill we would smoke and drink and make eachother laugh. On this particular night there was no moon and we had no flash lights or anything, the only lights we could see we're some stars and from the houses out in the distance. As the night progressed and so did our buzz all of the sudden the entire sky flashed bright green and I mean it was BRIGHT. We all saw it and couldn't believe it, now our eyes are horribly adjusted to the near pitch black night and finally we just moved on. A few minutes later it happened again but it seemed further away and a much darker shade of green. I don't know, I'm sure there's an explanation for this but we asked our families and other friends if they had seen it and all them claimed they hadn't. All I know is it scared the ever living crap out of me.

FoundInSiberia
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 13, my step dad took me to visit his friend in a city an hour away. His friend lived in an apartment on the hillside of the city. When I was a baby, that apartment used to be a hospital and a crematorium. I didn't know this at the time I went to visit. We sat in his small apparent which was a basement suit. They wanted to go in a beer run so I stayed back at the apartment. I wasn't really scared, I just looked around in the rooms. After a while I felt like I was being watch so I turned on the TV to distract myself. I learned there was no cable. There was nothing to do but sit around. And that what I did. A few minutes later one of the bedroom doors flung open and nearly shit my pants. I freaked out, I couldn't even move. I managed to get up and leave the apartment suit and say in the hallway. I felt worse in the hallway. There were faint footsteps that could be heard. A few feet from the apartment door was a this brink bench thing with a brick arch on the wall. I didn't like the looks of it. I like to think my mind was just playing games on me when this happened but I could hear tapping around that brick area. I sat still and put on my MP3 player to try and forget about it. About 10 minutes later my step dad and his friend came back to find me sitting in the hall. They laughed and said the building used to be a small hospital back in the 80's and the brick place was a crematorium. Thus explaining all the strange noises of the building. It was haunted. I've had much more experiences other places but this one stands out.

TL;DR: left alone in old apartment building that used to be a hospital and crematorium.

nbee
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandmother said if she died before my grandfather and my grandfather remarried, she would definitely haunt him. She died, he remarried, and she did. Their old house was completely remodeled by the new renters so we developed the before and after photos and found her... it's a long white gleam of light where you can almost make out ribs and bound legs up and down the whole photo with a white head shape on top. A second photo of the same staircase, the figure is gone. I could ask my mom for the photos again because this was a long time ago. She seems to have given up or realized the couple she was torturing (they moved out because they felt the house shake and heard voices to get out) was not my grandfather and his new wife. I don't even believe in this stuff, but my grandmother believed in it and when you remember her vow, it's feels incredibly real.

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nevermatter
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to live in one house when I was a kid that would do a weird smoke thing. About twice a year I would wake up in the middle if the night to my bedroom filled with smoke. Choking and gasping I would get up and run to get my parents. But as I would get to the door and flip the light switch the light would come on and there would be no smoke in the room at all. Just me standing baked in a silent room. I kinda think maybe I was just having a seizure or something. Don't know.

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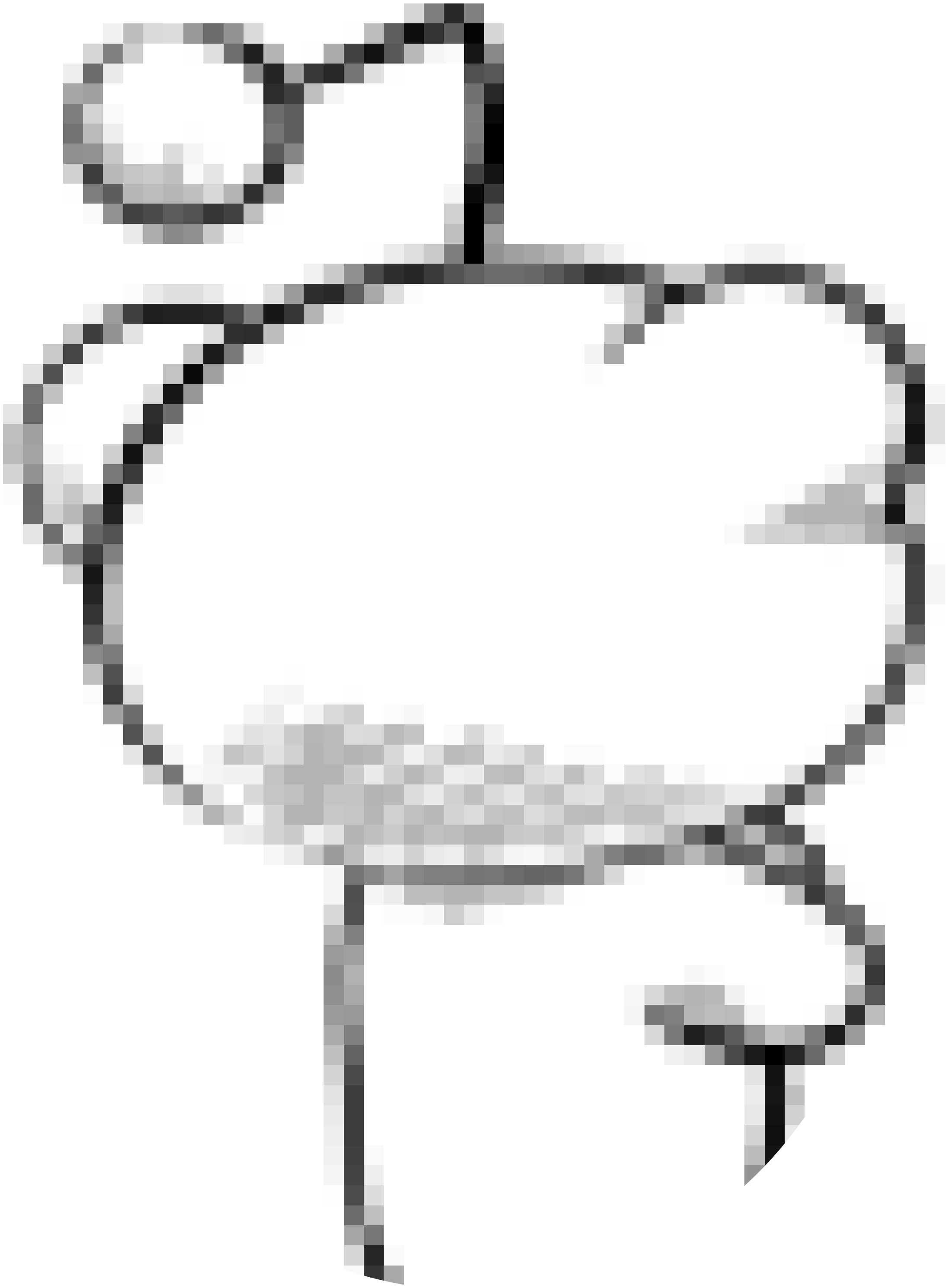

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â€¢ 13y ago

I lived in New York as a kid, so planes were commonplace. I was being driven to an amusement park by my parents and out of nowhere a black diamond-shaped thing appears in clear sight. It seemed to be at a rather high altitude, and it flew in a straight path. Out of nowhere, the thing blots straight up and out of sight like a space jump. Apparently both of my parents had seen it too, and if it makes a difference it was at dusk.

m0ondogy
â€¢ 13y ago

My buddy has an old Louisiana plantation house as his country home. His family is a group of Japanese immigrants. His parents don't even speak English (well). We were all in the kitchen having some awesome food when both parents stopped mid chew. They stated at the corner behind me not saying a word. My friend turned to look and let out an audible gasp. I turned to look, yet saw nothing. Looked back at the parents who were already cleaning dishes. They took us back 5 hours to New Orleans. The plantation was on the market a few weeks later. That shit still creeps me out to this day.

⊕ 2 more replies
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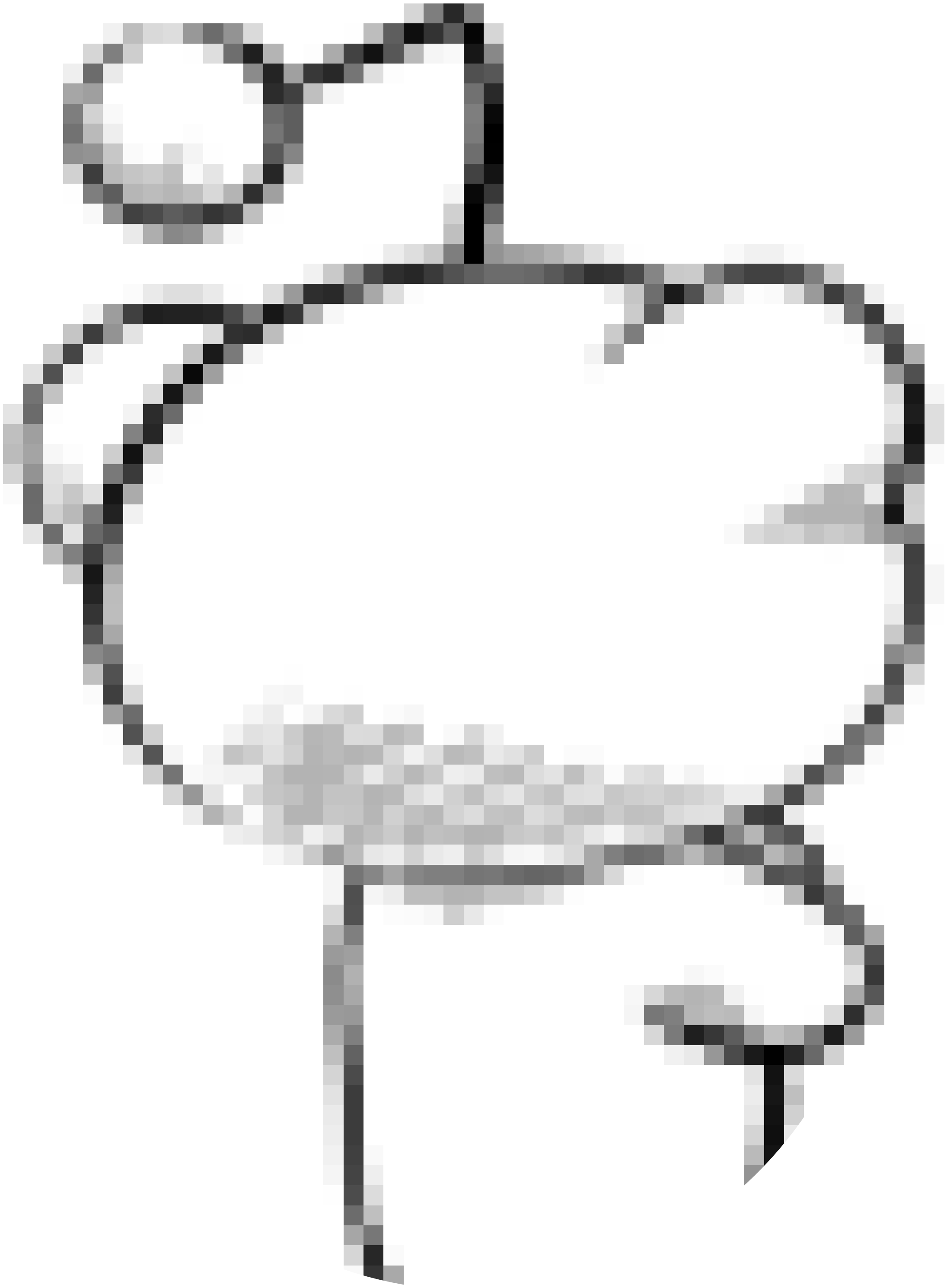


[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

We get a lot of activity where we live but one that sticks in my mind is when a bunch of us were talking about my moms late best friend and the tv in the living room randomly turned up and then back down with nobody in the room. After that happened we decided to see if it was her and called out "Wendy if your here do that again" and as soon as we finished asking the volume shot back up and went back to normal.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

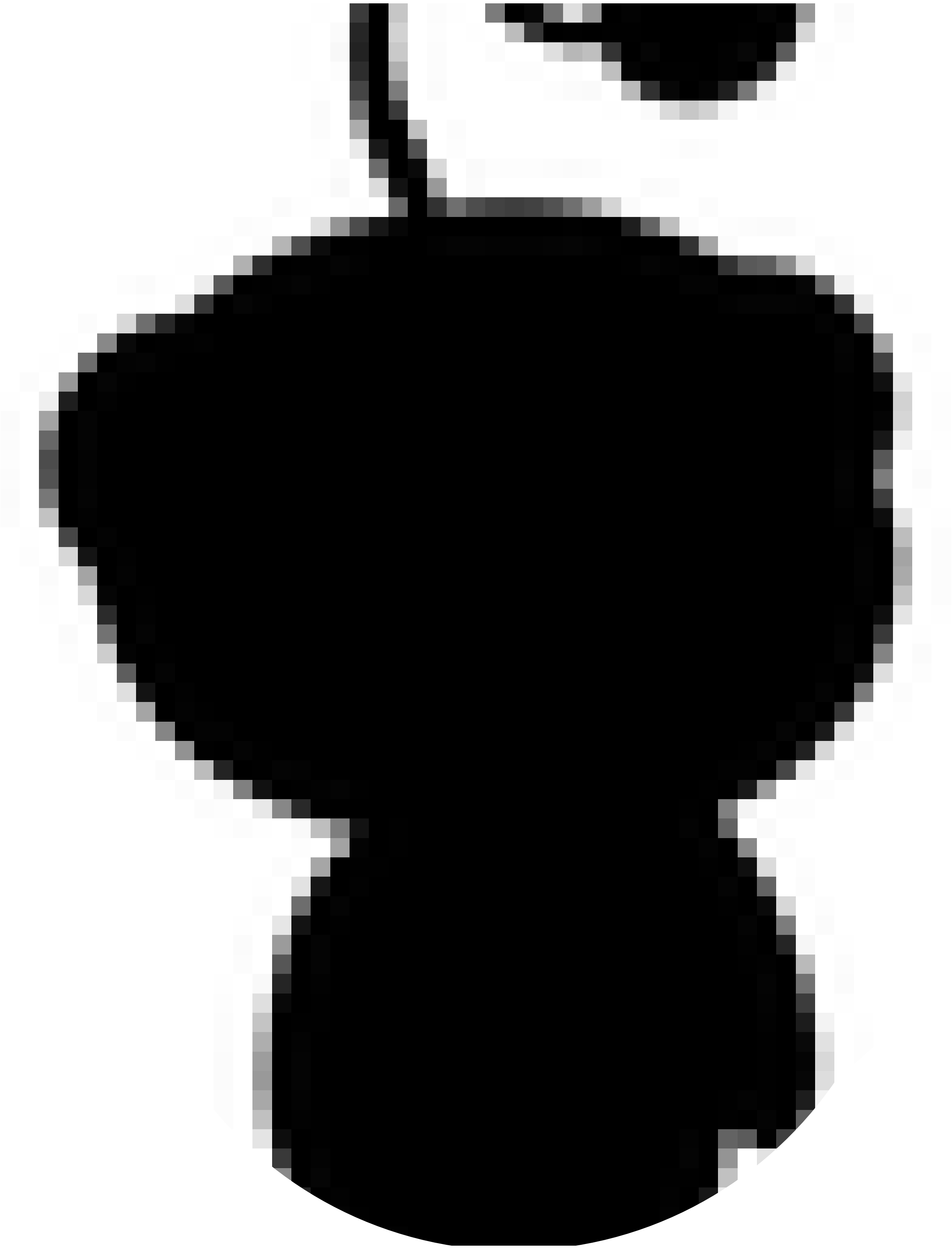
The only creepy thing to ever happen was in the summer I used to hear what sounded like a heartbeat with no discernable source. I knew my parents had heard squirrels or something running around in the attic the previous year. The house is very well built but shit happens. I'm still not sure exactly what it was.

I didn't say it would be very creepy.

NickL384
â€¢ 13y ago

I'll just leave this here.

http://www.reddit.com/r/Glitch_in_the_Matrix



[jumpingjimmies](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

A couple weeks ago I was minding my own business in my dorm trying to sleep. My roommate had this time taken a considerable amount of time to get ready and it ended up being pretty early in the morning before he got into bed. So after we wee both lying there for a good 30 minutes or so I thought I heard a knocking or even a scratching at the door. I figured I would let my roommate take care of it since he was closer, but after about seven seconds of this I finally gave up to look and see what was happening. My heart pretty much stopped as I saw the shape of a little girl against the door, completely black, and when I tried to focus on her she stretched into a long black line away from the door and over my bed, then came crashing down on me with a cold sharp breeze. I will admit that I gave a yelp, which somehow didn't wake my roommate, and for the rest of that night I couldn't get a wink of sleep.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

11 years old staring into the dark forest where I lived. Heard the meow of the neighbor cat and its neck bell. Made a whistle to call it. The bell stopped, silence and then it started ringing about 30 feet up on one tree then within seconds about 90-degrees to the right up in another and finally one more that seemed to be directly behind me past the garage. Ran inside freaked out, never saw the cat again.

Reply Share

thrway98
â€¢ 13y ago

One Saturday morning some years ago I got up around noon that day, got a shower, ate breakfast, and then proceeded to spend the next 5 hours or so on my computer.

At one point I had to take a piss, so I got up and walked into the bathroom. Upon arriving at the toilet to do my business I noticed a large puzzle of water on the floor around it. Like a *lot* of water.

The toilet is right next to the shower, so I thought perhaps there was some freak shower-curtain accident and I had spilled water all around the toilet like an idiot. No big deal, I go over to the linen closet and grab another towel to mop things up. I finish (and finish my business), flush and wash my hands. Nothing too unexplainable, right?

BUT, as I go to leave the bathroom, I notice ANOTHER large, large puddle right at the doorway, in front of the linen closet even. There's no way this thing existed when I walked into the bathroom, because I would have stepped in it once when entering, and again on my way to the linen closet the first time. I mopped that puddle up, and immediately began looking for signs of leakage everywhere. I tried turning on the shower, flushing the toilet, running the sinks. Nothing. I checked the ceiling, the walls, the air vents, Nothing.

I stayed in that place another year after that and never had the problem again.

Mmmmsoil
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened shortly after my mom died when I was 10, which contributed to how goddamned freaky it was. Before she died, we had plans to make a "cookie pizza" together, and we had gone out and bought candy and stuff for it, which ended up in her dresser. One day after it happened, I went into the dresser to look at the candy for whatever reason, and a couple seconds after opening the drawer, heard a **very** loud shriek that sounded like it was coming from right next to me. I bolted the fuck out of the room as fast as I could.

I'm not really a believer in these sorts of things, but I still have no idea what the hell that noise was. =/

Reply Share

DormantPersona
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 7 years old, my brother (a year younger) and I stayed home by ourselves for the first time ever. We were locked into a playroom while my parents were out for about 10 minutes. Cut off from the rest of the house, we played with our toys for 5 minutes before we started hearing noises coming from the next room. We couldn't see into the room, but it was our grandma's bedroom. The sounds became clearer as it was a man and a woman talking. We could both hear the voices but couldn't understand the words. We didn't recognize the voices and were genuinely freaked out. We hid under a desk until my parents came home and the voices suddenly stopped. I will never know what happened that day, and am still creeper out about it.

Reply Share

flipflops2
â€¢ 13y ago

Not me, but my father told me this one.

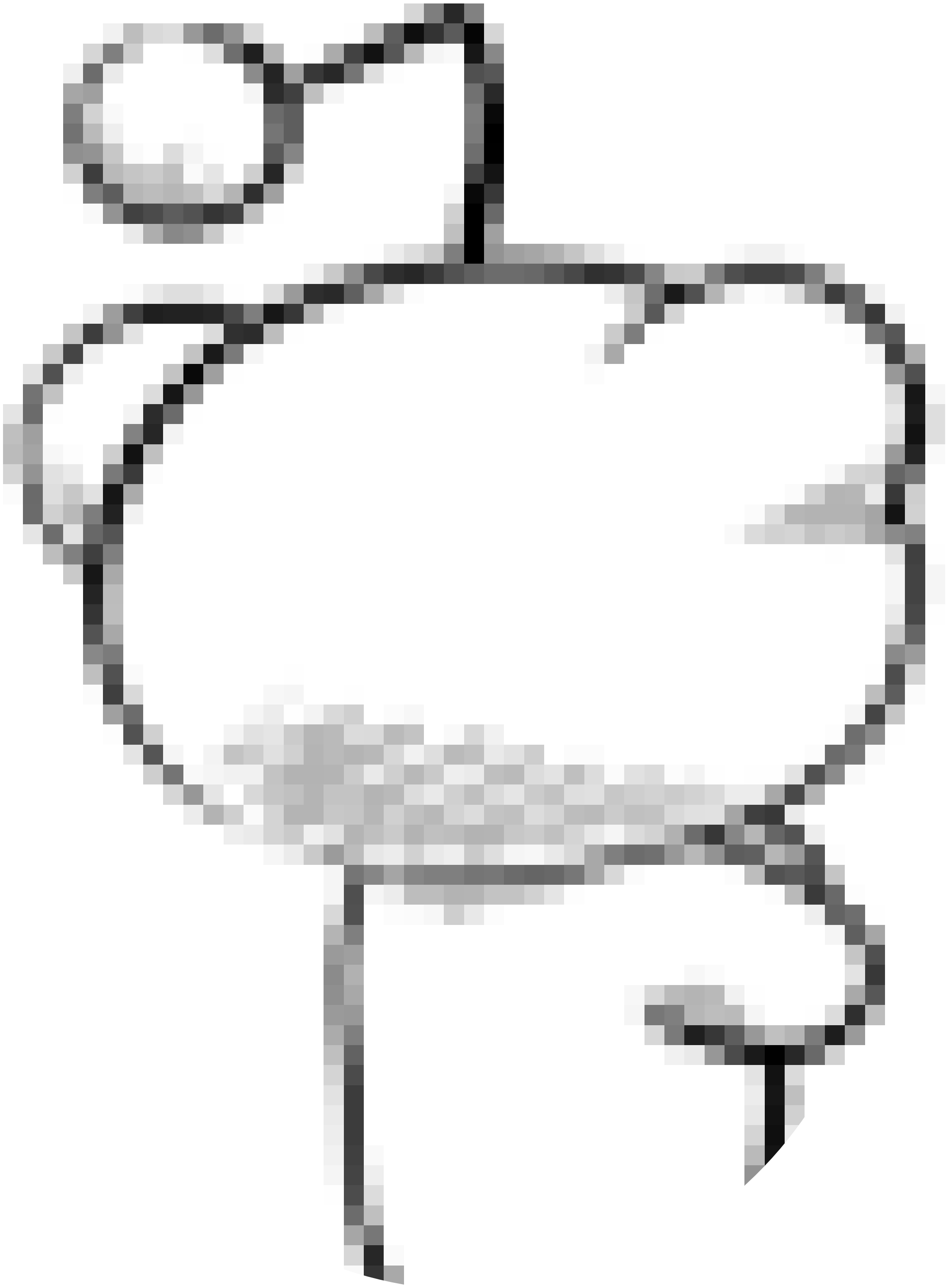
My Granny, his mother, was always kind of...colorful in her speech. She passed in 2003. My father really doesn't talk much about either of his parents to people, aside from us. Anyway, one day he was at our old house and sitting with the woman who bought it on the porch. They were both having a beer and not saying much to each other. This woman claimed to be a "medium", which all of us thought was pretty crazy. But she turned to my dad all of the sudden and said "your mother says to stop talking like an asshole." My dad was pretty taken aback by that, since that was something Granny has said many times to people. This woman didn't know Granny either.

Not really a believer in the afterlife but that was...odd. And strangely a little comforting?

Kubaki
â€¢ 13y ago

I have friends who down right will not enter my home. Once upon a time when we were 18 I had a small party blah blah blah. Anyways we were all watching a movie when power in the house goes off except one room. The light was off to begin with but it turns on and the shower starts. Little history of my home is it was made around a guy in a wheel chair who ended up killing himself in the shower.

Still to this date a few of my friends refuse coming into my home.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Here is one of.. 5? Not the creepiest but.. pretty unexplainable and creepy.

It was late winter/early spring around the time when the streams open up and the fish start to run. It was still cold enough out that there was snow on the ground but warm enough that it was soggy and wet in some places. In most areas it forms a thin sheet of ice on top with snow underneath.

Anyway it was in the middle of the day, and warm enough to start to ran lightly. My cousin stopped by my house and asked if I wanted to go spear fishing with him and his two nephews (both aged around 8) I said sure and climbed in the truck. We drove out near a lake with deep woods out behind it. The snow came up around my knees until we got closer to the stream which then turned into the snow with ice on top. As we are all walking down we don't really see any fish running, we were just bullshitting and letting the young ones go about the business of searching for the fish. Then suddenly one of the boys yells out... he sees a fish! So they give chase and they finally get it and place it out in a deep foot print we made for it to sit until we come back to get it. Now it was bleeding profusely and was dead by all accounts.

So we continue down the stream and I jump across to the other side to get a better vantage point. I walk around and I start to climb around this tree to step up onto a small cliff above the water. As soon as I step up I notice something strange. On top of this small cliff there is a massive footprint in the snow. As I'm staring at it trying to figure out what could have made this enormous print, one of my friends nephews clamors up behind me and starts breathing very heavily. He then runs off in search of my friend who walked ahead, I bend down and start examining it. Now this may sound crazy, but I swear this thing looked like a giant foot. I put my foot inside and it barely reached halfway and you could see where the toes scraped against the snow and made an indent. My friend came back, now on my side of the stream and immediately said holy shit. We found 4 more tracks that led directly into the stream, but couldn't see where they came from before that.

His nephews were obviously spooked as they looked up and around the small valley where we were. They kept saying, "come on lets leave now", but my friend decided we shouldn't worry about it and at the time I concurred. So we walk down a bit further but it is apparent that there are only a few fish out right now and we decide it's time to head out. We were going to walk straight out over the hills to the truck but we remembered one of the boys actually got a fish, so we start trudging down the stream again. When we get to the spot where the fish was all we found was a couple blood spots in the snow. There was no sign of anything else walking through the snow to get to where it was. No animal footprints, no more tracks other than our own. That was when it became creepy, the woods became extremely quiet and we just looked around for a few minutes.

We then walked out slowly towards the truck, keeping an eye out just in case. As soon as we got back to the truck we started to hear the birds and it didn't seem so quiet. But I still wonder what in the hell happened or what that was that day.

Sorry I intended for this to be a lot shorter than it turned out to be, but I kept remembering details. If this one does okay I will type up a few more of my stories.

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darkwingduck14
â€¢ 13y ago

I was sitting at my kitchen table in my apartment when I was a senior in college with my roommate. We had just cleaned our entire house and were having a beer at the table, we had candles on every table in the house and all of a sudden the candle went FLYING across the room like someone swatted it. My roommate kept talking and I said "are we really not going to address the candle the just flew off the table?" she replied "I really don't want to." I laughed and just dropped the topic. She unexplainably got locked in the bathroom a few days later when no one was home. I came home to her still in the bathroom freaking out. She slept in my bed for 2 months after that.

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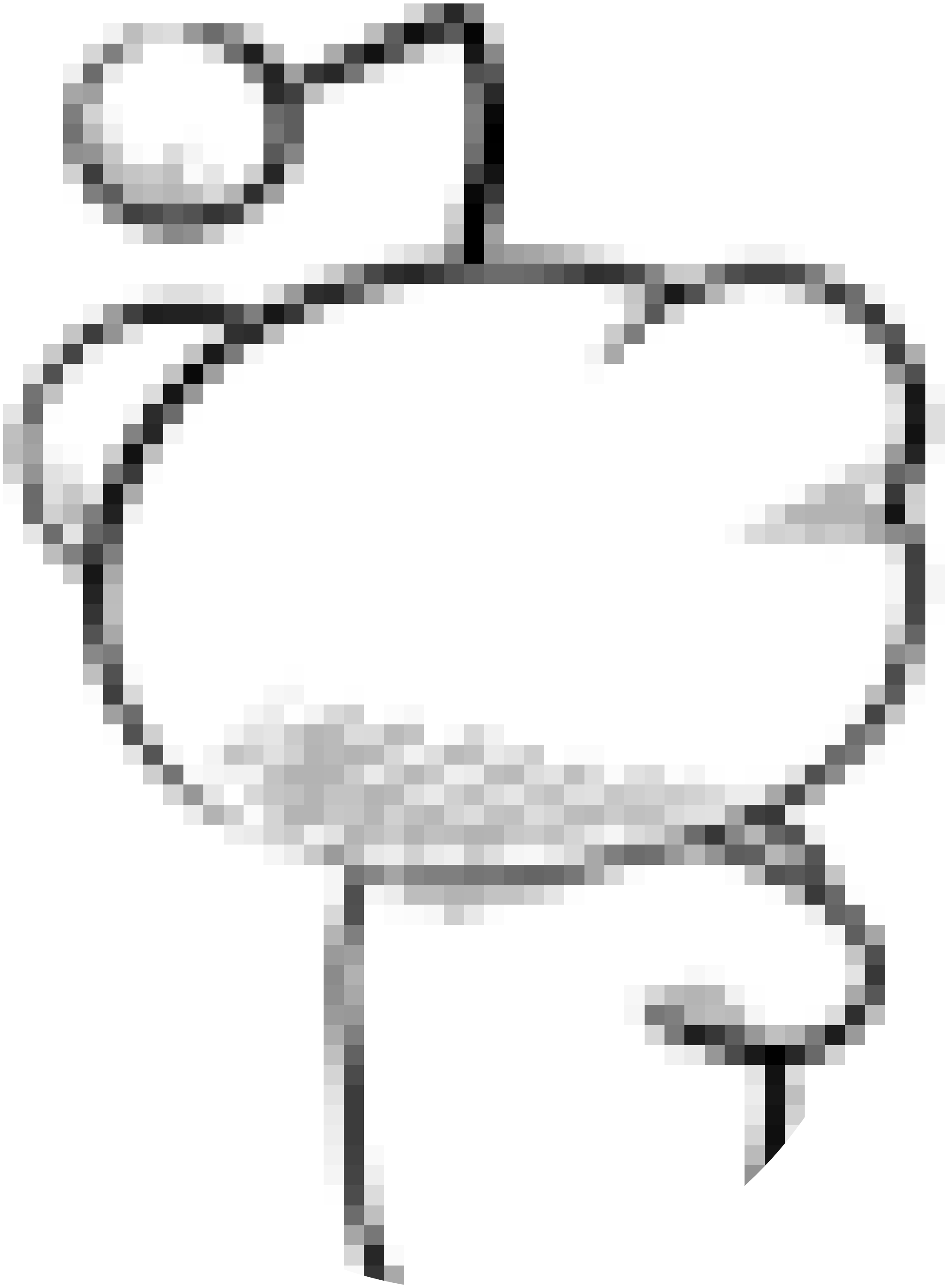

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â€¢ 13y ago

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[MasterOfTimeLife](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

It wasnt me that experienced this but rather my mother. My grandmother had been very sick an lying in a hospital. One night my mother wakes up feeling strange, She walk into the bathroom and looks into the mirror and she sees a dim flame, becoming more and more dim and the flame is gone. That same night my grandmother died.

[Zerbo](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My friends and I were all kicking back in my backyard New Year's eve just before 2008. I was looking up at the stars and noticed a thick black line in the sky. I pointed it out to other 5 or 6 people that were there and they saw it too... it stretched from horizon to horizon from north to south and was slowly moving westward. We thought maybe it some kind of weird cloud, but then it passed in front of the moon; it was a sharply-defined, black line. It kept going west until it disappeared.

To this day we have no idea what the hell it is we actually saw.

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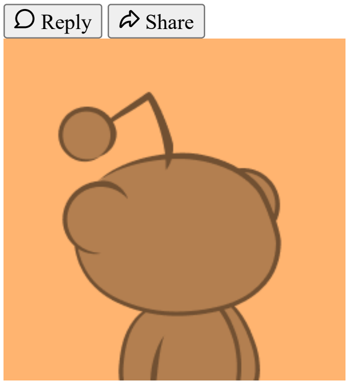

[ChewyAG](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

It's not creepy at all but unexplainable (ish), and the only thing I can think of posting. But I was about 12/13 and cycling along at full speed as I did back then being a crazy kid. Anyway I wasn't paying too much attention and I can't remember exactly but I either hit a wall, turned too fast or something that would have made me fall off and get a few boo boo's at least. Anyway what happened was like a force hit me as I crashed or whatever and pushed me back off my bike, landing completely fine on my feet, no damage done to me whatsoever...Either it was my cat-like reflexes...? or some invisible badass mother fucker that saved me from getting hurt! So I'd like three cheers for that unseen force. HIP HIP!

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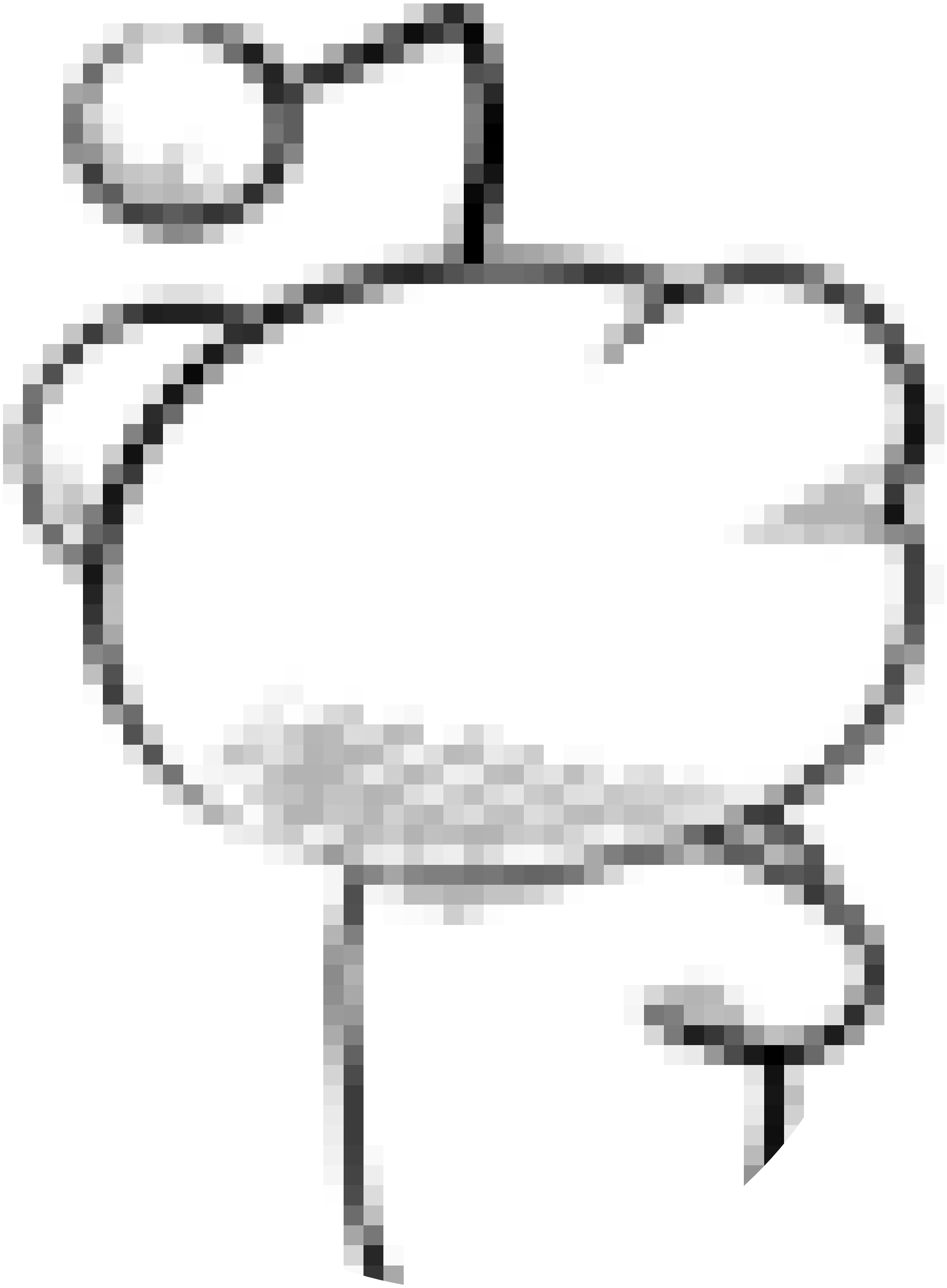

cecilyp7
â€¢ 13y ago

When we first moved into what is now my parents house (I'm in college), I always got a creepy vibe from it. I never tell people this because they will just smile and nod, telling me that "ghosts aren't real." I tried my hardest not to believe but for some reason, I have constant feelings of being watched in my parents home. Anyways, the first odd experience I had was within the first month of living there, I was trying to fall asleep and suddenly I felt a low voice whisper into my ear, "hey." Mind you I was like 12 and I jumped out of that bed faster than I could have ever imagined. Goosebumps, and completely wigged out.

I've seen doors slowly opening all by themselves (further investigation, no drafts or windows), as well as the uncomfortable feeling of something standing at the end of my bed. My dogs bark at things not there, and other things that don't generally stand out as super creepy, just odd.

Another occurrence that stands out to me was last Christmas. We had a motion activated gift bag that alarmed whenever someone got near, ringing things out like "Alert alert. Peeker." So my sister and I were siting alone in the kitchen, when this gift bag started going off and we were the only ones in the house. Further investigation, the bag didn't fall over and it was just standing up straight, going off.

Sometimes, I feel like I'm going crazy. I've had weird experiences in my dorm room, but that is another story that I will spare you all with.

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stephaniesjelly

â€¢ 13y ago

I live on a nice sized hobby farm out in the country, nothing spectacular or notable, except that Shermans soldiers (on their way to "burn the south") camped along the creek that borders one side of my property. It is widely recognized that he stayed at a manor house that is still standing about two miles from my house. Well, one day i took my boyfriend down to the farthest corner of my property to see a beaver dam. On our way back, we are chatting and I bring up the history of our land. Not one second after I finish telling him that Shermans troops camped right where we were standing we heard a train whistle blow clear as day, like it was leaving the station, and heard it pull away. I do not live near any train tracks.

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milk_touch

â€¢ 13y ago

meditating with an old girlfriend...my eyes are closed but I feel a quick warmth and pressure on my forehead, and see a whitish light for a second. Later on she asked me if I felt anything. Said, "yeah," - "Oh, I kissed you on the forehead" (she never moved). Not creepy, just awesome.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Not unexplainable, but definitely creepy..

Freshman year of high school, me and a few guys from my lacrosse team were crashing at a buddy's house. We're all sleeping in the living room on a bunch of his couches, etc. About three in the morning, we wake up to the kid standing in the middle of the room crying hysterically and yelling "No, please don't touch me anymore. Stop it. Please, stop.." - After a few minutes he walked back to where he had been sleeping and passed out again.

Depressing, but creepy.

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ccnova

â€¢ 13y ago

My brother lived in an old "haunted" house. Creaking floorboards, pockets of cold air, audible hushed whispers, the works. Weird negative energy, too, for lack of a better term.

One day my (then) girlfriend walked into the bathroom and let out a blood curdling scream. She said that for an instant she saw a bloody dead man in the bathtub and blood everywhere on the walls and floor. Maybe we were just sharing her incredibly heightened emotions, but whatever she saw and whatever really happened, we all (four of us altogether) experienced a sense of fright that I have never felt before or since, and wouldn't wish upon anybody. A true feeling of dread.

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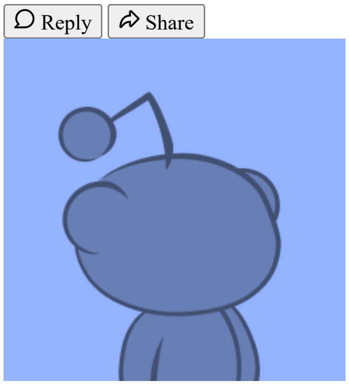

beatsnbuds

â€¢ 13y ago

Last year I lived in a 130+ year old house in Amherst, MA. One day while exploring the closets of the house we stumbled upon an old black and white photo album of the Tidland family. The photos all looked like they had to be from around the 20's; nice outfits and creepy blank stares. We would hear strange sounds and footsteps all the time but would just laugh it off and say it was the Tidlands. Anyway, one night around 3am the internet went down, so I went downstairs in the pitch black house to reset the router. After resetting our router I saw our kitty sitting on the couch. I began to reach over to pet him when a fairly loud clicking sound swept around my head from right to left, it sounded like it was only about a foot behind me (if you've ever seen Signs, it was almost identical to the clicking sound the aliens make). As if that wasn't fucked up enough, in the brief moment this occurred I watched the cat's eyes perfectly locked on to whatever the sound was and follow it around my head. I am a rational man, I don't get spooked easily because I know there's nothing threatening to be scared of, but I sprinted up the stairs like an 8 year old leaving their basement.

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iDrankWhat

â€¢ 13y ago

When I was five I woke up in the middle of the night because I heard what I thought was a low buzz or a electrical humming sound. I looked out of my window and about 27 meters away I saw what looked to be something like glowing and floating moving kind of like the librarian at the beginning of Ghostbusters. I wasn't terrified but I made myself go back to sleep right away.

When I was around 25 I had two curious instances. I had 4 roommates in one of the houses I lived in during college. I had some video game equipment in my bedroom and it wasn't uncommon for people to come in and play video games throughout the day. One morning before I was completely awake for class I could have sworn I heard one of my roommates sit down in my chair in front of the TV to play games. I mumbled that it was "too early for that shit." When I rolled over and looked, no one was in the room. I got up and looked and not only was the bedroom locked everyone else was either at class or work.

I have one other incident at the same house and I'll come back if there is interest.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in Haiti I visited Plain du-Nord, a known voodoo temple. A guy offered a blood sacrifice to an altar and then appeared to have a seizure, but was speaking in strange tongues.

Reply Share

scumbagcoyote
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a teenager, I came home late one night (completely sober). All the lights in the house were already off, but there was a full moon providing some light through the back porch sliding glass door while casting shadows of tree tops up the hallway where I was headed towards my bedroom.

At the end of the hallway, I noticed a silhouette of a person that I initially took to be my own shadow. As I walked up the hallway, I noticed that the silhouette was facing to the left while I was facing forward. As I got closer, the silhouette turned to face me and then began to approach me. Just at the point we would have met, I clenched both fists in anticipation of having a fight with some evil presence. I closed my eyes and every hair on my body stood up from sheer terror.

Nothing happened when we "met" but I was shaking all over when I finally made it to my bedroom. This never happened again.

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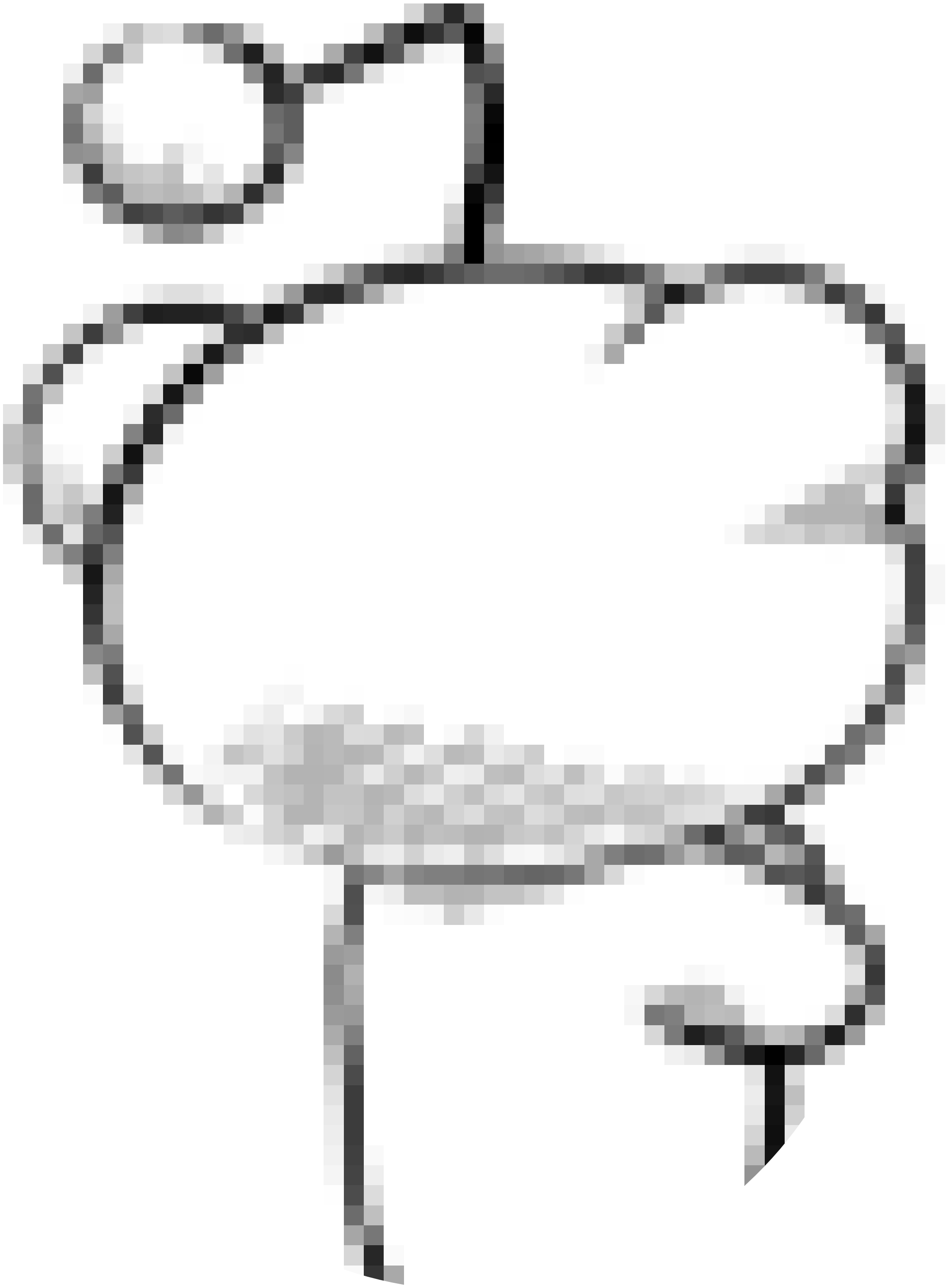

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â€¢ 13y ago

I suffer from a common sleep disorder known as sleep paralysis.

This means that basicly, when I am sleeping, sometimes, especially if I am sleeping on my back, I will wake up, but be unable to move, I can't even open my eyes, I am concious of my surroundings but the dreams I am having and my imagination cause halucinations to be projected onto reality.

Common halucinations of sp sufferers include, but are not limited to....

Someone or somthing sitting on your chest.

Somthing choking you.

Being possessed.

Hearing voices. Thinking that an earthquake is taking place, thinking that the room is on fire.

Thinking you are having a stroke or heart attack.

Seeing somthing or someone in the room with you.

I've had many vivid halucinations, the most notable are....

Thinking the room was on fire when i fell asleep on my sofa on my back with my cap pulled down over my eyes. The room was rumbling and shaking, flames engulfed the entire room, furniture melted, smoke obscured the ceiling, windows smashed, I couldn't move and I thought I was going to die.

A little girl similar to one out of the ring appearing in the corner of my room and slowly approaching my bed, reaching out a hand and placing it over my mouth, the whole time i can't move.

A tall, shadow, shapeless, lank man/ghost thing gliding across my wall and stretching out up onto the ceiling and falling on top of me.

Thinking I was possesed, hearing demons voices in my head telling me to give up, trying to fight them off and raise my arm to no avail.

Thinking I was being choked by an old woman who was sitting on my chest.

Thinking I was having a stroke.

Hearing a beutifull womans voice tell me to wait up because "they" are coming.

Thats pretty much all the weird ones I've had, I still get them, but I know what they are now so when I experiance them I can tell myself it's not real and it just goes away.

I also sleep on my side now all the time.

Scared the shit out of me in my teen years haha.

Reply Share

Zappion
â€¢ 13y ago

This is not my own expierence, but my parents'. Years ago (as to what I can only assume to be due to martial troubles) my mom slept on the couch in the living room. Upon awakening, she glanced a mysterious figure which she described as having a "brown overcoat, and brown hat", who disappeared after she stood up. My dad, after hearing this, simply cast it off as nothing more then nonsense. After all, most ghost sightings appear right after a person awakes due to REM (or such other technical things which I do not understand).

After a few weeks, both my parents forgot the ordeal and simply continued going on with their days. Thar is, until my father awoke one morning from the living room couch and saw the same mysterious figure that my mother had witnessed not so long ago.

One odd morning some time after, we received an odd group of visitors from a retirement home who said that had lived at the house years ago when it was still a farm, and the neighborhood around them was all fields. They walked around the house, and showed my parents such odd trinkets. Where their rooms used to be, where they used to hide Christmas gifts from one another, and even where they used to kill the chickens. As our visitors headed for the door, my mom couldn't help but to ask if they had ever seen a figure that matched the description her and my father had both seen.

Admittedly they had had no such troubles with a ghost of that description. They did however, have an uncle who often wore the same clothes that the figure wore. Apparently, when they still owned the house and were children, our guests said that their uncle lived close by, and often visited during large storms to check on the kids. Sadly, the uncle passed away sometime before the kids moved out, so technically perhaps his "Ghost" (or whatever it was visiting us) thought that they still lived their.

After that my parents no longer feared the figure, but instead thought of him as the protector of the house.

TL;DR Parents bot saw the same ghost, but it turned out to be friendly.

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MeanOfPhidias

â€¢ 13y ago

I've never seen a ghost despite trying. I've never experienced anything super natural.

The strangest thing that happens to me is I experience very strange deja vu that I swear I remember experiencing before. Deja vu-vu.

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â€¢ 13y ago

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Hockey_Politics

â€¢ 13y ago

For me its really just the logic of the Fermi Paradox

It just goes on to state that based on logic, we SHOULD have had contact with extra-terrestrials by now, or at the very least, seen and have signs of their existence. There is no proper explanation why we haven't seen them. And while this isn't some mind boggling thing, it is slightly creepy - either we are alone, or others are hiding from us.

Reply Share

Yogsosoft

â€¢ 13y ago

I rowed in high school and each year we would go up to this campground for a weekend for preseason. I was a freshman at the time and it was customary on Saturday nights for us to go to the coach's house for a safety video. The coach lived on the campground so it was in walking distance.

During that walk, we freshman found out, the upperclassmen tried to scare us. They'd set up girls in the woods to scream as we walked passed or something like that. There where whispers about a ghost but nobody had actually seen anything. I just kind of let whatever happen happen and they continued to freak us out a little bit by banging on windows while we were watching the video or whatever. So as the more courageous freshmen went into the attic to continue to get scared I stayed down and chilled myself out.

It was then that I saw a little girl, a lot younger than anyone in high school, rush passed me in a hallway and evaporate. She was wearing a little white dress and was sort of hunched over a little bit. Needles to say, I was terrified as everyone soon realized I had potentially seen the ghost.

I talked to the coach about it the following day and he lets me know that people have seen a little girl in there before and told me a story about when his old landlord saw her standing on the stairs back when they were discussing the coach owning the house. The coach had also had some odd experiences.

I dunno if it was just another prank or what but from then on I was the kid that saw the ghost.

Reply Share

extraneousreality
â€¢ 13y ago

I'd like to preface my story by saying that I've always been a skeptic when it comes to spiritual experiences, ghosts, etc. I grew up as a preachers kid but I was the least religious person at any of the churches I attended and actually laughed at the ridiculous things I'd seen. Anywho, in high school I met a female foreign exchange student from Thailand who I quickly became best friends with. After the school year ended she invited me to come visit her in Phrae, her home city in Thailand. (it ended up not working out because her family decided it was a bad summer to come visit).. Nevertheless, before I found out that I actually couldn't come visit her the spookiest thing I've ever experienced happened. I woke up one morning extremely early for what I thought was no apparent reason, boy was I wrong. I looked at the foot of my bed and hovering over the edge were two ghost-like asian spirits. Yes, I know it sounds funny, how could I KNOW the spirits were asian? It was simply because I felt them. I could literally feel the angst and form they brought with them. Even at this point as I laid silently staring in absolute terror I decided to sit up and get closer to them. I edged forward and they just hovered there staring me down--wave-like light vibrations just floating in the midst of my room. Eventually I realized they weren't going anywhere so I flipped the light on and they disappeared. I sat there in disbelief for about ten minutes and then flipped my light back off to find nothing at the edge of my bed..

To this day it reminds me of the undead army in Return of the King that assists Aragorn and his men. It's truly the only "spiritual experience" I'll ever admit to; it scared me shitless for years. I actually took it as a sign that I may not should travel to Thailand that year--I was actually a bit relieved when her parents said it was a bad summer.

TLDR; crazy ass asian ghosts scared me shitless whilst floating over the edge of my bed, made me not want to travel overseas to see my friend.

Reply Share

SteelSch
â€¢ 13y ago

A toy electronic piano playing itself. (It was some kind of handheld toy with a number or buttons that produced beeps. It was so long ago, I don't really remember exactly what it looked like.)

It sounded like actual music, as if someone were actually playing it. It stopped playing when my little brother got close to it. To my knowledge, the device didn't have any means of playing automatically, and I never observed the phenomenon again.

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k1lln1n3
â€¢ 13y ago

Let me start out by saying I do not at all believe in the occult.

When I was young, maybe about 10 years old, I frequented a camp ground on the weekends with my parents. There were 2 sections; where everyone camped, and the lake, which was down a hill. The 2 ways of getting down to the lake was a winding road (which everyone used) and a very broken and unused staircase winding through the woods. I chose the latter, this one time.

As I'm walking by myself, up towards the camping area, I suddenly stopped as I saw something strange out of the corner of my eye. I looked over and saw a pair of glowing red eyes in the distance. They were disembodied and not attached to anything, just glowing pulsating eyes. I was frozen in fear for what I think was a minute before I bolted up the very steep hill as quick as I could.

I still don't know what it was, I assume a trick of my mind. Freaked me out for years.

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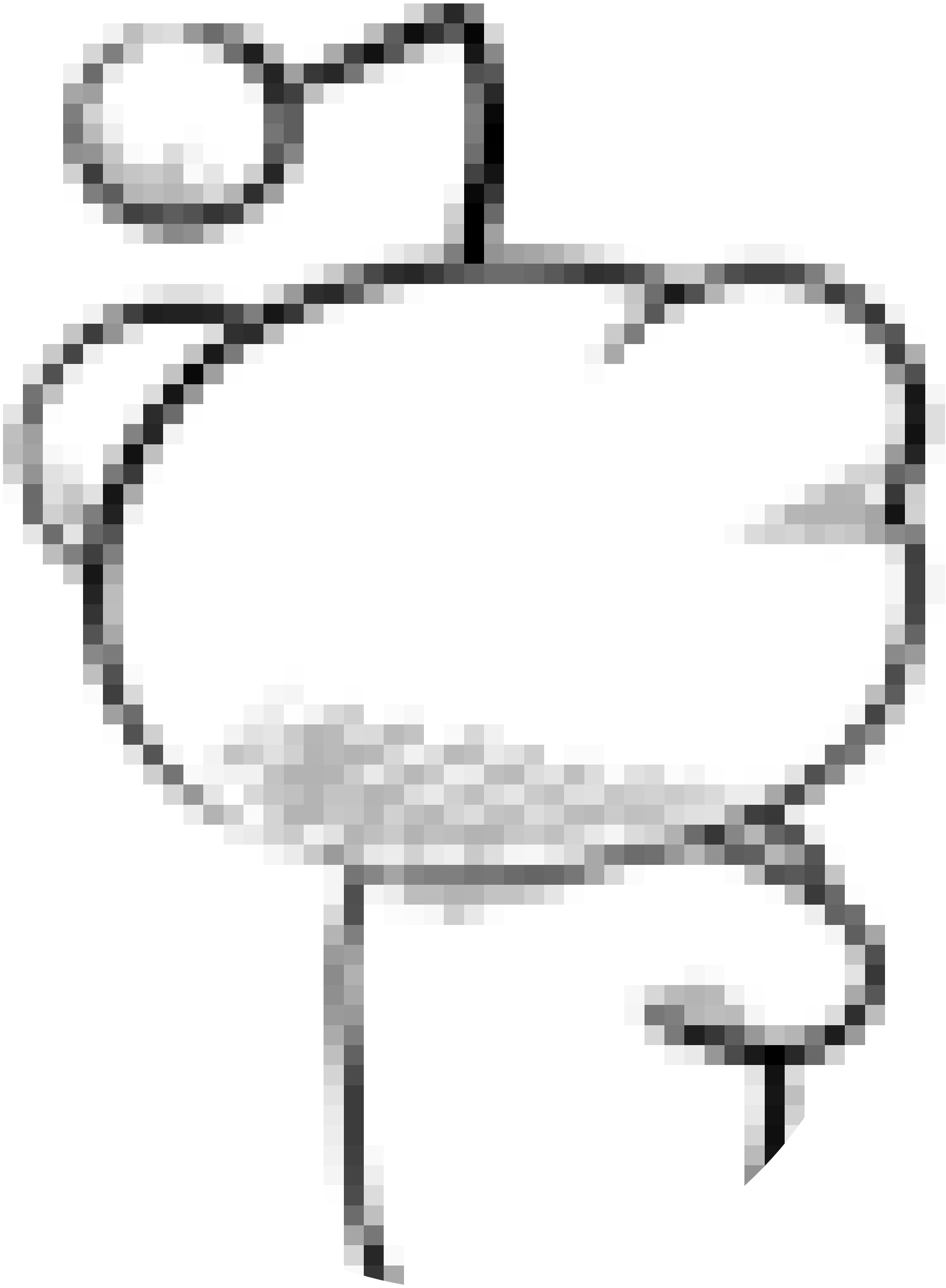

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a cat at home so I'm used to the feeling of seeing her walk by in my peripherals, no big deal. This kinda started happening at my neighbours place when I'd go to play video games in his basement with him...but of course, he dosn't have a cat or any animals. I'd still get that feeling that something walked by, just out of direct sight. I'd been to his place many times before this was a new occurance. I felt this way for a few weeks before I finally said something to him. His face went white. He said he hadn't mentioned it to anyone but he was feeling/having the same experience, he had even seen what he described as a glowy kind of orb floating for a moment. He wouldn't stay down there alone anymore. Soon this all stopped...it was just that period of a month or so.

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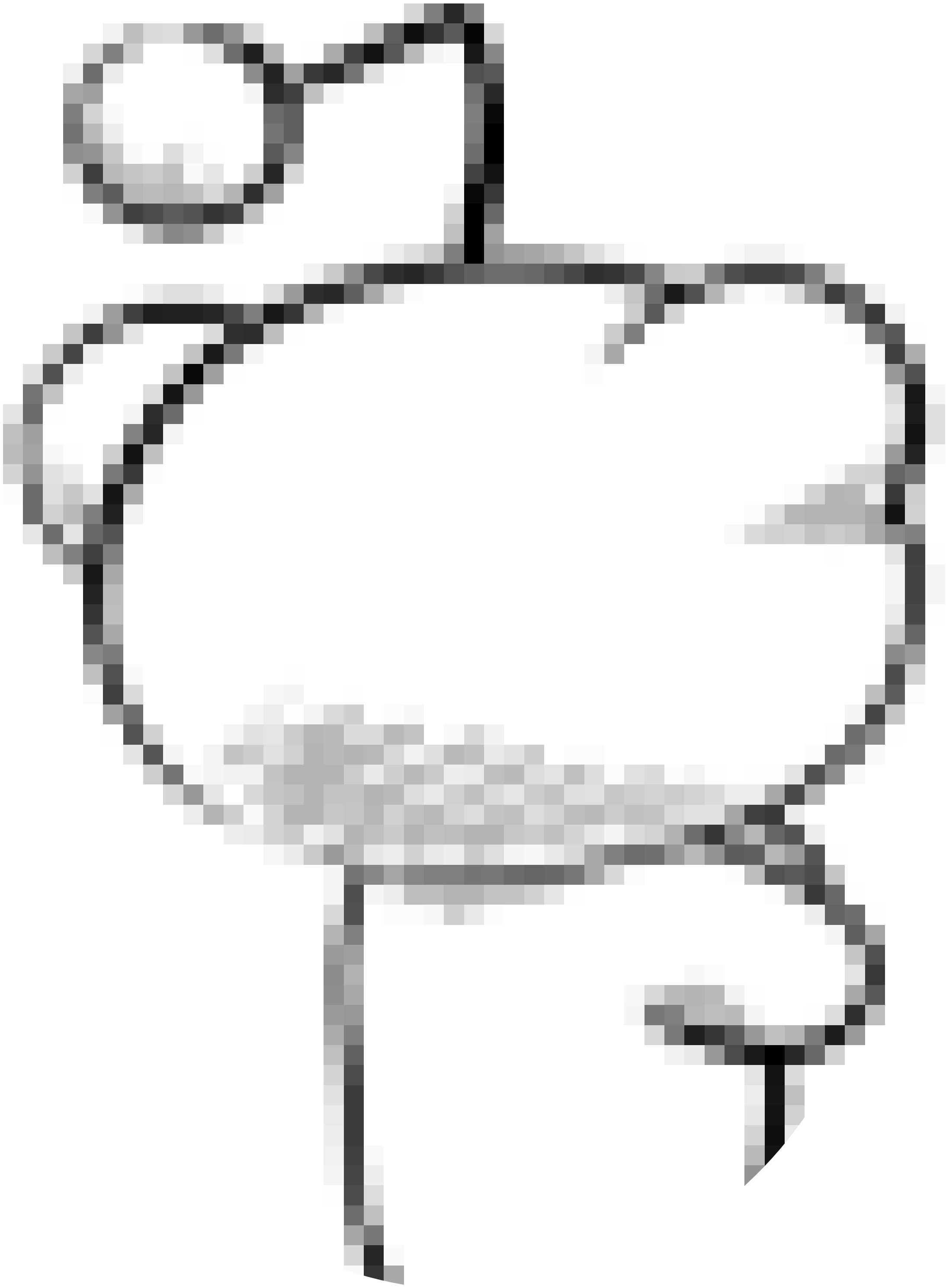

lbreevesii
â€¢ 13y ago

Glowing orb with a medium frequency hum/whistle.

I could sense its presence before i could see it. Watched it go to a window at the room across the hall(2nd story), go around the house to my window, felt it go all the way around the house, back to the first window again. The process repeated 2-3 times before it flew off.

I still have no idea what to make of it.

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thisnicelady

â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't a particular incident, but rather a house I lived in that was creepy. The whole time my family lived there (me: age 8-17) I found it creepy but being young I assumed I just had a fear of the dark. There was this particular room - not a basement as such, but a kind of storage area on the ground floor. The door to it was right at the bottom of the stairs, and every time me or my sister would go down the stairs we would leap so that we didn't step in the area around the door's crack.

I found out after we moved out that my mother had been experiencing similar feelings of creeped-outness and would have frequent dreams that there was a third level of the house that we couldn't access, between the two existing floors. Once we moved I found my fear of the dark just disintegrated. I realise now that we were living in a house that didn't want us there - an unfriendly house.

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[UniversalEye](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

My brother and i were young and playing in the basement. We went into our parents room, i think we were looking for batteries or something? Anyway after a couple of minutes a baby begun to cry and a lady appeared next to the bed wearing some sort of colonial garb.

She was trying to shush the baby when this man, who was on fire, walked in through a wall and started yelling at her. He approached her and hit her a couple of times before turning to where my bro and i were standing. Turning to look at the woman he yelled "Who are these people?" and starts walking towards us. He is still on fire of course and the rest of the room is in flames now as well (the baby is still crying in the background). As soon as he had spoken we bolted through the door and ran up the stairs. We told my mom and my dad, they just laughed but we still recall the experience.

Other creepy stuff happened in that house as well but that was the first and probably creepiest.

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BerrySmooth
â€¢ 13y ago

About three years ago, I was really bored with two other friends. So we decided that it would be fun to go to cemetery at 1 a.m and just have a look around. I didn't really care for supernatural things or any of that, but I was down to have a little journey to cemetery as it was about a 45 minute walk away just to get there.

Anyway, me and my two other friends hopped the fence into the cemetery and just started to have a look around. Nothing really out of the ordinary, it was just an empty cemetery, as I thought it would be. But despite me not having much belief in the paranormal, I just had this terrible eerie feeling. It was like something was behind me, watching me. I tried to shake the feeling, but it was becoming too much the handle, something wasn't sitting well with me.

Then that's when I saw two floating apparitions about 30 feet away from my friends and I. They were really hard to make out because of their transparency, but from what I could tell, it was two girls in wedding dresses with their veils covering their faces as they looked shamefully at the ground as they walked. The odd thing was that they never got closer than about 30 feet away from us. Wherever we walked, the two girls kept their distance but I'm assuming they were still keeping an eye on us.

Finally after about 45 minutes of being freaked out about these two ghost girls, my friends decided that it was time to leave. I hadn't told them about the two ghosts I saw yet, because I thought that maybe I was just going crazy and seeing things. It couldn't be real. But just as we were leaving the cemetery, one of my friends says "hey guys, not to sound crazy or anything, but did any of you see these two ghost girls following us the whole time?" And after that my other friend exclaims, "dude, I saw it too!" After that I was just freaked out. We had all seen the same thing and I was convinced that it was true.

Later, when I got home, I decided to look up the history of the cemetery that I had visited out of curiosity. As it turns out, there has been many reports of the sightings of two ghost brides, which were described as two girls who had died over a 100 years ago. I have no reason not to believe what I saw.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

A friend telling me what i was doing in a place and time it was simply impossible for him to be present. Then saying he have out of body experience (he was epileptic).

They are a ton of things people think are impossible, but in fact are very common, sleep paralysis is very common either during lucid dreams or Asian meditations.

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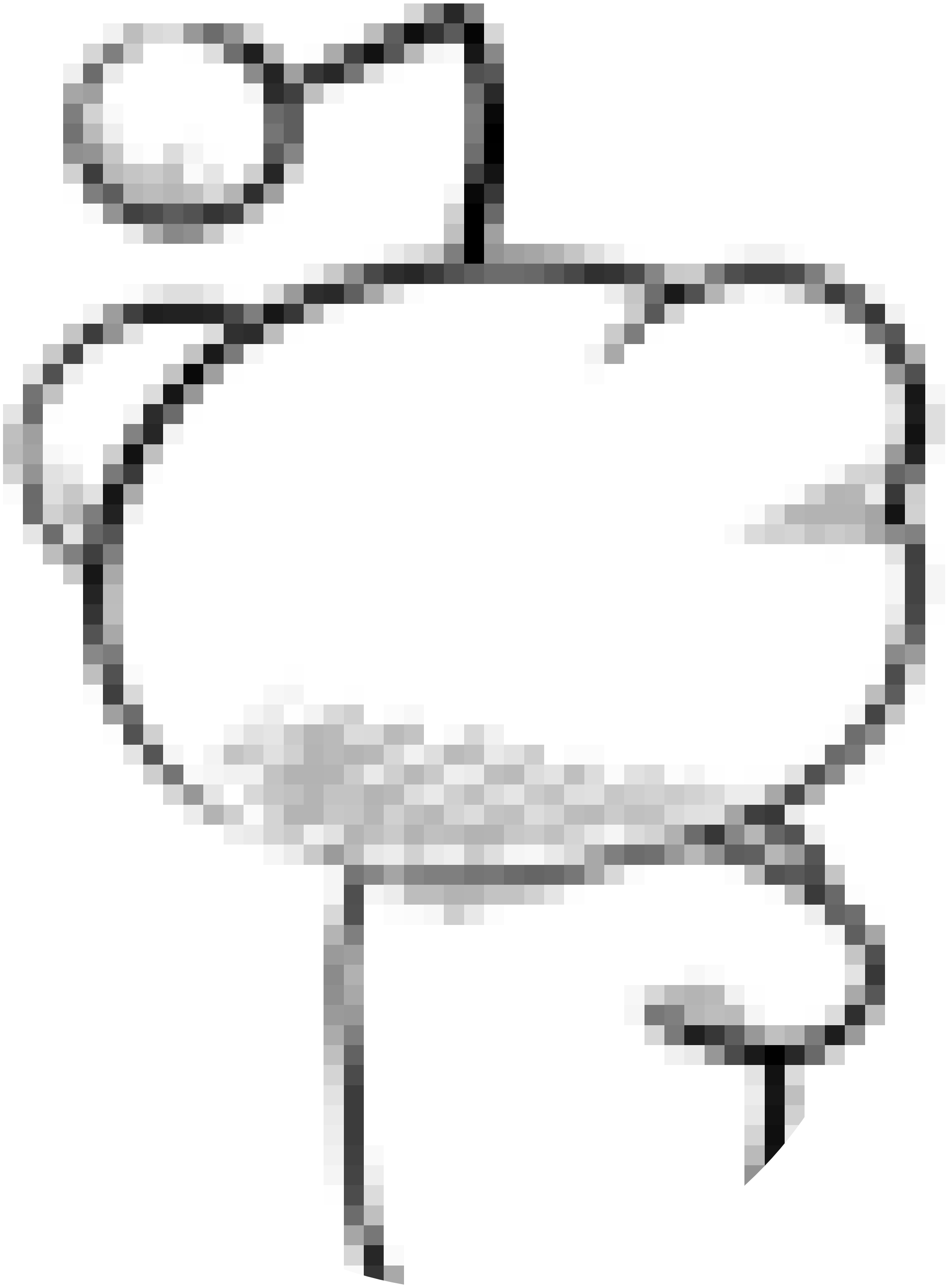
SpazzyAzzy
â€¢ 13y ago

http://www.imgur.com/yhNFzxq.png But no, really, there's sometimes whistling in my house. It's about 115 years old. I'm not the only one who hears it.



PhylisInTheHood
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

when I was younger my little sister had this doll, one of the creepy ass talking kinds you'd see in movie. normally you would squeeze its hand to make it talk. eventually it started talking on its own. we figured it was something in the wiring and removed the batteries. a few days later its sitting in the den. i go to turn on the light and the damn thing talks. there were no batteries in it. I got the fuck outa the room and the thing was in the trash shortly after

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[phoenixgeek](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

While playing Midnight Magic on the Atari 2600 when I was 6 or 7 the game started playing itself. As far as I am aware there was no AI or demo that was on that game (please correct me if you know differently.) It made it several levels further than we were able to, and we attributed it to a ghost playing it. Our logic for this was that we lived in a very old house in the country and were told that there actually was a child buried somewhere on the property who had died around 80 years earlier.

Reply Share

[jamiesray](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Not sure if this counts buuuut... One time I was house sitting for a family for pay for some family friends who thought their place as haunted in high school. I was pretty responsible except they explicitly told me to close this one door I never closed. The dog, without my knowledge, was crapping in their the entire time. When I gave the house back to them, they asked why I never closed the door because the dog was always crapping in it. I'm short, I blamed it on the ghost, saying "I dunno man. I kept closing the door but it kept opening itself." They bought it and paid me $100.

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lncontheivable
â€¢ 13y ago

Toddlers and Tiaras

[skameiko](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

The hash slinging slasher

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wytewydow
â€¢ 13y ago

gangnam style..

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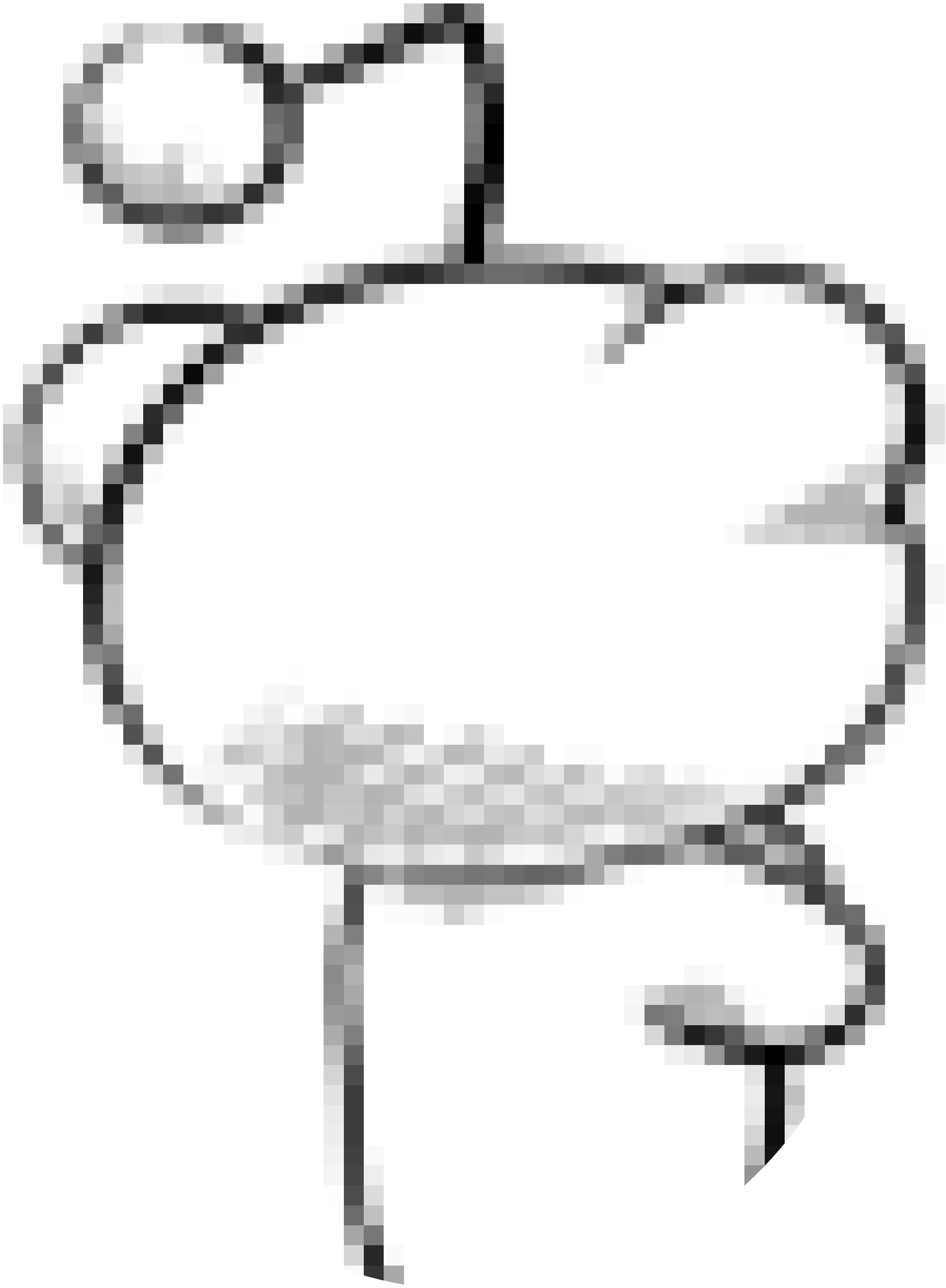

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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I was living with my parents at the time, and we lived in a fairly big house. My room was on the other side of the house from theirs. One night I woke up from a nightmare, it was maybe 3:30am, only to 'feel' like something was in my room, staring at me. It felt like pure evil. Made my skin crawl. I could not move, I could not look away from the corner. Everything inside me sensed something there. My hair was standing on end, and the only thing I could think of was to pray. But I couldn't. Not even in my head. I couldn't even say God's name in my own imagination. I have never been *that* gripped by fear.

I have talked to people, and they say that there is a condition that causes this (sleep paralysis), where you wake up paralyzed, and it's terrifying. And after hearing that, I thought that's what this could have been. But I quickly dismissed it... I laid in my bed for a about 10 minutes, silent, unable to speak, or think, and then my door knob turned. The door opened up and it was my mom and dad. They said that they had been sleeping, and the were woken up by nightmares and what 'felt' like some sort of 'presence' in the house. They were worried about me, so they came to my room to check on me, and there I was. Laying in bed with my blankets under my nose. Terrified. Now, I was maybe 16-17 at the time, and they *never* came to my room, let alone in the middle of the night. So this was a first. Yet, they were woken up at the same time, with the same feeling, and it was strong enough for them to come to my room.

Edit, while it *may* have been sleep paralysis, it does not explain why both my parents would also wake up at the same time, sense the same thing, and be scared enough to come check on me. Especially since I made no noise, or any sort of alarm that I was in trouble/scared.

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thegingerlord
â€¢ 13y ago

Once, when I was younger, I saw a fly buzz around in front of me. It soon lands on the table next to me, seeing my opportunity I drink the rest of my drink, then slam down the cup on the fly face up (so the ice doesn't fall out). I knew I got it because I didn't see it fly off before I smashed it. I look at the bottom, but there is no smashed fly. The bottom is clean. Then I see something black inside the drink at the bottom of all the ice. It was the fly. Inside my cup. He went through the bottom of the cup. It didn't make any sense.

I can't explain this and actually have never told that story to anyone before, I tried to tell my dad what happened but he dismissed it as impossible.

TL;DL A fly is a magician. A dead magician.

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[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

I woke up in the middle f the night one night to let my dog go to the bathroom. When I went to let him back in, it loOked like two dogs ran in, but I was tired so I didn't care. I thought it was my neighbors cat or something. So I go back to my room to go back to sleep and I hear this faint whisper that says "you let the wrong one in." I jolted up out of bed and opened the door and called my dogs name and he comes running in. I never found out what those other two things were. I'm glad I no longer live there.

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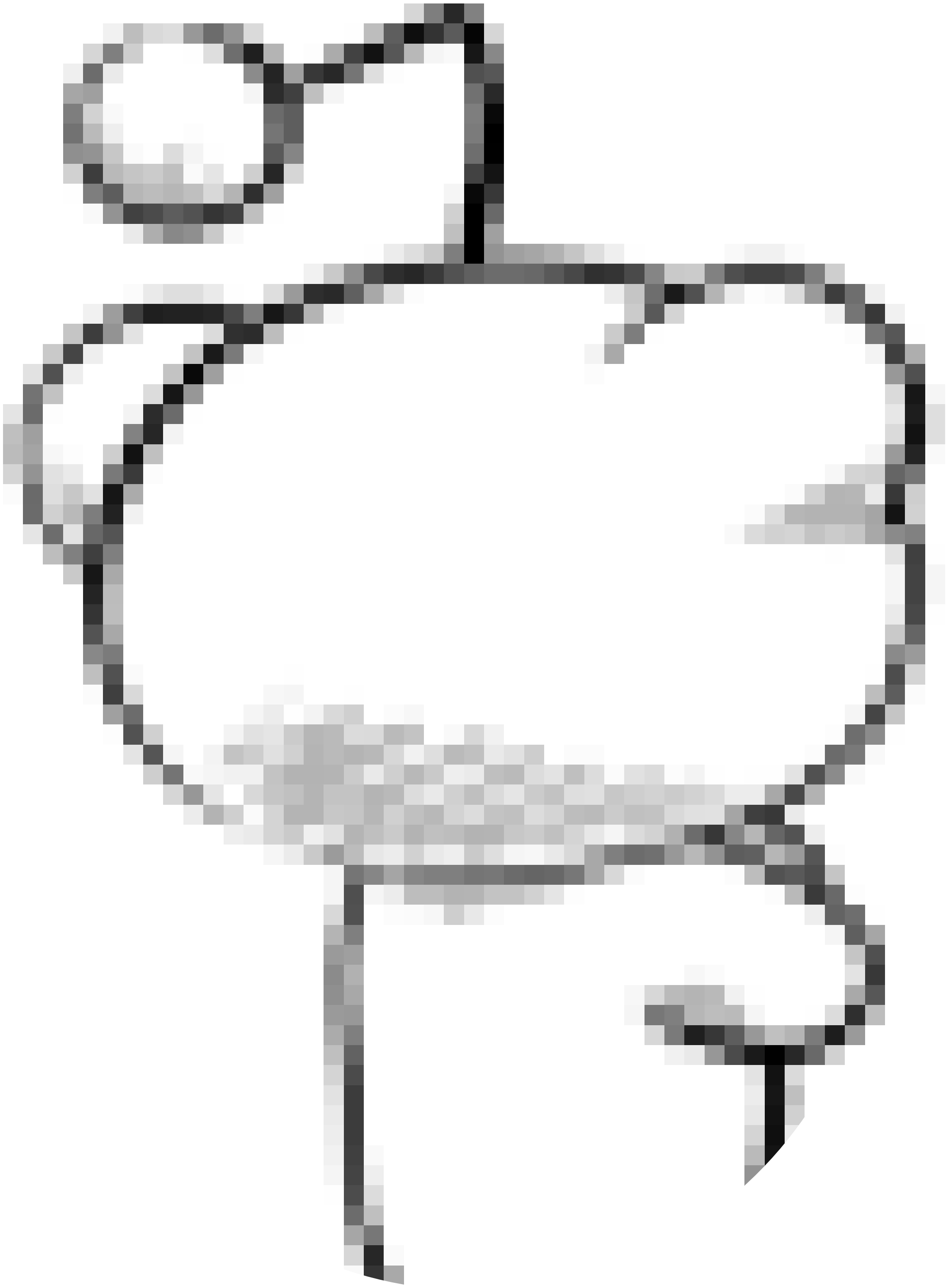

HeyZuesHChrist
â€¢ 13y ago

I haven't experienced any creepy or unexplainable things in my life, to be honest.

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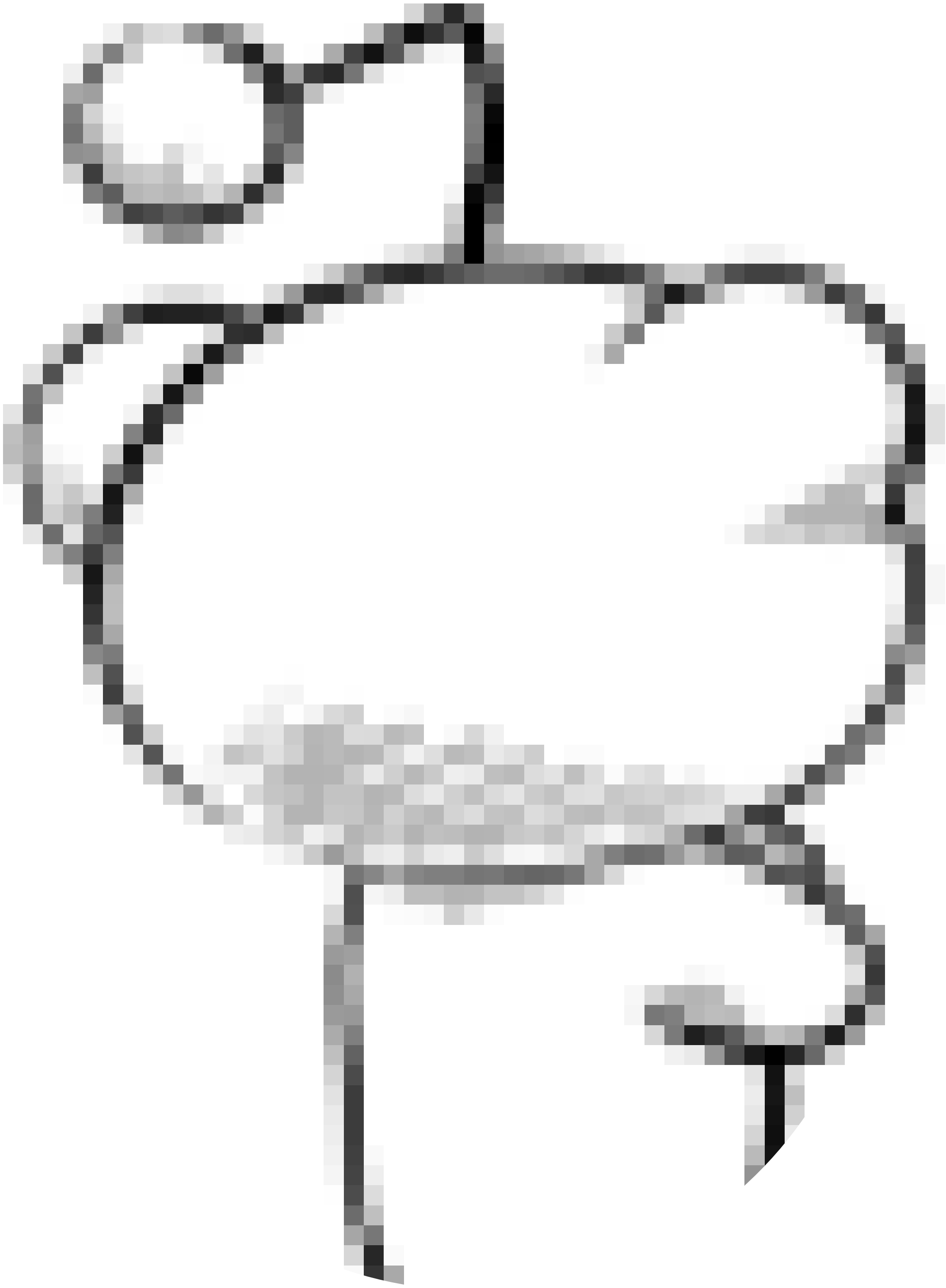

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â€¢ 13y ago

I woke up one night from sleeping. I was just laying in the bed with my eyes open, it was just one of those times when you randomly wake up during the middle of the night and then fall back to sleep. So I rolled over and closed my eyes and then BAM! It felt like something jumped right onto the bed next to me. I launched out of my bed and flew into the hallway then just stood there and looked at my bed. Nothing happened so I went back in and laid down despite the uneasiness. I don't know what it was, but it was freaky.

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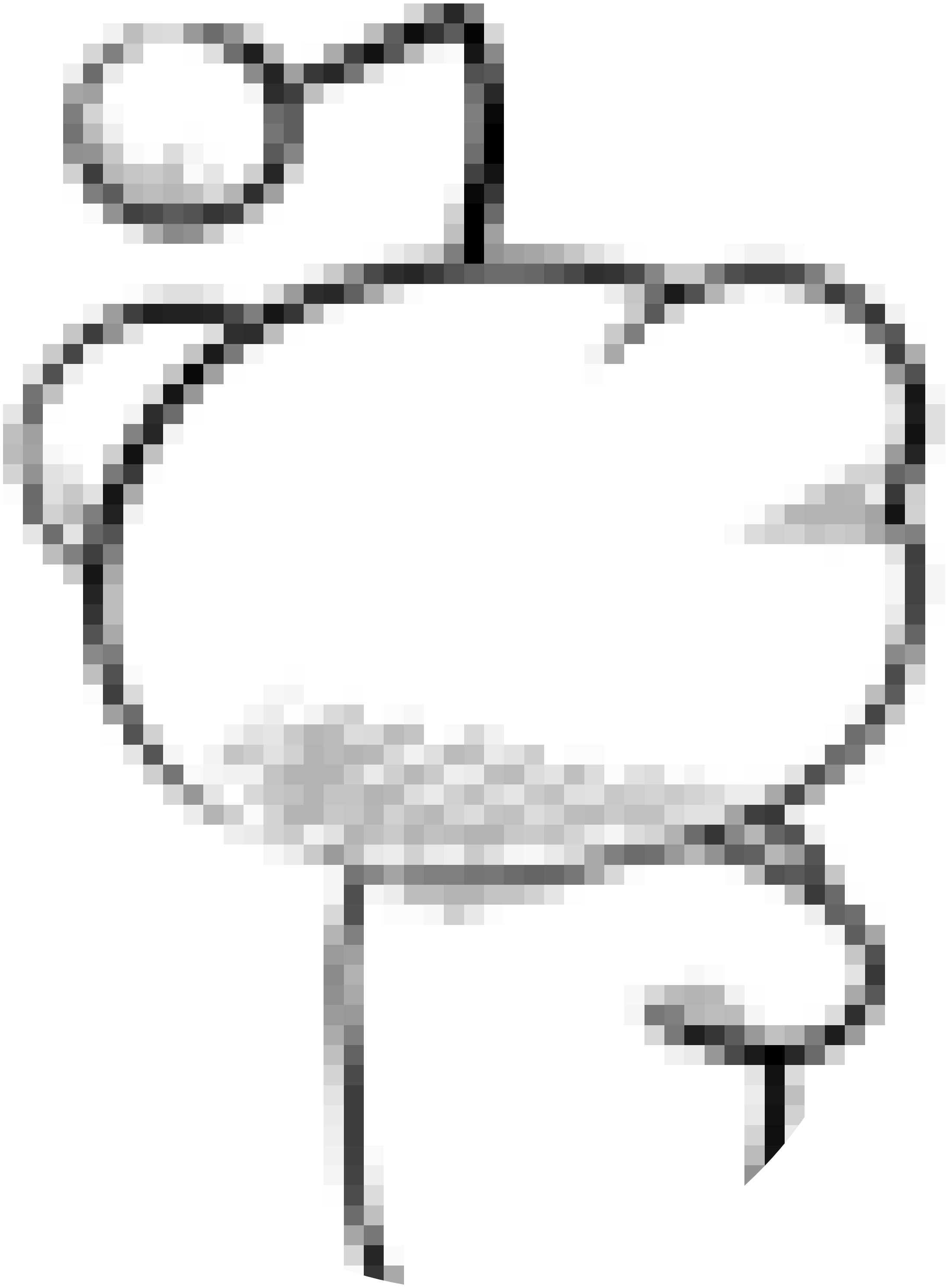

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My webbed toes. Nuff' said.

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Serial_Chiller
â€¢ 13y ago

After I finished school, I moved out of my parent's home and into a new flat. I wanted to share the flat with two roommates, but they were still going to live with their parents for two more weeks. So there I was, all alone in a big flat, in a neighborhood I didn't know. One evening I went to bed early because I had to get up early in the morning.

I woke up from hearing someone unlock the door and coming down the hallway. I thought it was one of my future roommates who wanted to bring some of their furniture, but that person headed straight for my room. The door opened and standing there was a woman I had never seen before. She said "Oh, sorry" and left. I was so surprised that I couldn't say a word. The next day I called my landlord and told him to change the locks.

A few weeks later I came home after going out with a few friends. It was 2 or 3 AM and I expected my roommates to be asleep. But one of them was sitting in the kitchen, holding a cup of tea and looking disstressed. I asked her what was wrong, and she told me that she woke up from someone pounding against the door and cursing. She opened the door and there was a woman, asking her what the fuck she was doing here and what was wrong with the lock. My roommate replied that she lived here and the locks had been changed. The woman just said "fuck you" and left.

We asked our landlord about this, who was a really nice guy, and he had no explanation. The people who had the flat before us were a young family who had moved to a different city and our landlord swore, that they were really nice and decent people and they never told him about anything similar.

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[vanqu1sh0939](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My wife and I lived in an apartment together. One night we left for dinner after getting home from work.

We left the apartment together and I locked the door behind us. When we left, everything was in order and furniture was in the usual spots in the apartment. We have two cats who were sleeping in their cat tree and they barely noticed us as we left.

Wife and I have a nice dinner at a restaurant and discuss our work day. We leave from the restaurant and head home. Wife and I walk up to our door on the 2nd floor of our building and I unlock the door.

Typically our cats are waiting there at the door anytime we come home. The cats were not at the door this time.

I swing the door open and see our kitchen chairs, bar stools and clothes hamper full of clothes piled up against a wall in the hallway. Another chair was tilted back at the kitchen table as if someone had been leaning back in it but it was balanced perfectly and hadn't fallen over. Our alarm system was still active and has sensors on every window and the only door to the apartment.

The chairs had been moved from one room, the bar stools from another and the clothes hamper had moved from our master bedroom and down the hall. The clothes hamper was a fairly large one and being full of clothes it was hard even for me to lift.

We later found our cats hiding in our master bedroom closet behind some boxes. Both cats were extremely skittish over the next couple of days.

I was creeped out to say the least and had the feeling someone or something else was in the apartment for the next several days. I still have no idea how it happened or who might have done it. Our landlord has keys to the apartment but they only enter in an emergency after 4pm and even then they leave a notice on the door. This occurred around 6-7pm.

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Madeleine227
â€¢ 13y ago

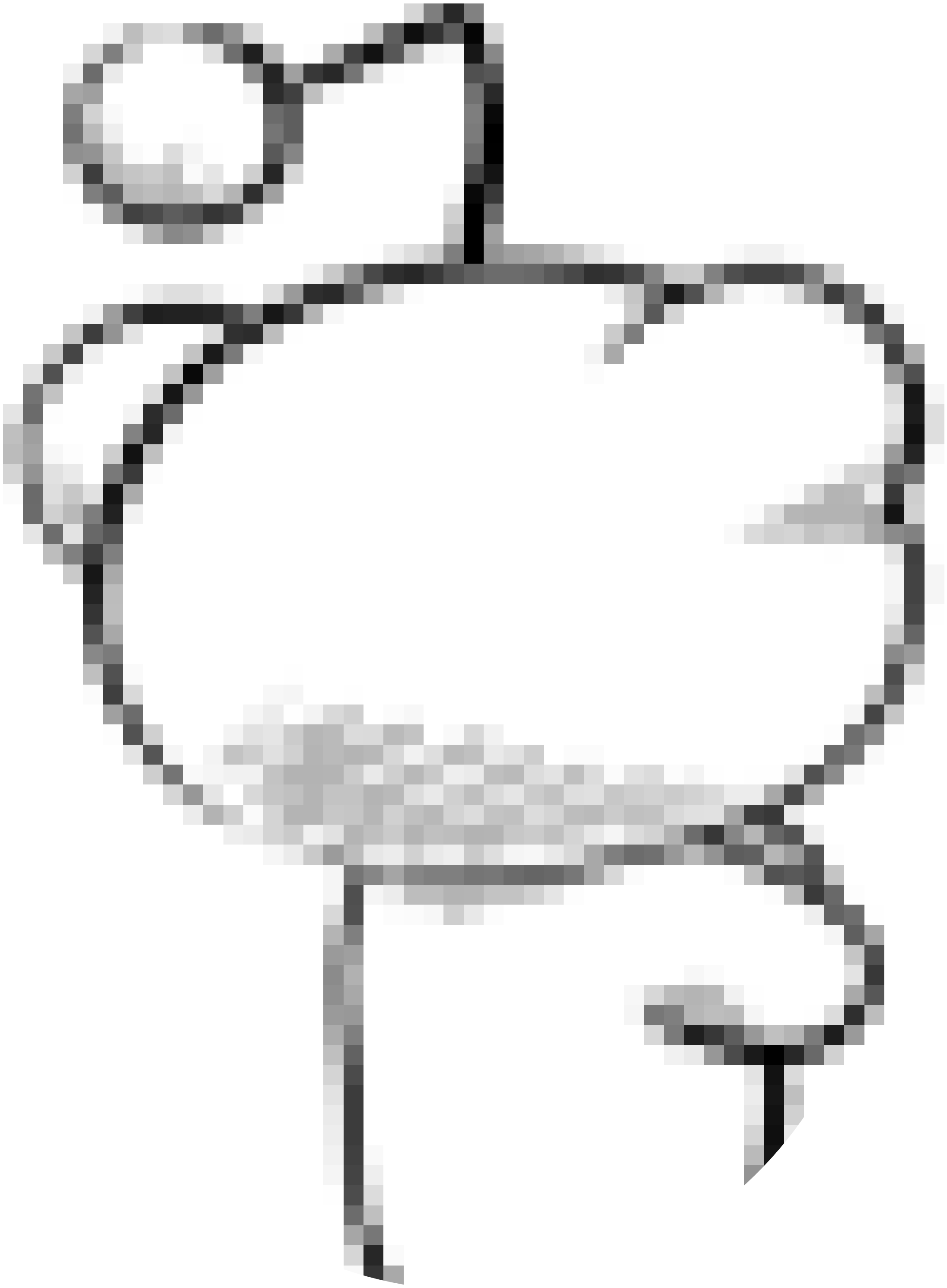
Ok, so it's like 3AM and I wake up and hear the water running full blast from somewhere in the house, which is pretty creepy but I just figure my mum is running a bath for whatever reason.

So I leave my room to check if she's ok, no lights on near the bathroom, water isn't coming from the bathroom either. So I just call out "Mum? You ok?" No, answer, try again, she's in her room and sleeping.... so who's running the water? So we both freak out and eventually she goes downstairs to find out what's going on.

Both taps in the kitchen and the downstairs bathroom are running on full with various items wedged in the back of them, like there was a coffee cup wedged behind the kitchen tap and the toothbrush holder behind the one in the bathroom.

So obviously we figure there's someone in the house, so she runs back upstairs we lock ourselves in my room and call the police, they get here pretty quick, all the doors are locked and there's no sign of anyone being in the house, no fingerprints on the taps etc.

It was really really spooky and I don't know if it's creepier to think it was a ghost that did it or some kind of finger-less teleporting crazy person.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

I was 12 when my Mom moved us into this dilapidated old farmhouse. Nothing prepared me for what lived there.

One night, we heard giggling. Flat out little girl giggling. Our cats run around the house like they are being chased while this is going on. They are running up and down the stairs. They aren't afraid, either. They are playing with whatever giggled.

Not more than a month later, in November, I forgot my keys. There were 3 doors, one which led to a mudroom with another door inside, a door that an adult had to throw their weight against to lock/unlock, and the basement door. The only logical way into the house would be to break the window on the porch, which was right outside of the dining room. I tried every door, first, hoping that we had forgotten to lock one. No luck.

As I stood on the porch, wrapping my sweatshirt around my arm to break the glass window, I heard the deadbolt on the door drop. The deadbolt required massive amounts of weight to do and undo because the door and the frame no longer fit together right.

It took me a while, but I went inside.

Around Christmas, I was in bed, already asleep, when my Mom started yelling at me to turn my radio off. I walked into her room, told her my radio was off, and I had been dead asleep. She sat me down on her bed, and we listened to a little girl sing "Little Drummer Boy." We'd find our ornaments on the tree rearranged, as well.

The owner was selling the place while we lived there (long, complicated story.) Her nephew was a prospective buyer, and told us what happened: It had been a boarding house for either the nearby farms or the nearby mines (I can't remember which.) One of the worker's daughters fell down the stairs on Christmas morning and broke her neck (and we had only asked if the place was haunted. We gave him no major details.)

There were other things about the house, too, that were odd. She was just the one who stands out. I think about what happened there frequently, and I always wondered what will happen to her.

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[arkie1](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Lived in a trailer during college that was haunted. Sons toy went off unexplained. It was an Elmo counting game, 2, 2, 2, 2, A few days later a pocket knife fell from out of nowhere. Told religious grandmother who preceded to get her bible and tell it to leave. Weird thing still happened but After awhile they stopped. Definitely made a believer out of me.

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[foreversleepy](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Didn't happen to me, but my great aunt. At the time she was in her late seventies. Her husband, Ron, had died two years before and they were extremely close. She had obviously been very upset, but was getting back to getting on with everything as normally as possible.

One night she got a phonecall. When she picked up, the person on the other line just kept saying seemingly inaudible and nonsense sentences. She put the phone down. They rang back a few times over the next week, and she kept telling them that whoever they were, they had better stop or she would call the police. She couldn't get their number as it was apparently 'unavailable'. Me and my family live very close, and at the end of the week we went round to put her at ease. She wasn't too worried; she had just mentioned it to my mum, so we wanted to make sure she was okay.

The next phonecall was wayyy more strange. The person, calling her by name, was saying 'Ron, Ron! Here. We are here. Ron is here.' She was shocked and upset, and told them to stop playing pranks on her. They called again two days later and said 'I miss you. Its safe, but I miss you. I see those birds!' (they used to watch the birds in their garden together, every morning). The voice said something about their cat, too, although I can't remember what exactly.

She was obviously shaken up and my mum went round but couldn't get hold of the number. She said the voice didn't sound like Ron, and she couldn't tell if it was male or female. But the things he/she was mentioning were specific. They didn't end up ringing the police, and she never got a call like that again.

It was so strange because the only people who would have known the details specified by the caller were family/close friends, and none of those people would have ever pranked an elderly widow like that. Pretty creepy.

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BForBandana

â€¢ 13y ago

What the fuck is up with magnets? Fuckin' bananas, man!

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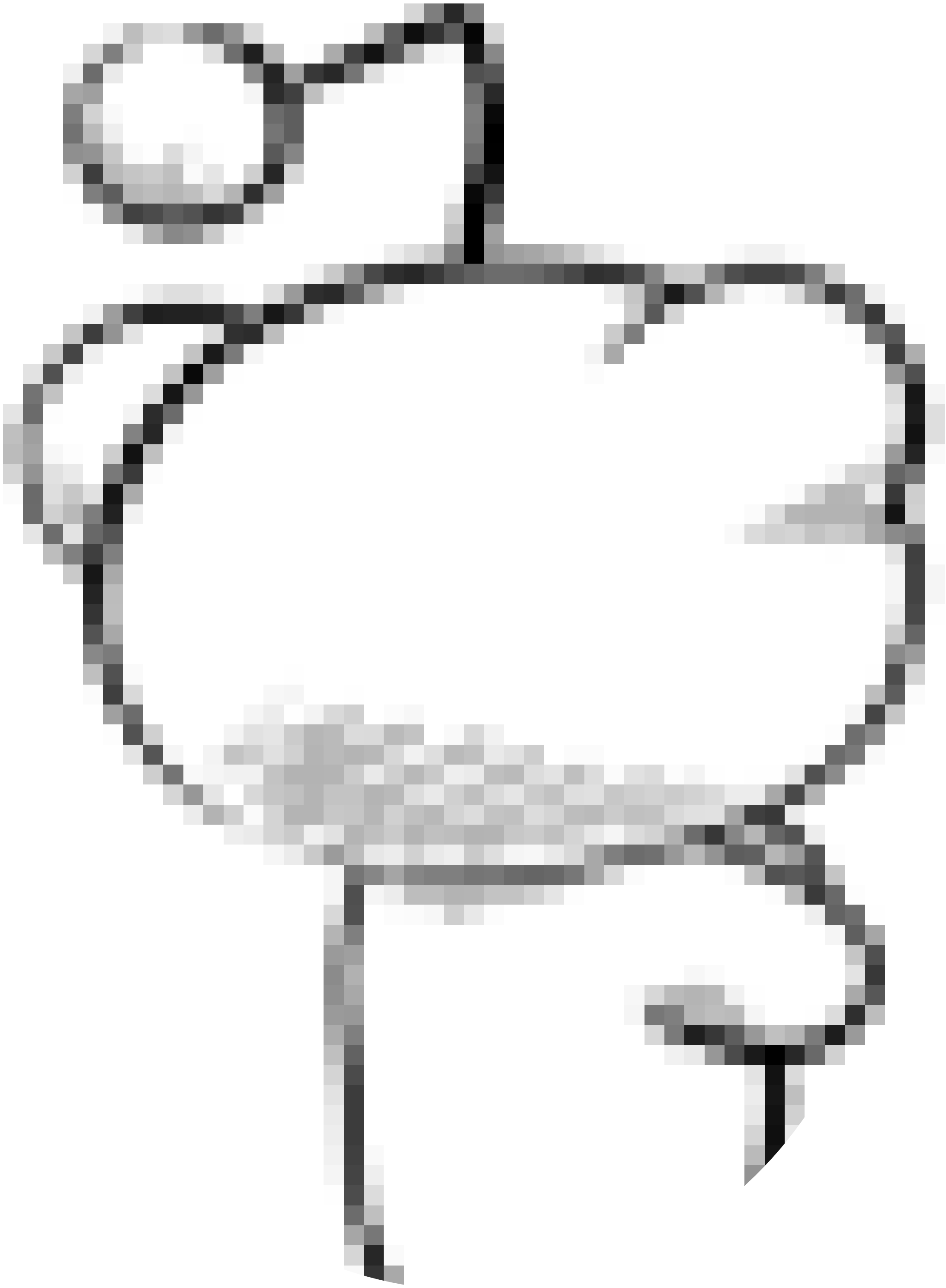

[Boss900](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I'm sure this happens to a lot of people - this isn't a paranormal experience whatsoever but ever since I can remember, my arms fall asleep at night quite often. Not pins and needles - but to the point where they are totally paralyzed. I literally have to wake up, be conscious about it, move them into a safe position by swinging my body and go back to sleep - I can literally break an arm or dislocate my shoulder and wouldn't feel it. I'm probably sleeping on them in a way causing the cutoff of blood circulation but its fucking annoying to say the least. It's totally normal to me and happens at least 10 times a month.

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jaemann
â€¢ 13y ago

I was 14 when my grandfather died. My mom came to wake me for school and I was crying in my sleep. She asked what was wrong and I told her her father had died. She told me I just had a bad dream. She got the call an hour later.

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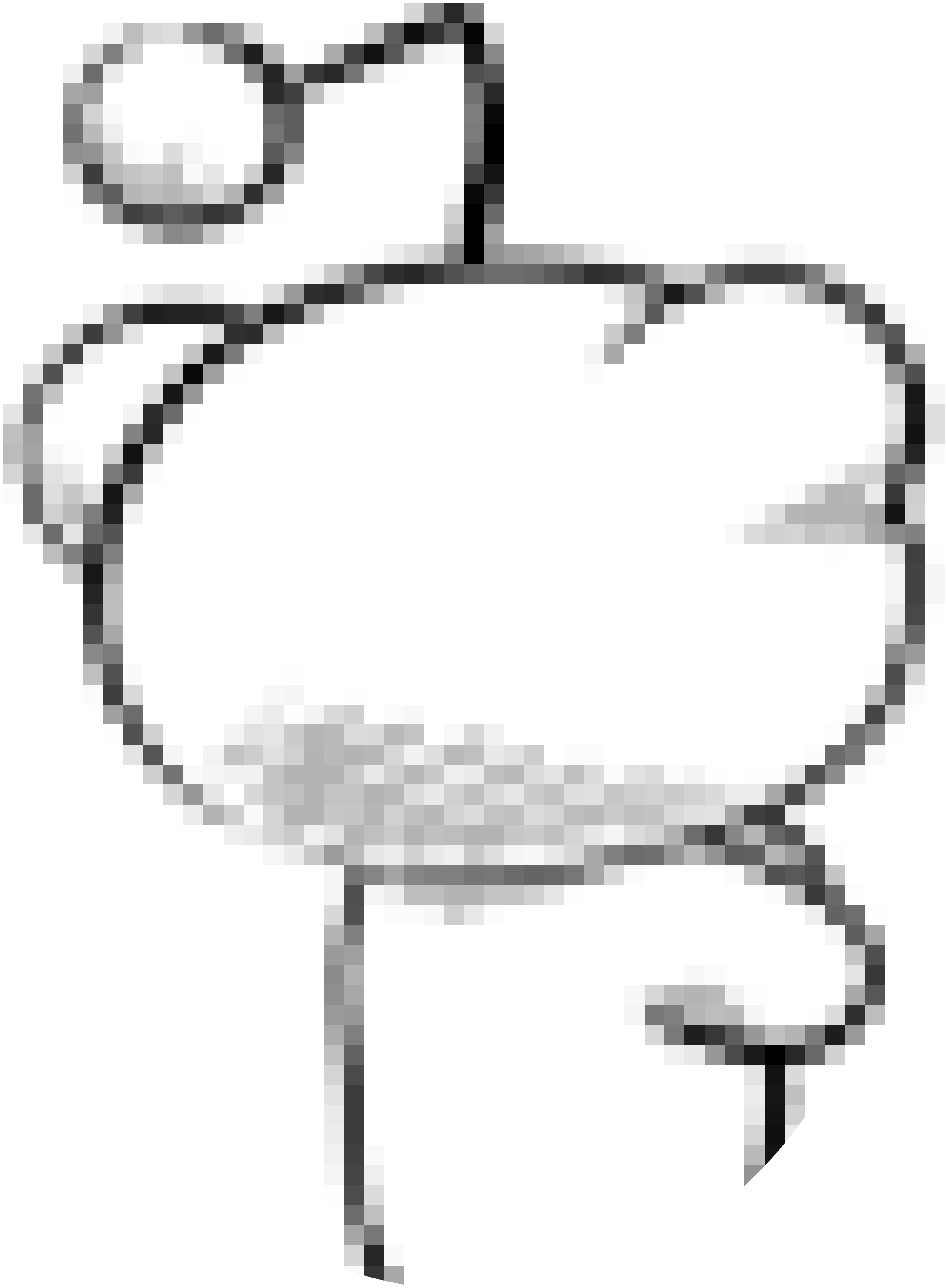

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â€¢ 13y ago

Working the 12 Steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, including the ones pertaining to having a Higher Power, has worked. I don't know how they do, but they do.

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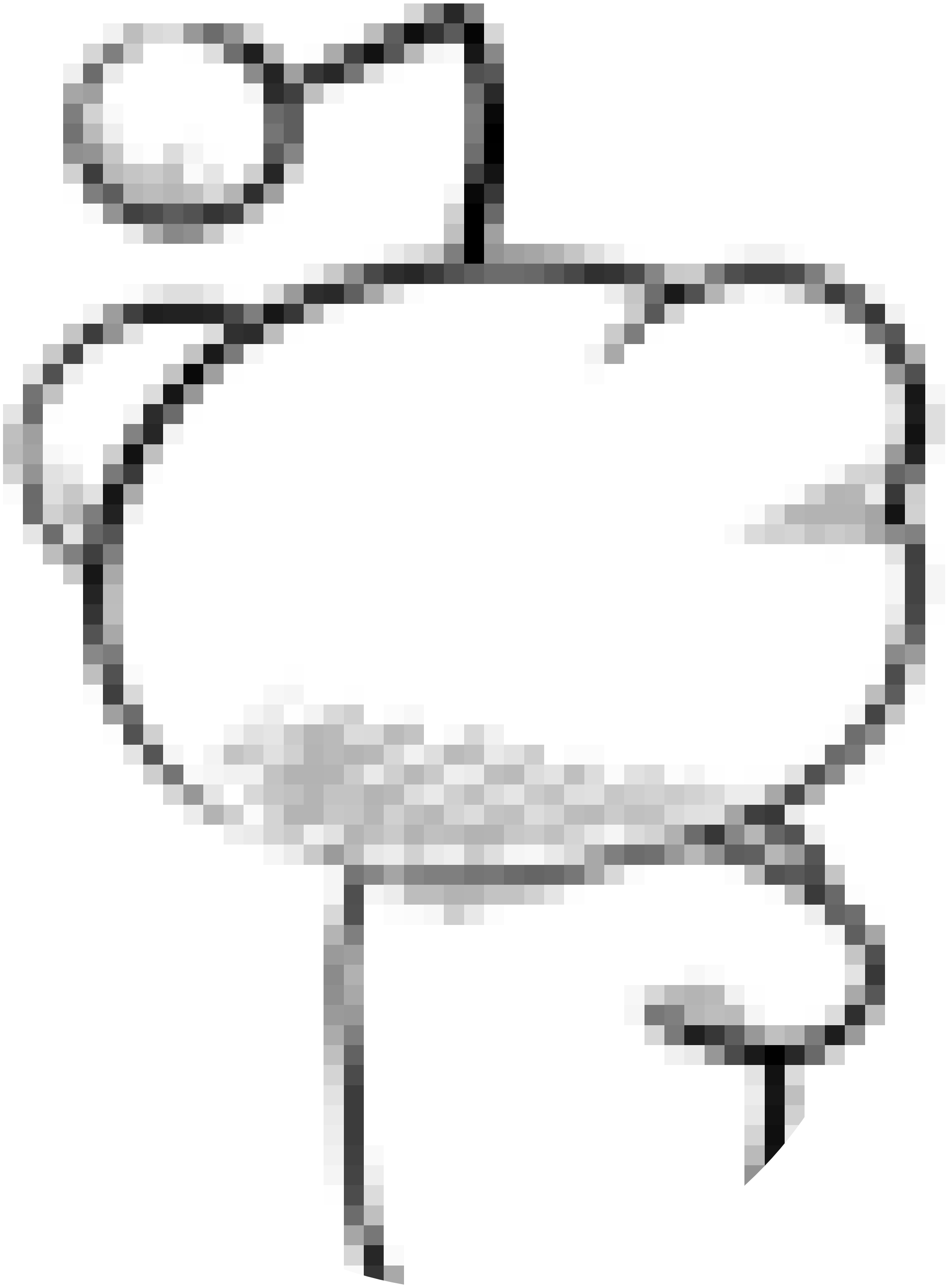

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â€¢ 13y ago

i pooped corn last night and havent eaten corn in awhile. ghost corn.

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antizeitgeist
â€¢ 13y ago

One night about 10 years ago my high school girlfriend and I were sitting around at her mom's house having a meal and chatting about various things. Somehow we got on the subject of the supernatural and my girlfriend starts telling me about how the house that her mother had previously owned was "haunted". I have never been the type to believe in such tales, usually offering reasonable scientific explanations of things of that nature, but I was still interested in hearing why she and her mother thought it was haunted. She goes on to tell me a plethora of stories about stereotypical haunting activity such as things being frequently moved to different places in rooms, electronic devices powering on through their own volition, general feelings of anxiety and unease accompanied by changes in temperatures, etc. Apparently the place was very old and used to be some sort of farmhouse owned by a relatively predominant family who's name is plastered on various buildings throughout my hometown. After awhile my curiosity was peaked and I inquired about the location of the house. She informed me that it was about four miles from her current residence and had since been unoccupied after they moved out and suggested we could go drive by it sometime. I had a better idea, that we should grab a couple flashlights and the family dog and take a walk down there to check it now. She vehemently protested, saying that she was too scared and would never go back there again after her experiences. After so coercing I finally got her to agree to accompany me to the house as long as she didn't have to go inside. So we packed up a couple flashlights and her 90 pound white English bulldog, Duke, and made our way out towards the house.

When we arrived it was around 11:00PM and was pretty dark outside. The house was pretty gnarly looking as it had sat unoccupied for so long. Vegetation had somewhat grown around it as it sat about halfway back into the treeline. It was your typical old farmhouse look, two stories with wood paneling and floors with a big porch out front. I told her that I was going to go poke around inside and she once again confirmed that she would have no part of it. I told her to keep Duke with her to make her feel better and

I set off with my flashlight to take a look around. The front door was warped and relatively easy to get into using a credit card I had in my wallet. The inside was musty and humid with little as far as decorations go. There were a few old pieces of furniture here and there that I assumed they had discarded as they were moving out. Connected to the initial foyer was a large kitchen area devoid of anything so I moved past it and started making my way through living area and bedrooms. I remembered almost laughing to myself as I thought about my girlfriend and her mother spending nights there terrified by "ghosts" and other nonsense.

After about 5 minutes of fumbling around through the house I found a box of items in the corner of one of the bedrooms and began rummaging through it. Inside were various half-sewn items and a baby's toy of some sort. As I'm placing the contents of the box back I hear my girlfriend outside start yelling something along the lines of "Duke, get back here!" so I grab my flashlight and start making my way back to the front of the house to see what the hell is going on. I assumed he had gotten free of her grip and probably took off into the woods. I remember thinking "Great, now I'm going to spend all night looking for this damn dog in the woods" as I am making my way back through the living room. As I approach the foyer I start hearing this otherworldly sound coming from the kitchen area. At first I couldn't tell what it was because it was so bizarre so I stopped in my tracks, straining to make it out. It was a weird, low vibrating sound and I almost felt like I could feel it in my feet through the wooden panel flooring. Within a few seconds it occurred to me that it was Duke making some sort of growling/snarling type noise from within the kitchen. I turned the corner of the foyer and pointed my flashlight into the kitchen to see Duke standing square the in middle of the floor with his back angled to me. His front end was hunched down and his ass was sticking up in the air like he was positioning to pounce and his eyes were locked on something in the top corner of the room opposite from me. All of the short hair on his back was spiked straight up to the point that it made a distinct ridge down his back, like a cat looks when something spooks him. It gives me chills just typing this out because to this day that image sticks in my mind so vividly and I have never seen an animal look or sound the way he did that night. I was initially confused and thought he might have seen some sort of critter so I pointed my flashlight to the ceiling corner he was fixed on and there was absolutely nothing there. At that point I started getting a little freaked so I called out his name a few times firmly to see if I could get his attention. Nothing I said had any affect on him, he just sat there making the noise and snarling his ass off. At this point my adrenaline is rushing and I can still hear my girlfriend outside yelling "He's in the house.". My mind was pretty blank on what to do so I instinctively took a few steps in and wrapped my hand around his waist and picked him up with one arm and carried him out of the house. As soon as we stepped out the front door he squirmed out of my grip and took off running back towards the direction of my girlfriends house. I quickly grabbed my girlfriends hand and began to jog back that way myself, thoroughly freaked out. I explained what had happened on the way back and my girlfriend acted very nonchalant about it saying that her mother's previous dog had done the exact same thing on frequent occasion. Needless to say I didn't get very much sleep that night and never returned to the house.

To this day I am not really sure what Duke saw in the corner of that room. I would like to write it off as him hearing some raccoon shuffling through the attic but this dog was known to chase down the neighbors horses on frequent occasion and no animal would have made him react the way he did. I have always heard that animals can sense things that we can't and although I still profess to not believing in ghosts I am fairly certain that he sensed something that night that I couldn't.

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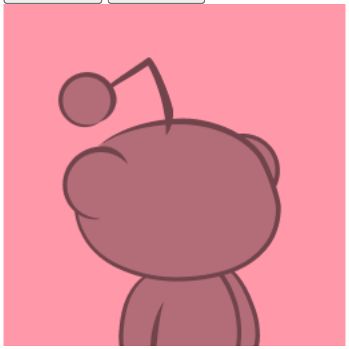

venkiv
â€¢ 13y ago

So I take this nephew of mine (shes [probably six years old) on a cycle through a really creepy area around the woods. I was scared and was pedalling really fast when she says ,"Uncle, where is she going?". I turn around and look on the road to see nobody. I pedal real fast scared shitless. After a few minutes ,she says "hey aunty, why are you running with us?" !! Shit my pants!

nayiro
â€¢ 13y ago

THis will for sure get buried but one time when my friends and i were at the bar we heard the sound of a childs mobile.

We were all drinking and having fun and then out of no where we start hearing the sound of a childs mobile. The music in the bar was still playing, everyone had to be quiet to hear it. But it was there, we heard it very clearly. No one knew where it came from. And as easily as it came, it disappeared.

Reply Share

[lowfour](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Ok, maybe late to the party but this happened to me in my Madrid apartment. Totally not BS. Before I tell the story I would like to explain that i am a 100% atheist, skeptic BSc Molecular Biologist with several years research experience, although I work in a totally unrelated equally geeky field.

Thing is back in 2000 i was back to my parents house and decided to find an apartment in central Madrid. I knew the area I wanted and spent nearly two months knocking at every landlord to find something. Very hard as it was a sought after area. One day I saw an ad in the local classified newspaper and it sounded perfect. 110sqm, balconies, the best area of Madrid. I took my beaten car, emergency parked it in the middle of the street with the warning lights on and climbed the stairs together with the concierge and I just fell in love with the light of the apartment. It was just perfect. My car being in risk of being towed I run down the stairs and called the landlord to reserve the flat. And so I got it next day. I was thrilled.

The first thing I did was going there with my then girlfriend and had one of the most glorious shags in the empty apartment. (It was a shame that she was a nutcase, because she was a keeper otherwise). Anyway, at the time I was living really really fast, working in a newspaper, and I also got hired by an internet startup in Sweden. I had found two flatmates (two air hostesses, fetish accomplished) and when I was in Stockholm signing the contract, I got a phone call from one of the girls. "Oi, lowfour, what the heck is going on in this apartment. There is someone living here!". I was, what the heck is she talking about. "For real lowfour, there are all the personal items of an old lady in the apartment. Including her utterly gross xxl underwear (cream colored, fyi). I am throwing everything out, ok?". I agreed.

Ok, so I finally moved there and the apartment, now I realized was in a very bad shape. We started throwing a lot of personal belongings from the lady that was living there before. It was a terrible feeling, really horrible. I felt like I was squatting someone else's home. We felt so bad we even made like a small kitsch altar to ask for forgiveness. But the strange things started there.

Being an old apartment, the toilet was behind a door in the kitchen. And every single time I went there I had a 100% real feeling of an old lady standing there, deep frying something and looking at me in disapproval. It was spooky to say the least, because the feeling was so real. Never saw anything though.

Another day some glasses started to explode without a reason. We thought they just fell to the floor.

Some days later my french air hostess flatmate woke up terrified, saying that she heard really strange dripping sounds of water in front of her room door and someone scratching her door, in the corridor. We had a frame with pictures of us three that had fallen into the floor and indeed, under the pictures there was a lot of water. But all this was fine. Glitches in the matrix I thought.

The scary thing started happening later. We had a telephone system to be able to talk to the people in the main entrance of the building. It happened not less than three times that my flatmates spoke to a friend through that phone they were waiting for, and the friends never arrived to the apartment. When they called them back they were still on the other side of the city.

One day I was with a psychology researcher surfing the internet in my room when we heard the street phone ringing. It was my friend. I opened the entry door and left the apartment door open so she could come in. Went back to my room, heard the door of the apartment get wide open and then close, steps, the totally recognizable voice of our friend saying "hello" and we both answering back. "Hello Maria!". We even heard the noise she made while leaving her jacket and bag in the sofa in the entrance. But after a few minutes we realized there was no one in the apartment. Sure enough the door was closed, we thought she was pulling a prank. But she was just not there. We opened and she was still climbing the stairs.

I couldn't sleep for one week. I was terrified. Something was inside my apartment.

But the really shitty thing was about to happen. One day I found a hidden space in the ceiling of the apartment. I was with a family member that loves antiques, and we decided to explore what was there. Sure enough there was a treasure up there. There were old Chinese ink boxes, paintings, swords, clothes from the 19th century, old large portraits of children and a picture of a severe looking guy with a large non-ironic mustache. And a wooden box.

I opened the box and inside there were not less than 4 porcelain doll heads and a full bisque doll, very antique and valuable. I was shocked. It was spooky but I thought I had won the jackpot. The full doll was valued in more than 9000 USD, being from a very unique french doll maker.

I closed the box and hid it. I thought the dolls should be like a future financial security. And forgot about it.

From that very moment my life went down the drain. It was financial, sentimental and professional chaos. For real. I had always been really lucky with jobs, salaries, girls, everything was just easy. I went bankrupt, had to go back in working in bars, got hired three times in good jobs and the day before I started I got calls telling me that something had happened and that I couldn't take the job. It was so weird.

I actually bought a car in very good shape in Belgium. I took the doll with me to get a valuation, and in the first week of having that car the clutch disintegrated, the paint got badly scratched and a tyre was stabbed by someone. I just could not believe my bad luck.

Me being a rational being I said, well, you are going through tough times and your brain focuses in the bad things. But for real, so much bad luck was totally of the charts in what is statistically possible and not. Everything went worse than expected.

I didn't make the link to the doll, but some years later, when my luck was slightly improving I was talking to a friend and it hit me. The doll. Finding the damn doll was the last thing that I remembered as good luck. It was frightening.

The worse part is that my parents also kept the doll at their place for a while... and since they had it they went into financial meltdown too.

Now everything is ok again. But it took years.

I don't know guys. I truly don't believe in anything. But this story has creeped me out for a long time. I still keep the apartment (where more strange things happened, but less and less often) and the doll. I want to sell it in some other European country but I refuse to fly with the damn doll.

tl;dr: Get spooky apartment, find bitch doll, get life fucked up

Reply Share

CreamLog
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay so this story actually happened to a bunch of my closest friends, one of whom (my best friend), called me straight after it happened.

Basically, we live in a fairly populated suburban city, so we've always been fascinated with abandoned and remote areas because they're hard to find in our city. They do exist however, and we always go out and explore drainage pipes and abandoned houses and go into the forests and stuff. So one night, I couldn't go out because I was grounded or something, and they all went down this remote ravine. There's a steep concrete plane going downwards to a man-made drainage river that's not much bigger than your average stream. It's a slow struggle getting back up to the forest, and the fact that it's literally pitch black isn't helping. While they were all making their way up to just sit and chill, they hear the most piercing shriek that sounded like a woman being killed or something. The sound was horrific, and they all immediately bolted out of there into the pitch black forest. Apparently they all went home and did some research and one of them found that foxes or something make a shrieking sound sometimes so that's their theory.

I kind of wish I was there, but kind of don't.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

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⊕ 1 more reply

hollapainyo
â€¢ 13y ago

My dad passed away from cancer a couple of years ago at 55. I know this is silly, but when he was alive, we would say "Allah akbar!" to each other when something good happened - I'm an atheist and he was nonreligious.

Well, last week my girlfriend and I were messing around with the voice to text feature on her cell phone and I yelled "Allah akbar!" into it to see how it interpreted it. "Dad" was what came up on the screen. I was a bit spooked but tried it again. This time when I yelled Allah akbar into the phone, "Hello" came up on the screen.

I'm not a believer in the paranormal but Dad, Hello, and Allah akbar sound nothing alike. Definitely gave me the heebie jeebies.

Reply Share

[heartbreakcity](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I'm gonna repost mine from a similar thread from a couple months ago:

When I was about 11, I went through this really bizarre period in my life where I was exhausted all the time because I had started having really vivid, involved dreams, so it felt like I never slept.

The dreams were linear, and I was the star of them, but I was someone else: a girl named Cheryl who was sixteen years old, living in Texas in the eighties. There was nothing weird about the dreams in general; it was just that, for the entire time I was asleep, I was another person in a different body with a different family, doing perfectly ordinary things.

And the dreams always started out the same way: I would go to sleep as me, and "wake up" as Cheryl (but not really Cheryl, I knew I wasn't her, but couldn't convince anyone else I wasn't). I would go eat breakfast with her family, go to school, take her classes, talk to her friends, and then go back to sleep in her bed and wake up as me again.

This lasted for months (started off slowly, maybe one or two dreams a week, until finally they were every single night). In the real world, I started falling asleep in classes, had an overabundance of migraines (prone to them anyway), was constantly anemic and just generally sickly.

Nothing super awful happened in the dreams, except for the pressure of taking high-school classes with stuff I'd never learned before (because I was actually 11), and trying to pass courses based on material that was way above my age-range. Also, trying to fit in with her family and friends (because I was still me, just in her body, I didn't actually recognize them or remember them or our supposed in-jokes/family history).

I could pass it all off as just stress and say it was totally unremarkable if it weren't for the fact that I actually did learn shit from the classes I took at her high school; stuff that I couldn't have known, hadn't studied, and wouldn't learn until I was in high school myself.

[cygnus83](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

It was just another day working in the [redacted] Inn - no longer an actual inn, but a restaurant. The old inn had been constructed in 1790, and legend has it that it was the site of a showdown over a love triangle. Supposedly, a man in town (some say the last Native American to live within the town,) was having an affair with the innkeeper's wife. Of course he found out, and one night, from the bottom of the stairs, shot his wife's lover as he came down the stairs. The story says he died at the bottom of the staircase.

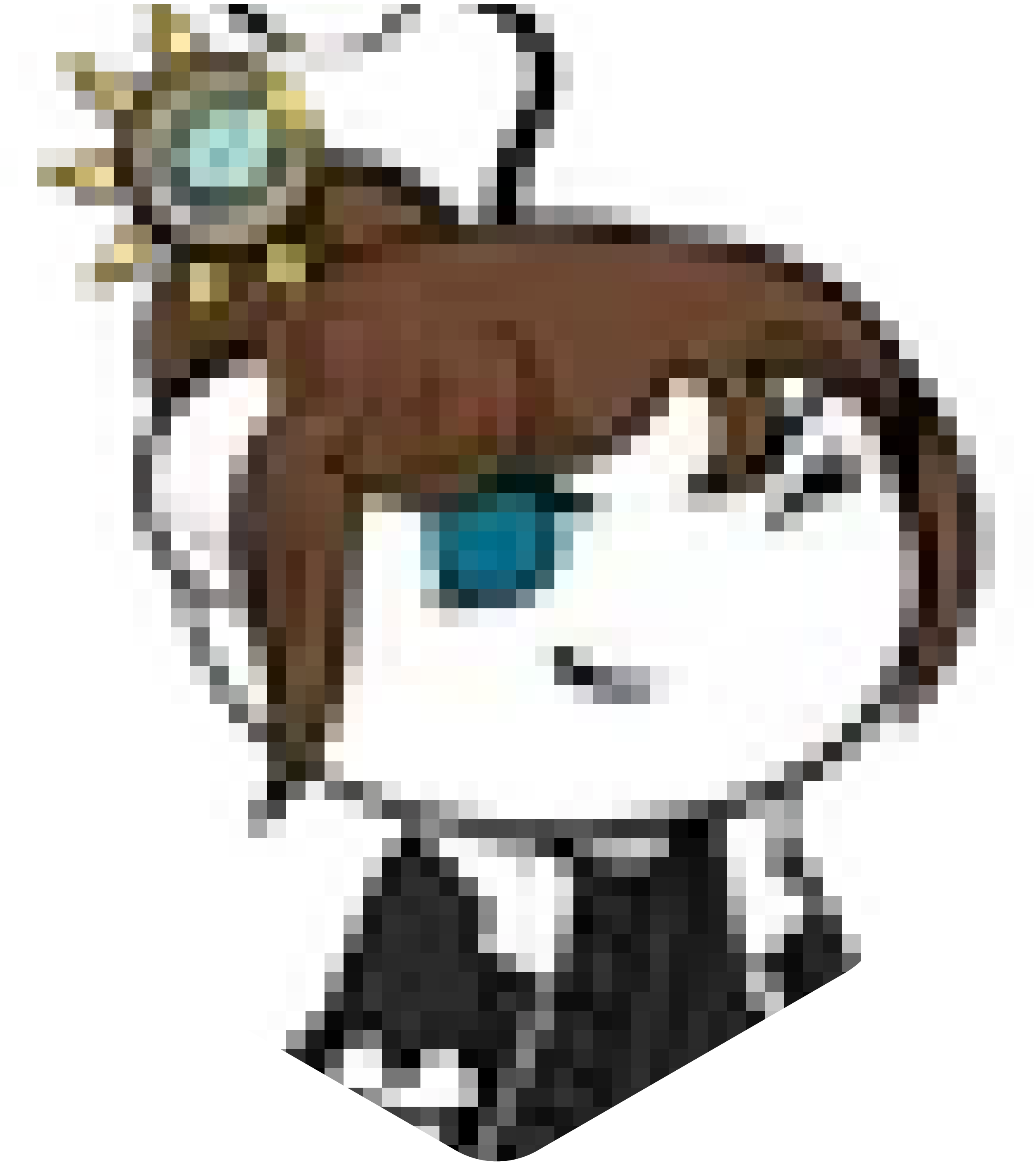
Two hundred years later, myself and a kickass dish washer from Peru were polishing and hanging champagne flutes in an overhead rack that was a good seven feet off the floor. Danny, the dish washer, dropped one - from high enough that it should have smashed on impact.

It didn't break.

It rolled - in a straight line (we tested other glasses - they all rolled in a circle like you would expect them to.)

In a straight line, the champagne flute rolled down two steps, across a small sitting room, across a small hallway - and stopped.

Right at the bottom of the staircase.



Porfeariah
â€¢ 13y ago

I've posted this story before in similar threads, but I'll try to give a condensed version here;

My grandmother lives on a farm. It was no longer a working farm by the time us grandkids came along, but the outbuildings were still there, albeit stuffed to the brim with old crap and in a bad state of disrepair. For both these reasons, the kids were banned from going into the outbuildings for any reason.

However, the allure of 1950's and 60's random electronics, toys, farming equipment, etc was too much for my younger sibling and I one day, and while our mom and grandmother were in the house we snuck into the old chicken coop. We were both poking around on our own when out of nowhere we hear what sounded like a choir, holding a single note, for just a few seconds. My sibling and I stopped, looked at each other, and left the chicken coop to see where the hell such clear, loud singing had come from in the middle of an isolated farm in the early 90's.

We got the the lawn between the house and the chicken coop, where we could see the porch (maybe it was a radio?), driveway (car stero?), and the neighbor's house and driveway from across a field (maybe he was testing new speakers for his truck?), but there was nobody to be seen. It had been only seconds since we'd heard the sound, so we would have seen someone if they were around to make the noise.

That in itself is weird, but it turned creepy when we heard a new strange sound come from behind us. We turned around and watched the chicken coop collapse into itself, right where we had been standing about a minute earlier, and where we would still be standing if we hadn't come out to investigate the strange noise.

As a special little bonus of weird, as the coop came down I can clearly remember thinking, "It saved us." I am not religious in any way and can't even begin to quantify what "it" was or might be. To this day I have no idea how the hell this all happened the way it did.

(Side note: since the last time I posted this I've checked in with my sibling to see if they remember this incident the same way I do, and we agreed on all points. Which is good, because everyone else thinks we're nuts.)

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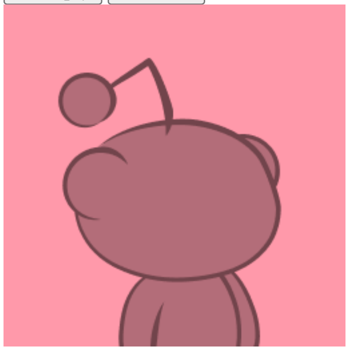

agen_kolar
â€¢ 13y ago

I've posted this one before:

One of my best friends' grandmother died from medical malpractice when she received a very bad staph infection from a vaccination. Her grandfather quickly remarried, to a woman who was much more odd than he. She was fairly dislikable, but the weirdest thing about her was that she frequently woke up in the middle of the night screaming, as if from a bad dream. She would tell her husband she saw weird things around her. He insisted she was dreaming, and disregarded her. Eventually, she got fed up with him, and one night awoke to find a figure standing in the corner of their room. She shook him awake and pointed at the corner, saying very calmly, "Look." He saw a nude man standing in the corner, arms straight down at his sides, with the head of a beast. His jaw dropped, and he blinked several times. By the last blink, the figure was gone and the corner stood empty. "Told you," she said, and rolled back over to sleep as if it were no big deal. It wasn't much longer after this that they got a divorce. He hasn't remarried.

I get the chills every time I tell this story. The grandfather himself told my friend and I, and I believe him. He was visibly disturbed and found it hard to get the whole thing out, and quickly changed the subject thereafter.

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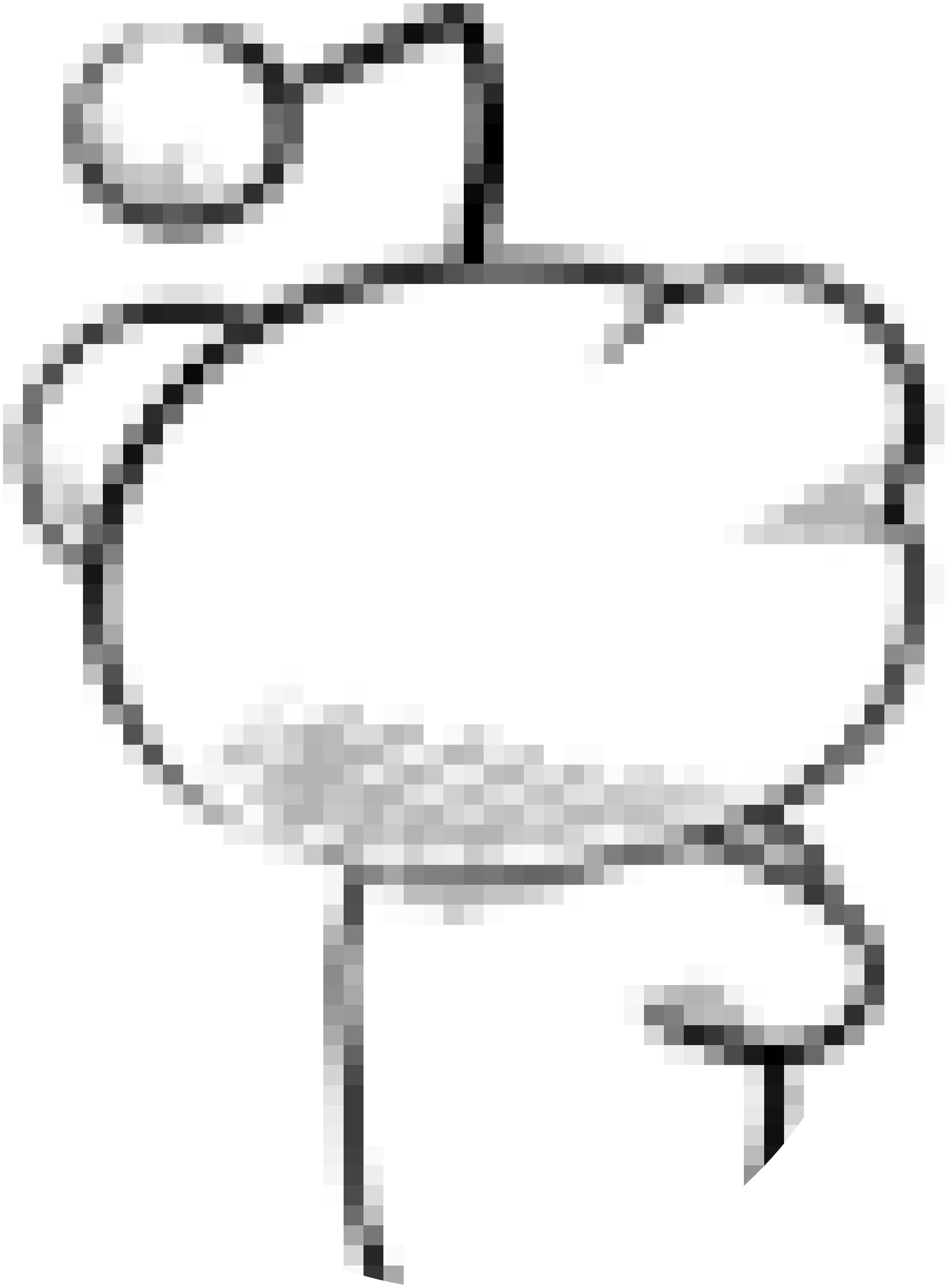

wafflepjs
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 20 years old and living in Rome, Italy, I took a trip to Amsterdam one long weekend.

Amsterdam was fun, as it tends to be, but over all I think everyone I was with sensed a dark energy. The last night we were there, we smoked the last good weed we would smoke for a while (there's pretty much just dirty hash in Italy unless you have the money).

Walking back from the coffee shop, we passed through a street just outside of the redlight district. It was crowded with fucked-up Northern European and Australian tourists and Nigerians pushing MDMA and Cocaine. We were incredibly high, and trying to keep our group of 4 together.

Let me make one thing clear, I do not believe in the supernatural or the occult. My experience with the cult of Jesus Christ has taught me that it's all a lot of bull shit, but that doesn't change what I saw that night.

There was a man laying on the street next to the gutter. Whether he was passed out or dead, he wasn't moving. His head was craddled in the arms of an older Dutch woman who was cackling like a fucking witch. She noticed me staring and screamed "One Euro Blowjob" at me. I started running more quickly, and when I turned to look back her eyes were glowing and she sent the most piercing scream my way.

I didn't sleep that night, and the next morning I learned that three of the four of us had seen what happened. I love trees, but I plan to avoid the Dam for a long time.

Reply Share

Wasplol
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok so I was in my room just after taking a bath and watching a Ghostbusters episode. I was still in my towel when I entered the room and I said "Is anyone here?" then I said "Knock the window 2 times is you are here". After changing to my pj's and convinced there wasn't any ghost here, the window knocked twice. My first thought was "Fuck, fuck, fuck". But I told myself that she could be a pacific ghost.

After some time paralyzed in fear, I said "Are you a woman or a man, 1 for woman, 2 for man" The window knocked 1 time. "Ok, I think I got this" I thought to myself. Then I asked "Do you see me when I get out of bath and change? 1 for no 2 for yes" It knocked 2 times. It was a strange feeling I got there, like a mix of embarrassment, excitement and fear.

So anyways, after I asked more questions I told her I was going to sleep and to knock the window 2 times when she wanted to talk. When I was in my bed I felt a gust of wind that passed by my ear and I convinced myself she left the room and I went back to sleep.

I could join Ghostbusters.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I grew up in a very old house near in Birmingham Alabama with my Father and my Grandmother who moved in to help take care of me (I never knew my mother). I myself am a staunch unbeliever in all things occult, but even this has my spine tingling because I was there.

My Father was a pretty realistic guy, didn't believe in ghosts or the occult, but my Grandmother was constantly talking about god, satan, angels, ghosts, demons, spirits etc. I didn't know what to think because I was six.

Anyway, in this old house you would hear things, and sometimes weird things would happen. Creaks, noises, the occasional bump in the night- Nothing too crazy, except about after a year living there windows started breaking.

At night.

It was terrifying thinking someone was breaking in, having my dad get his gun and run downstairs only to have nothing there and no sign of forced entry or anything breaking the window other than it just shattering for no reason.

First The basement window, then our living room window a few nights later. My dad blamed it on the house settling and not having a good foundation.

Then the washing machines turned on and off. All the time. My dad blamed it on electronics, but my grandmother had a very good point: If its the electronics why are the load and heat temperature settings changed almost every time it gets turned on/off?

Until one night... it was one of those weird nights like you see in movies. It was thunderstorming (common in Alabama) possible tornadoes. At about 9 PM all the lights in the house just shut off. We all huddled in the living room hoping a tornado didn't come and shred us to bits.

And then it happened.

Every window in the house shattered. EVER SINGLE ONE, and all the lights turned on instantly and all blew up. It was the single most terrifying thing I've ever witnessed. Of course being so young, my account is foggy, so I'm going on what my father (the skeptic) says. But here's something he didn't remember. I was so young and so scared I ran away to my favorite hiding spot instantly. A very deep hall way closet that was meant for blankets. It was tall as a normal door, very wide and extremely deep, maybe 6 feet deep, but narrow as a door.

I flung the door open and prepared to leap in, but there in front of me was a man. A naked man that looked like he had been under water for 4 months. Sheet white and bloated, and hanging by his neck from the ceiling of the closet with a rope. His eyes were gushing blood and lookign straight at me, he shook himself on the rope and let out a blood currdling scream, and of course I screamed and ran away back to my parents. I didn't manage to tell them what i saw for over a year. And of course upon my own inspection (after mustering up a lot of courage a few days later) the closet just had blankets in it.

My grandmother blamed it on a demon by the name of Dolofax. She said she was praying about the ghost one day after the storm and she heard a voice in her head say "I'm Dolofax". She said she reasoned with the demon and offered it something to leave. What it was I don't know because my grandma would never tell me. But that night of the storm was the last time we ever had any windows breaking, lights turning on or off or washing machine problems.

TL:DR. Demon turns on and off washing machines, scares me to smithereens.

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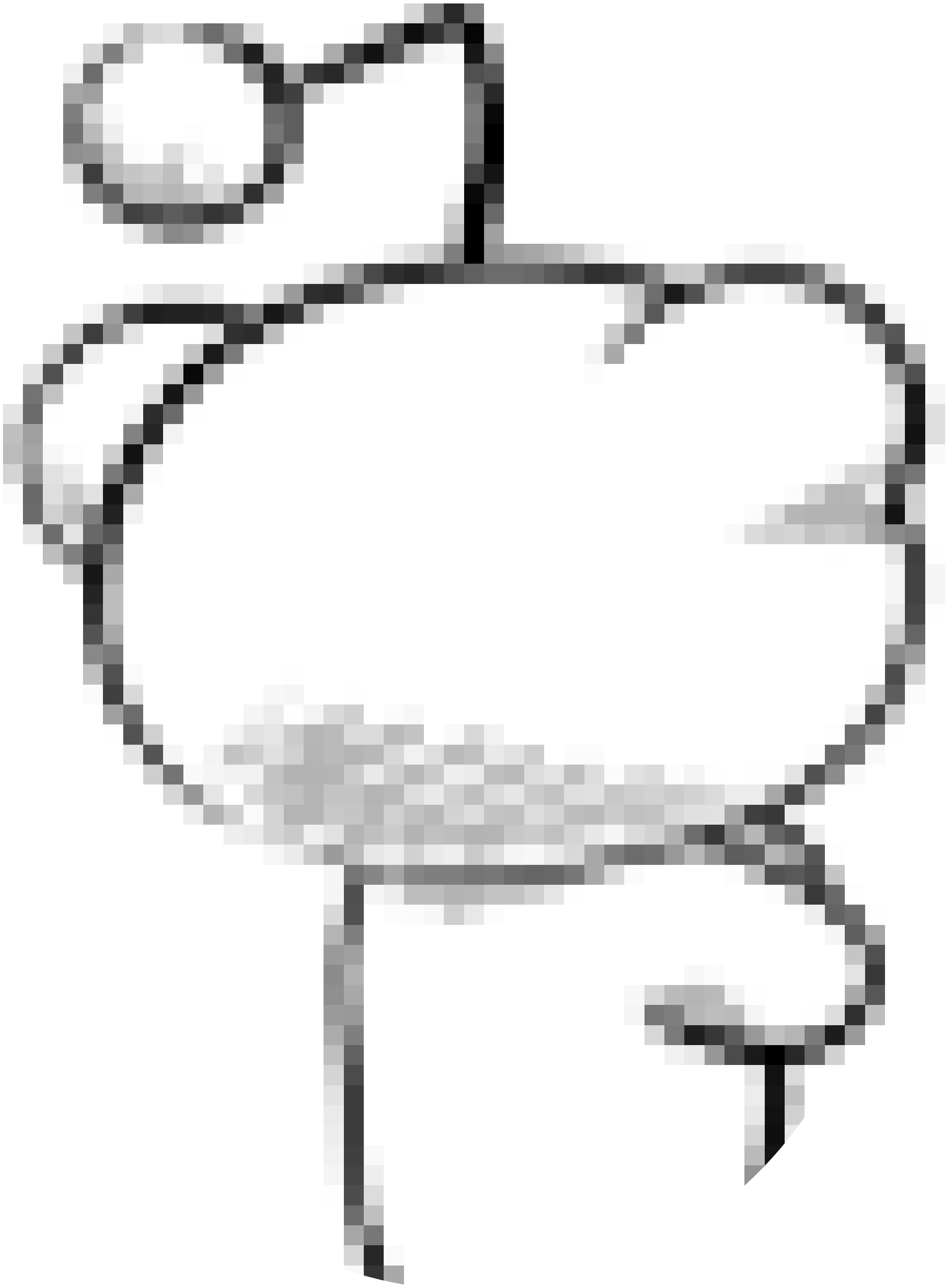

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â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't anything piss-pants worthy, but when I was about 5, I woke up on a summer night really suddenly. I remember I had been dreaming and the dream ended abruptly, kind of like a wisp of smoke. I woke up, and I saw a translucent outline of myself floating directly above me. But at the same time, I could also see my solid self from the floating outline of me. Then, very slowly, the translucent me slowly floated downward into the solid me. The second it "touched," I was asleep again. I remembered not feeling scared or weirded out, like I probably should have. I felt kind of peaceful. I woke up the next morning, remembered it, and ran downstairs and told my parents. They thought I had just had a dream, and I thought I did too, even though I remember being very awake at the time. Years and years later, I remember telling a friend about this, and he was like "Dude, that's called an out-of-body experience or something." Sure enough, I looked it up, and it totally was.

tl;dr: I had an ethereal experience when I was 5 or 6.

Edit: Out of body experience, not ethereal experience.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

These stories really suck

cakemilkshake
â€¢ 13y ago

Can I just say I'm SOOOO happy I'm reading all of these at 11:30 in the morning, and not at 1 am last night when I was about to check reddit......

gingerdit
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in college, I went home one weekend to stay with my parents. I know their routines. My dad is a midnight snacker and I am too. One night I awoke suddenly around 1 or 2am for no real reason. I just sort of shot awake as if I'd never even been asleep.

I figured I'd grab a protein shake downstairs and watch some tv til I was sleepy again. I walked down the dark upstairs hall towards the stairs. I grew up in the house and know every nook and cranny. I wasn't even "feeling my way." I was walking with purpose.

I started to descend the stairs and was about half way down when SMACK, I ran into something in the middle of the stairs, chest height, in the pitch black. I immediately thought it was my Dad coming upstairs from his own snack expedition. "My bad, night." I shimmied past the body and flipped the staircase light on. Nothing, nobody. It was no more than maybe 3 seconds from when I impacted to turning on the light.

I sort of did a double take, looked up and down the stairs and around the corner. When I realized nobody was there, my knees almost gave out from under me in sort of a "holy testicle tuesday, what just happened" kind of moment.

Just typing this has chills jetting over my body. Creepiest thing I'll probably ever experience.

Ruthlawliet
â€¢ 13y ago

My friend lived in a normal house and she was moving out in about two weeks. We were about 12 at the time, and had the bright idea to record ourselves talking on her cell phone. While she was recording, we walked through the house and through a back room that nobody ever went in. Her raido was on in her room, playing some pop station loud enough to hear through the house, and as we passed through the back room the song playing suddenly went to static. when we left the room, it jumped back to the same song. We didn't think anything of it, but when we played the recording back and listened closely, the static in the background sounded like someone saying "get out, get out."

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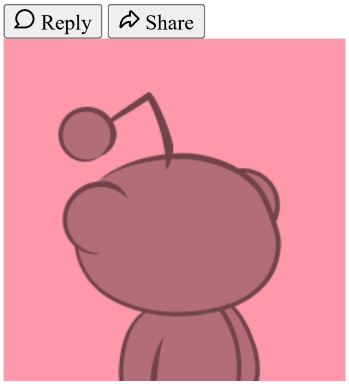

jas440
â€¢ 13y ago

A little late to the party but this is the creepiest story I've ever heard. My coworker and his wife were driving late at night and a car had been tailgating him for a while, even though he was going about 90kph in an 80 zone. They are approaching a hill when the driver of the other car pulls out to pass them. As the car is passing my co-worker and his wife look over and there is a women in the passanger side of the car just staring back, he says to his wife "Why is this bitch glaring at me? I'm going 90." Just then a truck comes up over the hill and the truck and car get in a head-on collision. My coworker swerves to avoid them and goes into the ditch.

Police and ambulances arrive, my coworker and his wife are fine, the police come over and tell them that both men are dead, the driver of the car and the driver of the truck. Coworker then asks what about the woman? The police are like "What woman??!" He tells them there was a women in the passanger side of the car, they do a full search of the area and never find a woman, or any evidence that there was anyone else in the car. Co-worker says it's proof someone is with you when you die.

tl;dr friend saw a reaper in the car of a man about to die in a head on collison

oblivion19
â€¢ 13y ago

I tried submitting this a few times. Never got the attention. I am hoping I am not too late for this thread.

"I would like to share a couple of stories about possessions and exorcism. I come from India and stuff like these are pretty common over here. Almost everyone has an acquaintance who was possessed or had a supernatural thing happen to them. Fortunately, I have never seen anything supernatural. Also, I haven't personally seen an exorcism but have many relatives who vouch for it. I have quite a few stories ranging from exorcisms to black magic.

I am moderately religious- implying that I believe in my religion but don't quite follow it very well. Also, I am a dentist. So, I am from a science background and analyze everything skeptically. I'll share the story on exorcism and maybe some more if there is an interest. My dad is very religious and the go to person for any problems in my relatives. So, if there is any doubt of possessions in my relatives and aquaintance, he is called to for help. He doesnt do exorcisms but know people who do. So, the story Im talking about is when my cousin (sister) was possessed. I don't really know how she got possessed. But, she was studying in a village somewhere and that was probably where that happened. She was just a normal person before that. Several of my relatives have witnessed this. So, I can vouch for this. But,its your opinion whether you want to believe this as a possession or mental imbalance. I am just sharing the story.

Anyways, she started showing symptoms of a typical possession. Whats a typical possession? The belief here is that Jinn are responsible for the possessions. Jinns are creatures that exist parallel to our world. They just exist in another dimension. We can't see them but they can see us. However, there have been several instances where people I know have seen them. They are creatures similar to us, they eat, drink, get married, have families, speak in different languages and also have different religions. So, when a jinn possesses a person, here are the typical features.

The person becomes extremely powerful the person becomes extremely hungry and will eat a huge quantity of food which is abnormal for a human being.

The person will not talk a lot and keep to themselves The person will become extremely violent on provocation and they have to be tied to their beds or chairs by chains like in the movies.

Voice will occassionally change like in the movies. Females are mostly affected. The reason for this is said to be their beauty.

The person can become extremely religious since the jinn possessing the person will also have religion.

So, my cousin sis was showing these typical symptoms. She was getting really violent and hitting her mom and family with unhuman power and was restrained. My dad went there to help. Tried to talk to my cousin to see whether this was really a possesion or something else. He talked nicely to her asking her whats happening and was there any problem and all. i am not sure what exactly she wanted but I think she said that she wanted everyone to leave her alone and let her go away. She was always wearing green colored clothes.(Green is said to be color of jinn). So, there was little doubt in everyones mind that she was possessed. She talked in a manly voice to my father. She coaxed him saying that he was the only person nice there and all. I think she was doing this so that they dont take her to an exorcist. Anyways, the exorcist came, did his stuff and went.

I dont really know what he did but she became normal after that. I believe in this story because for a normal educated girl to undergo such a severe transformation and to become normal after the exorcism is quite something.

I have also stories about black magic, more possesions, paranormal sightings etc. If you have interest, let me know which stories you want to hear about.Some of these happened to my friends, acquaintance, or acquaintance/relatives/friends of my friends."

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

I don't believe in ghosts or anything supernatural. Most things people deem as supernatural are able to be scientifically accounted for eventually.

That being said, I clean my son's pre-school (it's a small 15 kid per class pre-school, but those little shits can make a mess) on the weekends to lower how much we pay in tuition. Takes about 2 hours and we only have to do it once a week. I always clean it at night. Well, I usually jam out on my headphones now because I started hearing things near a supply closet we use. The preschool is located in a large local church and they just rent out a couple of rooms for them to use.

I figured the sounds I was hearing was something that could probably be explained (maybe someone lives in there, I don't know) so I just jam out on my headphones so I don't hear any of it, problem solved.

The last time I went to clean it I was in the supply closet getting the mop ready and suddenly there is a large clang that I could hear through my headphones and music blaring. I pull my headphones off to hear smaller clangs moving around. My fight or flight responses kicked in and my hair stood on end and adrenaline started pumping...but I had nothing to fight or run from (I think this is where the whole 'it gets cold when ghosts are around you' comes from).

I threw my headphones back on and turned up the volume....then I could still faintly hear it. Luckily I just had to mop and I was done. Mopped up, took out the trash. By this time the noise was gone but it only happens in a certain part of the building that is just past the supply closet I have to get to and only when I'm actually in or very near the supply closet.

I plan on cleaning the school during the day now...

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Hellosaul
â€¢ 13y ago

I've posted this before, but no one noticed it and this thread is a perfect place to share it again.

When I was a kid, I had this sick ass 12 inch Spider-Man dildo. Kidding, It was a normal action figure. The house I lived in at the time had a spiral staircase that, when at the top, one could look down into the living room and vice versa.

One night, in a dream, I find myself sitting on the floor of the living room. I look up to the top of the staircase to find the figure of a man standing at the top of the staircase.

And in the bastard's hands were my new Spider-Man action figure. He throws it down the stairs. The toy crashed infront of me and broke into 3 pieces.

That morning, guess what I saw on the floor of the living broken in 3?

I blamed my dad for years until one day I realized that we were dirt poor and my dad is the penultimate symbol of kindness.

Then, as I got a little older, my mom told me why we moved out of that house: apparently the figure of a man had been terrorizing everyone.

remlek
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandfather had 2 dogs, and a very old house. Every night, around 10pm, both the dogs would stand up and growl at the front door. This would persist for about 2-3 minutes. They would then sprint up the stairs, and bark at the bathroom furiously for several minutes. This happened every night my grandfather lived there, and it wasn't only those dogs. Every dog before them had the same reaction. It creeped the hell out of me.

This same grandfather had a decorative spoon collection. From time to time, the 2 racks of spoons would rattle, like something shook or ran past them, but there was no breeze, and no other vibrations in the house.

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was driving a shortcut from Twentynine Palms, CA to Albuquerque, NM. Twentynine Palms is located in the desolate high desert east of LA. The shortcut was all two lane road through total nothingness, except for passing through Amboy, CA. Amboy is a nearly abandoned town nearly as far below sea level as Death Valley, with a dormant volcano and lava field on one side and a salt flat on the other. It was also, at the time, a hotspot for satanic group activity.

So I was driving by myself in the afternoon. I stopped in Amboy and snapped a picture of the city sign, just to prove I was there to friends who dared me to take that route to I-40. I got back in my car and proceeded to drive up into the mountain range between Amboy and I-40.

Once I reach the top I am driving north through a canyon with high grass on both sides of the road. Up ahead I see some stuff in the middle of the road. As I approach I slow down to see a red Pontiac Fiero stopped sideways across both lanes, a suitcase open with clothes scattered everywhere and two bodies laying face down in the road, a man and a woman.

I stop a hundred feet or so away and the hair on the back of my neck is standing up. Being a Marine, I reach under the seat and pull out a 9mm pistol and chamber a round. Something seemed very wrong, it looked too perfect as if it were staged. An ambush? Was I being paranoid? Something was just wrong. Getting out of the car seemed unthinkable, it was the horror movie move.

As I scanned the road I saw a line I could drive. Pass the guy in the road on his left, swerve to the right side of the woman, behind the Fiero and I'd be on the other side. I dropped it into first gear, punched it and drove the line I planned.

I passed the back of the Fierro without hitting it or either of the bodies in the road. I continued forward a couple hundred feet and slowed down so I could breathe and let my heart slow down. As I looked up into the rearview mirror I saw that the two bodies had gotten up to their knees and twenty or so people emerged from the tall grass on either side of the road by the car and bodies.

At that moment my right foot smashed the gas pedal to the floor and did not let up until I had to slowdown for the I-40 east onramp.

I will never know what would have happened to me had I gotten out of the car to check on the bodies or stopped my car closer to them. Somehow I do not think it would have been good. Sometimes real life can be scarier than a movie.

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sjp2
â€¢ 13y ago

Super long. Sorry.

I'm a girl who originally lived in New Hampshire and is now in the Chicago area. When I was in 7th grade (I'm out of college now) my mom and I moved around a lot. We were living in the mountains and decided to move again (the place we were in was a shit hole and actually also had a weird vibe). We were looking either to move south or to a neighboring town called Gilmanton. My mom found a house that we could actually afford that was huge. It looked beautiful and was in the quaint town of Gilmanton.

The day arrives for us to view the house. We walk into this glass porch area near the back yard and the first thing we see is a wooden coffin. Like one of those old styles of coffins. The realtor says, "oh, don't mind that. The guy who lives here is really into halloween." I thought, okay, that's not too bad. I like halloween too. This glass porched in area is really nice and the backyard is decent (even has a picket fence of sorts).

We walk in and the house is gorgeous. Very old, northern New England. To the left (the room facing the road) is a sun room with a gorgeous baby grand. The main room is the dinning room and kitchen. In the middle of this dinning room/kitchen are stairs leading to the second floor and a door to the basement (kind of a center column sort of deal). You can also see to the upstairs because part of the second floor floor was taken out. So, we climb up the stairs in the narrow platform hallway that's left. The upstairs is sort of in a T shape. At the point of the T are two bedrooms and a bathroom (we couldn't go into one of the bedrooms because someone was "sleeping"). We move on to the long room and notice a door to our left. We can't get to that door because the floor had been removed and the only way you can get there is to put planks on the wooden beams that were left in. Okay. Weird creepy room we can't get to.

We move on to the "long room." Typical creepy movie moment where you walk down a hallway towards one of those paintings that just stares at you. It's this long room painted dark purple. Now I'm starting to get creeped out. Behind that painting is another door. Behind that door are four steps to another door. I start to feel this tight grip inside of me and I start to shake and get scared. I didn't understand why but I knew something wasn't right. We walk up the steps, my mom leading, my mom's bf at the time, me, and the realtor behind.

The next room made me feel like I was the woman in the story The Yellow Wallpaper. It was the tiny room with just a bed. The walls were blue and white floral wallpaper with a bright yellow trim. Beyond that room was another cement unfinished room with no door. I have no idea why I panicked but I push the realtor aside and ran out of the house and went to the car. There was a terrifying energy in that room.

I pulled myself together and tried to go back into the house. The next area we went to was the basement. I didn't bother going to the attic area that was apparently filled with "halloween decorations." I couldn't even fully go into the basement. It had a dirt floor with brick walls but there was also an iron door in the back leading to a closed room. I took one look and ran out of the house again.

My mom also had terrible feelings in that house so we didn't purchase it. The price kept getting lower and lower.

Flash forward 6 months later...

My mom takes a cruise and meets people from NH. She describes this experience and where it was and was told it was the home of the first American serial killer and also a boarding house for troubled boys. Well, that explains it. No further research was done.

Flash forward (and backwards) to 3 months ago (2012), I finally looked up The Devil in the White City. I was curious since I am living in Chicago. Turns out The Devil in the White City was from Gilmanton, NH.

TL;DR I almost lived in H.H. Holmes' childhood home.

H.H. Holmes

Mudgett House

Edit: link spacing, apostrophe. I'm at work so it's not perfect.

Reply Share

duckstucx
â€¢ 13y ago

Ooooh I have a fun one! It's not my story but it gave me chills when I heard it so I'll share it here. On the weekends, I work in a bar on the southside of Chicago. One night, a couple of my coworkers and I stayed for a few drinks after we locked up and got onto the subject of ghosts somehow. My friend, I'll call her Alice, had some of the creepiest stories I've ever heard. They all revolved around her house in Beverly, which is a very old and historic neighborhood in Chicago. This house in particular is very old. She sort of explained it almost as a historic mansion (her parents are very wealthy).

The best and most memorable story was about a gold watch that her mom had bought for herself after getting a big promotion (she worked for the city). For whatever reason, Alice's mom and dad always slept separately. He would sleep upstairs and she would sleep downstairs on the couch. Maybe he was a snorer, I don't know. Every night before her mom would go to sleep, she would get a glass of water in the kitchen and take off all her jewelry, setting it on the kitchen counter. One night, the gold watch disappeared. There was no sign of a break-in and nothing else had been stolen. It was almost as if it vanished into thin air. Now, this had happened before Alice or her sister were even born. So her mom moves on, gets a new watch and things are fine. In Alice's senior year of high school (20 years later), her mom wakes up to find the gold watch with the rest of her jewelry, sitting on the counter.

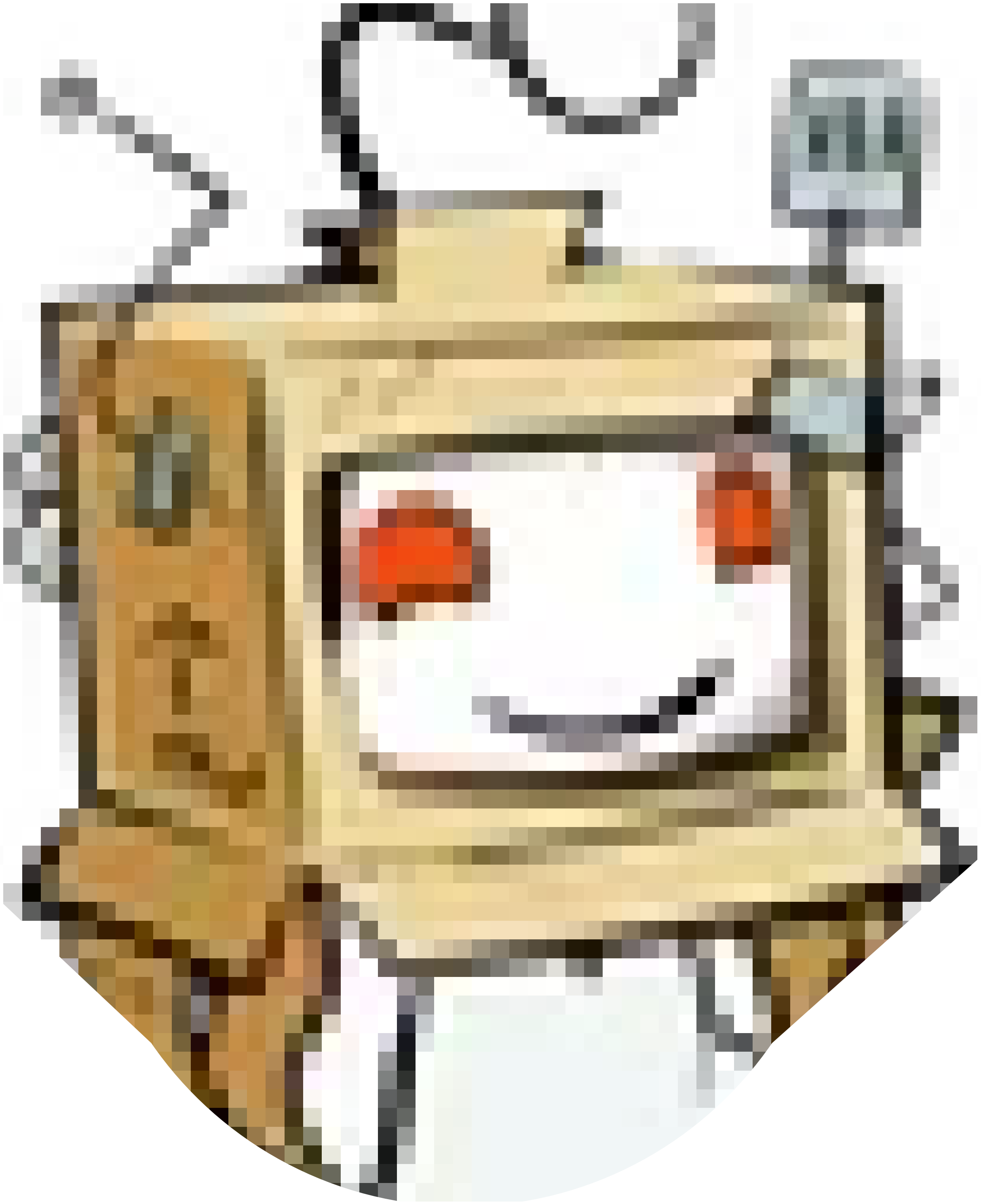
A lot of other happenings occurred there as well. They had a large attic that stretched the length of the house that they all stayed out of because they got a very unwelcome feeling from it. Ok - So as long as Alice can remember, she had always had issues with sleepwalking. Her family would find her all around the house, doing strange things. The funniest thing she told me about was her sister finding her outside in her underwear in the middle of the night, watering the street with a garden/ hose. During this time, they would never wake her up, but try to coax her back to the house. The same day she moved out of her house to live on her own, the sleepwalking stopped. Now, right around this time, Alice was going through a pretty nasty break up and had to move in with her parents for a while until she found a new place. The first morning after sleeping in her parents house, her father sort of quizzically asked her how she felt. He then went on to explain to her that she had been sleepwalking all night, banging around objects in the attic. Fuck that

She also had an issue with a guy she was dating running screaming out of the house for unexplained reasons, as well as nightmares that felt like she was being smothered by a pillow, and black masses floating in the corner of the room.

TL;DR shit's scary

cavenixon
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandpa died when I was 12 years old. I was helping my family clean out his house and found a "secret" compartment in the wall behind a wooden lining. In it was an old revolver and what looked like an old hunting knife of some sort in a holster (he collected guns/knives). They told me I could keep the knife since I found it. I tried to remove the knife from the holster and it seemed stuck/rusted in, like it hadn't been pulled out in forever. I jerked on the handle of the knife as hard as I could and it dislodged. As soon as that happened sparks flew from all of the power outlets in the living room and kitchen. Scared me shitless and I fell back into a box of mason jars. My mom and aunt screamed as well. Really strange.



tonythelovemonster
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to live in an extremely haunted house when I was 11, I sleep walk sometimes, its rare but one night I woke up on my driveway in my underwear and undershirt, I was in the fetal position, I got up and tried to open the front door but it was locked so I tried the back door and it was locked too. So at this point im screaming at the top of my lungs and after 20 minutes of screaming my mom came to the door and let me in. my mom said that I was crying hysterically saying a man in a black hat woke me up and led me outsid. I have more stories from that house if anyones interested.

⊕ 2 more replies

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Toribor
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

High school art students capture a mysterious face on film which later mysteriously vanishes from all prints and negatives.

Note: This is directly copied and pasted from a threat about 2 months ago where I posted this same story. Instead of editing it again for true context I'm just pasting it. Call me lazy.

This happened about 6 years or so ago when I was in high school. Near the end of the fall before Christmas break when there were a lot of projects due the school had an 'art night' for students with art/music/drama classes that needed extra time to prepare for their big projects. It was half intense study-time and half everyone just spending time together talking or goofing off. It would last from about 7pm to about 1am or 2am depending on how tired the teachers got.

By this time it was about midnight and most people were either done with their work or given up for the night so a lot of people were just talking, or working on their own things. A couple of the photography students were just taking pictures for fun and developing the film (yeah, they used film for the class). Most of these photos were your typical stupid high school kid photos of girls making stupid faces at the camera that they would of course put in the yearbook because they were also in charge of that. Suddenly there are two loud sharp screams from the dark room and two girls come running out babbling nonsense and crying. We all try to figure out what is happening and the teacher comes in to calm them down too.

They explain that they were developing the photos and one of them had a 'ghost' in it. Of course we're all curious so we go to the dark room to check it out. The teacher pulls the photo out of the chemicals (I'm not a photographer, don't know much about the process) and sees a picture of them that they had taken while running around in the "Old Hill Building" as it was called, an old stone building with a couple classrooms and a big storage basement (also the oldest school building still in use in the state, of which the school district bragged about for some reason). The two girls are ~~making stupid kissy faces at the camera~~ leaning against the banister to the second floor. Behind them, seemingly out of nothing is very clearly another girls face, mouth open, staring at the camera, fading out to the rough shape of a body (Edited for accuracy. They weren't making kissy faces after all now that I see the original again).

To be honest? The rest of us thought it was awesome. We were trying to figure out what had happened. It didn't look like the girl that had taken the picture, there weren't any reflective surfaces, the girls claimed they didn't do it on purpose to freak people out. We looked at the film and you could still sort of see the face so they developed another one too just to see again. Exactly the same. One picture the art teacher locked in his office to show off on Monday, the other was passed around the rest of the night and eventually given back to the girls.

Come Monday things got even more strange. The girls were freaking out again and showed the art teacher their copy of the photo. The face was gone. Again, suspecting foul play he got the photo from his office and was shocked to say the face was also absent in that photo. EVERYONE was in uproar at this point with how crazy creepy the whole thing was. They decided to develop yet another photo to see what happened, but when it came out? Nothing. No face. Not a trace of it. Nada. The art teacher confirmed it was still the original film (because of the rest of the photos on it maybe? Difficult to remember) and was befuddled by the whole ordeal. He kept teasing the girls about it and they are since terrified of that building. I even had my 5th year high school reunion this September and one of the two girls was there, we talked about it. She says she still gets uneasy seeing that building driving by (not that she is ever really back in town).

I wish I had some sort of story about a girl who died in the building or a gruesome murder but there hasn't been a murder in the town for over 70 years (very small town). Who knows what happened. All I can say is having seen the photo myself it did not look like a smudge or bizarre photo effect. It was definitely a human face, of a girl I did not recognize. My bet is they faked it with some sort of unique effect, though I normally wouldn't consider them near as devious or motivated for something that elaborate. Nevertheless, it's still a fun story.

Edit: I'm messaging one of the girls on Facebook now to try to get a digital copy of the original photo. I can show it to you and then try to photoshop in what it looked like.

Double Edit: She says she still has it but not with her. She is going to have her mom try to scan it. To be honest, it's going to be a disappointing candid shot of two girls hanging out, if I can't get the exact one I'll still photoshop a random one to look like the original for all intents and purposes.

Triple Edit: Alright! I have the original photo. **This** is a scanned copy of the print shrunk down to normal size and corrected in photoshop a little bit (her mom couldn't use the scanner settings so it was like 6000 pixels wide). The picture IS normally in black and white (I didn't change that) since they were using black and white film.

And this is my artistic rendition of what I remember seeing in the photo to the best of my memory and ability. I remember the face looking more obviously feminine (you could see the hair better, on the actual print the background is lighter looking, this scanned version loses some detail). The girl was caucasian, between 12 and 20, her mouth was open and the face was a bit more distinct than this version and it wasn't anyone we could recognize (at least of the people there that night, although again, it was a small school). I should also mention that we checked every other photo that night to make sure they didn't have one that was posed similarly to the odd 'phantom girl' in case something 'bled over?' somehow? I was a graphic design student not a photography person, so I'm not certain what sort of crazy stuff can go on when developing film. It was pretty much impossible to see the face in the film (since the negative makes the contrast all weird and it was tiny) so I can't honestly say I saw it on the film itself, but it was very obvious on the prints, and later it was vary obviously NOT on the prints. Definitely a weird experience. I'm still not sure it can be chalked up to supernatural (somehow fucked up the development process the exact same way twice maybe?) but it was definitely fascinating, unusual and strangely chilling.

namegirl
â€¢ 13y ago

I grew up in an incredibly haunted house, so much stuff happened there that I will never go back on that property, not even if I was paid.

The "coolest" thing that happened though was this:

I knew the last name of the family who had lived in this house before us (let's call them Smith) as well as the first name of the matriarch of the family (Gertrude). One night when I was 12, I went to sleep and had a dream. This girl with long dark brown hair who appeared about my age came up to me and introduced herself as Gertrude Smith. She said that when she was my age, she had slept in my room. Rather than being scared, I thought this was pretty cool. We went to the fair and had a great time. I awoke that morning and thought nothing of it.

A few days later I was reading the obituaries (I was a weird kid, ok?) and there was one for Gertrude Smith. Not just any Gertrude Smith, but born in the same small town that I was living in. And she had died the night that I drempt of her.

Creepy, but not scary. I still think of the experience fondly.

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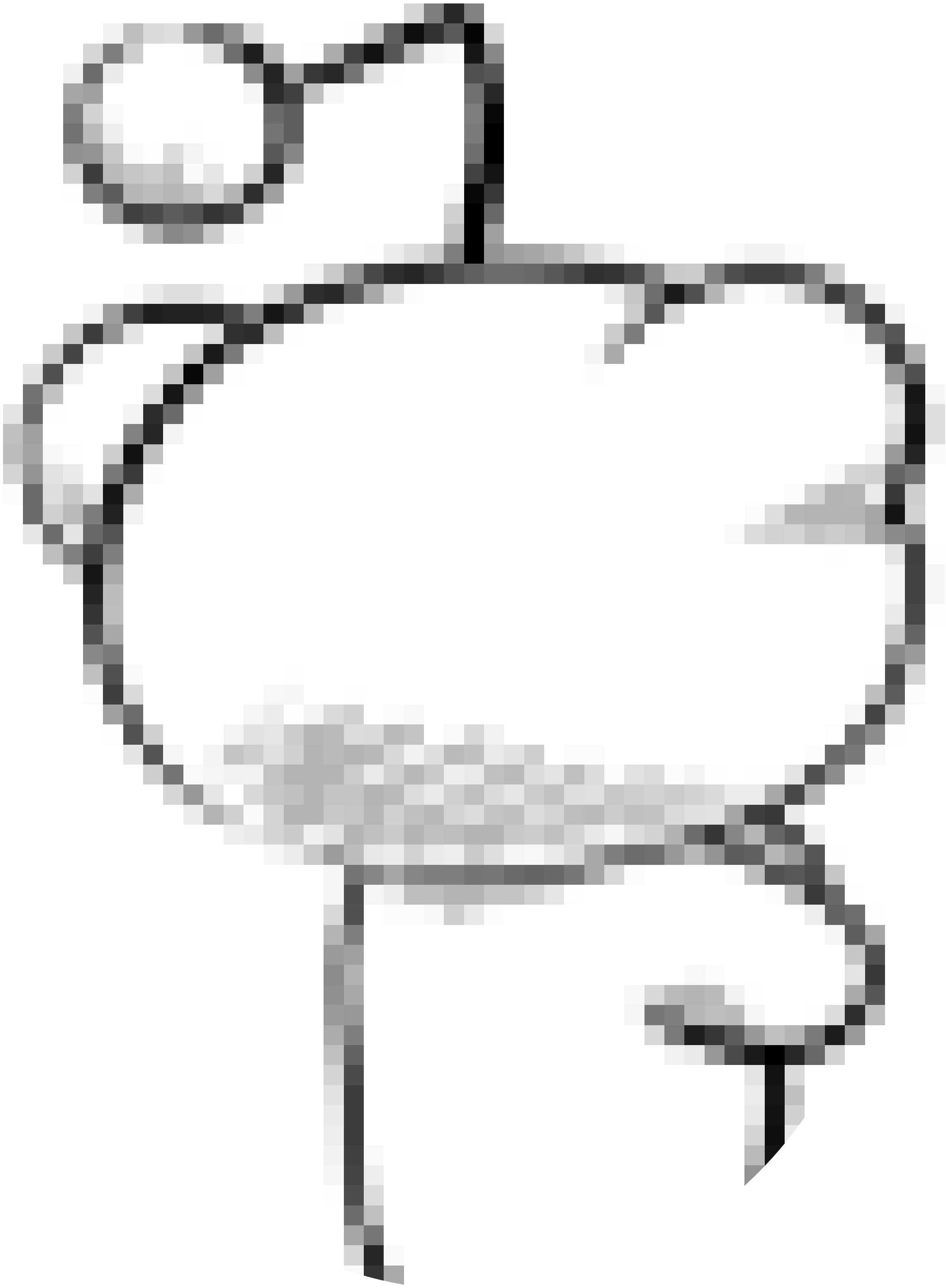

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine is pretty simple. I was sneaking down into the kitchen one night as a kid. I was young and still a bit afraid of the dark. I remember thinking all sorts of uncomfortable thoughts as I sneaked through the living room, which was being painted. Without any warning I felt a sudden push in front of me, like I just walked into a person. It was enough to make me take a few steps back towards the wall. I let my eyes adjust to the dark and found the light switch. Lights came on, and nobody. No furniture either, as my parents had it all removed before painting. No idea to this day what I hit or what was in my head that made me think I hit something.

Mr_Abe_Froman
â€¢ 13y ago

I have never told this story, so forgive me if it isn't as practiced or fluent as the others in this thread. It happened early October of 2008, so the details are coming back to me as I write (it has been quite a while).

Growing up I had a cat, Margo. She was all black with light yellow (almost green) eyes, though she started to go grey in her old age (with a small patch of white appearing on her chest). My parents got her before me, making her about a year-and-a-half older than myself. She was just a kitten when I was born; we grew up together.

By the time we moved to the new house, she was already nineteen and going senile. She would forget where she was, screaming as she got lost in corners. She would urinate often, forgetting where the litter box was (though I always forgave her for going on my belongings, I tried to understand). Worse of all, she would scratch for extended periods of time, digging her claws into whatever part ailed her (often the back of her neck). She developed scabs over time. We considered putting her down as she limped from her self-inflicted wounds and arthritis. I begged them not to; I knew Margo my whole life.

By the time October rolled around, I was in my Senior year and I never had the chance to look at the colleges out East that I was applying to, living in suburban Chicago. A long weekend came around, and I decided to pack up and go on a grand tour of campuses (more simply, a road trip). We put Margo (along with another cat we adopted a few years prior) in the garage with plenty of food and water and a litter box. We went to as many campuses as we could, sometimes driving through one en route to another. We must have been in Blacksburg, VA when it happened.

I was trying to get a good night's sleep for the tour I was going to have (a proper tour, with a tour guide and everything, not just sights through my passenger window). I started having a nightmare, everything in black and white. I dreamt that I returned home to find Margo scratching incessantly. Suddenly, she scratched too deep and started bleeding. Bright red blood. Everywhere. It wouldn't stop-- *she* wouldn't stop. I kept yelling to her, pleading, "Stop!" Louder and louder. Finally I woke up to my own voice screaming, "**Stop**!" I was soaked in sweat. It was so vivid that I couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. It took a couple hours for me to settle my nerves, convincing myself that it was just a dream. I ended up with a decent night's sleep and enjoying the tour later that day. Eventually, we set off on the long trip home.

When we returned home the next day, the feeling that something was wrong also returned. Patches, our other cat, welcomed us with his usual cries for attention/chastisement for leaving him. I ran into the garage calling, "Margo? Margo?" After a few seconds, I saw her lying in the middle of the room, towards the back. I ran, trying to convince myself she was asleep. Though as soon as I saw her, I knew the truth. After catching my breath, I slowly walked outside to tell my family through the lack of breath and lack of words that Margo had died. I had never dreamt of a pet dying before or since. By the amount of fleas present, I realized that she may have died around the time I had my dream.

TL;DR: I had a cat that was older than me. Though I had never had a dream of her dying before, I had a vivid one while away on a road trip. By the time I came home, she had died, likely around the time I had my dream.

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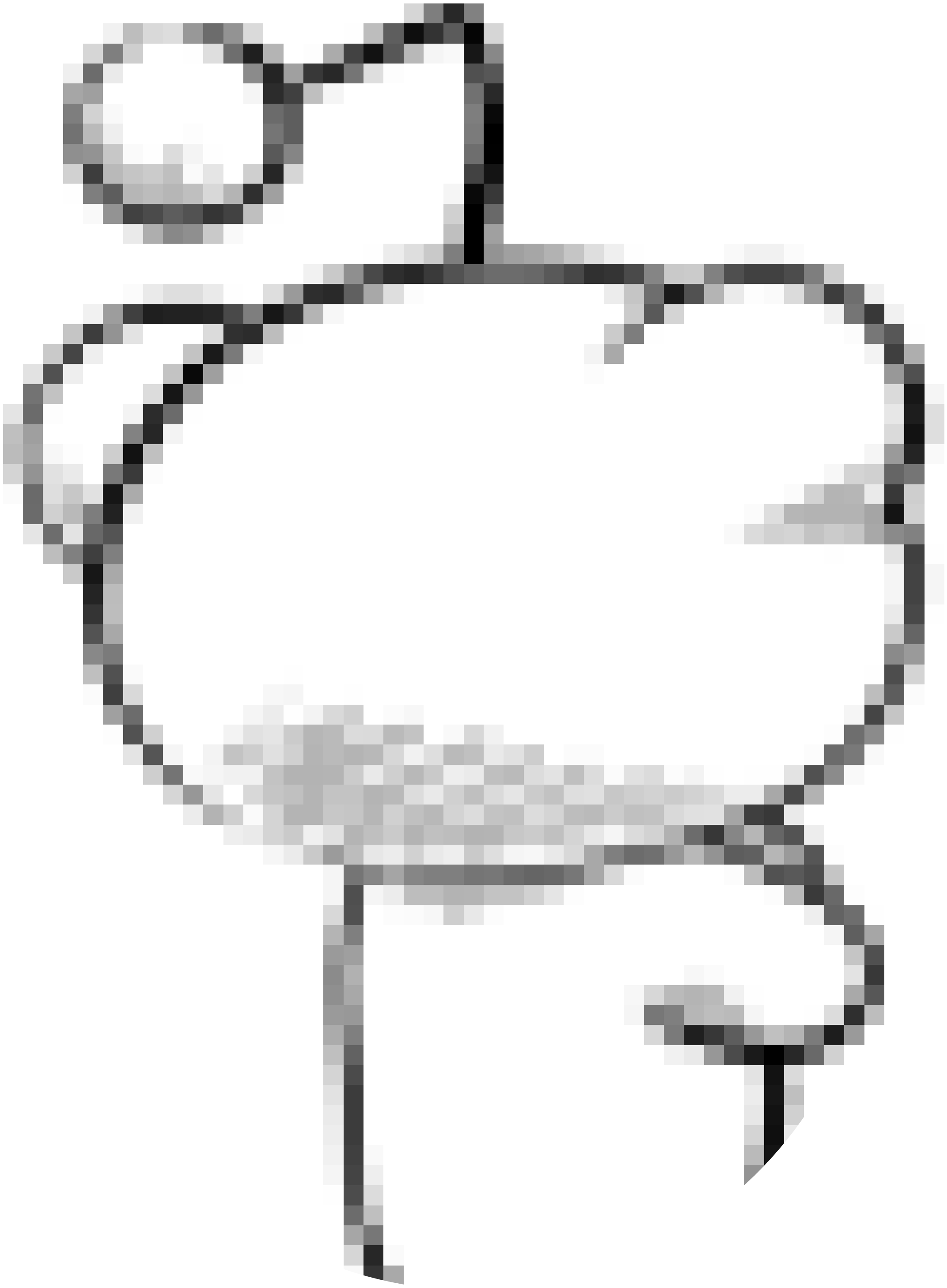

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â€¢ 13y ago

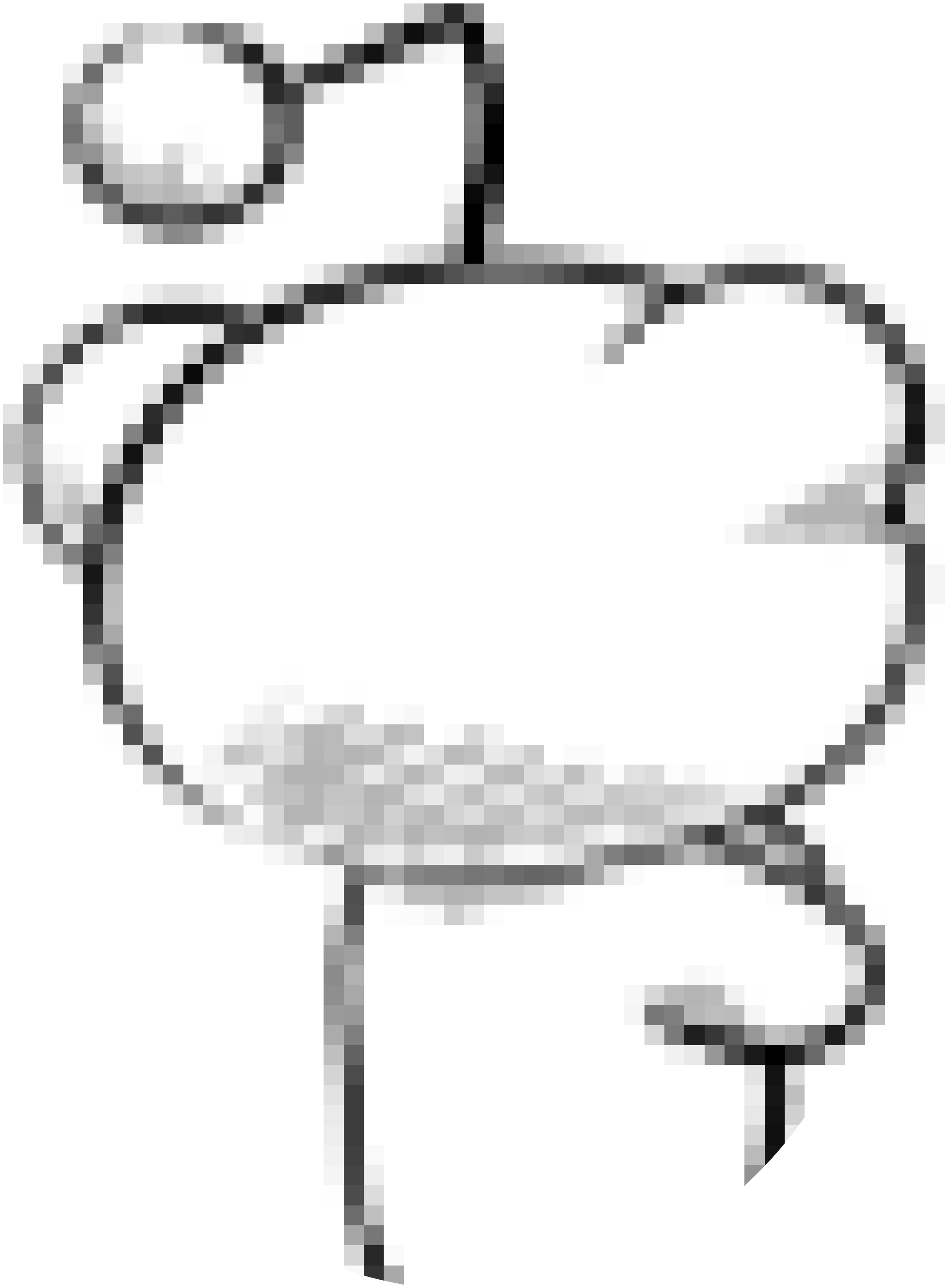
Ive had several what I've known become to know as "night terror" experiences. Its happened to me three times, and I remember each time very vividly.

I woke up at around 3AM. Those odd small hours of the morning nobody likes. I couldn't move. I could hardly breath. I began to panic because everything seemed normal. My room was my room down to the smallest details (my alarm clock was flashing 12:00 like it always does, the little light on my computer speaker was green).

And then it happens.

All at once this shadowy figure that is heavy and cold jumps in my bed next to me, like its laying down. Its face near my face, its legs near mine, execpt its completely darkness. No features. Just darkness. It flips and flops, screams and belts and lets out the most vicious blood curdling noises I've ever heard. I try to scream but I can't breath. The pressure on my stomach and chest is immense for some reason. I'm suffocating. I can't move or breath and I just pass out from fear/not being able to breath.

I wake up around 8AM just like any other morning and life goes on...



[Megawatts19](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Mine doesn't compare to most stories on here, but it was still very creepy in its own right. I was on my way to a friend's house late one night. This was a few weeks after I saw Paranormal Activity, which really screwed with my head. I was in his neighborhood (which is very large and easy to get lost in) when I happened to make a wrong turn. I drove down a few streets before I realized my error. I got to the end of one street before I decided to turn around. The house at the end of the street had been abandoned for some time, and it was sort of a local folk take that it was haunted. I had never believed that, personally, but it did fascinate me. When I started to turn around I stalled my truck out (it was a standard so this was a regular occurrence). Oh well, no big deal, I'll restart it. I turned the key...nothing. No sound of the fuel pump engaging, no sound of the starter trying to turn the engine over, not a sound. I tried it a few more times but to no avail. I got out of my truck to check if I could find anything wrong. I couldn't see anything wrong so I decided to get back in my truck and try one more time before I called my friend. As soon as I sat down and closed my door, my truck started and my laptop (which was powered off in my book bag) started blaring "Follow the Wolves" by Demonhunter. For those that don't know the song, it starts off with the lead singer screaming *RUN!!*

The whole situation felt so odd that I'm sure something would have happened to me had I stayed there.

DaRatmastah
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay, first off, I'm pretty much a non-believer in this kind of stuff. I do have a few weird experiences, though. This will probably get buried but I'm posting anyway...

First one: We lived an a really old, big house when I was growing up. It had two apartments in it(an upstairs and downstairs), a full attic, and a full basement that ran the length of the house. The basement had a front area, that was finished, and a back basement, that included three separate, large-ish rooms connected by a small hallway in the front. Also attached to this hallway was a small room at an even lower level(stairs down to it about ten feet) that we were told was a root cellar at one time..

Let me tell you, when I was younger, that back basement freaked me the fuck out. When I used to climb the wooden stairs to get from the basement up to the first floor, I distinctly heard footsteps following behind me on multiple occasions. This was a small, enclosed staircase with wooden steps that were open underneath, so there was no chance for an echo, but they were unmistakably loud when you stepped on them. I would know by the third or fourth step if that "following" sound was happening, and would sprint the rest of the way upstairs(with the echoing footsteps continuing behind me, at a slower, heavier pace).

When I was a bit older I started to meditate, and part of my mental training was visualization exercises(just a means of practicing focus). So I would visualize moving through my house. I'd examine all the rooms from memory as best I could. I could never push myself to begin going down the stairway to the basement, though, I always got chills when I tried. Finally one night I pushed myself through the fear, and I was mentally walking myself through the basement(I was sitting on the second floor of the house at this point, so the basement was two floors down). It was night, and everyone else was asleep.

My mental walkthrough was actually going fine until I tried to imagine the root cellar. Suddenly, I broke out in an cold, body-soaking sweat, and I got the feeling that you get when someone is chasing you and you can't see them. I felt like something was racing up the various stairs in the house from the root cellar up to where I was at, and I HEARD creaking on the wooden basement stairs from where I was sitting. I also felt like there was a pressure in my brain, like a dull headache and a ringing in my ears. I don't know how to describe what I did, but basically I "pushed" back mentally as hard as I could...and everything stopped. It was quiet, my ears stopped ringing, and although I was soaked in sweat, I was physically none the worse for wear. I never had any problems with the basement after that, and ended up having a bedroom down in the finished part later on.

Second one: New house, meditating again. There was an enclosed porch attached to the house, all glass windows, sliding glass door connected it to the house. We kept a large black rabbit in a hutch out there, besides that there wasn't much. It was a nice night out, so I decided to meditate outside rather than inside that night. I sat on the porch, and was okay for a bit, when I got this weird feeling of not being alone. At this point, I wasn't doing visualization training anymore, this was just buddhist-style self-awareness meditation.

So I got this weird feeling of not being alone, and all of a sudden my ears went completely deaf with this loud ringing noise. I mean, like, deaf, could not hear anything at all. At the same time, by previously blank and peaceful mind was suddenly filled with terror, and the image of the rabbit that was occupying the space with me filled my mind...except it was enormous, with red eyes, and this sense of tremendous foreboding and hate. I know it sounds dumb, but at the time the mental image of this rabbit was driving me into near-delirious, asshole-clenching terror. I tried to get up from my kneeling position and found I couldn't move, at all. My muscles had locked up, like in sleep paralysis, except I was sitting up, awake and alert, and had no signs of sleepiness or drowsiness leading up to that moment. I could open my eyes, and although I could see, the room seemed incredibly dark and hazy, like it was filled with smoke.

Suddenly the rabbit in the hutch THUMPED the bottom of the wire cage with its hind legs(if you've ever heard a rabbit do this, it's very loud), and I swear to god, I cam within half an inch of wetting myself. When he did, though, everything snapped away instantly. I could move, I could see clearly, hear fine, everything. I got up as calmly as I could, walked through the glass door to the house, and walked back to my room. The entire way back I felt as though someone was staring at the back of my head, but I refused to turn and look.

Third Story: Recently my four-year-old son was in his bedroom, and was supposed to be sleeping. I heard him singing and chattering, though, as he is wont to do when he's trying to keep himself up. I let him go for a bit, then decide enough is enough. I go in and he's happy as a clam, and I told him his singing was lovely, but he had to go to sleep. He smiles and tells me he was singing jingle bells with "the nice man." I laughed and asked him who the nice man was. He said his name was Runald, and then he looked past me, saying, "Hey, where'd Runald go?" He was staring down the hallway that led to the boiler room.

I was a little unsettled, but I told him there was no one here but me. Just to show him, I picked him up, and we walked down the hallway and around the corner. The boiler room door was open, and I know I had closed it myself less than an hour earlier. There was no one in the house but my son and I. There's no way to get to that hallway/room without going past me in the living room, first(including windows). The boiler room door latches securely, and it wasn't popped open slightly, I mean the door was open all the freaking way. I tried my best to shrug it off, showed my son no one was there, and put him back to sleep.

So yeah, that's it, my three tales of creepy happenings. Not sure what the explanation was(the first two could have just been me, I guess? maybe the last one was a drafty hallway?). I don't believe in ghosts, but I do know something seriously weird has happened to me on several occasions.

tl;dr: kids are creepy, basements are creepy, don't fuck with demon rabbits.

ecky--ptang-zooboing
â€¢ 13y ago

Saw some woman on the street who looked exactly like Barbra Streisand once... When I looked closer I realized it wasn't her, but the scar will remain forever

Reply Share

tamifromcali
â€¢ 13y ago

My husband & I are settling in in the living room with a clear view of the dining room. Drink in hand, children, 4 & 6, in bed. We're talking when both of us spot movement in the dining area. We smile at each other, thinking our oldest has snuck out of bed. I go check, nothing there. Nothing is out of place either (toy area). I go upstairs sure to find my daughter giggling. I go in her room, she's sound asleep. I check my son, he's asleep as well. I go back to my husband & ask what he saw. We both thought we saw the hem of a pink robe, like someone trying to avoid detection. My daughter had a pink robe. That's why we initially thought it was her. After discussing it, we both were certain something moved. Spent the rest of the night pretty freaked out. I'm certain there is more to our universe than meets the eye.

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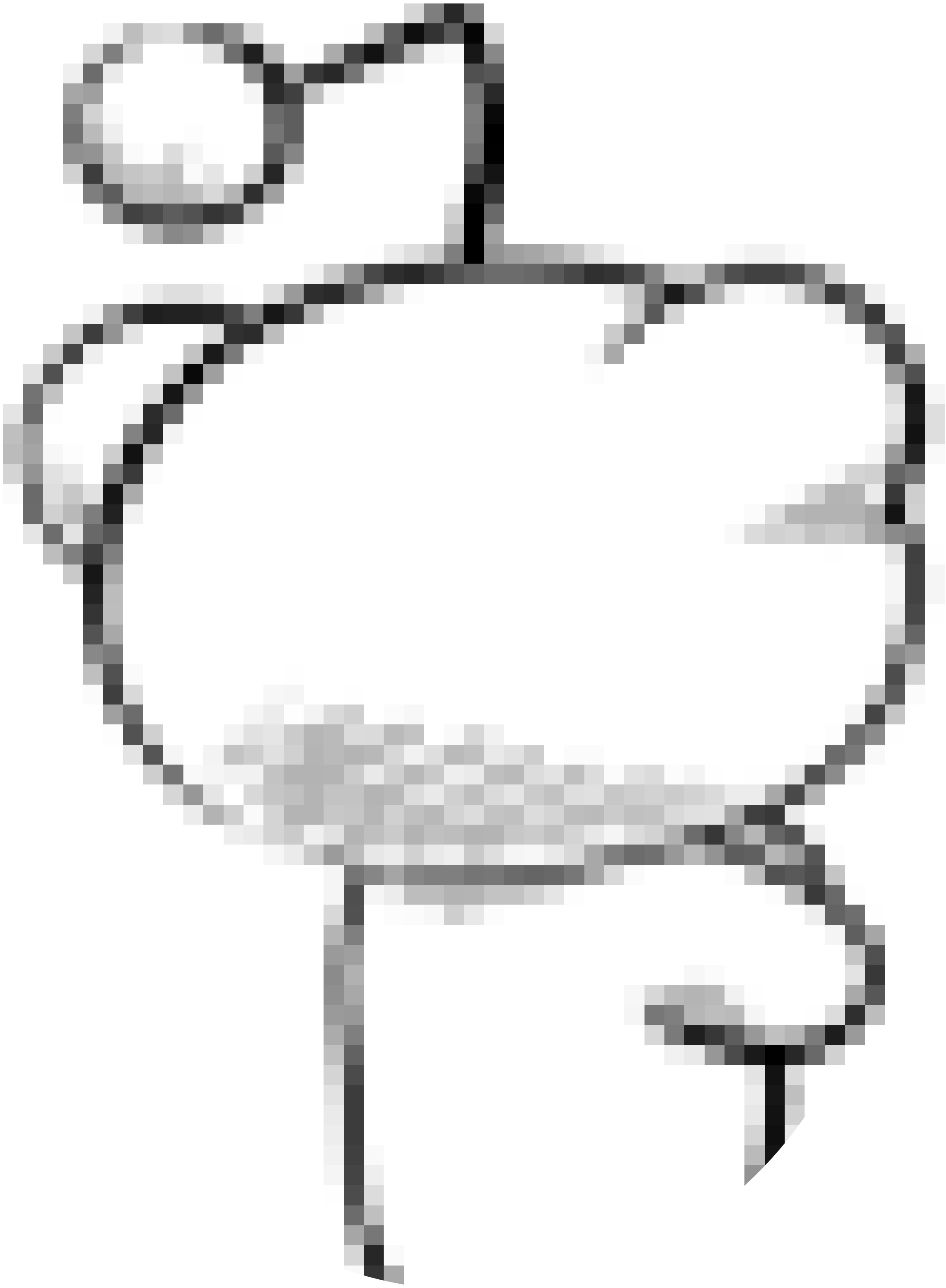
[SqueezyCheez]
â€¢ 13y ago

I hit a pothole and popped a tire on my way home one time. My dad drove out and brought me a spare and helped me change it. Three days later, when I was leaving town again, I saw a father and son in the same parking lot changing the same tire on a car that was identical to mine. I didn't get a good look at the people, but it was still a really, really strange coincidence.

TL;DR Probably saw my doppelganger on the side of the road.



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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

After college, I went backpacking in the Canadian wilderness for a few weeks, by myself. To put this in perspective, I was in the middle of fucking nowhere (North of Atikokan, Ontario). The nearest "town" was a 3 hour bus ride away, and I only saw one other person (from a distance; he was in a canoe) during the entire 17 days. I brought a a few disposable cameras with me, as this was before digital cameras were too widespread, and took a lot of pictures. When I got home, I had them developed and took a look at them. The pictures were standard nature shots until I got about halfway through my first camera. There were 2 pictures of me, asleep in my tent, in my sleeping bag. I literally freaked out when I saw it, and had a complete breakdown. To this day, I have no idea how those pictures got taken. I haven't been camping since, and I sleep with my door locked and my curtains shut. - Sauce

wintergt
â€¢ 13y ago

Nothing.

colourfulsynesthete
â€¢ 13y ago

This will probably get buried in all of the other comments, but I'll try anyways:

My uncle was driving up the highway a couple of years ago pulling his trailer and machine when at some point, unbeknownst to him, an important piece flew off the trailer. A while later he noticed the wobble and pulled over, and sure enough, this piece is gone and he has no idea where the fuck it could have gone. He searched in the woods for a bit (the highway is surrounded by forests the whole way), but found nothing. He tried to order the part in, but it was going to have to come from Texas or some shit (we're in BC), and my uncle was unable to do any work with this trailer without the part. Skip forward about a week. My mom is sleeping and has a dream where my dad came to visit her (he died about 15 years ago). In her dream, he's standing near this particular sign on the highway laughing his ass off, pointing into the woods saying, "You have to tell Al that it's right in here! It's right here!!" She woke up the next morning confused as hell, but skeptically passed the info onto my uncle and described the sign. The next day, with nothing to lose, my uncle drove up there, found the sign, and what the fuck, found the part that had been flung into the bush. We're not religious or spiritual at all, but what the hell?!

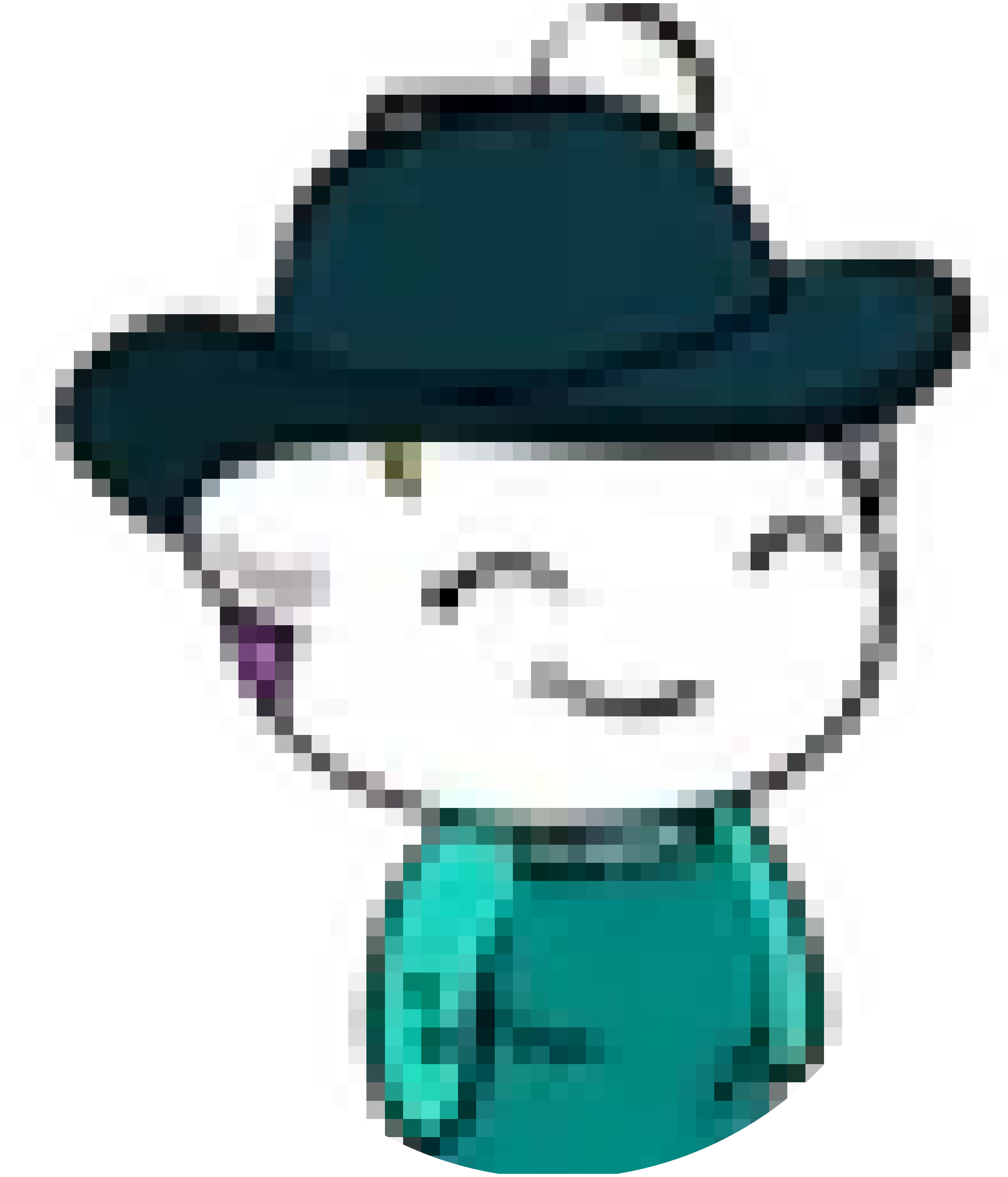
⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies

stratio
â€¢ 13y ago

8 years of George W. Bush

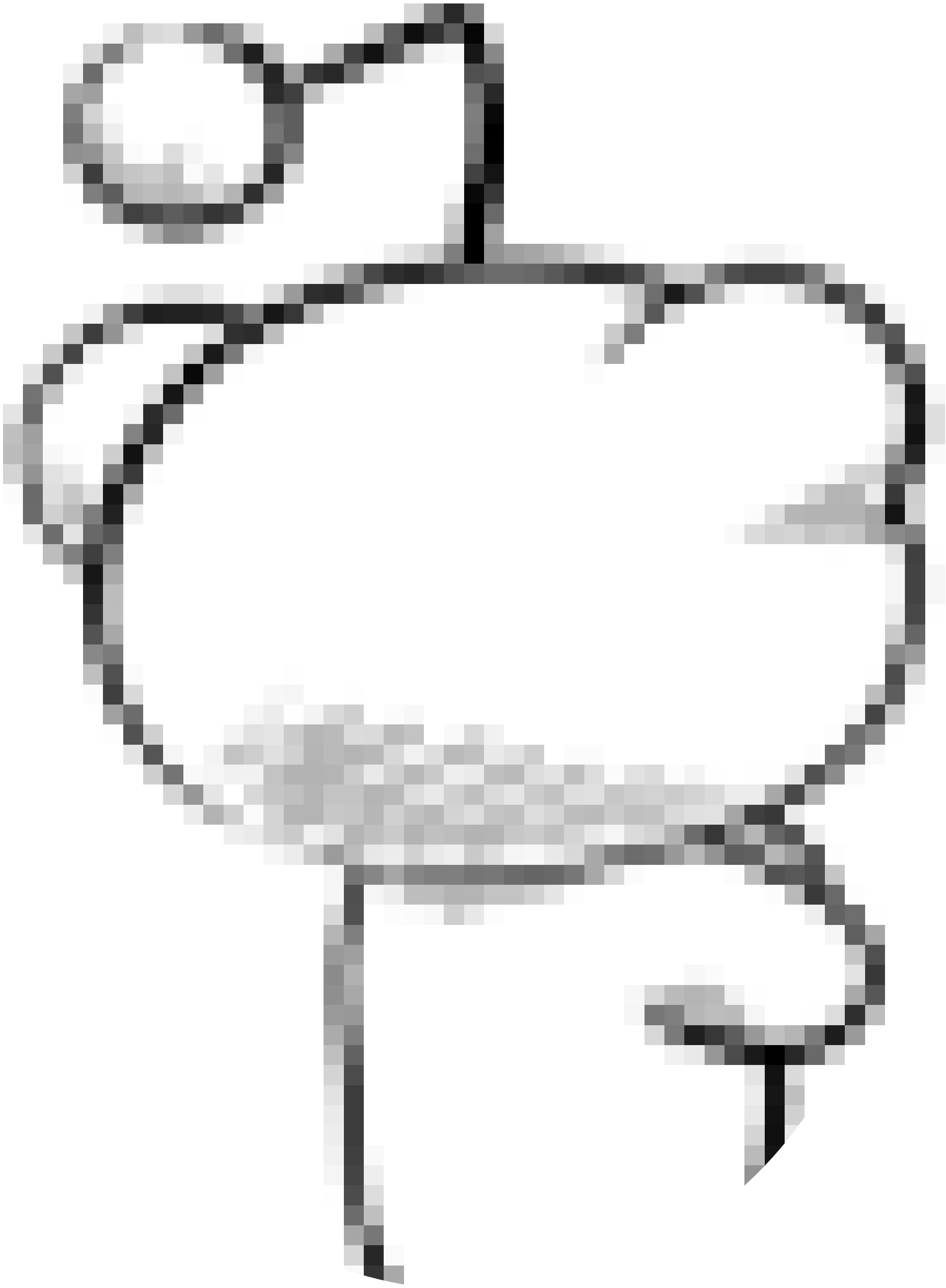


Qwixzo
â€¢ 13y ago

sometimes at night i suddenly wake up, can't move my body, i'm just completely still. and there is a sound in my ears similar when you are yawning.

this sometimes returns that same night, sometimes it comes back after weeks.

i like to think it's from stress or something, if anyone has a scientific explanation i would be happy to hear it.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine happened a couple weeks ago.

There was a container of Haagen-Daas Banana Split ice cream in the freezer. (By the way, it's delicious. If you live in the US, go out and buy some if you've never tried it). It was a completely new package of ice cream. I scooped some out for myself that night into a little bowl, so obviously the ice cream container wasn't full.

I'm mostly the big fan of this kind of ice cream in my family, so I basically had the container all to myself at that time. I kept it in the freezer, and a few days later took it out. THE ICE CREAM CONTAINER WAS FULL.

I know you're all laughing at this point, but the ice cream container was FULL. I had taken a scoop out of it a couple nights ago, but the thing was full now. Being a sensible human being, I assumed someone in my family had eaten the entire last container and had bought a new one. But I later asked my family and they honestly said that they hadn't eaten any. It was the same ice cream container, but it somehow was full after that. My family is not the type to troll me, and I can tell when they're being serious. And they WERE being serious.

tl;dr: ice cream regeneration ghost lives in my house edit: after reading some of these other posts, i'm glad that's the only ghost that lives in my house O_o

faroutsunrise
â€¢ 13y ago

I live in a haunted house. This story tells the first time I was sure of the fact.

There was a short period in my life where we were between pets. This is important because if this had happened a few months in either direction, I wouldn't find it as strange, though considering, it would be near impossible for an animal with no thumbs to accomplish what happened in my room when I was about 12.

I used to have an old boom box in my room. I mean, this thing was old but it worked so I didn't care. To turn it on, you used the volume button which had a very distinct click to go from OFF to a low volume. Even with it's age, the knob was in perfect working condition. One night, while I was sleeping, I awoke to that click (like how you might hear your alarm go off before the beeping begins). There was a moment of static and then my radio turned on *at maximum volume* which required the knob to be turned it's full range. I stayed in bed for a few seconds until I had the courage to get up and turn the radio off, ensuring it was truly off and went to wake up my parents to see if they had heard anything. I don't know why I asked but it was the first thing to come to mind.

Nobody heard anything. My radio was blasting at full volume for at least 30 seconds and no one in my house heard a thing.

I didn't go back to sleep that night.

After that experience, I've had numerous strange happenings in the house. To this day there's a presence I cannot explain, made all the creepier by my infant son's reactions to certain walls and corners, especially in my room.

I could go on and on about my house but I won't. So that's my story.

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4 more replies

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[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

So, I was 8 years old asleep in my bed.

I wake up, sit up, and there I saw a snake slithering in my room. I checked the clock, it said 2:30 am. I then realized it was a dream, woke up, looked at the clock and it said, 2:30 am.

Reply Share

1 more reply

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NG_McSwag
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm so late to this thread, but here is something me and my brother experienced when smoking hash at the top of a hill in the cemetery at night.

We were just sitting there, and I can't remember what came first, but we saw a deep red rectangle of light appear far into the darkness and trees, and minutes apart from this, a little girls laughing voice.

I am the one to be scared of these things, and given my mental state I was afraid to admit that I had finally gone schizo. I kept asking my brother if he heard something, hoping he would name what it was, but he didn't want to say either.

We calmed down, smoked more, and left.

Another time at this same cemetery, at the spot where we would sit; a family tomb with its own steps, my brother thought he saw the family. As he walked up they faded away.

We don't go there often anymore.

Reply Share

tcdoey
â€¢ 13y ago

Well this is a little late, but I'll share the only experience I've ever had.

My SO and I were shopping for houses in Pittsburgh. Our price range was pretty low (50k or less) so we had seen a lot of really crappy places and were a little discouraged at the time...

Anyway our agent called and said "I've really got something to show you, I don't know why its so cheap", so we quickly went out to this house in a very nice neighborhood (Highland Park). We get to the house, and wow. Beautiful, somewhat run-down but cool semi-victorian about 150 years old.

So we're pretty excited and we go in. Immediately it was kind of strange. The hardwood floors were 'wavy' but it didn't appear to be water damage. Still, we were like 'ok' because there were stained glass windows and a great kitchen, etc. We can redo the floor.

So then we go to the upper floors (three floors and an attic). Briefly look to the bedrooms. Then we go up to the attic and it was really creepy. There was what appeared to be scratch marks in some kind of symbols etched into the walls. Not big ones, but quite small, almost unnoticeable. But once I noticed one of them, then I saw maybe a dozen more. So that was quite disconcerting, but I was like 'meh' and didn't think much of it.

THEN. We descended back down the stairs to the 2nd floor. I was first, my SO was behind me, and our agent trailing. I get down the stairs and as I'm reaching the bottom I get a view into the furthest bedroom and I can see through the door there is a picture on the wall that I didn't see before. When I looked at the picture I almost yelled HO-LY-SHIT. It was a hand painted head of Jesus with crown of thorns, about 20x14 inches. hanging on the wall above a mantel. A bit like this but with him staring straight forward at you, and **incredibly** -- *threatening* -- is the best words I can use. It was indescribable. It was sort of all 'jagged' in very black what appeared to be ink. I started to take a few steps towards it, and from behind me heard my SO and the agent both scream at the same time basically "WHAT THE F*&K IS THAT!!" (our agent hadn't seen the inside of the place before either) and I'm like holy shit holy shit holy shit...

But I'm brave right? There's no such thing as supernatural shit right? So I decide to enter the room. When I get in the room it hits me. It's like I was walking into a super-strong headwind. I take a couple more steps toward the 'thing' and it gets worse. Not only that I start getting tunnel-vision. I'm looking into it's eyes and it's like everything else is getting blurry EXCEPT the eyes. They were getting more and more lifelike, more real, hovering in front of me, more real every second. I was momentarily paralyzed there, basically frozen in growing terror. Then, I felt something. It was like something reached inside of me and 'squeezed'... I involuntarily peed my pants. At that point I could dimly hear my SO and the agent saying 'Get out of there! Come on! Get out of there!!!!" but I couldn't move. Then, somehow, I forced myself to close my eyes. The wind was still there, but the 'grip' let me go. I turned, and RAN.

We all RAN the heck out of that house. Outside, the agent was crying, sobbing in fact, "I'm so sorry I didn't know I didn't know....."

We consoled her, got ourselves calmed down, and went home.

Later on that night, and for many months after, I strongly considered going back, breaking in and stealing that picture. Why? Because despite the fear, if it was 'the real thing' imagine what that would mean? But then I thought 'where would i keep it'... surely not anywhere near us. I even made a plan, to get it and just take it straight to the Carnegie Museum. I told my SO about my 'plan' and she vetoed that absolutely. "NO. F&*King. WAY. are you going near that thing" were about her exact words. I grudgingly took her advice.

I still don't believe in the 'supernatural', I'm not religious (definitely agnostic in N.dG.T fashion). My only rational explanation is that somehow the person who drew that might have found some way to induce a powerful subconscious mental 'fear-trigger'. Perhaps in the same fashion that Picasso and Dali could paint a picture that seems like one thing at first, but if you stare at it long enough, images appear to 'emerge' from the painting. Or, it could have been f*&k all straight up demon. It was by far the scariest thing I've ever seen or experienced.

(edited for grammar)

⊕ 3 more replies

⊕ 3 more replies

⊕ More replies

Perphect

â€¢ 13y ago

I was babysitting my moms friends daughter. I brought my little sister with me, so I wouldn't be bored. Later on in the night, things started to shake and move. I tried to stay calm, but then the daughter said she saw a little girl in a red dress walk down the hallway. At this point I am crapping my pants. I went to take a leak and the daughters dog walks in and sits in the bathtub. Then it walks into the bathroom again. It fucking teleported from the bathtub to outside the bathroom in front of my eyes. I gather everyone into the daughters moms office(she is a karate sensei and has spears and stuff like that in there) and we shut the door. Something started banging and scratching so hard that I had to lean against the door to keep it shut. I asked my mom to pick us up, and she did. The really weird thing is I told my cousin about it and she says "I know Perphect, I was there, remember"? She then went into full detail of what happened without us even telling her, down to the name of the cereal that was shaking. The funny thing is, now I'm starting to remember her being there too, even though I am a 100% sure she wasn't. Too much weird for one night, thats for sure.

jsto34

â€¢ 13y ago

I'm kind of late to this party, but oh well.

When I was a kid, 5 or 6 years old, I had these 'ghostly' apparitions or whatever talk to me. I would be lying in bed and 5 of these, what I can only describe as little puffs/wisps of smoke, would scare me. They all had their own personality and gender as well. This freaked me the fuck out. I would put my pillow over my head just so I wouldn't hear them talk and I'd be able to fall asleep.

After a few weeks of this, I decided to talk back. They immediately changed their tone from spooky to happy to talk to me. Even at my age I thought I was fucking crazy. One night I went to the bathroom and threw water on my face because I could not believe what was happening. I went back to my bed after that and sure enough, they were still there, eager to talk. This went on for a few more weeks and they were gone. I still don't know what the fuck happened. I'm just glad we left on good terms.

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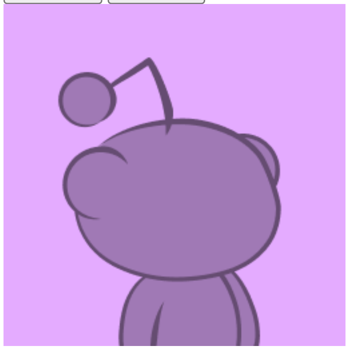


trickymoose
â€¢ 13y ago

Please beleive me as I write this since this is literal experience of what I saw and even though it sounds made up its not.

When I was super young (maybe 7?) some members of my family and I went for a little horse back riding. They were standing a couple yards away from the entrance of the stable talking in the same accent as charlie brown's teacher. Bored I walked away to look at the horse.

I was only standing at the entrance when I saw it. Standing closer to the back of the stable, tucked in between some other regular horses, was a unicorn. I kid you not this is what I saw and will never forget that. It was literally the most majestic thing I will ever see. It was a white horse with a white horn and, again i'm not making this up, there was a light shining down on it.

I stood there gazing at it for a while to make sure I was not trippin or hallucinating or what have you. I remembered the exact placing of it in the stable (it was a pretty big stable), the two horses beside it (with lots of horses in it), and every detail to this day.

Naturally I ran out telling my whole family about what I saw. We all walked to where I stood when I saw it and it wasnt there. There was no unicorn, no light shining down. For fucks sake there wasnt even a single white horse! Ever since then my parents made me out to have a wild imagination and stretch the truth. .

TLDR: I saw a unicorn

Livryan
â€¢ 13y ago

People at work were going on about the place being haunted, seeing things in the corner of their eye and hearing little whispers just by their ear. Being non-superstitious i mocked the ghost, quite loudly, on multiple occasions.

Fast forward a few months and i get laid off. I woke up one night to see something on my wall. It was a huge black moving blob that didn't seem to be a shadow or from a light source. I was so paralyzed from fear I just hid under my blanket until i fell asleep.

This happened again and again for several nights and i started to notice the time was exactly 3:12-3:30 when i woke up. Finally one night i see this thing directly by the edge of my bed. I'm paralyzed with fear, and only manage to get unparalyzed to turn on the light next to me, i did not go back to sleep. That wasn't the worst part. I started sleeping during the day and staying awake at night for a week until I stayed up too long that I had to go to bed at 10:00. I awoke at 3:13 to the blob directly next to me moving onto my bed. I couldn't move a muscle. To make matter worse my cat was right next to me and literally stared directly at it and moved into her bushed up frightened position. I screamed but it only came out as a raspy whisper until I could finally move and turn on the light.

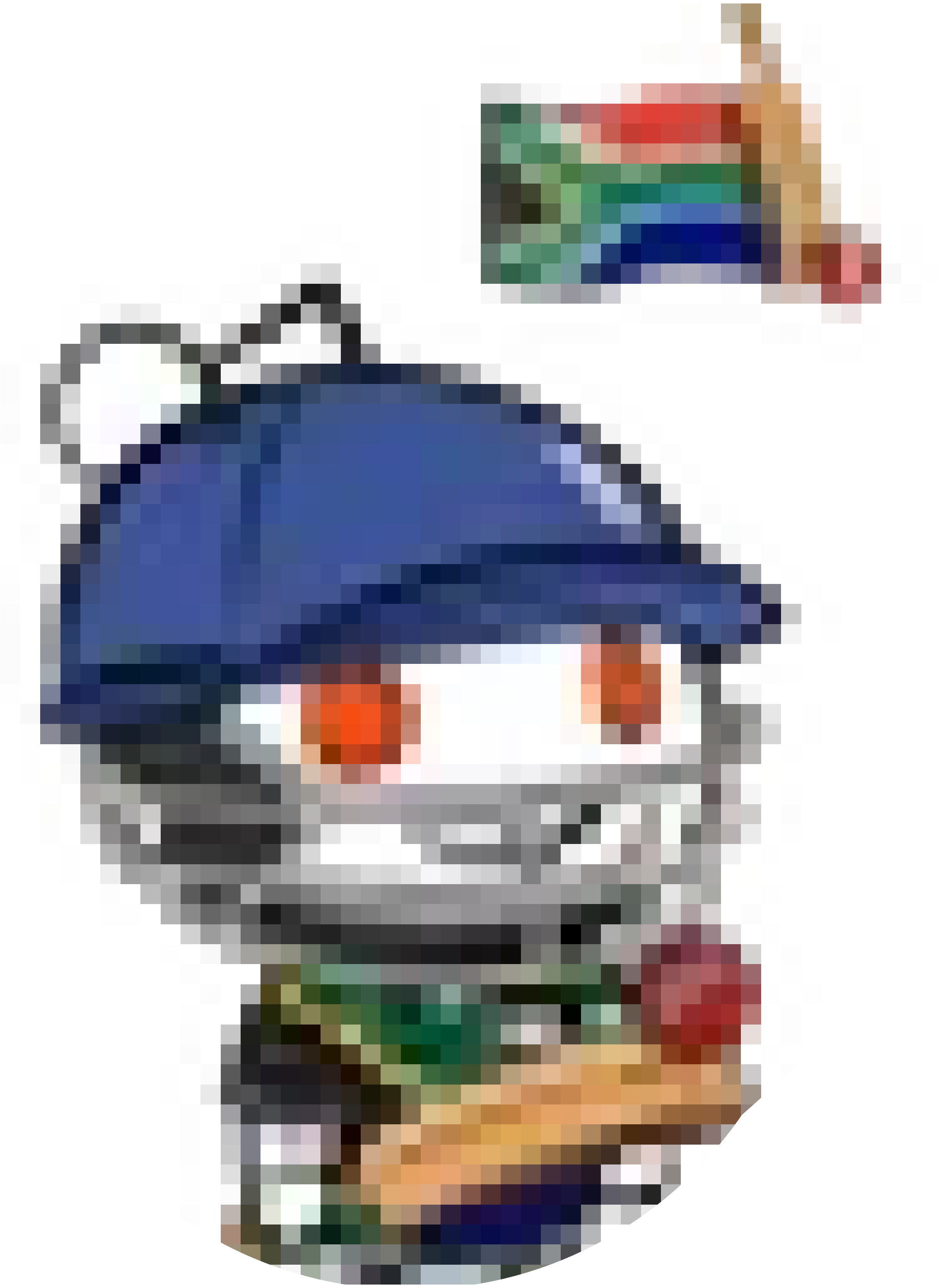
I eventually told my mom what was going on fearing she'd think I was crazy, but we joined together to sage my room and i haven't seen the creepy blob since. I also got re-hired where i was laid off and there's been no signs of the ghost.

Mista_F
â€¢ 13y ago

I was in camp during basic training, which just so happened to be located next to a Muslim cemetery. Early one morning, we awoke to some odd noises outside. There was the usual frog croaking and crickets chirping, but today, we heard a really loud wailing coming from the back, where the forest was. A woman's wail. In an all men's camp. It went on for about an hour while everyone scurried around, freaking out and brushing their teeth as quickly as possible so they could fall in at the front. We never found out what it was. The common consensus is that it was a http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pontianak_(folklore) (sorry, link formatting was going nuts due to parenthesis in URL.)

Grindl
â€¢ 13y ago

The human mind.



[Acidictadpole](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

It's really hard to remember what happened, but I woke up in the middle of the night in an awkward position feeling like something was wrapped around me. I couldn't move, or do anything except groan. I was trying to yell for my parents but my mouth wouldn't move, and any sound I made was not loud enough to get to their room.

I gave up struggling and couldn't see anything wrapped around me. I sat around for a while really scared and eventually tried struggling again. I passed out or something and woke up in the morning completely normal.

[theredtide](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

i lived in an old house in NH where several weird occurrences happened. i was about 5 years old at the time. the front of the house was normal but the back was sort of built into a hill so that the second floor would walk out onto ground level through the back and it had a crawl space basement accessed through a trap door in the kitchen. this house sucked.

1. random giant swarms of hornets that would completely make the usual front door inaccessible. had to use another door or garage.
2. i fell down the stairs there, wasnt pushed or anything but it was a take half a flight, make a uturn go down the other half to the first floor type of stairs and i fell down and around the uturn. it was terrible

3. i got one of those sylvester the cat plastic balloons with a little toy weight on the end to keep it down. this was downstairs. i was upstairs in my parents room which was at the end of the hallway that ran along the front of the house (at the top of that shitty staircase). the balloon came up the uturn stairs, down the hall, under the door jam, into my parents room where i was. i saw it coming down the hall and LOST IT.

4. at the other end of the hall from my parents room was a bedroom where an cousin of mine and her boyfriend stayed. my mom and my cousin sometimes would shine flashlights at each other down the hallway and laugh, what a great time. one night, light was coming in on and off, mom was yelling to stop, didnt, so she walked down the hall and cousin/bf were asleep.

5. on the backside of the house upstairs was just a big unused room. there were long 2x4s against one wall. i leaned against the wall talking to dad, when he turned away one of them fell sideways and took me out.

thats it for that house, only other story i have is hearing footsteps in another house going upstairs, loud enough to where dad got his gun and searched, found nothing.

cousin woke up with my grandmother holding him and light pouring in the window. she was saying "you cant take him" over and over

you know just normal new england horror stories.

diabloblanco
â€¢ 13y ago

Any conversation with my schizophrenic brother.

courtneyleem
â€¢ 13y ago

I was engaged when I was in my late teens and I spent quite a bit or time and many nights at my fiance's family home. He had said that weird things happened to his mother in the house up until the time she passed away, and that his friendly, quiet and non-aggressive dog would sometimes go a little weird and growl and snap at corners of rooms.

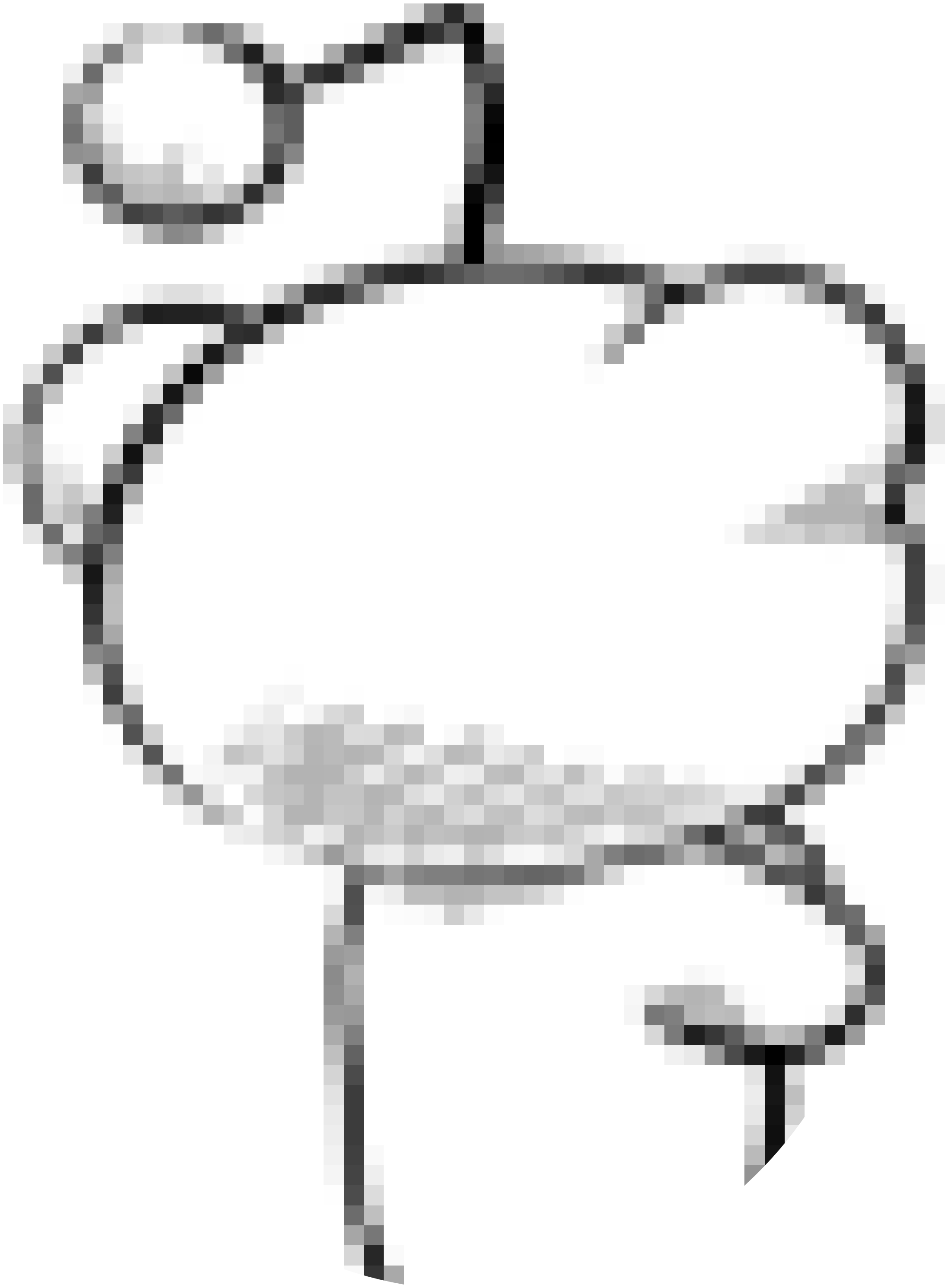
One night my fiance went downstairs to take a shower and I was in bed reading with my back to the door. I had taken my glasses off and was all snuggled in the covers with my book. While I was reading I heard footsteps on the stairs heading up, then down the hall to the bedroom and stop just inside the door (say, two feet away from the edge of the bed). After I finished the page, I asked "Are you finished already? That was a quick..." and I looked up and into the mirror, which reflected the open doorway.

There was no one there.

I realized I could also head the shower still running, and my fiance singing in the shower, and the dog barking from the landing on the first floor, up the stairs to the second level. I looked back down at my book and started the next page. After a few long minutes the footsteps very clearly left the bedroom, went back down the hall and down the stairs. The dog freaked out, barking and growling until it made this awful 'yelp' sound and then started scratching on the closed bathroom door.

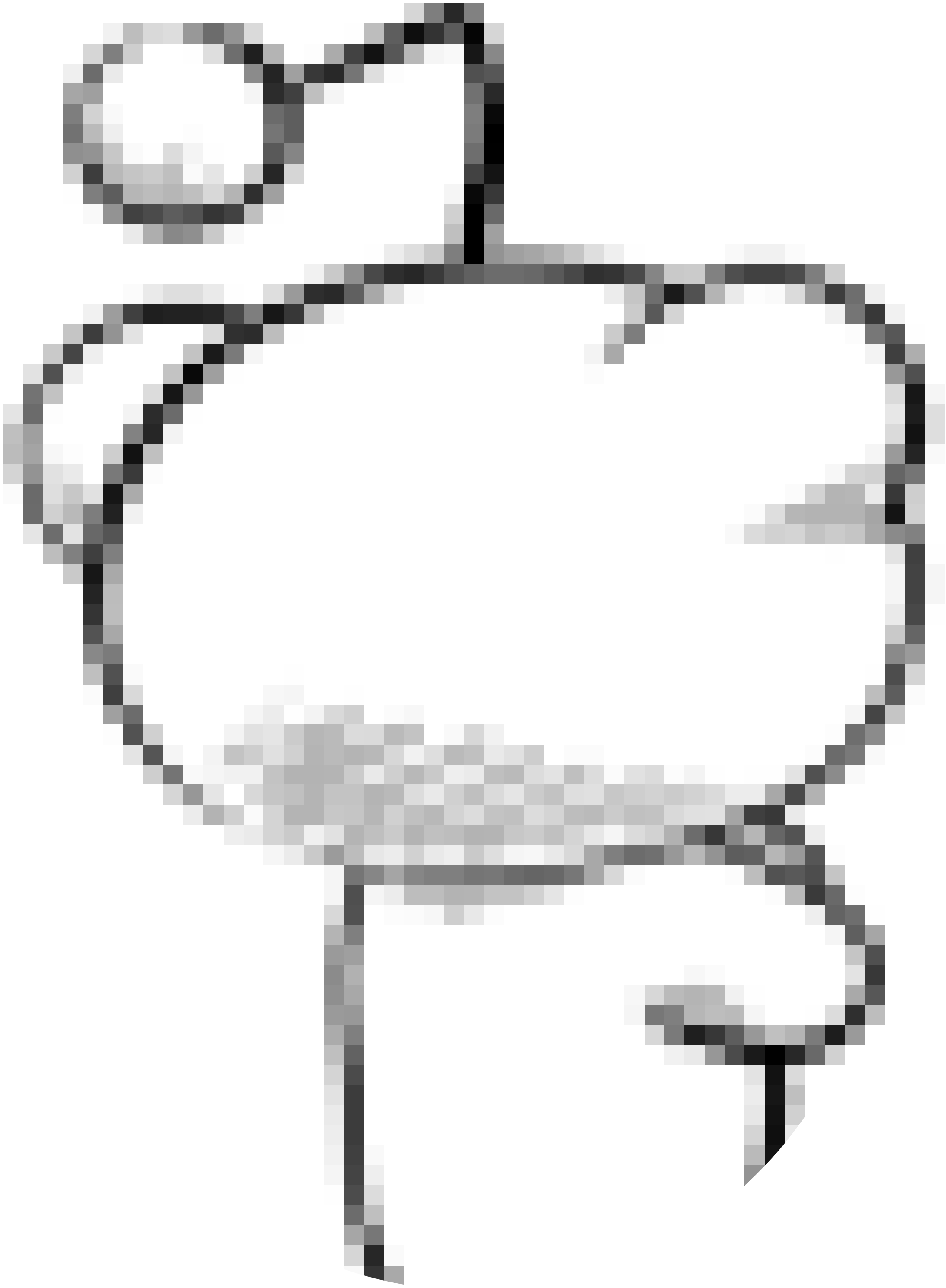
There were a couple other weird experiences in that house including a game with an Ouija board, and a few other random sighting. I was glad when we moved into an apartment together.

TL;DR - fiance's house was haunted, I heard and saw things and so did the dog



Tokyocheesesteak
â€¢ 13y ago

In 2000 I had a dream about New York's Twin Towers collapsing. The South Tower went down first, then the North. The police were telling everyone in the vicinity to just keep running north away from the epicenter.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

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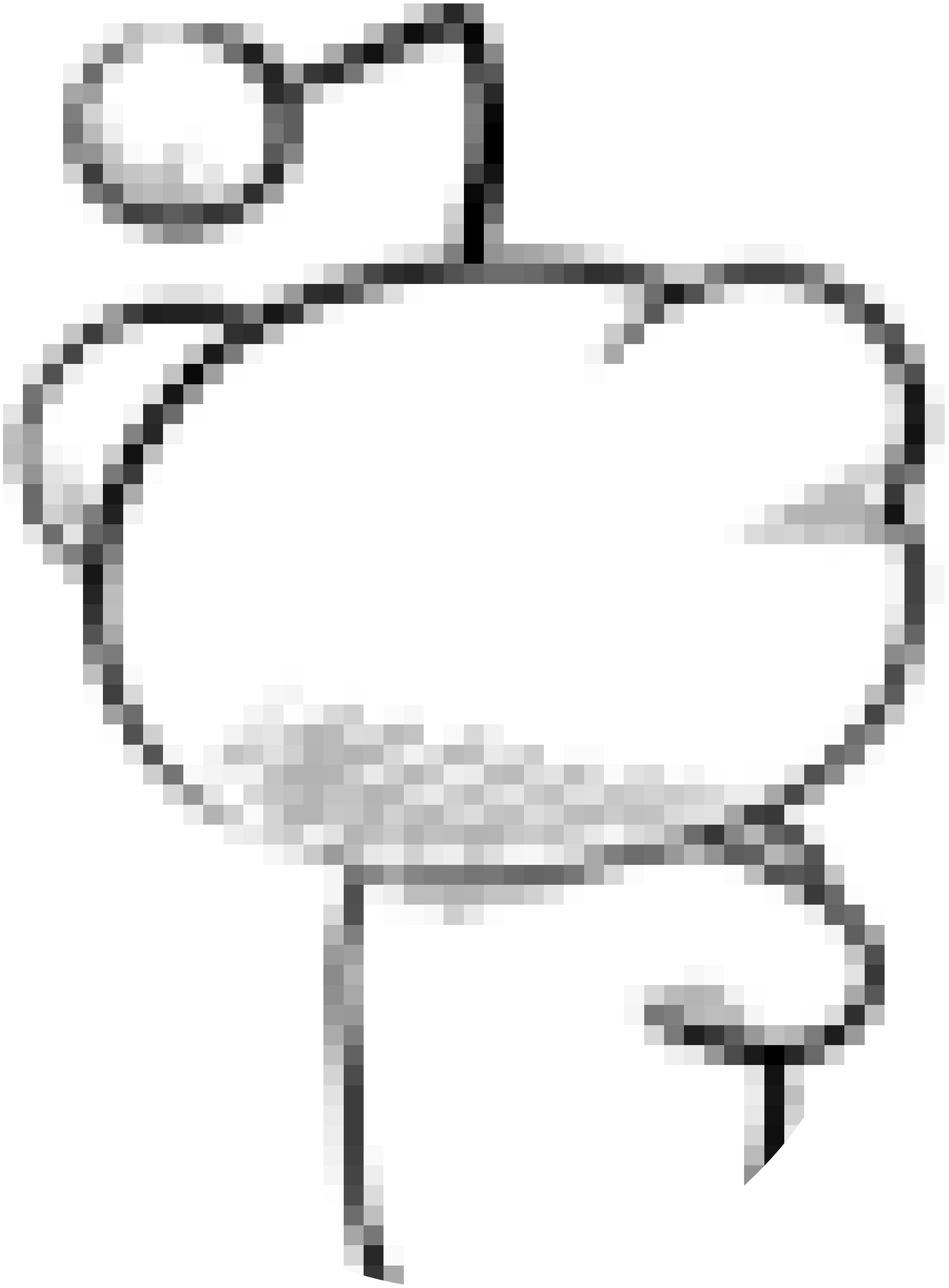
⊕ 1 more reply

Uin18
â€¢ 13y ago

I remember when I was quite a bit younger, maybe 5 or 6, I had a terrible nightmare that I was being stalked by some grotesque goblin like thing. I slept in a bunkbed with high bars on the sides at the time, with a couch underneath, that night I fell asleep on the bunk bed, but at one point in the dream I was forcibly dragged off my bed and onto the floor. When I woke up, I was on the floor, and had very blatant handprints around my ankles. It was terrifying.



accidentallywut
â€¢ 13y ago

TIL supernatural entities like to rustle shit around in your house for shits and giggles

Sithun
â€¢ 13y ago

Friend and me were walking outside one night in our small home town while discussing nightmares. As we walk up to a certain light-post he told me how he once dreamed that someone had hanged themselves from it. Immediately after he said that, the light of that lightpost went out with a loud crack. Bricks where shat.

Reply Share

Zneit
â€¢ 13y ago

Welp, ABANDON THREAD, EVERYONE!

Reply Share

wartooth6
â€¢ 13y ago

I was about 6 years old and grew up on a farm. One day, our neighbor called my dad and told him there was something weird he found, and had to see it for himself. We loaded up in the truck and headed there.

Our neighbor took us to the far corner of his pasture. We found a cow that was laying completely on its back (which is near impossible for them to do themselves) and its tongue, right eye, udder, a hoof, and reproductive organs were removed. But there was no blood, and the cuts were more than sugically precise, and they were seared in the most perfect way. The surrounding blades of grass were singed at the tops. There were no sign of footprints or tire tracks anywhere around.

We called the sherriff, and he had no explaination. More cops arrived, and they were puzzled as well. Finally the FBI arrived and took the dead cow, and we never heard from them again.

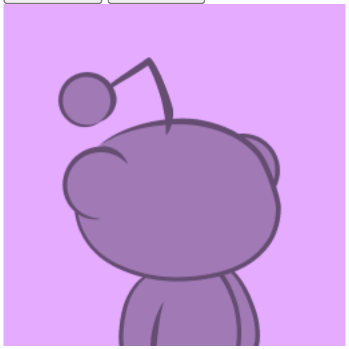
Edit - TL;DR: ALIENS.

Reply Share

rockturnal_emission
â€¢ 13y ago

not me, but my mom. she's a realtor who was showing a house that been vacant for months. it was summertime so she was expecting the house to be really hot inside but instead it very cold. as she was walking around, my mom reported feeling a gooey sensation all over her. then, something touched her. after leaving, she went straight to the listing agent and demanded to know what had happened in that house. they responded, "who told you?" after further pressing, the listing agent admitted, "the only thing i'm legally obligated to tell you is that the former owner of the house is now in jail."

Reply Share

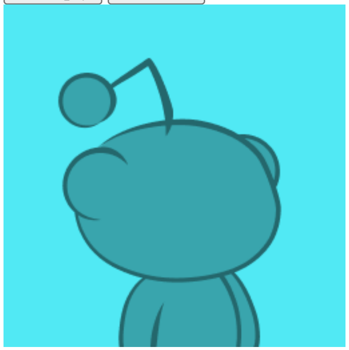


detective_colephelps
â€¢ 13y ago

Sometimes I see the future. Like...exactly what will happen.

edit:forgot which account I was using. I'm being serious for the record.

Reply Share



shamsisong
â€¢ 13y ago

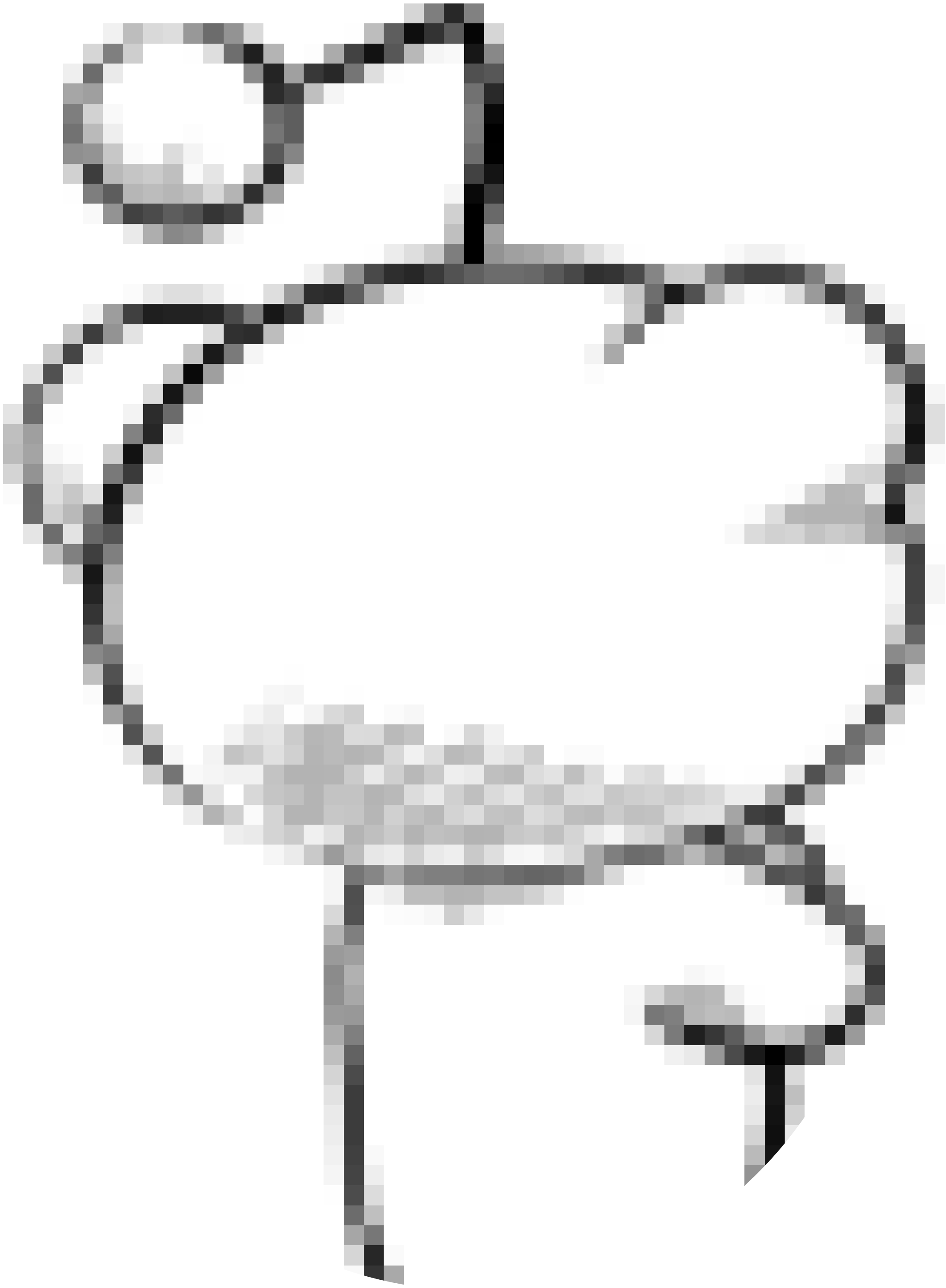
the night my grandma died, the talking picture frame she gave to my dad as a gift started shorting out and repeating "Happy birthday, son. I love you very much." i was genuinely freaked out.

becomethehunter
â€¢ 13y ago

There was a redditor on here a while ago that told a story about how he went backpacking in a very secluded area (e.g. Northern Territories) with a kodak-esque/cheap camera. When he finished the trip he went to have his film developed and found a picture of him sleeping in his sleeping bag at night.

He said he had a breakdown and had to have some serious counseling, etc.

Anyone who can find that comment, I'd give a karma handjob to.



wolfington12
â€¢ 13y ago

When I am driving or walking, street lights will individually go out right as I am passing under them. This occurs during the night and has nothing to do with the timers.

Once time, I pulled onto my friends street, and the whole block of street lights went out (this was the middle of the night)

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ 4 more replies

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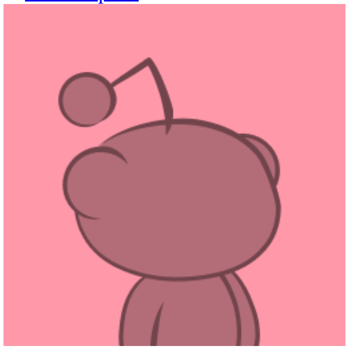


pizzabyjake
â€¢ 13y ago

ITT: fiction writers go wild

Kinnison
â€¢ 13y ago

I love these threads, one time I read some story about a serial killer guy who almost killed this guys parents on a date or his friends parents or something in a dark canyon, was sooo creepy, I never been able to find that story again. Hopefully it pops up here again!

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

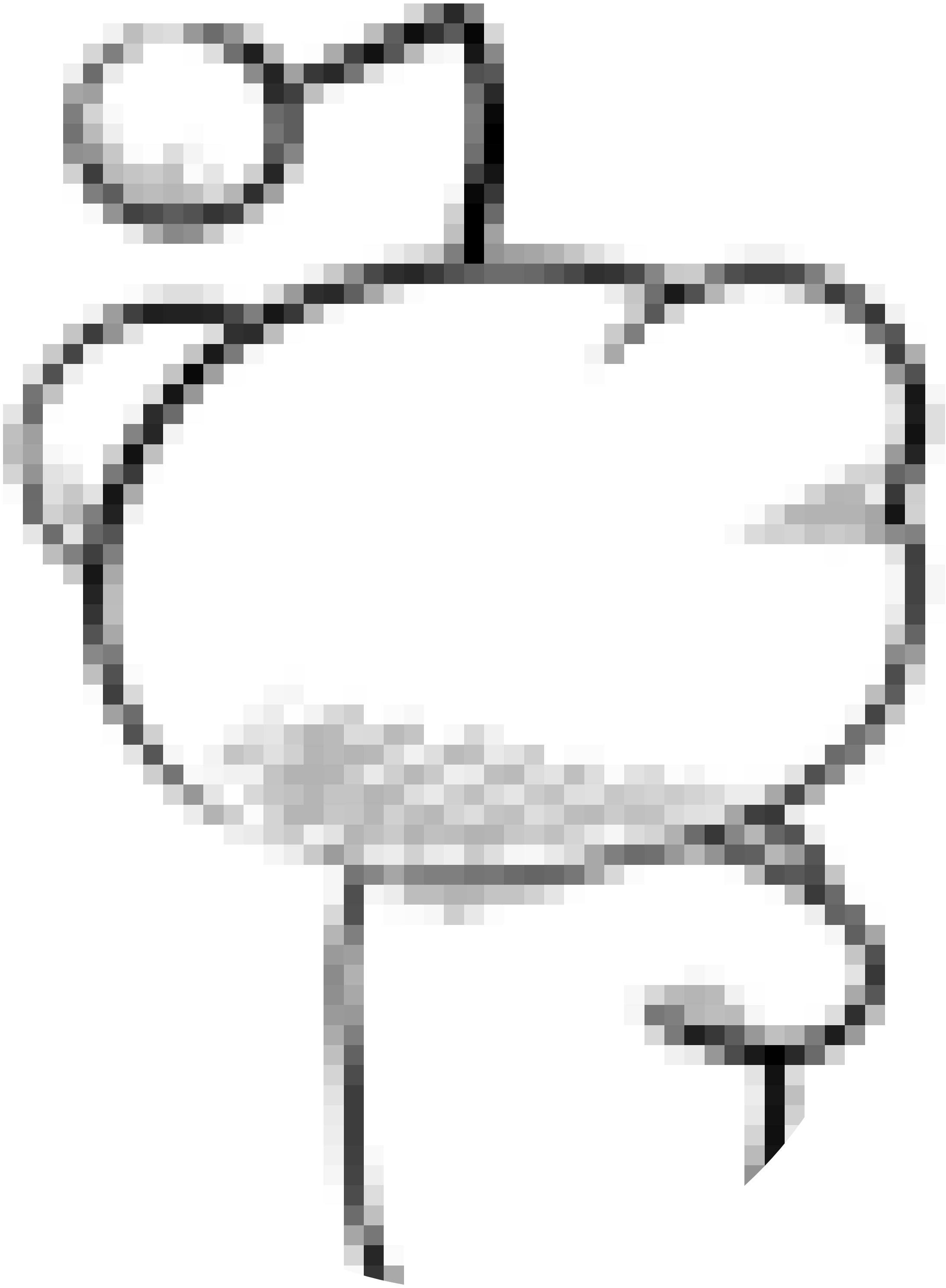
⊕ More replies

sgee46
â€¢ 13y ago

So this didn't happen to me, it happened to my mom about 18 years ago, but it's both creepy and awesome at the same time.

It was 3am and my brother, who was about 2 at the time, was sick and wouldn't stop crying. My mom had tried everything to get him to calm down and go to sleep but nothing worked. After an hour or so, she walked out of the room, shut the door, and sat down with her back against the door. She put her head in her hands and started crying, wishing she could call her mother, who had died very suddenly and unexpectedly a few months earlier of a heart attack. After a few minutes, my brother's crying stopped. My mom opened the door to find him sitting in the rocking chair next to his crib, smiling and giggling and evidently communicating with someone or something. On the one hand, my mom was terrified (it would have been nearly impossible for my brother to get out of the crib without my mom having heard him and without him falling), but on the other hand she was comforted by the fact that in a way her mother was still there. She picked my brother up, put him in bed, and he fell right asleep.

Reply Share



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â€¢ [13y ago]

Comment removed by moderator

1 more reply

1 more reply

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valpal187
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened to my mother, and in another instance, something similar happened to my brother.

My mother worked as a doctor back in Mexico and had opened her own shelter for people who had HIV/AIDS and basically educated them and took care of them until they passed. My mother has always been a gentle, genuine soul who could make anyone feel special. She had a client there who was a dear friend of hers and who she spent a lot of time with (call him, Tom). Fast forward, my father passed away and a few years later, my mother met my stepdad who lived in Canada. He proposed and we moved from Mexico to Canada a year later. My mother left her shelter in the hands of her coworkers and friends and said her final goodbye to "Tom".

One day years later, she was cleaning the kitchen and doing the dishes after dinner and was putting away a dish in a high cabinet. She said she put the dish in the very front and did not touch anything else in the cabinet. regardless, a Napkin holder that she recieved as a gift from Tom flew out of the cabinet and onto the floor. She said she got a strange feeling when she picked it up but remembered her treasured friendship and put it back. As she continued to do the dishes, she said she immediately felt a shiver go down her spine and she said she saw a black faceless shadow pass beside and behind her.

The next morning she opened up her e-mail and one of the coworkers she left the shelter with had informed her that Tom had passed away the night before from his illness.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I had my computer in my room across from my bed. Right as I was falling asleep about.. 6 years ago, my computer turned on from Sleep Mode and my Webcam turned itself on. It was pointed right at me and the program had started itself, I hadn't used it for awhile.

Needless to say I unplugged that shit and ran security checks pretty quickly. I didn't find anything.

Reply Share

bowling4pie
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

So I had been at a friends house. Her house always had strange occurances, none that could be completely explained. There were so many that happened while I was there, I could tell stories for days. But, I will just share the one that poppped in my head first. So I was sitting on (we'll call her) Kaitlynn's bed watching her put laundy in the washing machine. Her room used to be the garage so it had a laundy room on one side which you could see into. She had picked her head up, and was standing upright now. And then, I see her head jerk back at a really fast speed from the neck. I didn't know what had happened, and just stared open eyed at her. We both look at each other like "wtf just happened." She slowly walks closer to me and says, "Dude, I just got punched in the face. WTF." And then, her nose starts bleeding.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

crnerthling
â€¢ 13y ago

Alright, I can't pass up on this thread. About two months ago, I woke up in my dorm room from an exceptionally drunken escapade to find that my roommate had taped an online news article above my bed while I slept. Upon reading this article, I discovered that one of the previous residents had killed himself in my closet. I confronted my RA about it, who confirmed the story. Now I'm not necessarily a believer in ghosts; regardless, I was still creeped out.

About a week passes passes by, and it's our last night in our room before winter break. We go through the normal bed time routine: lock the door, close the blinds, and hit the lights. I lay down under my covers and begin to doze off. All of a sudden, I hear the faint sound of a closet door moving; it was so quiet that I easily could have written it off as my neighbor's door. I choose to ignore it, and a minute later, I feel a presence in the room and a bit of pressure at the foot of my bed. As the pressure begins to increase, I open my eyes to witness what seems to be a black, shapeless mass rising in front of our blinds. Needless to say, I was creeped the hell out, but I still tried to write it off as sleep paralysis.

Now here's the creepy part. I grabbed a flashlight on my headboard. As soon as I turned it on and shined it at the blinds, my roommate jolted up and asked "did you feel that?" We immediately ran out of our room and spent the night at our friend's. ever since then, there's been a lot of weird and unexplainable things going on in our room, but that's easily the scariest.

mrsnakers
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This will get buried but maybe someone will read this one and get **creeped out**. This happened in Huntsville Alabama and anyone who may have a similar experience is encouraged to contact me.

A few years ago my sister calls in a panic me telling me she was driving and saw something she couldn't possibly explain. She was sitting at a red light that was positioned against the woods. In the top of the trees behind the light, there was a humanoid creature seamlessly gliding from tree top to tree top, almost as if it was floating but possibly just because it was very graceful. She stared at it for a while before she could process what she was even looking at, she said that as she leaned forward to try to understand what it was, and realized it was completely faceless, she started screaming and ran the light to avoid looking at it anymore. Her description is as follows: humanoid, frail, white pale skin, faceless, rag-like clothing, hunched over and it was bobbing its head up and down like a bird or something.

I told her it was probably some sort of vulture with mange or maybe an owl and disregarded it.

Then a few days later my best friend's brother was talking about ghost stories and I half-way told the story of what my sister had seen, thinking it was probably an illusion and not that great of a story. As I told it my friend's brother started to get very very freaked out. He interupted my story to say "What light? Where was this?" I replied "on the backside of the mountain" and he looked like he was going to faint. My friend and his family grew up in that area, the light my sister had seen the humanoid creature was a quarter mile from their house. That's when he started to tell me a story.

When he was about 10 he was hanging out in his backyard. They had a fence but the yard was on an intense slope so you could easily see into the woods. He said that he was playing with some toys and he saw something moving in the backyard. He stopped and stared into the woods and walking along near the backside of their fence was a hunched over, pale white, frail looking, humanoid creature. It was naked, he said, and he never saw it's face as it was walking away from him. He was young and grew up with 3 older brothers and had written off the sighting as some strange trick that he had been duped into seeing, possibly a costume or something.

He was so serious, he stumbled over his words as he spoke. It's like he had buried the incident in his mind because he couldn't comprehend it fully and used the excuse "I was a kid" so that he wouldn't have to think about it anymore but he said it had haunted him for a while now. So that's when I decided to google this sort of thing and low and behold, there's a history of sightings of such a creature throughout northern Alabama and other parts of the south. They call it the Alabama white thing / thang and there are some contradictory ideas as to exactly how it looks but they're all fairly similar: white humanoid, and faceless. Fun stuff.

TL;DR - My sister claims to have seen a faceless humanoid creature walking seamlessly across tree tops, I disregard it, end up mentioning it to a friend who then has a very similar story of spotting an identical creature in the same area of woods. Google it and find that there's numerous sightings of such a creature in my region.

Reply Share

wycoffsart
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened about 25 years ago right after I graduated from high school. I was dating who is now my wife, and we were going from her house to mine, about 10 miles apart. We live out in the country and are traveling down a little dirt road at about 11 o' clock at night in the fall time. As we come over a hill there is a cut corn field on our right side and with the nearly full moon it's easy to see quite a ways into the field as we drive by. As we clear a small stretch of woods I see a set of eyes about 10-15 yards off the side of the road. It's nearly deer season in Mich. so I figure it's a deer about to go bounding across the road. Since I know hitting a deer in my Ford escort may kill everyone involved I slow down. At this point I'm going maybe 15-20 mph as we pull even with the eyes. I look over to see what looks like a pure black german shepard. As I said I was driving a Ford escort and I notice that this dogs shoulder is nearly even with the door/window line. Now granted Escorts weren't very big but this dog seems bigger than it should be. My girlfriend (who graduated with honors just so you don't think we're dumb hicks) looks at me, as it's on her side of the car and says "Holy sh.. that's a big dog!". I start to accelerate to leave this monster mutt in the dust and as I reach 35 mph I can see this things eyes catching up to us. My girlfriend clamps down on my arm and gasps. We both just stare at this thing as it is now running along side our car at 20 feet as I'm going 40mph. We are nearing the edge of the cornfield so I don't know what this thing is going to do, run out in front of me or what. As it's running it looks up ahead, and without missing a stride, stands up on two legs and runs away from us slightly, slows down and runs into the road behind us. I stomp on the gas and am looking in the rear view mirror at the silhouette of it standing in the middle of the road on two legs. We drive another 1 minute or so in stunned silence, my girlfriend looks at me with tears in her eyes and we both say at the same time, "WHAT THE F**K WAS THAT?!". I asked her what exactly she saw just to make sure our stories were the same and that I wan't imagining what I saw. Her account of it is exactly the same but in greater detail since she was watching this thing without keeping an eye on the road. She also is able to describe it better since she was closest to it, the coarseness of the hair the long strides and how it leapt to two feet and ran. We have never driven down that road since, and still have no idea what the hell it was.

Reply Share

dilly_of_a_pickle

â€¢ 13y ago

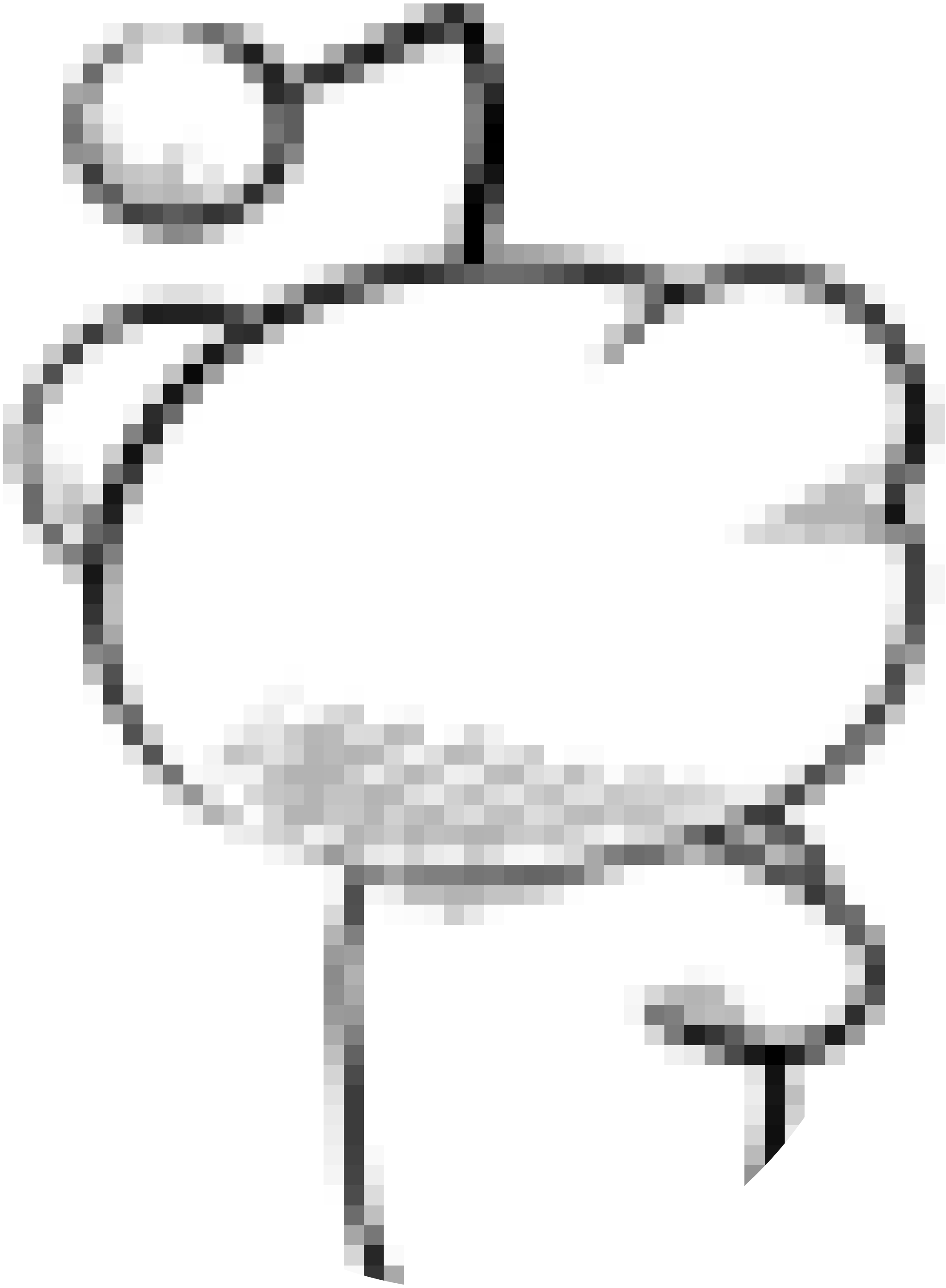
have lived in many houses - they all had their own ghostly experiences. I don't know if it was real or imagined, but creepy either way. i came home from school, and went directly to my room - as i was walking down the hall way, i saw my step dad come out of his bedroom and walk down the hall toward me. I actually said "Hey Bud" and moved out of his way as i walked to our computer room. It wasn't until hours later that my mom and Bud told me that he had only just gotten home, and couldn't have possibly been the person i saw.

Reply Share

[Mrmoose1223](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Once woke up in the middle of the night to randomly stare at a closet in my room. I'd left my computer on, so there was some back light, making the closet I was looking at completely dark. I don't really know why I looked, but from nowhere I see a hand flying out of the dark shape of that closet and it grips my face. My head is smacked back down to my pillow, at which moment I wake up, still feeling the marks where the fingers had gripped me. I needed to take a piss, so I went to the bathroom and washed my hands afterward. I looked up into the mirror and see a completely black shape there, roughly human, that reaches out of the mirror to grip my face with one hand. I wake up *again*, feel the pressure marks of its fingers, and decide I still need to take a piss. I go to wash my hands, look up into the mirror and there is this figure again. This time it waves at me, sort of holding its head to one side and then it reaches out of the mirror again and grips my face, pulling me forward, and I wake up again, this time standing in the bathroom in front of the mirror with nothing there but my reflection. I still felt the marks where its fingers had touched me. Probably a dream, but I prefer never to dream it again. The shape had no face, so it's relatively easy to remember.

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Well I don't have many creepy encounters, but this one time, I was on the couch watching Storage Wars. We have our living room setup so when you lay on the couch you can see the TV, and behind the TV are windows. I'm watching TV, I look above it and I see a pair of eyes looking back at me, I freeze. I start to get up and they dissapear, I'm all creeped out and continue to watch TV. My cat comes in the living room, now my cat usually meows and looks at me when he wants to go out or get food, but this time he's just staring at me, and I start looking back at him. Not a peep, no meowing just stares at me like hes possesed. I was so creeped out you wouldnt belive it. But reading this thread, yeah I'm going to sleep well for sure.

Reply Share

Lirvan
â€¢ 13y ago

Nowhere near as creepy as most of these but I'll just post my experiences.

I've always had strange experiences in my childhood home. I have never believed in ghosts, I just know it's peoples brains screwing with them. However, I have had some strange experiences. For example, one time while home alone, I heard footsteps running across the roof, and then from my parent's room, someone yelled my name. Additionally, I've had strange sleep paralysis before, which only went away after I fell asleep again, and then woke up.

But by far the strangest experience was one day during thanksgiving break, while I was back at my home with my parents. I was tired from the day's activities, and had decided to take a nap. In the middle of my nap, about 45 minutes in, I wake up suddenly to see the walls and ceiling completely covered in glowing writing. Writing like pentagrams, text I can't decipher and circles around certain things with lines connecting them to other circles. I dismiss this as me being half asleep hallucinating, and decide to continue my nap.

About a half hour later, I wake up, and look on the walls. The writing is still there. I quickly get up and try to look closely at the writing, but it starts to fade. It looked very similar to the "invisible pen" writing that gets revealed when you shine a black light on it. When the writing fades entirely, I go to my sister and tell her that I saw weird writing on my walls, and ask if she has a black light. Turns out she does, and I head back to my room to investigate. Yet, when I shine the light on the walls, I don't see anything, just plain, white, walls.

[VeralynnLoL](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger maybe 4-5 my brother and I shared a room. One night my parents came in because they heard him talking. Them walking in caused me to wake up. The rocking horse in our bedroom was moving despite both of us were still in bed. When my parents asked what he was doing he said that he was talking with them. My parents quickly responded with who is them. He then replied with the guy on the rocking horse.

yaywork
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was around 8 we were watching a movie as a family. I went into the kitchen to grab something. I had a blanket wrapped around me. While rummaging through a drawer, something suddenly and violently ripped my blanket off. I turned around, and no one was there. I was in an area of the kitchen where there was no way anyone could be around me, and when I ran into the den the entire family was relaxing on the couch.

x988766
â€¢ 13y ago

Here is my story:

i used to rent a small bedroom in the basement of a four bedroom house (land lady had the upstairs, I and another tenant had the downstairs). the other tenant and I where at the opposite ends of the house, we shared a small bathroom and a kitchen. my room had the electrical panel in it, which was recessed and covered by a small wooden insert that could be removed (it wasn't hinged). the day of the incident, i was getting ready to go to work. my shoes where at the basement entry door and i had just finished getting dressed. on my way out of my room, i turned around and locked my door. as I was testing the door-knob to make sure it was locked i hear a loud crash against the other side of the door. it was hard enough that it knocked my hand off the door-knob. i was more bewildered than scared, so i opened the door to take a peek and see what made the noise. i poked my head around the door and i saw the wooden insert for the electrical panel lying on the carpet, on the other side of the bed, 13 feet from the electrical panel. upon observing the back of the door itself, i saw a big scratch mark on the paint were it had hit.

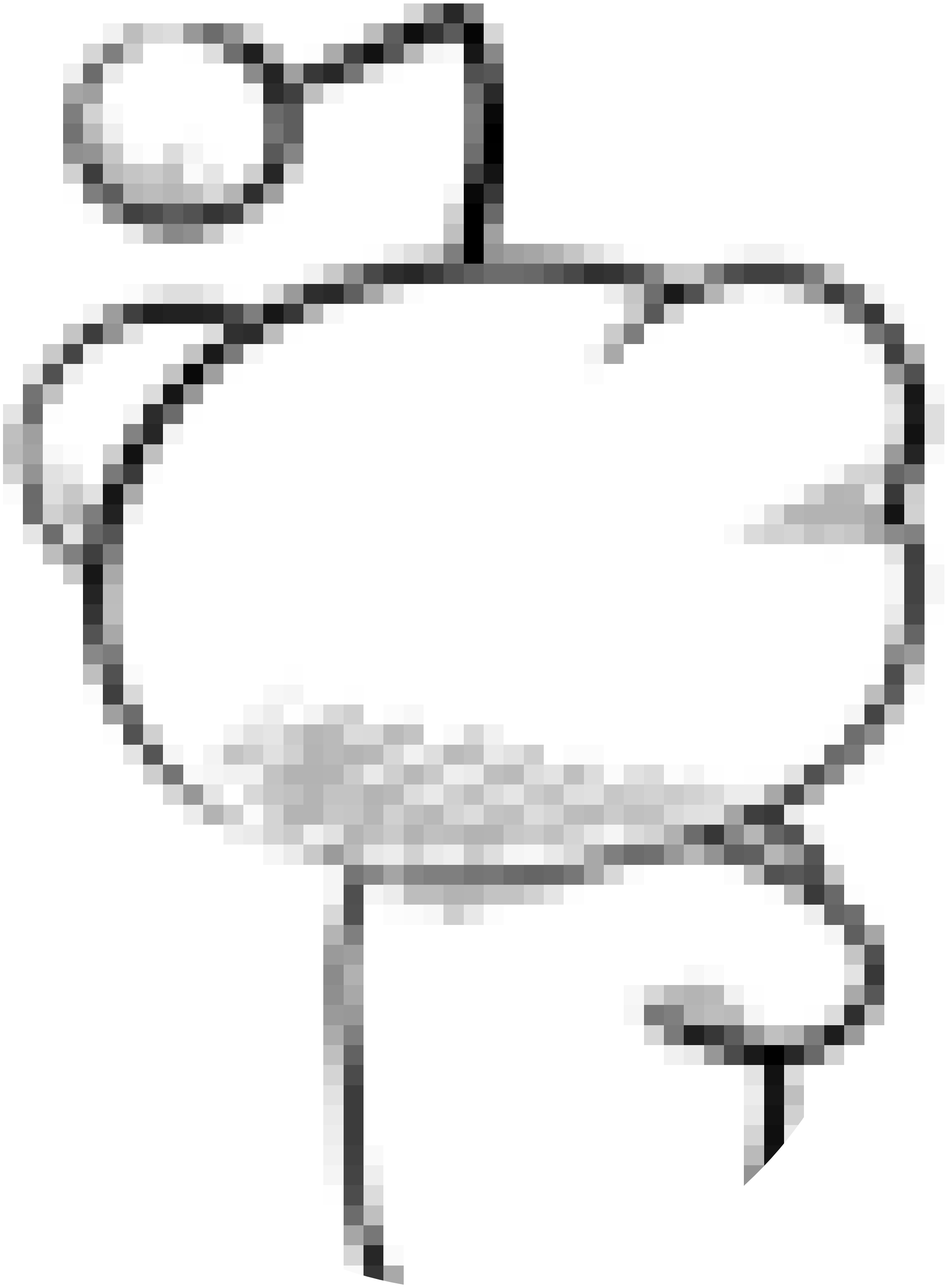
i put the little wooden insert back, and went to work. when i got back that night i sat in my room and masturbated longer than usual, just to make the ghost uncomfortable.

CraaazyCat
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok well mine is very creepy. We used to have this beach house and because my parents worked so much it has hard to get there Friday at day time. So that friday we got there at 1 am. I was very little (maybe 5 or 6). We start to unload the groceries and I look out the ocean and I see this massive red and orange thing drowning. The best way to explain this "thing" is to compare it to sun and it was about 200 ft tall and wide. Suddenly It just started to sink and where it was sinking is about 30 ft deep. This "thing" was like 20 ft away from me and 15 minutes later it completely disappeared. Everyone in my family saw it and no one has any idea what the fuck happened. I remember it so vividly. I it was like the sun was sinking right in front of me.

I swear this happened.

It is hard to describe it so please feel free to ask me any questions.



[CaptainHarkness](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

This isn't really creepy, but I still have not explained it. When I was younger, I was staying at my Grandma's house in Florence, AZ which is possibly one of the most boring places on Earth. I was watching TV as per usual when I started watching this movie. It was about a space crew that was transporting a prisoner when their ship crashes on an apparently abandoned planet. The planet, as it turns out, is infested with flying aliens that have a taste for human flesh. I watched the entire thing and didn't really think about it much afterwards. Didn't catch the name of it either.

Fast forward months later and I see a preview for a new movie called Pitch Black which I thought was suspiciously similar to a movie I had previously seen. I ended up watching Pitch Black and realized that it was the same exact movie I had seen months prior. There were parts that I was calling out in my head before they happened. So weird.

tl;dr I am 99% convinced that I saw Pitch Black on tv months before it was released in theatres.

Endulos
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

1. I've seen a Hellhound.

2. Happened when I was around 7 or 8. I was upstairs in my playroom playing with my toys when I hear Mom yell from downstairs in the kitchen, I went downstairs and met Mom in the hallway and she claimed that I had called *HER*. When I heard HER call ME. We were both weirded out.

3. I smell dead people. It's only happened a handful of times, but whenever a family member I'm close to dies or is near death... I wind up smelling cocoa butter lotion.

icertainlyhave
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This isn't exactly my story, but it explains why I'm not going to have a good supernatural story any time soon.

I live with my husband and his mother in the house their family has lived in for almost three decades now, almost since he was born. Everyone's got a story about how the place is haunted; I've only heard specific ones from my husband but the whole family agrees without question that there is *something* in the house. Apparently there's a shadowy woman living in the hallway from the kitchen; husband has seen her himself and his dad once asked his brother whether he'd ever seen her.

But the reason I'm never going to see any of this stuff is because when husband was about 6, he has the same dream for a week straight: his dad would send him down to the basement to go to bed (his bedroom was actually upstairs) and there would be a demon waiting for him. All the lights would go out and it would start yelling at him, stuff like "get out" and "die." One day, he got tired of the demon menacing him, realized he was dreaming, and so he pulled out a gun and shot into the dark. Our bedroom is now in the basement and I've never seen anything odd. (Apparently the shadowy woman showed up *after* this incident, but I've never seen her either.)

(Edited because I asked him for more details.)

Reply Share

smknblntsmkncrm
â€¢ 13y ago

I went to a very small private school when I was younger. The building was a historical landmark, and had originally been an all-girl school in the 1800s. An air of creepiness filled the entire building, especially the basement where the locker rooms and cafeteria were.

There was one stairwell that led directly to the cafeteria, but if you were on the other side of the school you had to walk past the locker rooms and through this dark and dirty boiler room to get to the other part of the basement. I always got a terrible chill walking through that room, as if something really bad had happened in there. I asked the janitor about it once and he gave me a look that said "I know you want to know, but I just can't tell you".

Upstairs there was a gymnasium with a 2nd floor viewing area that looked down on the basketball court. In between the center of the court and the gallery/viewing area there was a large and very dark stain of some sort on the hardwood floor. Now this was the kind of gym floor that gets re-lacquered every year, and had a very thick layer above the actual wood. The stain, however, was clearly embedded in the wood and was shaped like a medium-sized puddle. I got the exact same cold feeling any time I was alone in that gym, and I simply could not shake it.

Me and the other boys in my grade had an unspoken agreement to meet in the unlocked gym before school started and play basketball or wrestle if the tumbling mats were left out. One morning, I walked in around 7:00 and was surprised that I was the only person there. I walked in and didn't really notice but I happened to stop right about where the stain was. All of a sudden I had that certain feeling that somebody was watching me, and I whipped around and looked up at the balcony of the viewing area and I nearly pissed myself right there- a young, black-haired girl was standing by the edge and as soon as I looked at her she turned and ran away. I was beyond scared, completely frozen to the spot. The chills I got in the basement were nothing compared to how I felt at that moment. I slowly walked towards the foyer, which had these big doors that opened onto the gym, a piano, and a door leading up to the viewing area. Nobody was there, and the door was firmly shut. I had no idea what to do so I ran outside and sat on the stairs, waiting until my friends showed up.

I told them what I saw, and when one of the older boys declared he was going up there to see if there was really was somebody I realized I was still too terrified to go back inside. Sure enough, there was nothing up there. We asked our gym teacher if anything had happened in the gym or the viewing area. He was very, very reluctant to tell us, but after it became clear that we wouldn't let it go, he told us what happened after we swore up and down not to tell anybody else. Over 60 years ago a girl who attended the school was seeing a boy of color, and her parents forbade her from ever seeing him again. Hysterical, she ran away and snuck into the school late at night and got up to the second floor viewing area where she climbed over the railing and swan-dived head first, straight into the gym floor. They found her the next morning, and the blood had already seeped into the wood and they could never get rid of the stain. At this point I was so shaken that I ran to the bathroom and threw up. I never saw the girl again, but to this day I can picture her standing up there and chills run across my entire body.

Luckyduce
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a few of these. As a teen my family moved into a house that was haunted. We had numerous encounters but there are 2 that stand out the most. I awoke once to the feeling of someone sitting on my bed. Now let me say that prior to this everyone in my family had at times smelled heavy perfume, like someones grandmother had walked by. At times it was strong enough to wake you from a light sleep. We had never been told any real facts about the ghosts in our home, but this fact made us assume it was an older woman. Anyway, I awoke to someone sitting heavily on the end of my bed. Thinking it was my dog, I opened my eyes in time to see a woman, with her hair in a bun at the nape of her neck, walk towards my window. She was perfectly framed in the window, and I could see her profile as she turned toward the door. I shut my eyes, and when I opened them, she was gone. The thing that was sitting on my bed abruptly got up (or disappeared, I have no idea) and was gone. I couldn't sleep in my room for awhile after that without my dog for fear the woman would come back. Our second encounter happened in the living room. My father and I were sitting in the living room, and no one else was in the house. Suddenly, we both, clear as day, heard a small child laugh. I can still hear that laugh today. It was crystal clear, and it caused both of us to jump out of our chairs and run to the kitchen where we heard it. There was nothing there to explain the noise, and everything was normal other than my brothers hamster (who lived in the kitchen, everywhere else was too drafty for him.) was running wildly around his cage like he would when someone reached in to pick him up. A few weeks later, The hamster was found, drowned in a pot of water my stepmother had left on the counter to water plants. We can't explain how he got out, onto the counter, or into a large stainless steel stockpot. My father and I think the ghost got him.

[ceejay1477](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Two stories; both involving my son.

A few years ago a big story in my town was a boy who went missing from his school and was never found (Kyron Harmon). My son was very little at the time and I was kneeling in front of him getting him dressed as the news was on TV and they put up a big picture of the missing kid, he (my son) looked at the picture for a moment and then put both his hands on my shoulders and said "It's OK mama, that boy's not scared anymore". The way he said it gave me the absolute shivers and almost made me cry, he then went right back to being a normal little kid not paying attention to anything.

And then a while ago I was asleep and heard my son's voice, very loud and plain as day say "Mama, wake up !!NOW!!" I of course sat straight up, heart beating like mad and it was quiet and dark, husband asleep, kids asleep, my son sound asleep in his bed. I couldn't shake the feeling that someone needed me and although it was 2am, woke up my husband called and woke up our parents to make sure everything was alright. Weird. He also picks up on my thoughts, asking me questions about exactly what I'm thinking, and singing the songs in my head. Haven't experienced that with anyone else (not even my other kids).

[fyouimadragon](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

So when we first moved in, my mom was friends with someone in the neighborhood who had an autistic child (4 at the time) that spoke his own language. Sometimes you could figure out what he was trying to say, but not often.

At my house, every single night when someone was in the living room or kitchen (they open to each other) you could hear a loud ticking noise by the TV, which we thought sounded like the rocks in the plants on either side of the TV hitting against each other. It was kinda creepy because it was only at night, and always seemed to happen when I was by myself, or when my mom and I would stop talking. Weird, but eh. More annoying than anything.

ONE night, my mom's neighborhood friend and autistic son came over for the first time. As soon as they walked inside, the child walked straight into the living room and stared at the turned-off TV, occasionally shaking his head no. My mom noticed and pointed to her friend like wuhduhfuh, so she walked over to him, and the conversation went as so:

"David? What are you looking at?" *not turning his head, but he hand signals monsters, kinda like grabbing air tits* "Moshherrs" "Monsters?" "yah" "Are they talking to you?" *shakes head yes, still not turning to look at her* "Yeah? What are they saying?"

shit you not, turns his head around and says in a suuper deep voice, CLEAR as fucking day, "GET OFF OF MY LAND."

O.o

Reply Share

0r10z
â€¢ 13y ago

I was once in the shower, soaping myself up with a big bar of irish spring soap. My thoughts drifted away and I had one of the most vivid day dreams. When I opened my eyes, it was only a few minutes later as I still had hot water (boiler usually lasts for about 30 minutes before water gets too cold to shower with) and my soap was gone. Searched the toilet, floor, cabinets. It was gone.

EDIT: No, it was not up my ass, I checked.

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1 more reply

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Tarabanana

â€¢ 13y ago

My cat used to sit on my bed and growl at my closet... It always creeped me out

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I have the idea that all these occurrences maybe happen in places with a particularly strong magnetic fields, I read here that magnetic stimulation of the brain can cause a person to feel the presence of God or other supernatural/mythological things. The strength of this stimulation is comparable to the extolled by a phone, now what if these experiences occur in places where it is stronger than that in the experiment. Maybe it causes people to be more susceptible to hallucinations or the like.

Reply Share

triplesdemiga
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I hope i don't get to much shit about this.

When i was in my gfs house, at night (while i was playing in the computer and she sleeping), i felt kind of uneasy. Like there were someone looking at me. That continued for some months, untill i told a friend of mine about what was happening. This friend of mine can do some weird shit, like see and comunicate with spirits, and read your thoughts in determinated situations. So she offered me to "clean" the house (remove the spirit from the house), and asked me to assist her (since i practice Reiki for a couple of years now). So there we were, in that room, she was laying down in a bed, and i was assisting her by giving her energy (you can read about Reiki and that kinda stuff on internet if you want to know more). She said to me before we started, that she was going to let me know when i had to stop, and i thought at the moment "How?" since she was like "sleeping", but continued anyway.

After like 20 minutes, i was feeling kind of exhausted. Like sleepy. And i started to think "Maybe i have to stop and i missed her warning telling me to stop" and while i was thinking that, i "heard" she saying to me "No, continue, it won't continue much longer". So i continued, i don't know why but i just did. After a couple more minutes, she slowly started to come back. She was still laying down for like 15 minutes more after it finished. She looked weak and explained me that the spirit was from a man who was lost and looking for his wife, and that he didn't wanted to hurt me or do anything bad, but was just staying there lost. After that, i never felt that "uneasy" feeling that i felt before.

I know this is some heavy stuff to believe from a random guy from the internet, but that was the weirdest shit it happened to me. If anyone has any questions about what i just told, just ask, i omitted some stuff so i didn't enter much in detail.

And sorry about the grammar, english is hard to speak (or write =P) to me.

[Byakuya_Kutchiki](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Ive never really shared this but, here you go!

This all happened in the fall of 2011 at the home of a friend of mine. Me and my two friends decided to go to his aunts house to take a midnight swim since we werent allowed to swim in the lake in his backyard after dark. So we walked to his aunts house that was just across the road from his home and went swimming in her pool that was in her backyard. Where he lived was pretty rural so there wasn't very many homes on his street other than his house,his aunts,and around a dozen more. So we get done swimming at around 1:45am and it's dark as fuck. We get dried up and start heading back to his house when my friend Cody said that he was hungry and wanted to walk to town and get a burger. Town was only about 5 miles up the road and it was a nice night so we agreed and started walking to town. Well, we get about 2 miles away from his house and I notice a white camera flash from behind us. We all stop immediately and look behind us, but nothing was there. We started getting worried that someone was trying to turn us in or being out after curfew (The town was stupid and had a curfew on minors being out after 10). My friend Justin yells out "I'm 19, so they aren't breaking curfew!" and we start walking again. We get about 3 miles away from his house and we walk through this large dip in the road. Once we get out of the dip, I look back and see this black figure in a coat, about 40 feet away from us (We got close enough to town, that the roads hat streetlights). I get chills up down my spine and say "Guys, someone right behind us.", they look back and it starts running towards us. We run as fast as possible and get into town,get our burger,and ask another friend of ours if she could drive us home. We get back to his house and lock all the doors and my friend Cody says "Who was that in the road?" to which I say "No idea. Whoever it was had a long coat and a camera.". So we all fall asleep watching TV and were awakened by a loud banging on the window and camera flashes again. Justin and Cody fell asleep on his couch, so they got up and hid behind it, while I just sat there frozen in fear. It stops banging on the window and flashing and just stares at me with the biggest grin you could imagine. It was a man, about 5 feet tall, wearing a black trenchcoat with white markings on the edges and a few holes in it. He sits there for a few seconds, just staring at me with a large grin and an older looking camera in his hand. My friends say "Cameron, are you ok?" and I can't say anything because I was frozen in fear of this guy. He stops ginning and his face becomes void of expression. He looks over at the couch my friends are behind and points at it. I say "Guys, he wants to see you." they say "What do you mean he want to see us?" and I say "The guy with the coat.". My friend Justin then calls his uncle and tells him that someone is outside of his house and that he needs to come over and help us. He tells us that he is coming over now and to not get off the phone. Just as he says that, the man outside says in a smooth voice "Hey,Hey! Ok.." then he is gone. He just vanishes. His uncle comes over and we tell him what happened. He tells us that we need to stop dipping and get to bed. We slept at his uncles house that night and we never told anyone about it.

[Berdiie](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I have a few stories from my dad. He loves telling tall tales so it's highly possible that this is all made up.

We lived on forty acres of what was once a plantation in South Carolina. The only remnant is a long curved ramp of earth out in the huge field, it was used to separate two different types of crops.

My dad sleeps on a water bed and one evening, long after he had fallen asleep and stopped moving, the entire bed began to move and slosh around. He woke up and by the moonlight coming through the windows he could see that the room was empty, but the bed kept sloshing around like someone was pressing up and down on it by his feet.

He said, "Stop it. Just quit," and everything stopped.

Another time he was in his shower washing his hair with shampoo. His eyes were closed and he felt a hand touch his shoulder. He figured it was his fiancee and began talking to her. The hand touched his shoulder again and when he didn't get a response from her he wiped his eyes clear and looked around. He was alone in the bathroom. He got out, still dripping, and looked around the house only to find that he was completely alone.

One night he stepped outside to smoke a cigarette and take a piss. It was nearly two in the morning. As he is peeing a bright light soars across the tree tops and the entire area around his house and the woods beyond are lit up like it's noontime. All of the animals in the woods were silent for a few minutes. The ball of light never made a sound.

Oh, this is a story he told me when I was a kid. We lived in Pennsylvania at the foot of a mountain and our extended family lived on the other side. Before I was born my dad would head over the mountain pretty regularly to go drinking with his cousins. Sometimes he'd pick up hitchhikers because there were poorer people who lived on the mountain who would walk down to get stuff from the town.

My dad swears that this happened (but again, he's a true unreliable narrator) but on two separate occasions he picked up hitchhikers who seemed different. The first guy looked completely normal, but began asking weird questions like if my grandmother went to church or if my dad did. He knew her name, but wouldn't say how they met and was making my dad feel very uncomfortable. My dad kicked him out only a few miles down the road. When he looked in the rear view mirror the guy was gone.

Another time he picked up a guy that was the complete opposite. They got along great and the guy made my dad feel very at ease, but again he seemed to know details about my dad that he shouldn't. The man even knew my dad's middle name which he doesn't ever tell to anyone. He drove him across the mountain and said that the guy also vanished when he looked for him in the rear view mirror.

My dad's pretty certain that he let a demon and a angel hitchhike with him.

TL;DR My dad most likely lied to me a lot as a kid, but if not then he's met ghosts, a demon and angel, and saw a UFO.

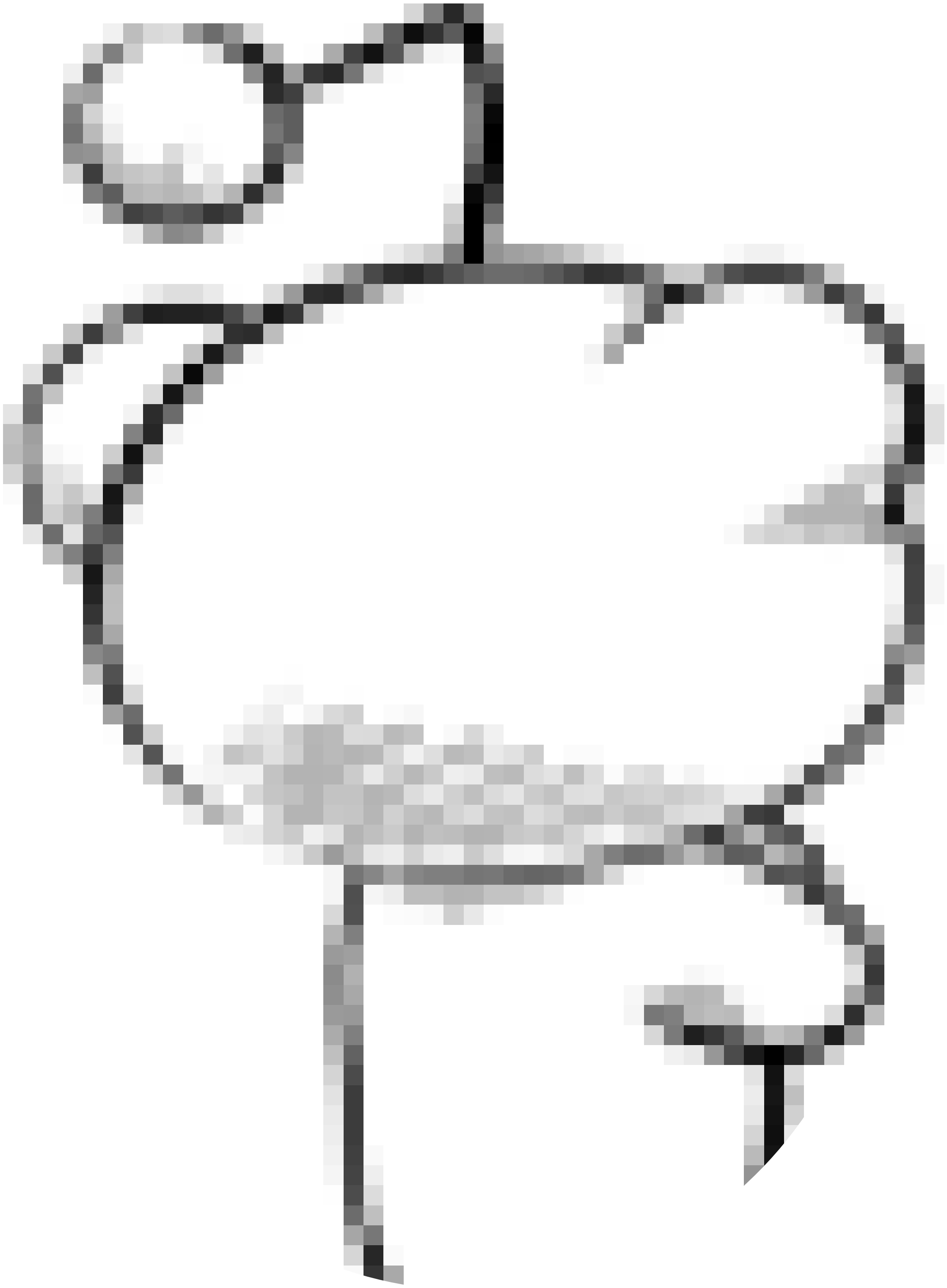
Reply Share

Lereas
â€¢ 13y ago

We prank called the 700 club at a jewish fraternity.

20 minutes later 5 guys showed up at the house and asked us if we would help them pray for their friend who was sick who was Jewish because they didn't know the Hebrew prayer for healing or whatever.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This happened in my old house. I remember when I was very young there was this large dinosaur-shaped balloon that I had. Not sure what the occasion was, I might have just had a birthday or something. Anyways, so in my room my tv was positioned at a certain angle in the corner so that when I was lying on my bed I was able to see down the hallway from the reflection on the screen when the tv was turned off. There was some always some kind of dim night lighting so that I could see if someone was coming down the hallway to my room even if it was dark.

So back to the balloon. I remember when I went to bed that evening the balloon had been placed in the corner of the living room. To get to my room from the living room you have to go through the kitchen and down the hallway. So I'm laying in my bed trying to get to sleep, right? I turned on my side so that I faced the tv and I SEE SOMETHING IN THE REFLECTION, it was just standing there... I was freaked out beyond belief and I just hid under my covers. But as I look a second time it's fucking CLOSER down the hallway and and it ends up coming into my room.

Now let me explain something. This huge dinosaur balloon traveled from being stationary in the living room, goes through the kitchen and down the hallway to my room, where it STOPS. To this day it still creeps me the hell out.

[AngryDancing](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I'm a skeptic and I don't believe in ghosts, however I used to work in a pub which was supposedly haunted and during the year that I worked there I saw some very frightened people in the aftermath of an encounter.

A bit of background info, the pub is in the city centre of Newcastle Upon Tyne and it's a 3 story building which back in the day used to be a brothel.

The pub was on the ground floor and the office, cellar and kitchen were in the basement. The toilets were on the 1st floor with a locked door leading through to the rest of the first floor and second floor. These floors were just used for storage and were a series of creepy little rooms with various layers of peeling wallpaper and holes in the wall there the sinks and toilets had been ripped out.

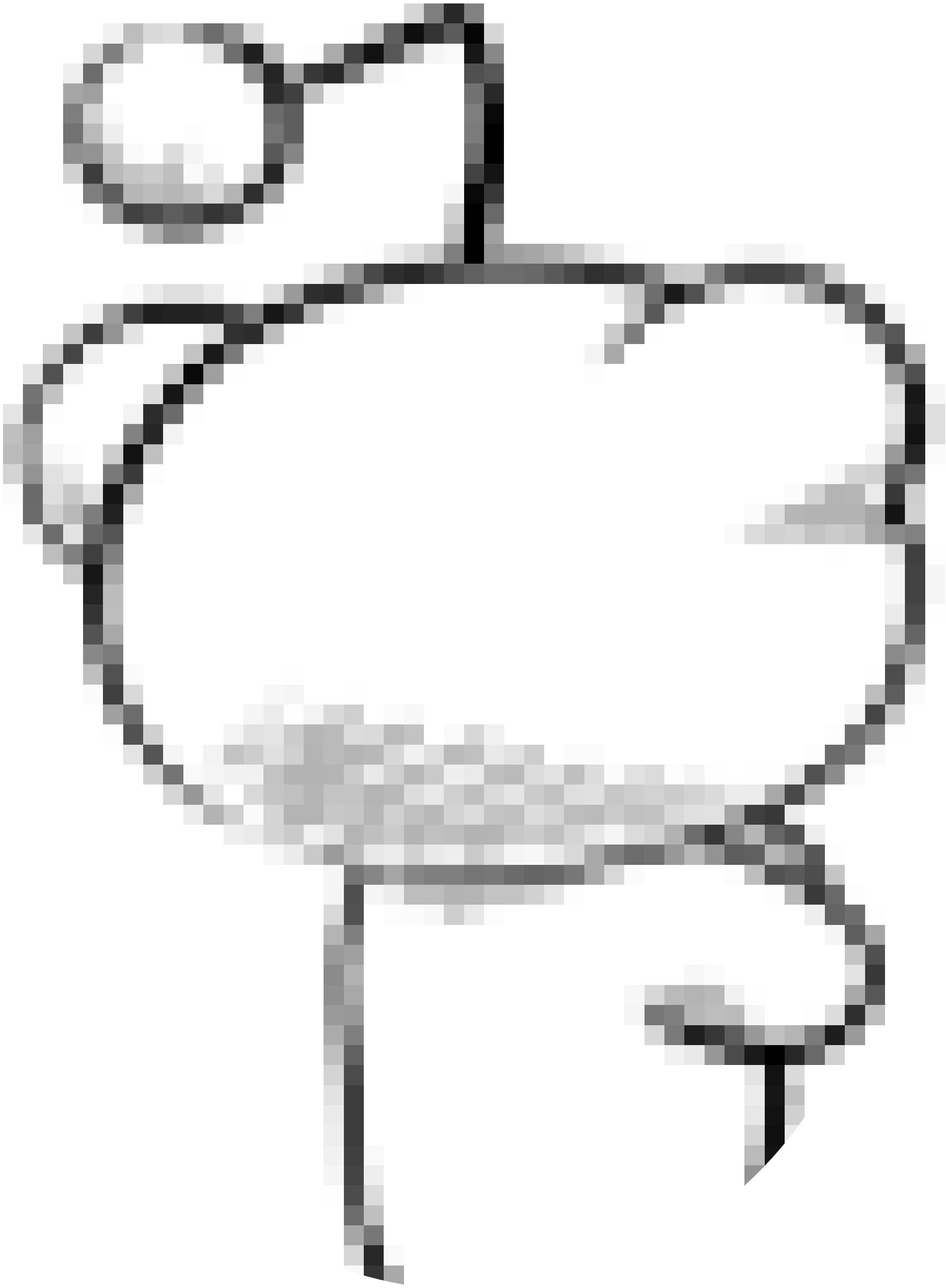
The first incident involved the straight talking middle aged Geordie kitchen manageress. She came upstairs from the basement where she had been putting away the food delivery swearing her head off. We asked what had happened and she said 'fucking ghost chucking ketchup at us'. We went downstairs and in the stock room a glass bottle of ketchup was completely smashed against the wall opposite where they were stored on the shelf. She said as she had bent down to put something in the freezer it had flown about 10 foot across the room, past her head and smashed on the wall.

Another time, a guy I worked with ran downstairs to change a beer keg and came back white as a sheet. He said while he was in the cellar someone had grabbed him by the shoulders. There was absolutely no one else in the cellar at the time.

The scariest one for me was one night as we were about to lock up, one of the guys I worked with said he needed a pee and ran back in to go. We waited outside the front door for him and had a smoke. He came sprinting back out looking absolutely terrified. I have genuinely never seen anyone look so frightened. He said he had got to the top of the stairs where the toilets are, but heard a noise before he went in to the gents. It was coming through the locked door which went through to the top two floors of the pub. He put his ear to the door and said he could hear a woman sobbing. He thought someone had got locked in so he called out but the sobbing just carried on. He said he had this horrible sick feeling come over him and he got the fuck out of there.

Like I say, I don't believe in ghosts but there was some creepy shit going on there!

Reply Share



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â€¢ 13y ago

Not sure how creepy this is, but every time I would deliberately make myself late for my last job, there would be a car accident on the road I travel down. What I mean by make myself late is that I would be ready to go, but I'd tell myself that I should wait a few more minutes to leave. Every single time I did that, there was a semi-bad/bad car accident on the road that I would've been on if I had left on time.

Reply Share

rcstrll
â€¢ 13y ago

Didn't happen to me, but to my Dad. A few years ago my Grandpa died from cancer. My Dad has NEVER been the type of person who shows his emotions (just like my Grandpa) so he was pretty silent at the funeral. A few weeks later my Mom got a phone call from him while she was at work. She told that he was sobbing and crying like she had never seen in her life about how he missed his Dad and how he didn't get a proper goodbye. A few nights after this, my Dad wakes up one morning and is in the best mood I've ever seen. He takes us all out to breakfast and spends the whole day with us. I didn't really think much of it, until my Mom told that the night before, he said that my Grandpa visited him. I tossed it up to a weird dream, but my Dad swears back and forth that my Grandpa come into the bedroom and spoke to him. They talked about random things and old times. But my Grandpa told my Dad that he was sorry for not giving him as much attention as his other siblings, and that he was proud of him and the family he made for himself. Since then my Dad has always been sure of keeping me, my brother, and sister close to him and telling us how much he loves us.

Reply Share

[JadedMuse](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I am an atheist who literally has no supernatural beliefs that I'm aware of. However, something happened to me when I was ~17 that I still remember to this day because it was such an unusual experience.

I was at my grandmother's house, sitting at her kitchen table, when the telephone rang. I looked over at the phone and suddenly become overcome with this weird thought process. I imagined the room without the phone, then the house without the room, then the street without the house. Then I tried to imagine the solar system without the world. Etc, etc. Suddenly, it felt like I was realizing what nothingness was. It was horrifying and exhilarating at the same time, and I became overwhelmed with the electric and chill like sensations all across my body.

Then, as quickly as the thought process was there, it was gone. Everything was back to normal, and the phone was still ringing. I've often tried to reproduce the feeling and the line of thought that caused it, but I've never been able to.

Reply Share

AngryBaek
â€¢ 13y ago

Church camp a couple years ago, we went to this beautiful place owned by the church with cabines and bbq stands.

Anyway, 2nd night when we all finished the night service around 10pm. My friends and I were all hanging out in the room telling stupid anecdotes and whatnot when suddenly it starts to pour hard, I mean God has diarrhea hard. Biggest and loudest lighting storm ever, one tunder made all the power go out and we were scared shitless. Wind was blowing like a cheap dollar whore and right when we said it would stop, the bathroom door slams shut and another ligthing lights up the whole place for a second, I swear me and my friends all saw something in that second when it lit up. A girl or something, we all screamed like bitches and ran towards the place where we have our services cause there were still a lot of people hanging out.

Shit got real.

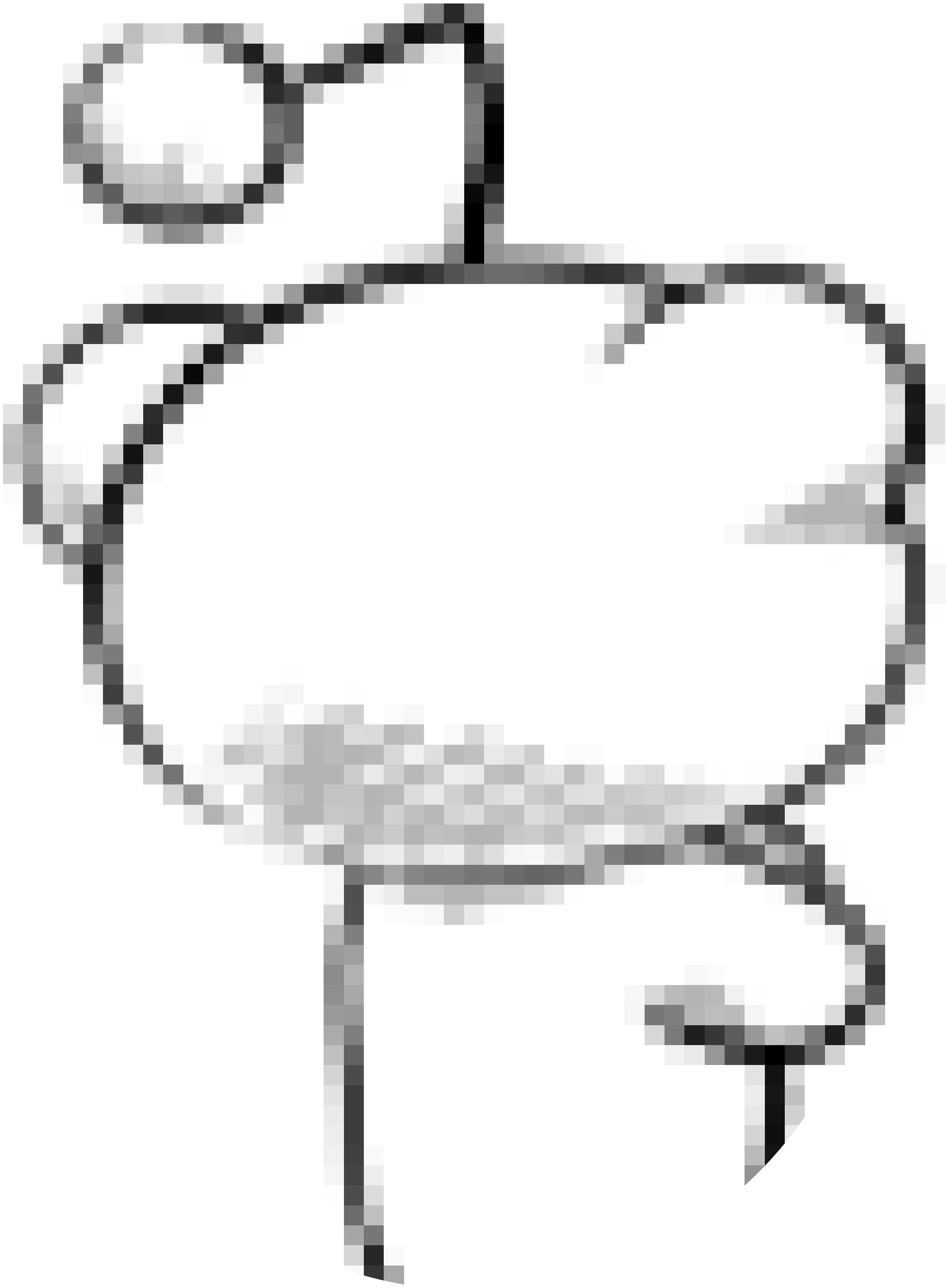
[ktappe](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

This past Saturday my mom was near death and making the "death rattle", a horrible noise that you never want to hear coming out of your loved one. My sister and I were discussing giving her "extra" morphine (she was already on a low dose every 2 hours to keep her breathing rate below 30 and to ensure she wasn't in pain.) That is, sis and I wanted to end mom's suffering and were having that debate, in hushed tones, right next to her bed. We knew mom wouldn't want us to go to jail for her but we also didn't want her to suffer, so it was a tense discussion.

Just then, my mom died. Right there. Right then. She'd been (seemingly) comatose for over a day but it was as if she knew we were about to risk our freedom to free her, and she solved the problem for us.

Mom, sis, and I are (were) devoted atheists but the incident has left me wondering.

Reply Share



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â€¢ [13y ago]

I was looking through an old pad I used to draw stuff in when I was little. Looked through pages of random drawings and I come to a page with a message saying "He's lived here for 5 years. Drugs 3years." in my kid-handwriting. Almost felt like something taken from a horror movie. I don't remember writing that and I don't know who the hell "he" is.

Reply Share

[Bosu_No_Haruhi](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was around 7 years old, I lived in a small apartment complex in Texas. We were right next to an alley where the dumpsters were so I always had to go back there when I was told to take out the trash. One day in the middle of the day, my mother told me to take out the trash. I grumbled and whatnot but eventually did it. As I walked outside and walked towards the dumpster, I noticed something or someone to my right. I looked quickly and it was a man. A man just nonchalantly walking in my direction, not exactly towards me but yeah. But there was one horrifying detail about him. His face was completely wrapped up in some sort of gauze. And he had on a pair in sunglasses and a trench coat with its collar up around his neck. He seemed harmless, just walking by but I damn near shit my pants and I ended up just leaving my garbage on the street.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

There's a valley in Sweden where orbs of lightning spawn and dance around randomly. Physics can't really explain what it is and it's creepy and yet beautiful... This place is the only confirmed place that this is happening on.

Source

Reply Share

magic_city_man
â€¢ 13y ago

My girlfriend has tons of things happen to her in her basement suite. She insists there is a presence there, especially in her unused back room. I've never directly experienced anything tangible, but I do feel pretty uneasy around there sometimes.

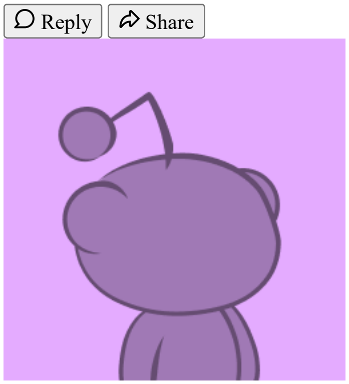
One time, she told me that when she awoke in the night, she saw a shadow of a man with a brimmed hat on the curtains that divide her bedroom and living room. She tried to not look at it cause it scared her, but when she went to peek minutes later, it was gone.

When I went over there after she told me that, we tried to recreate how the shadow might have happened, but there was no way to really do so. Even if something was right behind the curtain, it wouldn't cast a shadow you could see from the other side.

Well, a month or so later, I'm browsing the internet and come across this website, and seeing that the hat man is a common sighting, it kinda freaked me out, as it gave more validity to her claim.

That night, maybe a half hour later, she texts me after waking up, saying she saw something creepy. She didn't even have to tell me, I already knew that she had seen the hat man again, this time on a different curtain. That was the last time she saw him.

Reply Share



fuckincommunists
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a skeptic if ever there was one. Very scientific minded or as I like to call it, full of common fucking sense. Anyway, when I was 19ish I had a girlfriend who lived in a 4plex. Both her and her mom had told me about strange occurrences such as taps all of a sudden being on in the downstairs bathroom, doors shutting, small things being moved, etc. A ghost they are decided to call Charlie they said. I was like yea ok, if you say so. Well one night my girlfriend and I fell asleep in her room. All of a sudden I was jolted awake by a voice saying get oouuuuuut. There was a force pushing down on my chest as if someone was laying on me and I could feel a presence about an inch from my nose. That exact feeling you get when someone gets right face to face with you.

Suffice to say I shat myself and never stayed at her place again. That was without a doubt the single most terrifying moment of my life.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

doubt anyone will believe me, but I saw three aliens when I was a kid.

I was a kid (8 to 10 years old) living in Kentucky when I woke up one evening. I looked outside my window and saw three gray aliens standing in sort of a triangle formation. Two short ones; one tall one in the middle slightly behind. They had large black eyes and were skinny.

I freaked out and ran into my parents room. They assured me it was just a dream. I accepted that and just went on with my life. I then started having reoccurring dreams about being abucted or seeing UFOs flying after me. But I never really gave what happened that night in my bedroom any more thought.

So flash forward to a few years ago. I'm an adult now. I was hanging out with my sister and some of her friends and we started talking about paranormal stuff. My sister then begins telling a story about how she remembered waking up after hearing me scream and going to look in my room. As kids in that house, our rooms were connected by a door which stayed open 99% of the time.

When she heard me scream, she looked in my room and saw the aliens standing in the window.

The weird part is, I had never told her about what I saw any I know my parents never told her.

VashPWG
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was around 4-6 I was sleeping at my cousins house. My brother was telling scary stories and I was trying to sleep on my stomach with my head turned to the right looking out a window. I swear on my life during this I seen red eyes outside the window, which at my age made me puke.

treskaz
â€¢ 13y ago

One time when I was about 14 or so I was laying in bed and got the urge to fap. I got up to look for my gigantic jar of vaseline and it was no where to be found. I looked for about 10 minutes and finally gave up. I went to lie back down and the jar was sitting right where my back was before I got up. No one was there, and needless to say I freaked out cause my shit was moving around on its own. I didn't masturbate for weeks.......... Also, I've since moved out of the room and my younger sister of 17 lives in there now...she has strange experiences of shit moving around on its own all the time too and she's named the "spirit" Sage. I don't believe in that shit though. It was probably just an inter-dimensional rift with some sort of bleeding effect I don't understand.

NorthernAndSouthern
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a little late to this party, but I'll still post.

I was in elementary school, biking around with my mom. 99% of the time, my mom demanded I wear a helmet, but for some reason she didn't make sure I had it on.
We're riding down the street towards an intersection with another road that I had never seen a car drive on before. I'm pedaling my bike really fast because I'm a hyper little kid and about to blow through the intersection when I suddenly stop. I feel this jerking sensation as my bike stops COMPLETELY. My body itself slides forward, but the bike itself is not moving whatsoever.
At that exact same instant, a car that I hadn't heard flew through the intersection. I freaked out because I knew I would have been hit.
I turned to my mom and asked her if she had grabbed me from going through, but she said she had no idea what I was talking about. To add to all of it, she was on the OTHER SIDE of the street. There's no way she could have grabbed me. I'm not a crazy, hard-core religous person, but that experience made me feel like a gaurdian angle may have saved me. TL;DNR - Reddit downvotes for not being militantly athiest...and a kid doesn't become a meat pancake

Gromacs
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

When I was about 14 I was sleeping in my bedroom and then all the sudden I thought I had woken up. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a dark humanoid shape in my closet. When I looked at it, it began to move closer very slowly. Once it was about half way across my room I saw it to be a young female with long black hair. As soon as I could make out what it was it flew at my face screaming and I woke up suddenly.

"Thank god, just a dream," I thought as I took a glance towards my closet, just to check. And there is was, the dark humanoid shape. It began moving closer, but I already knew what was coming. I began to panic because I had just woken up, I knew I wasn't asleep this time. I couldn't move or make a sound though, I just had to wait for it to rush at me like last time. Inevitably, as soon as I could make out the young female, she screamed and rushed at me. "This isn't a dream, I just woke up, this is it," I thought to myself... and then right before she reached me, I woke up again.

This kept repeating every single time I looked at the closet until I finally had the force of will to not look at the closet. As I laid there, not knowing if I was dreaming still or awake, I forced myself to get out of bed, walk across the room and turn on the lights. Once the room was light, I looked over at closet and there was nothing there.

I went back to bed that night with the lights on. I still don't know if I was ever awake that night at all because when I woke up in the morning, my lights were off.

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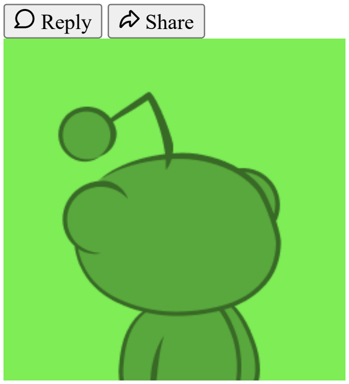


DocKingSchultz
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 10 an old lady gave me a book with lyrics in it when I was in church with my dad so that I could sing along with everyone else.

Wanted to thank her when I left but she wasn't there anymore. So I asked the one sitting next to her, and my dad if they saw her leaving. They didn't. I thought 'okay, they didn't notice her then'.

We then walked through a park that was next to the church and I saw her again, but only for a split second before a tree blocked my sight.

At night, I dreamt of her sitting on my bed saying 'watch out for him' repeatedly. I woke up all sweaty and couldn't sleep anymore, so I turned on the light.

Then I noticed a print of someone sitting (like a footprint, only with asscheeks) on my blanket and freaked the fuck out, ran into my older brothers room only to find out that he was sleeping on the floor instead of the bed, which was kind of weird to me, so I went to my parents bedroom and told them about me being scared and my brother. To make a long story short: He almost overdosed on (I don't remember what kind of) pills.

That shit still gives me creeps.

Also, my brother quit doing drugs after that incident and is still of the opinion that I saved his life. He doesn't believe me with that story behind it though.

TL;DR: Weird grandma gave me a book but wasn't seen by anyone, appeared in my dream telling me I sould 'watch out for him', which made me wake up and find my brother almost ODing on pills.

Sorry for my fairly bad english, I'm not a native speaker. I hope the scary thing about it got through you though.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was young my sister and I were eating breakfast in the dining room toward the back of the house and our parents were in the living room at the very front of the house. Next to the dining room there is a door that leads to a hallway to the back of the house and it was shut and no one was back there. We saw the doorknob turn two or three times. It was super scary!

dontlookforward
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a skeptic. I don't believe in the supernatural whatsoever. I think there is a logical explanation for everything. This shit is still creepy though.

My experience is hard to explain, but I can frequently sense a presence in the room with me. It always happens when I'm at home, and my fiance is in the room with me. It's kind of like when you're talking to one person, and you know there's someone else in the room listening, but they're just out of view. The feeling is so strong sometimes that I will verbally reference this third person or "presence," by mistake. Like saying "All of us" rather than "both of us." Sometimes I even get a sense of where this "presence" is in the room. It always seems to be a 20-something male, and he's usually in a corner, although he has laid in bed with us a couple times as well. I've felt the presence in all of the apartments I've ever lived in with my fiance. It usually only happens if I am inebriated or very sleepy, so clearly it's a trick that my mind is playing on me.

Either that or my future husband has a ghost that follows him around. Who knows.

[istigkeit](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

A little late to the party, but here goes:
Sophomore year in high school and I had lost my only contact lens. I need both, but due the condition of my eyes my lenses are custom made, expensive, and difficult to replace. Having lost them both, I felt functionally useless but my mother insisted I attend school anyway. As I sat in my English class front row squinting at the world (20/20? Try 20/600...) my teacher threw some sympathy my way.

"istigkeit, why don't you go to the computer lab and make sure all the computers print. That way I know everything works when we come down later."
I felt better, knowing I could handle this job. I march blurrily down to the lab. I turn on the lights, and then one by one, I make my way down the line pushing the power buttons. Beep, boop, beep, all the screens start turning on.
Going down the line of computers again I open a word processing program on each one. Next I walked by each computer hitting a few random keys on the keyboard, then do another lap... ctrl+p, ctrl+p, ctrl+p, ctrl+p....

My thought was that I would type a little jibberish and make them all print. If the number of documents matched the number of computers, I figured we were gold.

The pages started printing.

The tops of each page:
asdfasdfasdf
asdfo8er45tj
asidhgfoa sdf
Then, I spot something odd in the middle of the stack of papers. This piece of paper didn't have anything at the top of the page like the others. I pull this page out and look at it, seeing the words written squarely in the middle of the page:
"a beautiful butterfly"

My heart started beating just a bit faster, but I kept my cool. I strolled past all the screens again, just to confirm that I most likely accidentally opened some saved document or something.
No.

All screens showed jibberish. This was an extra page. One more than there were computers. In the middle of all the other pages that printed. **What. Is. This.** I lost my cool and fucking ran out of the room. I have no idea what happened that day.

[Thisisnothing](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Okay, so, mine happened when I was around 3 or 4. I can't tell if I imagined it, but I know I can't explain it. When I was that age, my family and I lived in a smaller two-story apartment. Usually in a rush, our family would always rush up and down the stairs. Never a walk. So, it's my first day of Preschool, and I forgot one of the toys I was going to show my new friends. (A Winnie the Pooh plushie, I believe.) I run upstairs, grab the thing, and start heading down. On my third step down, I trip, and time seems to freeze. Nothing's moving, although it feels like I am floating up. As if on one of those magical cloud things, I float down to the bottom. Then I continue as if nothing happened. But nothing else that weird happened in my time spent there. Maybe it was some guardian angel, or spirit looking out for me?

Mettalink
â€¢ 13y ago

Well it doesn't directly apply to me but my father. Every year he goes hunting, almost everyday during season. And several years ago he missed a deer (he is rather amazing when it comes to archery so usually he didn't shoot unless he was 100% about the shot). The same exact day my grandmother died (his mother). Now this doesn't seem very odd until recent occurrence. This past fall, he missed another deer. And again on the very same day, my uncle died. Unexpectedly, from heart failure, found dead.

frdrk
â€¢ 13y ago

My deja-vu's. I dream things that happen in the future and I cannot fucking explain it. I try to be a rationalist but this one thing just bugs the shit out of me. I dream it, and it happens weeks or months later. The exact same situations. I'm pretty good at remembering my dreams so the memories are completely clear and it freaks me the fuck out. Maybe my subconscious can think up plausible situations I would likely be in in the future - with the knowledge I have of science currently, that's the only explanation that makes any sort of reasonable sense. This is also the thing that keeps me thinking that some day in the future we might be able to do more with our minds than we even dare to dream of now... I don't know. With what we know now, maybe it's a dumb idea.

SirKrohan
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay, so, this is gonna be real weird so bear with me.

When I was a kid, about 8ish or so, I would have hallucinations while trying to sleep. These hallucinations were REALLY vivid, I could see, smell and hear everything perfectly well.

Each night while trying to sleep, for a period of 1-2 weeks, I would get swarmed by crabs. YES, fucking crabs. Shitloads of god damn crabs. My floors are wood, so I could hear these fuckers shuffling around marching full force towards me. They were everywhere, on my bed, on the desk, all coming towards me. I would see them and instantly freak out and get under the blanket in fetal position, pants shitting scared. (I was never afraid of crabs, so I dunno why this happened.)

This continued every night for a period of 1-2 weeks or so. My parents wouldnt believe me and think that I was dreaming (in essence, I would have thought that too.) After this happened, I would sleep in my parents bed for a while.

After sleeping in my parents bed for a few days, I decide to sleep in my bed feeling partcularly brave after watching some cartoon (or movie, not sure.) I go to bed, lay down and try to sleep. Immediately, I get the sense of being watched. I could feel a presence in the room, but it wasnt threatening, so curiously I sat up to see whats going on.

I saw a huge wolf sitting in front of my closed door, at the base of my bed, gazing at me proudly. This wolf was white, with a bit of dark grey, and had the most beautiful eyes I can remember. It was sitting there, just slowly wagging his tail along the floor. I knew I could sleep easy that night. After this, everything went back to normal, havent had anything like this since then.

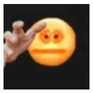
I got a wolf tattoo on my right shoulderblade when I was about 17ish because of this.

Fun fact: no idea if it counts for anything, having done "spirit animal" tests and quizzes all over the internet, I usually get wolf. Im an atheist for years now, know my science etc etc.

TL;DR was swarmed by crabs while sleeping for a week or so. shat pants, slept in parents bed for a few days. after, slept in my bed, saw huge majestic wolf, felt like he was guarding me, all good again. got wolf tattoo.

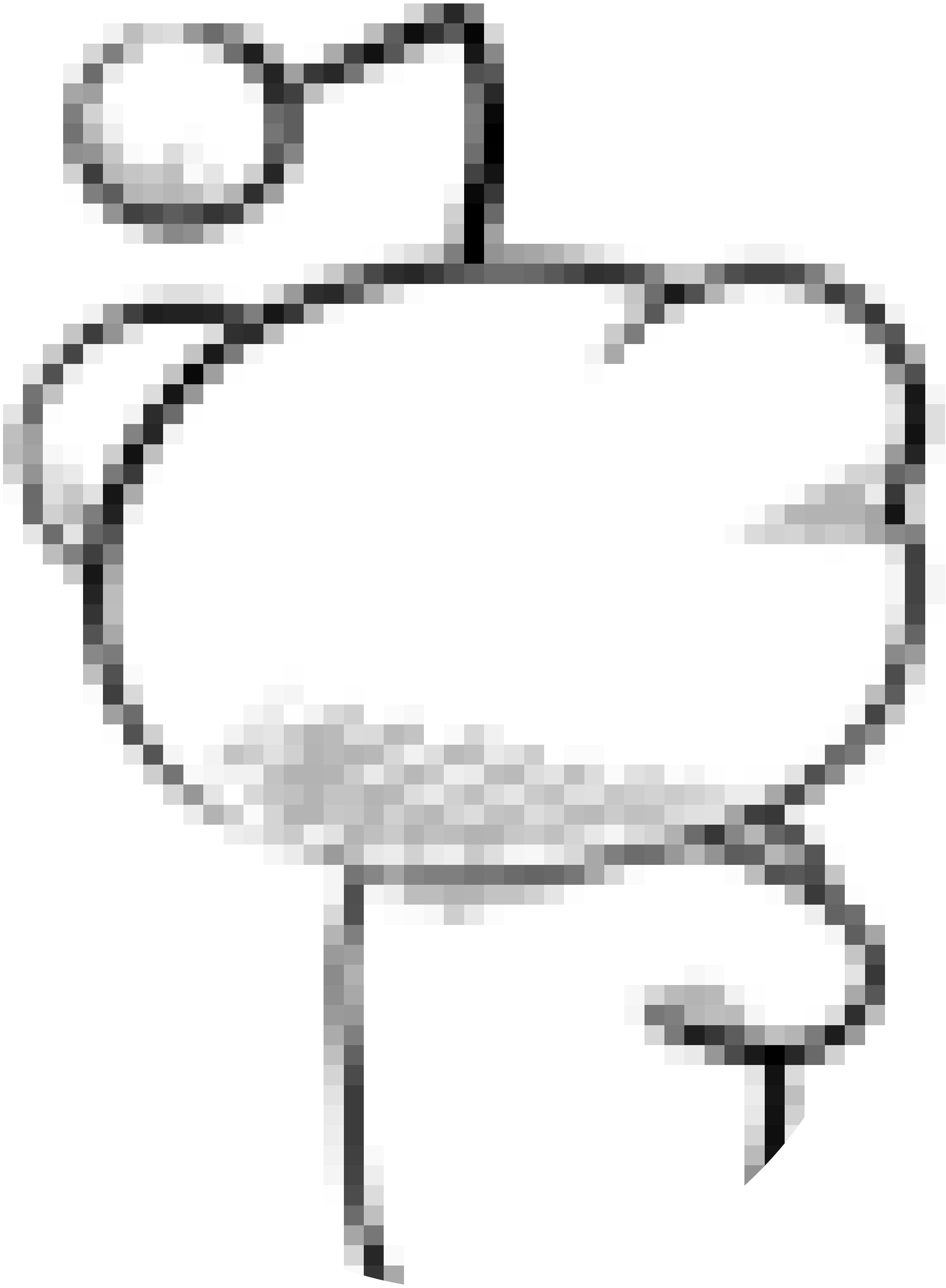
Warlock-
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine isn't anything too crazy. Basically, I've just heard some really weird things in my house. My house isn't really old or creepy which is weird. Anyways, my cousin and I were in my bathroom and nobody was home. Out of nowhere we heard a woman's laugh come from somewhere in the bathroom. We turned to each other and both said, "did you just laugh?" And neither of us can explain what happened. I've also heard a man's laugh coming from an empty room that my friends heard. And the last thing I heard was someone talking when nobody was home.



[subjectseven](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I am out camping with some friends, some of the guys went to sleep and it was just 4 of us still awake sitting at a table, two on each side. Then suddenly the two guys sitting across from my side of the table jump up and scream, scaring the shit out of my friend and I sitting on my side of the table. After they manage to calm down and we ask them what happened they claimed to have seen an a very pale and frail man suddenly appear behind ME and make a motion of sliding his finger across his neck like what you see in the movies when someone is implying death, and then disappear. Needless to see there was not much sleep that night on my part.



[ruffpuff](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

a friend of mine has this really interesting theory about ghosts, i cant remember exactly how he explained it too me but i shall i try my best to remember the details. he said that a brain is like a bio chemical engine which is always creating vibrations, and when the brain goes through a traumatic experience it creates stronger vibrations, especially strong vibrations can linger for decades. then there was this whole bit about how the brain picks up on these vibrations and interprets them, and something else about why childrens brains pick up these things much better than an adults brain, but i have completely forgotten the details. i hope that from this some intelligent scientifically minded person will take what i have written here and explain it properly

indarkcamo
â€¢ 13y ago

i had fallen asleep on my couch watching TV one night. This happens often so in the past when I've woken up before, I find myself in the same exact position as when I dozed off. This one time i open my eyes as usual but i cant move (i know I know, sleep paralysis) this is when the strange kicks in. I begin to experience frustration not being able to get up so i feel this energy/feeling building up in my chest and releasing itself attempting to break through some kind of barrier in order to wake up or move or whatever. This happens about three times with no results. The energy build and release happens once more and I manage to break through and get up out of my couch, so I'm thinking to myself "well fuck its about time". A couple seconds after "waking up" i look back at the spot where i "had" been laying and see my body is still fucking there asleep or some shit. I'm well into a classic "what the fuck has happened to me" moment as the whole thing doesn't feel right and suddenly, I get text message notification from from my girlfriend. My awake conscience/spirit/energy (what ever its called) rapidly gets sucked back into my body i had been looking at from about 6 feet away and really wake up this time completely confused. I think i astral projected for like 10 seconds in my living room.

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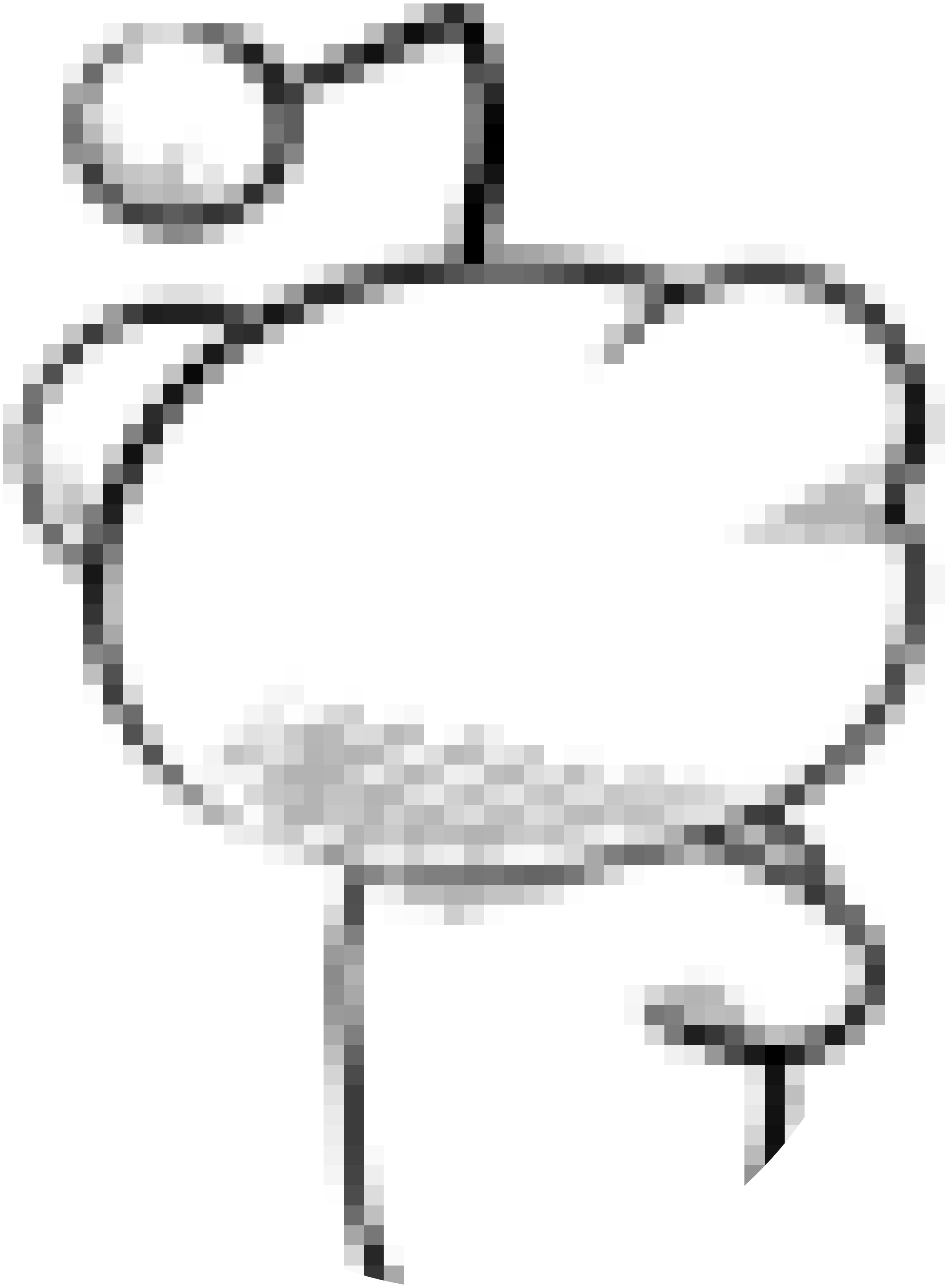
[DontExpectMuch](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

On the way to Books-a-Million with my mom one night down our narrow road there were cars parked on both sides so we couldn't pass. The people were standing by their cars looking up, so we pulled to the side & got out to have a look-see. About 50 yards above this single story home was a something with lights just floating in the sky. After staring at it for a couple if minutes it shot off over the hills with no acceleration. Everyone silently got in their car & drive off. I've never claimed it to be aliens, I just explain it as I saw it.

VeradilGamer
â€¢ 13y ago

I was too young to remember this when it happened, my mom and i were just walking around, my grandmother was in hospital and very ill, then all of the sudden i say; she is dead. My mom said that she was not dead, just very ill. Then her phone started ringing. It was from the hospital. She had just passed away. I heard this from my mother a few days ago and i was kind of freaked out.



[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

I've had a relatively boring life with this regard but this happened two weeks ago. Just before Christmas this last year my uncle passed away very unexpectedly. My grandmother found him on the bathroom floor and he was already gone. (still don't know what the cause of death was)

So I'm cleaning his room out and I found his old camera and figured I'd keep it because it's a lot nicer than my point and shoot. So I flipped through the pictures and found old pics from my wedding (he was apparently really bad about cleaning out his memory card because that was awhile ago)...pics of his dog. The last four pics on the camera were what got me. In order they were: 1.) A picture of my uncle smiling, 2.) A very blurry picture of the hallway outside his bedroom, 3.) A picture of the bathroom floor and 4.) A black picture like if the lens cap was on.

This even weirded out my SO the staunch "there's a scientific explanation for everything" atheist. Kind of creepy as far as I was concerned.

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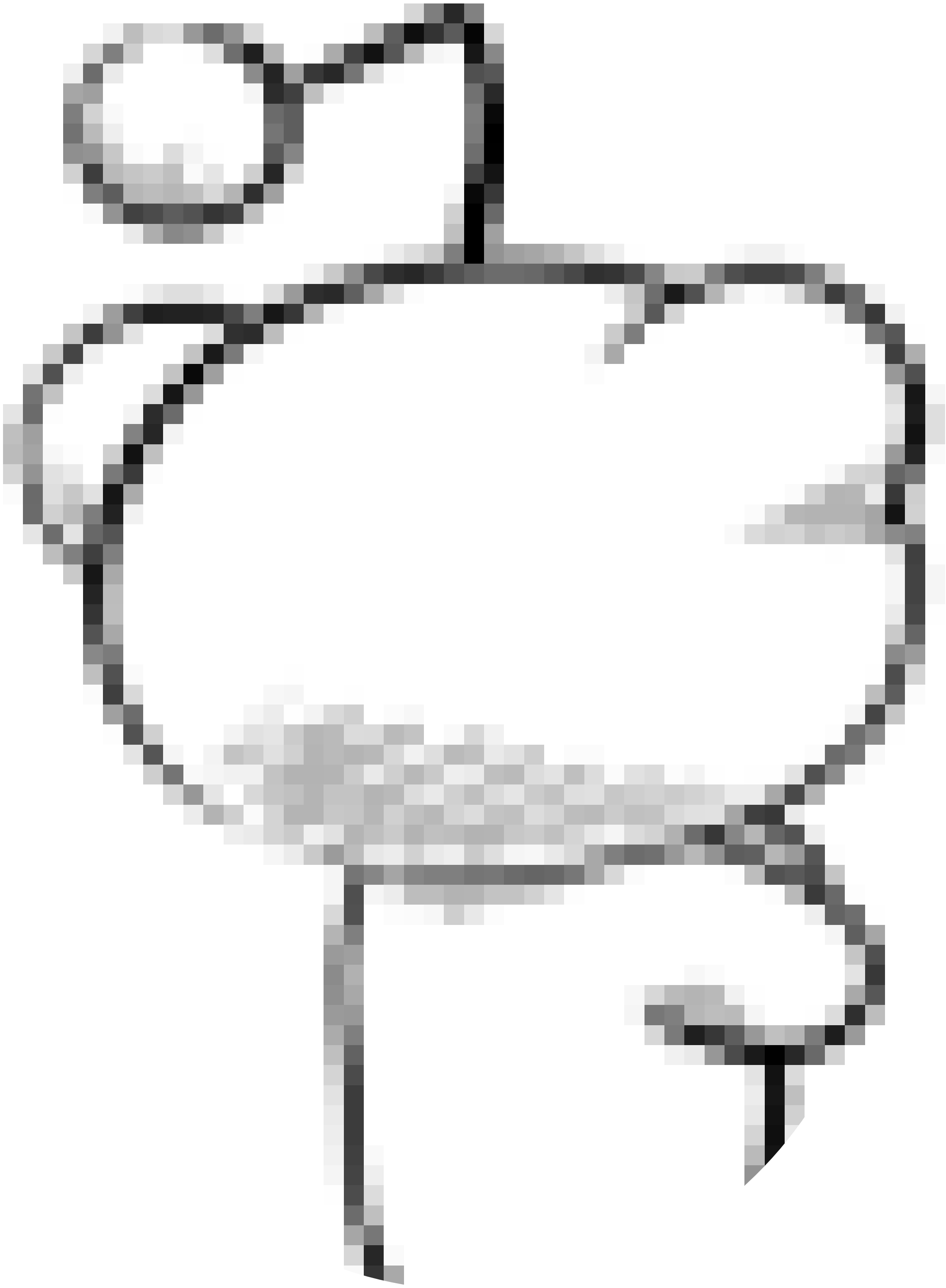

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â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply

fujifuj
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened when I was quite young, like toddler-age.

I was at the supermarket with my mom and twin brother, and she was walking with us back to the car when all of a sudden I broke away from her hand and started running away (like kids do). Before my mom could do anything, I was just about to run out from beside a parked car into the path of a moving car which was out of my vision, when I just stopped all of a sudden.

When my mom asked me why I stopped, I told her there was a big golden hand blocking my path. I've had a memory of this golden hand since then. I'm an atheist with a vaguely religious upbringing (the soft stuff, like guardian angels), so I don't know -- maybe my little self imagined it or something, who knows? Either way, I'm still alive, so that's good :)

shrillingchicken
â€¢ 13y ago

I once took up meditation and had an experience where my consciousness exploded into a boundless nothing. It lasted a fraction of a second, I jumped up immediately.

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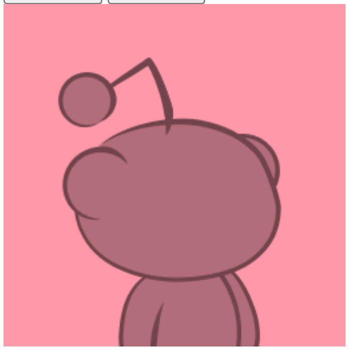


trakam
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm not in the least bit superstitious. I totally believe in the power of rationality and reason and also very aware of the tricks the mind can play on you. Infact I've dealt successfully with several phobias through this belief..

However...

I'm laying awake at night, alone in my room, staring at the ceiling thinking about nothing in particular.

Suddenly I feel something slide up beside me, under the duvet.

It starts at my upper thigh and moves up my body slowly. I'm frozen, I can't move.

It feels like a hand, a very large hand. Infact I'm convinced it is just that since I can feel the shape, and the movement of the fingers pressing on me.

It slides up to my chest the suddenly pushes down really hard. I can't breathe. It doesn't stop. I feel I'm going to die.

I let out a muted scream or shout.

It's gone.

I'm fully awake throughout the experience.

I turn the light on, nothing.

I can't rationalise or put it down to a dream as i was awake and it felt so real.

Eventually I return to bed, light on.

A door slams downstairs, I'm the only person in the house.

I'm 27 at the time.

Never experienced anything like it before or since.

⊕ 10 more replies

⊕ 10 more replies

⊕ More replies

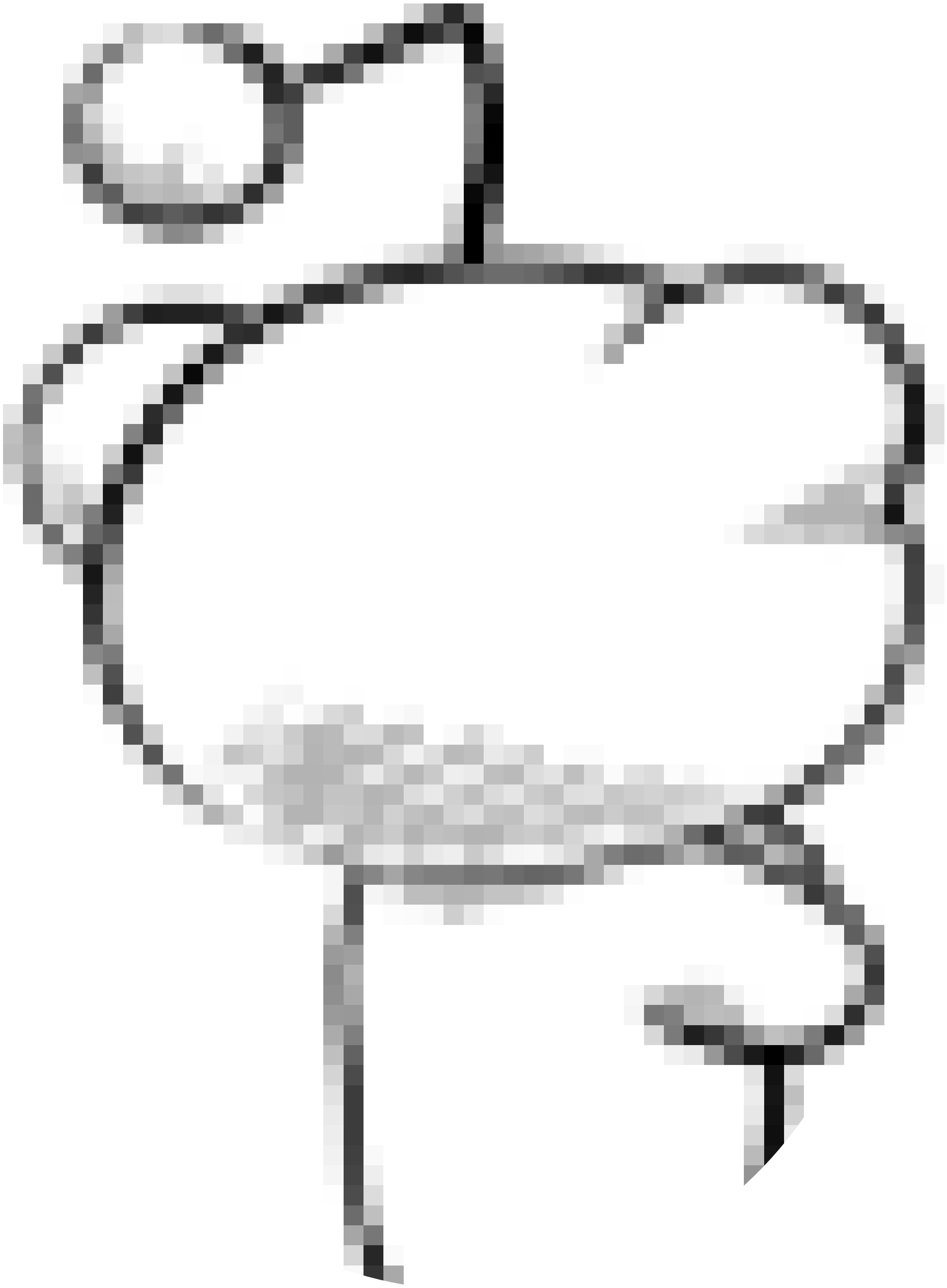
downpourR
â€¢ 13y ago

Last year, a couple days before Christmas, I had appendix surgery. It went much quicker than i expected, and the next morning they sent me home. Although I was in a good amount of pain, i was happy to be spending Christmas with the family. Fortunately, i was given a bottle of hydrocodone, so it seemed that my home recovery would be pretty smooth.

I started to notice that something was off the first night back. I was sleeping on the couch (pretty much what i had done the whole day) watching The Office with my brother who was in a sleeping bag on the floor. I was enjoying myself until i started to doze off. Suddenly i felt like i was paralyzed. I was staring at the ceiling, unable to move, when i started to feel inexplicably nervous. Suddenly, i felt as if i had been sucked into the couch, and i was falling into this monstrous cavern. I maintained this feeling of free fall for what felt like forever, when i heard this voice calling me from the bottom of the pit, or whatever i was in. It was calling my name, and was whispering things like "come closer". When i felt like i was about to hit the ground, I woke up. I wrote it off as just a weirdly vivid nightmare, and pretty much forgot about it by the next day.

.....which was Christmas Eve! So while i wasn't feeling the best i was still pretty pumped that i would be opening my presents in less than 24 hours. Like the day before, everything was fine when the sun was up, but at night things started to get weird. I had just laid down in my bed, ready to get some sleep before all of tommorows festivities. I had barely closed my eyes when all of a sudden i heard a bang on my door, followed by a rattle; almost as if someone was turning the door nob really fast. I jumped out of bed and saw from under my door that the hallway light was still on, so i assumed my brother was still getting ready for bed and had just dropped the mouthwash bottle or something. After calming myself down, i finally fell back asleep. This was short-lived as i woke again just minutes later, or so i had thought. I quickly sat up in bed, and i noticed that the light in the hallway was now off. I sat there for around 20 seconds scanning the room, not understanding why i was feeling so uneasy. Then, i looked down at my bed, and saw that next to me was a lump. i started to get nervous, but i continued to scan the room from my bed to make sure nothing banged on the door, or jumped out of the closet or something. I looked down at my bed again, and this time the lump was still there, but now there were hands gripping the top of my comforter, as if someone was laying next to me. Around the same time i saw this, my cd player turned on and started playing horrible, distorted, skipping music. I looked down at my bed and saw that the hands were moving, and were slowly pulling down the sheets. I was frozen with terror; something horrible was laying next to me, and for some reason i knew that it really wanted me to see its face. The blankets got down to the top of its head, and began to see long hair. But, right before i was about to see what it was, the "dream" ended and i woke up.

I didn't get any sleep that night, so on Christmas morning i got on my laptop and did some research. Apparently, some people have adverse reactions to Oxy and Hydrocodone where they experience auditory hallucinations, and vivid nightmares. I have been unable to find the article since, but there was a guy on Oxys who had a dream that he had killed a group of kids in a drunk driving accident. He said that it was so real that it took him a while after waking up to realize that it never happened. Needless to say, i stopped taking the hydrocodone and starting taking mad ibuprofen. But yeah, this something to consider if you get put on these types of drugs.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Don't believe in stuff like that... However......

When I was in the army, I had to do this monthly base duty. My base contained 3 units, so me (Officer) and 3 guys (Sergeants) had to be around on the weekend to "take care" of the place. We all had to hang out/sleep in this room while on duty.

So one night, I asked 1 of the sergeants to go to the smoking point with me, the other 2 guys decided to hang back to use the computer to watch some youtube or something. Anyway, we went to smoke and when we were smoking, one of the sergeants came saying he wanted to take a smoke too, before heading to bathe. The rules stated that 2 people had to be in the room at all times, but I was fine with it, so I told him to hurry up.

When I reached back, the third sergeant (the guy who hung back) saw me and said sorry. Apparently, I went back to the room and berated him for letting the guy go to shower when it was obvious that I had never stepped back into the room.

Obviously we all didn't have a good sleep after that.

[Previsible](#)
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I have 3 different stories.

First one being a childhood memory.

My mother, father, sister, and I were driving through the city on the way to my cousins house for a sleep over. We were going to be staying (the 3 of us-- myself, my sister, and my cousin) in a house alone which was next door to my great aunts house. On the way there I saw from just over the buildings a VERY low flying spacecraft. It looked almost as if it could touch the roof tops. The colors were similar to that of a baseball diamond but rather than being a diamond it was a triangle and each base was a light. I tried to grab my parents and sisters attention before it vanished but they were having a conversation and I got in trouble for interrupting. They never saw what I did.

To make matters worse my cousin and sister insisted on watching the outer limits all night and I couldn't sleep due to it.

2nd one being a complete mind trip.

So here where I live in Calgary AB we have HAWKS helicopter (anti crime unit) that scouts the city with their huge spot light. I had a room on the 2nd story of our house and the spotlight would always end up flashing through my window and lighting up the room.

As I was falling asleep one night I saw the spotlight light up my room and tried to ignore it... but this time it wasn't going away. The whole room was pure white and I started to panic when I couldn't hear the helicopter blades or any noise. I freaked out and ran out of my room and into the bathroom and sat on the floor against the door panicking. It was at this point that I saw through the vent under the sink, what looked like a human face but with no pupils or coloration on the eyes at all. I closed the vent, plugged the sinks and taps with toilet paper and started yelling and screaming as if I was being killed.

My mother heard the commotion and woke up to come and get me but I had locked the bathroom door and was huddled in the bath tub. Apparently I had been sleepwalking and dreamed the whole incident- it felt so real, I was a 13 year old and in tears like a baby.

The 3rd one is the most frightening thing I've EVER experienced.

My grandmother lived in a house in Yorkton Saskatchewan for some time and we went down to visit her. She would sleep on the sofa and gave us the reason that "When I'm in the bedrooms I don't feel rested, it must be the mattress" But another thing that weirded me out that she had never done prior to living in this house was blast the stereo all night (rather loudly) as she slept.

I have been afraid of the dark for years so to me, being alone in the dark room by myself I knew my imagination would play tricks on me. All I could see in the dark was what looked like dark shadows darting from one side of the room to the other and into the closet then hovering over me and getting close to my face then backing away. I pawned it off as my fear getting the best of me. This happened every night the whole time I was there.

A few months later we brought the guy I was engaged to at the time down to meet her. We stayed in that same room and I was relieved to have some company and hoped my mind would be put to rest-- but it wasn't. I could see the same thing I saw before and I wondered why I wasn't comfortable even though my fiance was beside me. Now, I had never told him about the shadows I saw previously (it's embarrassing to be a grown woman afraid of the dark)

A few minutes into laying there he began to shift around and turned to me and asked me, "This might sound strange, but do you see what's going on in the room around us?" He didn't even have to mention the shadows or go any further with that conversation because I started crying and begged him to turn the lights on. We ended up not sleeping that night and I went around with the camera taking pictures of everything.

At one point when we were outside I took a picture of the window to our room where we were staying (my parents window was beside it) and in my parents window you could see 2 faces staring back at us.

this was back in 2007 and since then I lost the picture-- I might have it on my moms old computer or somewhere but I've never been that frightened in my life. I assumed my Grandmothers strange behavior had something to do with whatever was living in there with her. When we asked her to move to Calgary so we could take care of her she was fine, slept in a bed with no issue and no more blasting the radio at night.

edit: formatting and punctuation/grammar

iamsofuckinglazy
â€¢ 13y ago

One time, on vacation in Tennessee, I saw a woman OUTSIDE the kitchen.

Don't know if the out of place woman or the fact we were vacationing in Tennessee is more unexplainable.

ImDotTK
â€¢ 13y ago

I realised I actually have a story to post here.

I was around 10-12, the age isn't really important. I had been battling tubulointerstitial nephritis and uveitis for around a year or so, with my condition varying.

I was getting progressively better and I could stand to be around light and such so I was able to go back home. At the same time, my grandmother was admitted to hospital for breathing issue and not feeling well. As time progressed, I grew better, she grew worse and during my visits there she'd be really happy to hear about my recovery and how my life was going.

Well, one night I'm laying in bed, and then finally I fall asleep. Now normally, when I sleep it's just one big area of blank, never remember anything at all. This particular night I was in my grandmothers car with 3 of the kids she looked after (She was in childcare). We were driving down a long desert road with a dead tree on the left side of the road, driving into what seemed a endless road to the sunset.

My grandmother was a big lady, and when my parents were telling me about her conditions, they said she was hooked up to machines to help with breathing and such. So, I'm seeing my grandmother, with plastic tubes attached to her arms and down her mouth (like plastic bendy straws on a large scale). I had no idea what this dream meant or why I was having it, but she was smiling (As best as I could describe it while having a airtube down your throat).

Then, I wake up to the sound of a knock. My mum lets in my father and they go into her room. I can hear them speaking, but the voices are muffled. Then, I hear crying. Finally, after my mother stops crying, they come into my room, where they see me sitting upright in my bed. My dad goes to speak "Son, I have to tell you something" and before he could say anymore, I just let out a faint whisper "I know".

That is the true story, in detail, of what I hope and think is my grandmother telling me she had passed.

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies

MuhhhBeard
â€¢ 13y ago

Im going to apologize for the long post and horrible spelling and grammar, as i am doing this from my phone at work which is a very old very haunted pshychiatric hospital thats over 100 years old. I had to get in on this action. Though this is not about my workplace, it is about a historical site in my marvelously haunted town with a very bloody history (appropriately named Battleford). Fort Battleford is one of our oldest historical sites and actually has a ghost walk. I decided to check it out and found it very informative about the history of my home and the ghost stories of the old staff and new staff alike ,were very very creepy and entertaining. The officers quarter was the most evil feeling place i have ever been in. We were informed to not touch a single thing and were given no reason, but after some talking i recieved the info i wanted. The general at the time in charge of the fort, was a very young man who had seen his share of violence and death and was responsible for bringing down a very ruthless native warrior, shortly after he (in a very non chalant manner) would openly state he was going to kill himself, after a short stay at a sanitarium he was discharged back to the fort with nurses who stayed with him all hours of the day, one morning he asked the maid for a bowl of soup, she walked down the stairs directly into the kitchen, got his soup, went back into his room and he had blown his head off in bed and no one heard the shot go off, yet his head was half blown off and he had both hands on the muzzle of the barrel and nothing rigged to the trigger. Since then numerous things happened in said building. Most notable are the following two.During one of the first public tours (a regular day tour) a woman and her husbandhad walked into the house, and the woman promptly grabbed the tour guide and dragged her outside and told her to keep people out of the house and do not touch anything, "it hate people and it hates them touching whats now his" the tourguide (the same woman who divulged this information to me) was confused and decided to stop the tour and report it to her manager who simply shrugged it off and asked for tours to contue. Appx a week later another couple had come to tour the site with their four year old daughter, upon entering the home the girl was reportedly thrown to the ground and was kicking and screaming "GET IT OFF ITS HURTING ME ITS HURTING ME MOMMMMMY!" It took 4 tourguides to drage this poor girl from the porch to outside they said it was like she weighed hundreds of pounds. The girl recalls nothing and was unconcious for half an hour, and i have seen the official report document of what happened when they filed an incident report, my tourguide kept a copy as a reminder.) so by the time we had toured the building, we reach the back of the house, which has 4 doors, on to the cellar, kitchen, the back door and one to the main seating area, all open, with 10lb sandbags holding them in place. One of the hartier men in the group decided to fidget with a trinket on a shelf and laugh at the spectacle stating its for shock value, as the woman acknowledges his snyde comments, she begings to tell him to please put the trinket down. He laughs at her, and not even a moment after, i shit you not, it was like rolling thunder came from the bowels of the house, it was like a lion roaring in your ear. the sand bags shot across the hall and all doors slammed shut repeatedly everyone in the house ran out the front door. It was single handedly the most terrifying experience of my life. There are actual documentationa of these incidents that are filed and theyve closed the officers quarters for good. Once aain. Sorry for the long post

Reply Share

skypointing
â€¢ 13y ago

okay, okay. these are all via my grandmother, who is in her mid-60's and sharp as a whip. she also is one of the most honest people I've ever known. she doesn't bullshit, ever. she told me these and i never once considered doubting her.

now, this starts in the early 90's. my grandma was part of a cleaning crew that did big houses together. this house in particular was Cicil War era, old style plantation. sat at the end of a mile long stretch of gravel, lined with oak trees. out back was a good acre of gardens, greenhouse, etc. even a child's to-scale playhouse. btw this is in the older part of Germantown, in Memphis, TN, if that's relevant.

probably the most significant story from this part of time is this: the crew was spread among the house, doing their jobs. one if the women goes to the second floor, to a room referred to as "the little girl's room," solely because it was always decked out for a little girl. pink walls, lace and frills everywhere, dolls, etc. the women walks into the room and happens to glance out the window. she supposedly sees a young girl, 6 or 7, maybe, hovering directly outside the window. she described her with blonde curls, wearing a black velvet dress with lace, and black patent leather shoes. now, the house has an iron terrace on the back side, but it only reaches floors one and three. nothing to stand on outside this window.

the woman shrieks and runs out, and when she tells the others, they're skeptical, and calm her down enough to get her working again. she goes to open one of the hall closets, looking for clean sheets, and proceeds to scram bloody murder and bolt out of the house, refusing to come back in. the closet was a black, lacy little girl's dress on a hanger, and on the floor were little black patent leather shoes.

that's the most significant story, i think. others are simpler, but still memorable. eventually my grandma left the crew, but stayed on to clean this house, and she would bring her mother to help her since it was so big. the owner was a very friendly woman who didn't mind.

things would happen like my cleaning buckets being left in a room, and being gone when they'd come back, only to be found tossed into the little girl's room. you'd hear creaks, doors slamming even though they were the only two in the house and hadn't moved, etc.

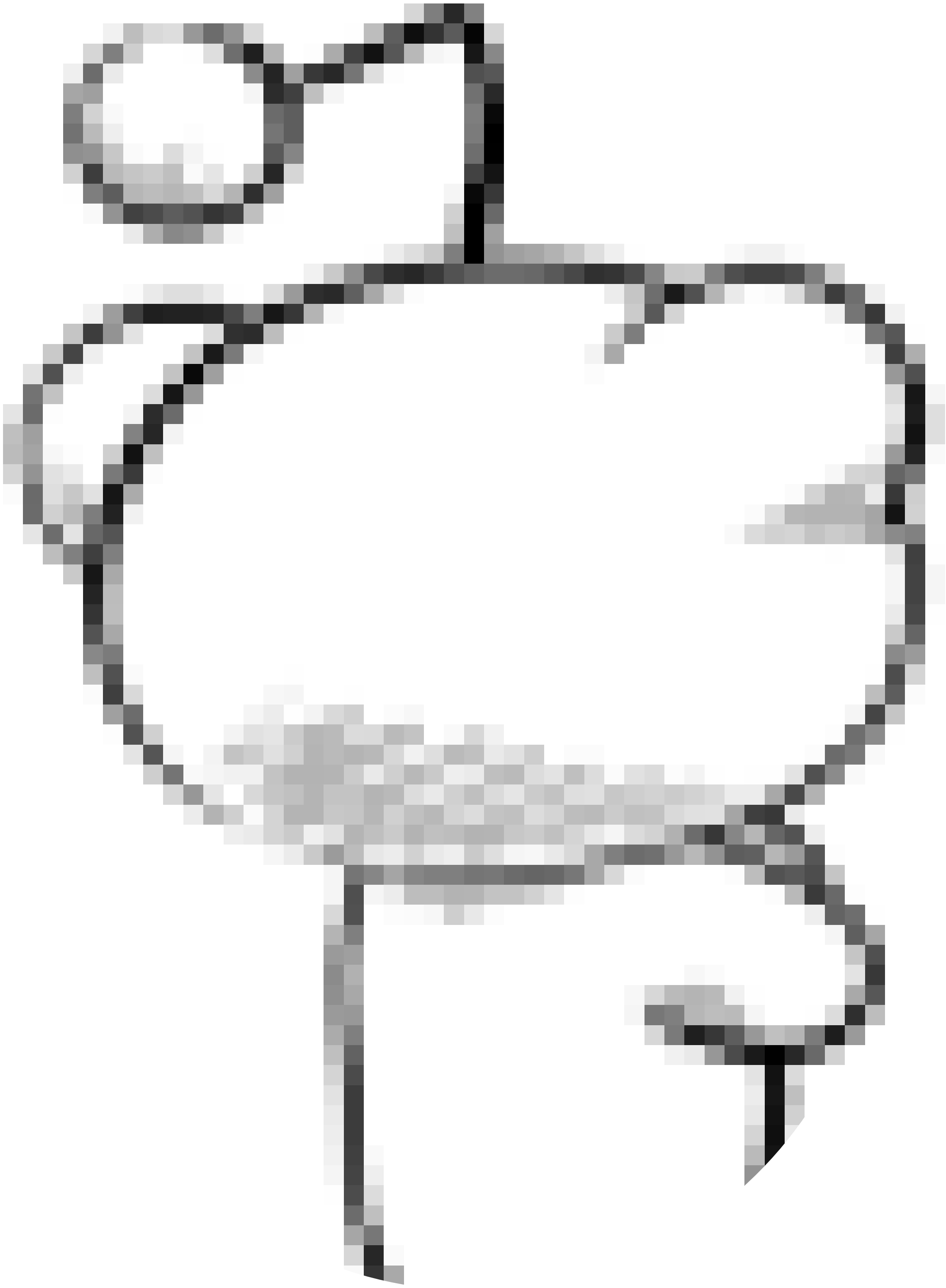
the woman had two dogs who were very sweet and would follow you everywhere as you cleared, but the minute you walked up the stairs to the third floor, they bolt away, whimpering. if you tried to coax them up, they'd freak out. they clearly didn't have a problem with stairs, just the third floor.

i helped my grandma clean the house twice, it may have been coincidence, but both times, the minute i stepped onto the third floor, I'd develop a huge migraine. as soon as i went back down, it would leave. just stuff like that.

~the end~

I'm on mobile, so i apologize for any typos

TL;DR: lil ghostie in a big ol' house



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â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't a ghost story, it's more of a lament.

I want SO BADLY to believe in ghosts and spirits and the paranormal but I've never had any kind of paranormal experience.

And I'm bummed about that. I was really heavy into Wicca for a long time so you'd think I would have at least alerted something to my presence (hypothetically) but no.

Alas, I am a squib. V_V

Thank you everyone for sharing, I love reading about this stuff!

[thebacons200212](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Driving home from work the day before yesterday I thought of someone I had not thought of in a long time (15 years). He just popped into my head for absolutely no reason. Nothing reminded me of him or anything, just poof! I found out he died yesterday.

[fluffitude](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Let me preface by saying that I'm an atheist, don't believe in ghosts and am a firm believer in sciencey type stuff.

And this is not at all creepy but something I will never, ever forget and definitely inexplicable.

My mother was actively dying from cancer. I was with her, as I had been for the last three months of her life. When the time is close, you know (without going into gory details, there's signs).

Anyway, Mom was out of it from morphine so was "asleep" as she was taking her last breaths. I got on the bed with her and held her and after she did take what was to be her last breath, I felt a wave of ...I dunno, energy? Something passed through me. There was no way I could know it had been her last breath, but after I felt that, I knew it had been.

Not saying a soul or spirit, but I do believe people have a "spark" or energy and I think I might have felt hers leave her body.

[Beelzehubz](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I'm sure this will get buried but I like to share. I've had strange experiences all of my life and I do actually believe in the occult and I've seen it's effectiveness plenty of times. So here are a few of the experiences which really stand out:

1. I was young, I don't remember how young but still a child. It was early one morning and I was watching tv with my bedroom door open. It opened onto a hallway in which my parents had placed a long rug. I was minding my own business when the rug suddenly lifted off of the floor a good few inches and literally started shaking as if someone was trying to shake dirt off of it. No one was awake, my parents didn't really believe me and I have no explanation for it to this day.

2. I grew up in an old building in Manhattan. Ever since the day with the rug I had been convinced it was haunted. In my room, which was the maid's quarters in an earlier time, I would always hear the subtle hint of voices. The walls are incredibly thick, all brick and steel, and the sounds came from within the room. Flash forward a few years and my girlfriend, now my wife, was hanging out with me. I had told her that my apartment was haunted but she never believed me. I left her alone to go to the bathroom and, while I was gone, she heard the sound of a woman crying. It wasn't just sobbing but a real mournful wailing. When I came back into my room she told me never to leave her alone in the apartment again. Perhaps I should add that my mother had died in that apartment.

3. A few years later and I'm living with my wife in Queens. Odd things happened periodically but we basically ignored them. We lived in a multi-family town house with her parents. One morning her mother is yelling that our cats are downstairs. I thought it was impossible because I always lock all the doors (I'm paranoid). Sure enough, the door was wide open and the cats were downstairs. I rounded them up and checked the door. It was open but it was still locked. The knob doesn't even turn if the door is locked.

4. A year or two later and we had moved to about 6-8 hours away from the city. We were living in a house in which the previous tenant had been murdered. There was still a man sized hole in the carpet where he had died. As I said, I'm paranoid and lock all the doors before I go to sleep. One morning I woke up and the front door was open. I thought my wife hadn't closed it properly when she left that morning. I went to close it and the door was still locked. It was the same deal, the knob doesn't turn if the door is locked.

5. We were moving out of that house and I was alone, packing up the rest of the boxes and cleaning. Towards the end of the day I noticed something on my arm. It was a round, red spot. I first assumed it was some sort of allergic reaction but then I noticed there were more. There were about 3 or 4 on one side of my arm and one on the

> other. Then it hit me. They were in the exact position that someone's fingers would be if they had grabbed my arm. Imagine standing in front of someone with your forearm up and them grabbing it. The marks stayed for at least a week.

I have yet to really experience anything that stands out since we moved again. Although, we have only lived in this current location for almost a year. I have also laid off of the occult stuff just a bit. I still believe in it and I still believe it has helped me many times in the past but I no longer have enough space to dedicate some of it to such things.

As for my experiences with the occult, those are somewhat less scary although far too strange to be coincidences. If anyone wants to hear a few examples I would be happy to share them.

Reply Share

moose111
â€¢ 13y ago

Back in high school I was hanging out at one of my ex girlfriends place, we were on the couch just relaxing watching a movie. 90 degrees to my left is a door to the hallway running perpendicular to the way I'm sitting. All of a sudden I see a black lab waddle past the doorway, into the kitchen. Now I'm quite confused because I didn't think my ex had a dog, so I asked her and she calmly replied "Oh yeah thats Bailey, he died a few years ago but we still see him lying at the top of the stairs or hear him barking in the middle of the night. Feels like he's still here protecting me." I spent the next 20 minutes making sure there was no dog in the house, and being pretty amazed.

Reply Share

beeasaurusrex
â€¢ 13y ago

Everyone posting here should be over on r/creepypasta or r/nosleep. We got some imaginative storytellers here and I'm very impressed.

Reply Share

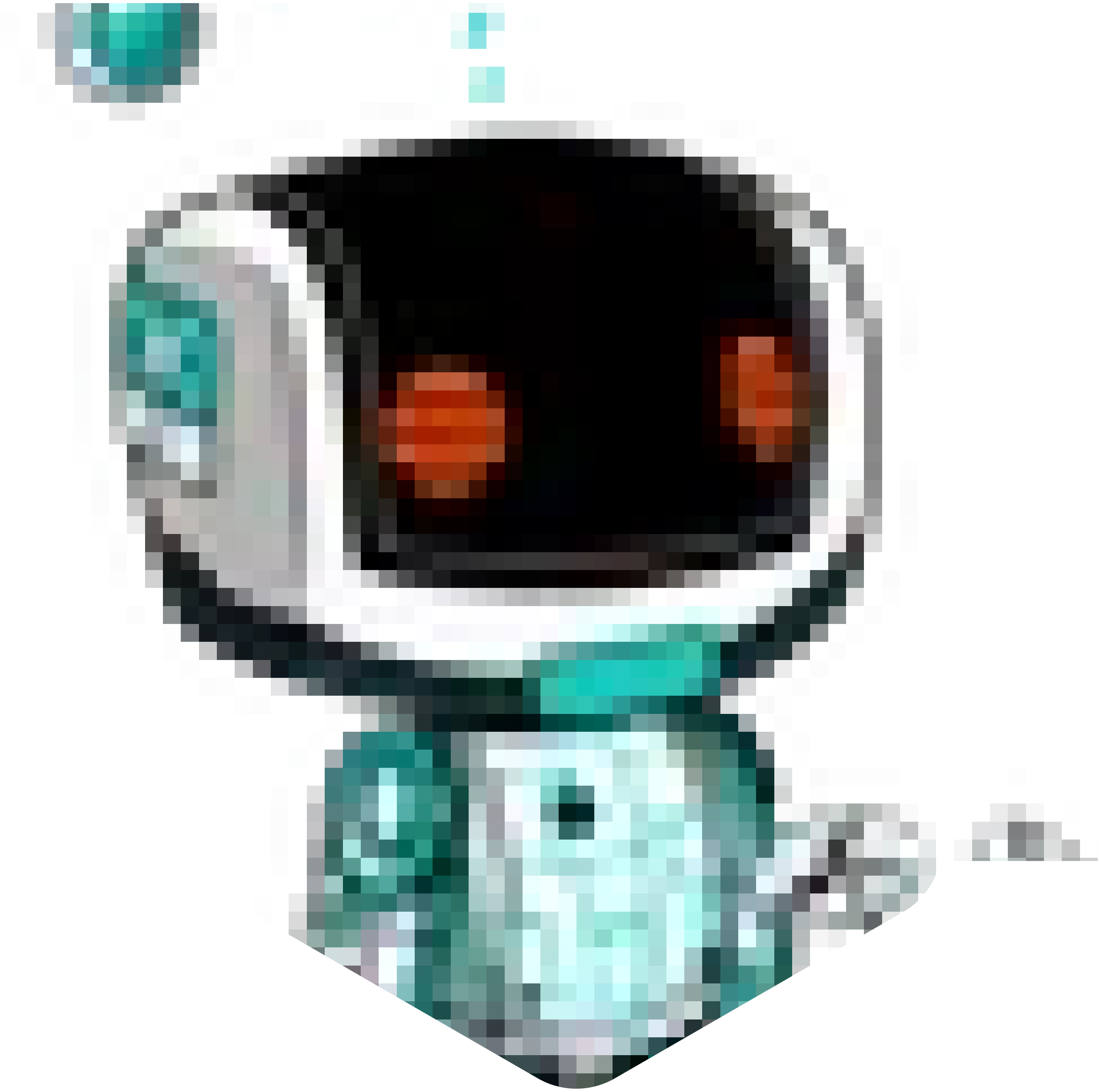
ApeyJ
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to have many things happen, but I will tell you the most creepy one.

When I was about 5 or 6, the electricity went out at night. I'm already afraid of the dark, but I got this terrible feeling and suddenly there was a loud crack! I screamed and my mom calmed me down. The next day, I go to look at my closet door and there on the inside is a white handprint. I told my mom, who laughed it off saying I did it with chalk. No matter how much I insisted that the handprint was too big, she never believed me. I could also never clean it off.

Fast forward to when I was 22 and moving out. I went through the house one last time. I went to the closet to think about how silly I was about it, and put my hand over the handprint. My hand fit perfectly! *shivers*

Reply Share



[davidcarron](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Where are all the good UFO stories? I know you guys are out there!

Reply Share

Chaos707
â€¢ 13y ago

5 years ago, I got one of those stupid chain texts that said you will die unless you forward to 10 people by midnight. I told myself fuck it, I'm not doing it this time. So I'm laying in bed, it's 12:10 and I watch my door open on it's own... I sent the text.... So ashamed

Reply Share

I_AM_THE_COCK
â€¢ 13y ago

When i was about 10 I had kind of the opposite to a sleep paralysis: I'd gone to bed and drifted off with my hands holding the top of the duvet, then i got woken up by the feeling of something pulling at the duvet really hard (from the bottom, by my feet), and i could sense that it wasn't a person somehow. It wasn't a steady pulling, more like yanking. Needless to say i was shitting myself in fear, but i just held on for dear life. After a while it stopped so i just lay there in the dark for a bit, then after a while i worked up the courage to switch the light on and run downstairs to watch tv with my parents. Probably just a nightmare, but it scared the crap out of me.

squatch81
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom had been sick for a long time and was in a nursing home. My siblings and I would visit her often and brought her presents to try to keep her spirits up. One of the presents was a stuffed animal of Lambchop (I'm sure many of you are too young to know what that is). You could pull a cord on the lambchop and it would sing "The Song that Never Ends". We would always pull the cord before we left her and the song would soothe her to sleep. Fast forward a couple years. My mom had passed away and I kept the lambchop for memories. One day I pulled the cord too hard and it broke. I couldn't get it to sing anymore. I shoved it at the bottom of my closet and forgot about it. Months later it was Christmas Eve. I had recently broken up with my boyfriend and I felt very lonely living on my own and missing my mom and family. I was laying in bed and crying and suddenly I hear "The Song that Never Ends" playing from my closet. I get out of bed and find the lambchop in my closet and it's singing, even though the cord is broken. I'm sure it's just a coincidence but the timing was crazy.

A couple years after that, my sister and I were visiting our Dad. My brother had moved out recently. I had talked to him on the phone this particular evening - we were considering meeting up for a drink but it was late so I decided not to go. I told him I'd see him in a month or so for Thanksgiving and that was that. I was sleeping in his old room at my Dad's. Around 2am I woke up suddenly and saw a figure next to the bed. Side note -- My dad lives in the middle of the woods and it is completely pitch black in this basement bedroom at night. You can't even see shadows, it's so dark). So this figure is standing next to the bed wearing an all white football uniform. It has gold lettering and a gold helmet. At the time I thought it looked like something the 49ers would wear. Once my heart stopped pounding I went back to sleep, figuring I was just having sleep paralysis or something. A couple hours later (still the middle of the night) my sister ran into my room crying and telling me that my brother had just been killed in a car accident. I was in complete shock. I found out later that he had died around 2am. His favorite team was the 49ers. I like to believe it was my brother who came to say goodbye to me.

upandb
â€¢ 13y ago

At work I take my lunch break in my car and listen to music/watch Netflix.

Last year, I was listening to music on my Zune through my car speakers and texting someone. The music stopped, so I looked at my Zune, and it was rebooting. Weird.

Then I realized my car had shut off. The engine wasn't running, just the power to run the radio. I pulled the key out and put it back in and it started fine.

I looked down at my phone and it was off. I pushed the power button and it rebooted.

All my electronics failed at once. I felt like I was hit by an EMP.

Reply Share

sprkleyes420
â€¢ 13y ago

My sister and I have conversations in our heads all the time. We didn't realize it until her husband pointed it out. We all moved in together after they got married so they could save some money. One night, we were sitting in the living room watching a movie. During one of the slow and serious parts of the movie, I was having a conversation with my sister about one of the main characters. I made a joke and she started laughing and I said "Right?" My brother in law looked at us with a confused look on his face. Turns out the only thing he heard (while sitting less than 3 feet from me and right next to my sister) was her laughing and me say "Right?" He said the rest of the conversation didn't take place.....out loud at least.

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2 more replies

2 more replies

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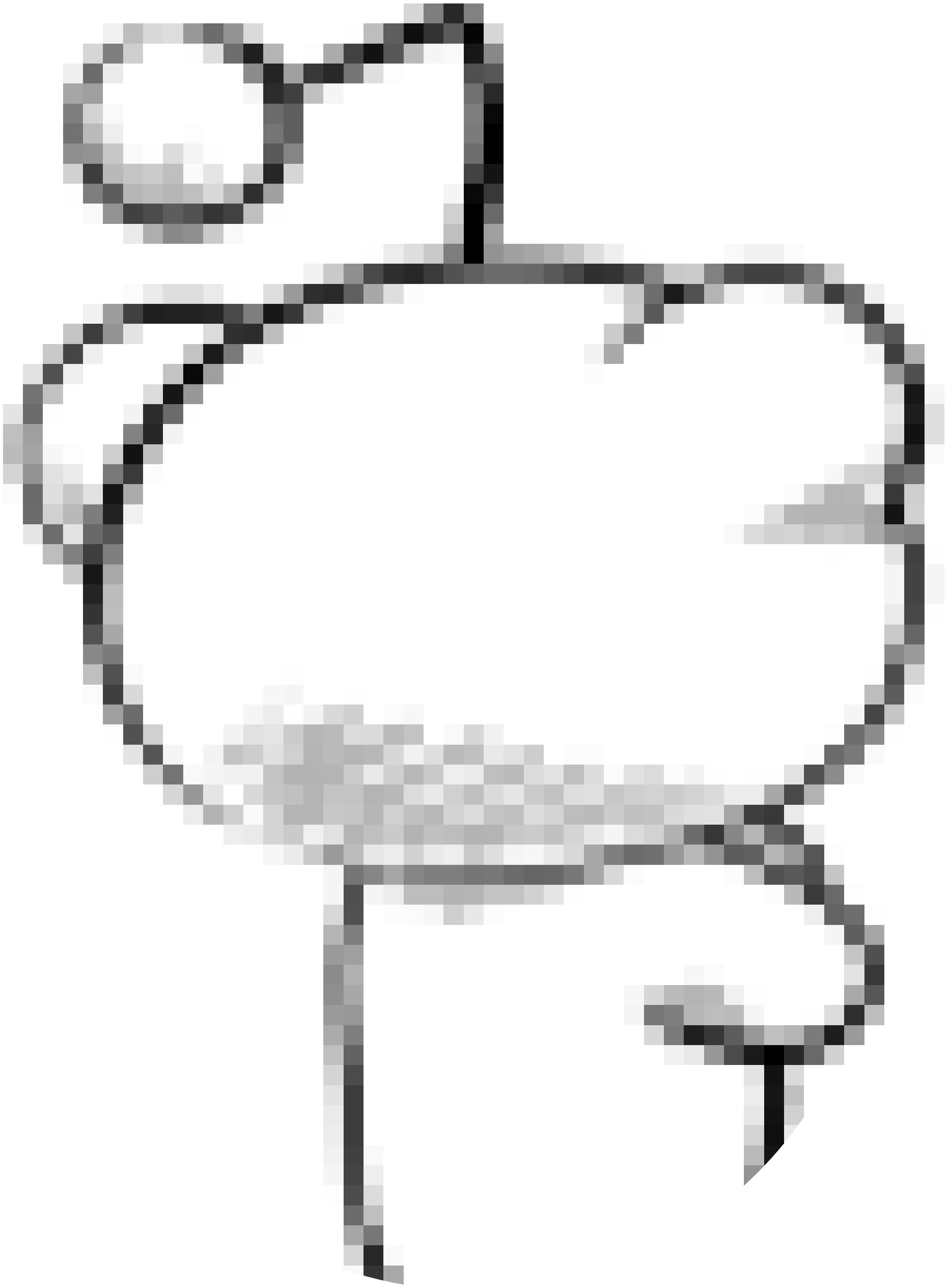


partyponies
â€¢ 13y ago

I was lying in bed half asleep when I was younger and I remember thinking about the sound of a window smashing... Less than 10 seconds later someone threw a brick through my neighbours window. Scared the shit out of me.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

By far the most downright creepy thing to have experienced was my trip down to the California coast with my girlfriend at the time. It started out with us deciding to go to Half Moon Bay to have some "beach" fun around 1-2AM in the morning. Ever since highschool, I have going to what my friends and I called the "secret beach" by going through some side neighborhoods and off the beaten path. You have to cross this large football field acre of land full of tall grass to get to the cliff which leads down to the beach.

There are no lights to help you cross this field and get down the cliff. So what we relied on the moonlight to show us the way (I'm the dumbass forgetting to bring a flash light). So here is where it gets interesting. Halfway across this field we notice what looks like a black bush just laying over the grass. It looked darker than anything else in its surroundings but we ignored it and pressed on. Another few steps and the fucking bush silently started to glide over the grass. Now in our heads we were thinking it was a black labrador or a plastic garbage bag.

The creepiest part was when we got close enough to the black blob we noticed it had no defining features whatsoever. It just looked like a cloud of ink floating towards us. So my girlfried was getting freaked out and we decided to quietly walk back to the car. By the time we got to the streetlight and I turned around and saw this black blob which felt like it was staring at us from behind (still no definable features in the light, just black). It seemed it was looking right at us more out of curiosity, then threatening at the time but we booked it and ran for the car.

To this day we still don't know wtf that was. A few years back my sister told me her friends on the highschool wrestling team had a similar experience and she called me right away after she heard the story. They were running in the back hills of where I live and said they came across a black cloud on the ground floating towards them but this happened during dawn when there was still light.

I googled the shit out of this and found some interesting things when I searched "black ghost blob".

TLDR; Call ghost busters.

flomoloko
â€¢ 13y ago

This is probably not all that scary to anyone but me, but here is mine. When I was about ten years old, I woke up from a deep sleep around two in the morning to the sound of my mom doing dishes and talking quietly to herself. At some point it finally dawned on me that she should not be doing dishes this late at night, and I raised my head up from the pillow. Sudden and total silence.

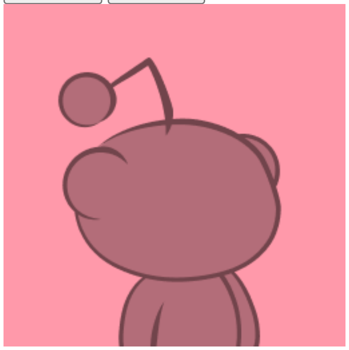
[metapede](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My gf and I watched *The Exorcism of Emily Rose* and she was super freaked out by it and wouldn't let me go home that night as I'd planned to - which was fine :).

The next morning I went back to my apartment (where I lived alone, with no pets or anything), and in my bedroom I found that the ceramic lamp on my nightstand was in pieces. It wasn't on the floor. It hadn't fallen off my nightstand. It was just a pile of shattered ceramic on top of my nightstand.

My lamp had somehow just spontaneously broken during the night while we were watching *The Exorcism of Emily Rose*

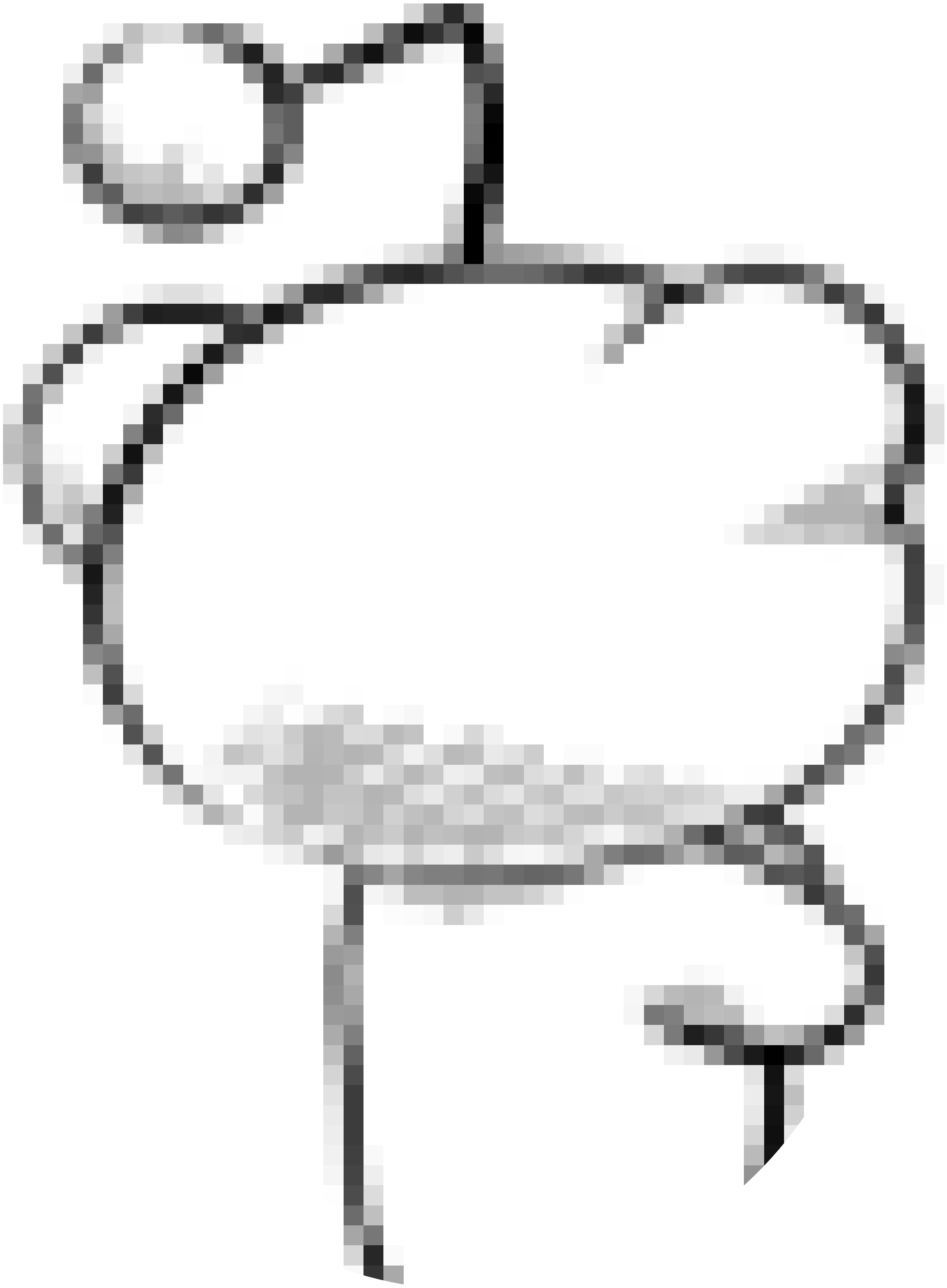
Reply Share



[TI84nSpire](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

ITT: people lie for karma

Reply Share



Jkb77
â€¢ 13y ago

I didn't get in on this thread early and this will probably barely get seen but here it goes.

I was living in a town about an hour our of Calgary but I worked in Calgary on a grave yard shift. My mom worked an evening shift at a different job and we would often pass each other at some point when I was on my way in and she was on her way home. We never saw each other though because this was the trans Canada highway with a big green belt between the east bound lanes and the west bound lanes.

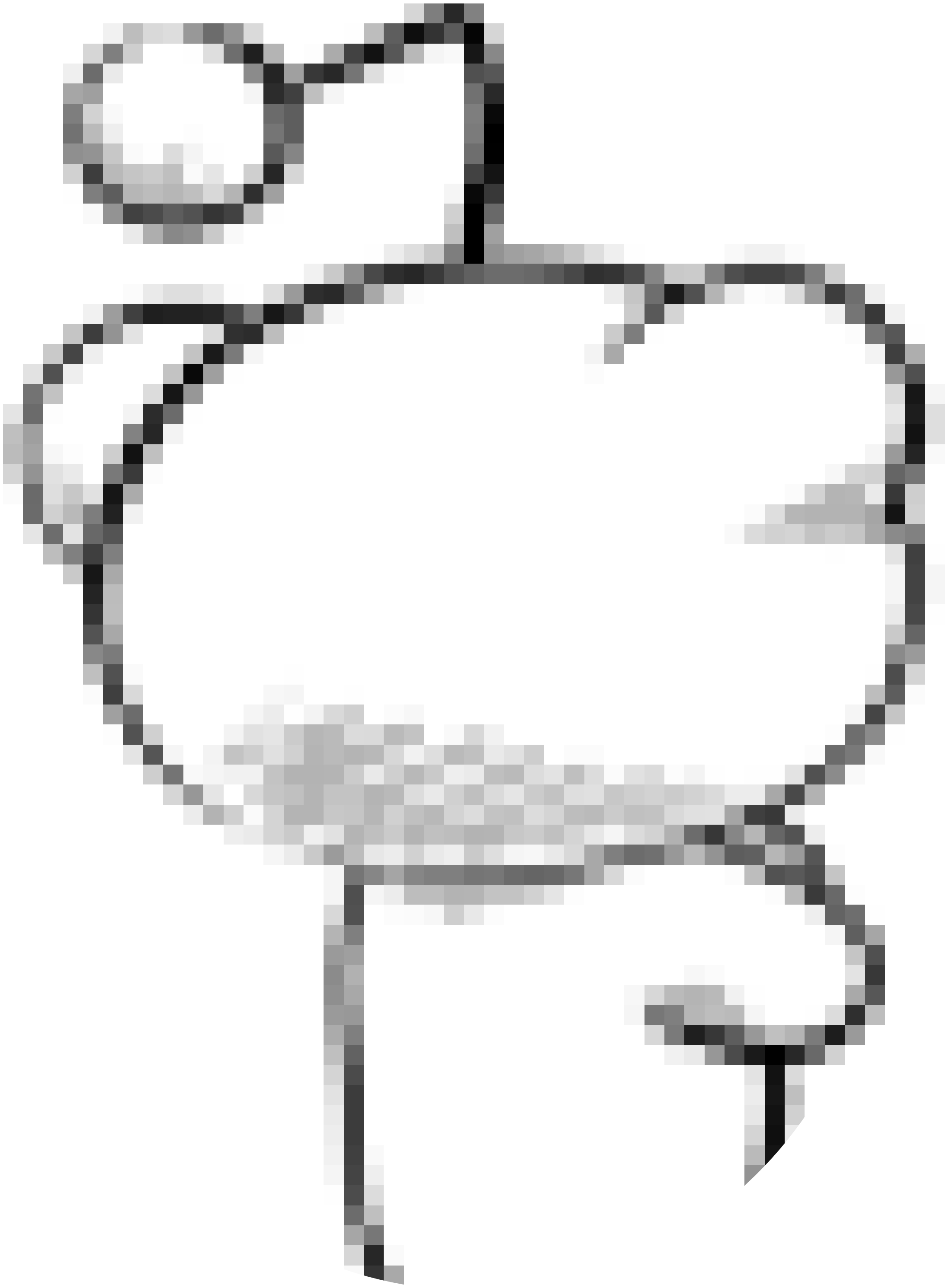
One night I was driving to work and about half way in I was passing a semi truck during a snow storm and next thing I knew I was in the ditch between the hi ways in surrounded by 3 feet of snow on all sides. I pull out my cell phone and call my set dad to come and rescue me, and only manage to talk to him for like 30 seconds when there was a tapping on my window. It was my mom! She was there literary less then a minute after I hit the ditch. She said she knew that I was gonna be hitting the ditch tonight and she said she was watching them for my car the whole way home. It was such a strange thing that she saw me so soon after I went in, especially considering the amount of traffic the trans Canada hi way gets.

My mom has weird things like that happen from time to time though. I am a really skeptical person, but I can't explain it, or a coupe of other strange things completely. It was probably just really lucky timing or something though.

S4M-TP
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't like to think about it, but when I was younger I "woke up" in the middle of the night and there was a girl who was sitting in the corner of my room. She had huge fucking teeth and black eyes and was sitting there. Except she was on the FUCKING ceiling. Couldn't move just lay there terrified. Bad night.

Same thing used to happen before that as well, except it was a hooded inhumanly tall man and I wasn't scared for some reason.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I had what I can best describe as a spiritual event when I was 19. I felt like a thunderbolt erupted in my chest, and whatever it was cracked all of my ribs in my sternum and hurt like the dickens. (even now, 12 years later I still feel it) I was writing poetry at the time but when this happened I was compelled to write down a list of all of my secret sins. The shock and self revulsion I felt was overwhelming. I wrote 10 pages of text in what felt like a minute.

Afterward I had a persistent fire like sensation in my solar plexus, and mostly it hurts but occasionally, when I am in the right situation I have an indescribable sensation of pleasure from this area and I will say or do something in some sort of trancelike state that is always the right thing to say or do.

The first time this happened a few friends were sitting around, and one of my friends' girlfriends was talking to a couple of guys about how she doesn't give good head. This pissed me off because IMHO someone shouldn't talk about that with anyone other than their SO and it was just basic attention whoring.

I interjected and said, "I can show you how to give good head." Her: "Oh yeah? How?" I motioned as though I was grabbing her by her ears and guiding her as she gave me head. This royally pissed her off. Her: "If you don't like the way I suck dick, then there's the door! You can just leave!" I experienced the pulse and got to sit back and watch myself respond. Me: (deadpan) "If I don't like the way you suck my dick, then you won't like the way I lick your pussy."

Everyone froze. Absolute silence prevailed throughout the room. Then everyone erupted into laughter as the girl buried her face in shame.

I have thought long about this. On the one hand, I shouldn't have been so crass. On the other, I had never said anything like this before, something that had such an impact on another human being. If you strip the crudity from the statement it is the golden rule, "do unto others..." and I have always tried to live my life by that principle. I regret the hurt I may have caused her, or rather I did until she ran off to texas with my friends money and heart.

Most of the time it is not crude. Most of the time it is rapturous revelation of truth that supersedes any definition. And I'm scared of it, what it means for my spiritual health. Am I burning out? Will it go away? Will it stay? This is an esoteric mystery to me.

I feel special for having it, but hopeless for not understanding it. I could heal the world. I could fix everything because there is a part of me that knows. But I don't know what it is or what it means, and it terrifies me. This is my spiritual event. This happens regardless of what I believe or prove. It simply is and it is not human.

Reply Share

ChronoSeifer
â€¢ 13y ago

The guy in front of me paid for my order at a Jack In The Box drive-thru.

Reply Share

[aiurx](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I'm late to the game but I'm going to try anyway.

Let me preface this by saying when it comes to the supernatural, I'm not sure what I believe.

I'll try to make this short - When I was a kid I was plagued by auditory hallucinations, at least that's what everyone called it. I'd hear people talk, mostly when I was by myself. They talked about everything but I never saw them. As a kid, this never really bothered me. Until one night when I was around 11 years old, I woke up to my bed shaking violently. It felt like I was on a hotel vibrating bed that got turned up to 11. It shook for 30 seconds. The entire time, I was staring up at the ceiling, wondering why this was happening. I was paralyzed with fear. It stopped. Silence. Then, the voices down by the foot of my bed. There, standing across the room, was a woman (who I swear to you looked like Sheik) and a little boy. Then poof, they were gone. I slept in the downstairs closet after that (closets seemed to be the one place where the voices were quieter).

That was the only time the bed did that to me. I'm turning 31 soon. Ever since then I see people in my peripheral vison. When I turn to look at them directly, they're gone. Different people, too, in different areas. When I lived at my mother-in-law's house: Hispanic woman around 25-26, asian boy around 4-5, and this odd black mist. At my house: An old lady, who I assume was the previous owner that passed in our house. That one gets me because it's more active than anything else. The other morning I was brushing my teeth, looked down to spit and rinse, look up and there's this lady inches from me, staring at me in the mirror. I quickly turn around - gone.

So all of this is odd for me. The voices are mostly gone but the visuals are stronger. One time, I was sitting my uncles autoshop, I saw what looked like a wrinkle moving across the room, then a man. My uncle asked me if I saw him, I told him yes. We then wrote down on separate papers what we saw and handed it to his helper who verified we almost had everything correct - my uncle saw him 6" taller than I did. (My uncle has been known for having this 'ability' since he was a very young boy but he mainly denies it because of the trouble it brings)

I'm not sure what I'm seeing and I don't think I'll ever try to define it. It's something that has become quite regular and is less shocking than it is scary.

Just for the record, I live in Houston, TX. There's never been a sizable earthquake that I'm aware of.

todoroki
â€¢ 13y ago

When my son was about 18 months old, he had a talking teddy bear. Every night around 2 or 3 it would start talking on its own. This happened about 3 nights in a row.

We were creeped out/ annoyed by it so took the batteries out of it one night. Once I finished doing that I said to my GF "If it happens tonight, then I'm gonna shit myself" Immediately after saying that, his toy racetrack started all by itself. We slept at my brothers house that night.

eraddicus
â€¢ 13y ago

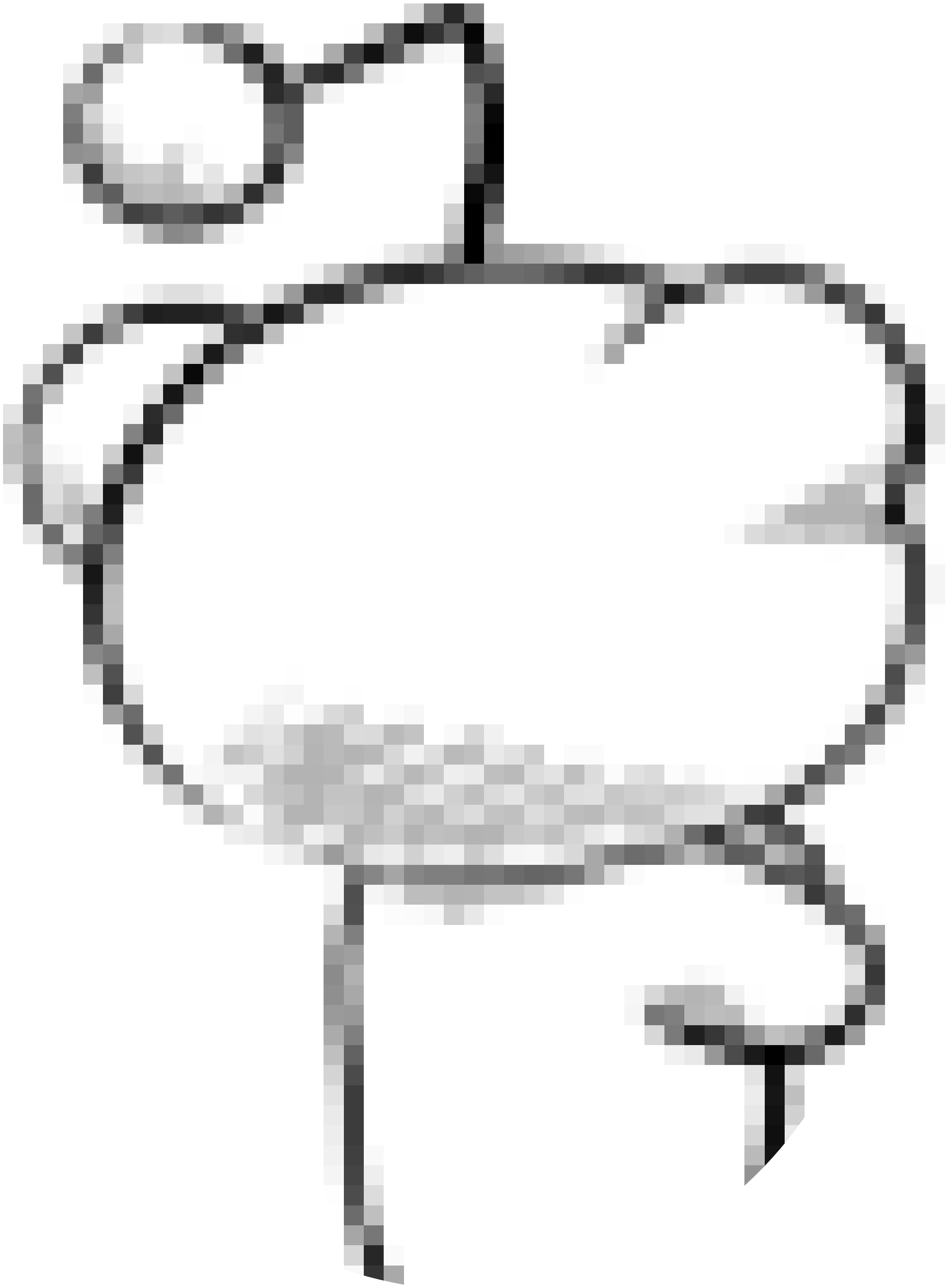
I had spent the weekend visiting friends out of town and caught a late night flight home to Los Angeles on Sunday evening. By the time I arrived in LA it was around 11:00pm. I was an intern at an ad agency at the time and lived in Rancho Cucamonga (I commuted from there about 55 miles each way) so I decided I didn't want to drive back that far just to wake up at 5am to repeat the drive and that I would just sleep in my car or at our office, which is very close to the airport. I had heard some comments here and there around the office about it being "haunted" but I didn't think much of it.

After unsuccessfully trying to pass out in my car, I make it to the office around 2am where all is dark and except the red glow of some exit signs. I make my way to a couch inside and try to pass out. 3am rolls around, and I'm awoken by a very harsh, hissing, mean sounding voice in my ear. It went on for what felt like forever but in reality was probably about 5 seconds. My best description is it sounded like parseltongue from Harry Potter, only louder and angrier. It made no real words I could make out, but the entire time the voice was hissing in my ear, my whole body was frozen stiff and there was a muscular tension shaking going on in my head (like when you yawn and your hearing fades a bit, but you can hear your muscles shaking in your head). While all this is happening, I felt like I was awake and fully aware of where I was, why I was there and all of those things that might otherwise be obscured by having a dream.

The instant the voice ended, my eyes opened and whole body was shaking. I decided I would get the hell out of there. Briskly walking to the door, I made sure just to keep my eyes to the ground in the event that my mind played tricks on me and I "saw something." I made it out the door, into my car and proceeded to drive for a while to try and make sense of what I thought happened.

Fast forward to the next morning at work where I reluctantly share the story with a co-worker, expecting to be laughed at. Turns out this story sounds familiar to her and goes to grab one of my other co-workers. Without any prior knowledge of each other's "experiences," he describes the exact same voice I heard and a similar experience as a result of a late work night.

TL;DR: Weird, angry ghostly voice yells in my ear while sleeping in office, co-worker corroborates story, I vow to never again work a late night alone.



badaboombip
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This is going to get so buried but oh well I have time to kill at work.

When I was in middle school I had a friend whose mom was single and worked midnights as a nurse. On top of that she also had a gambling problem so, after work she would often head straight to the casino. It was common for her to be gone from 10pm to noon the next day. This was fantastic for us because all of my friends parents wouldn't know we had no parental supervision, choas ensued.

One night on the weekend, I was sleeping over at his house with another friend. We would smoke pot, drink alcohol, watch porn, and set stuff on fire. It was a delequent kid's paradise. Late in the night we were up to no good doing something I can't remember and my friend said "oh shit someone is watching us" and pointed out the window. We freaked and scrambled to hide any paraphernalia we might have had laying out. My friend was afraid it might be his mom's landlord as she was known to make unexpected visits at all times of the night.

We got everything put away and were expecting a knock at the door but it never came. We went outside to look for anyone and there was no one around the yard or the sides of the house. So after a few minutes the fear wore off and we were back to being little shit heads. We thought we were safe, that is when I passed by a window and this time I saw her. She was an older woman I'd say in her 60s. I don't remember her face but I don't remember thinking she looked odd. She just looked very content standing there. She was wearing a blue dress and that is about as much detail as I can remember. I waved to her awkwardly and she smiled and waved back. That is when I yelled for my friends and they both saw her and she smiled again. We all ran outside and she wasn't there. It took us only about 15 seconds to get where she was standing outside. I really wish we would have had someone stay inside watching her.

She was just gone and we kinda got freaked out. At that point we went back inside and stayed in my friends bedroom until I wanted to get something to drink from his kitchen. His house was bilt into a hill. So the first floor from the front yard was actually the 2nd floor from the back yard. I retrieved my soda from the fridge and opened it, that is when the motion lights came on in the backyard. It caught my eye so I looked out the kitchen window and saw the woman staring at me through the window. I ran back to get my friends and thought "fuck I took my eyes off her", I ran back to the window and she was gone but the motion light was still on. I was so terrified I called my Dad in the middle of the night and told him I was sick and needed to come home. That was it. The strange thing is we never talked about it after that night. It would be really funny it was just some nice bored old lady. She would have no idea how she gave 3 little shit head kids the scare of their childhood.

edit: clarilty

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

EnzoLorenzo
â€¢ 13y ago

About 8 years ago, my girlfriend (now wife) was sleeping over. In the middle of the night, I rolled over and noticed that she wasn't next to me, so I crack my eyes open and see her sitting up in bed. I close my eyes expecting her to lay back down, thinking that she maybe just went to the bathroom. She doesn't move, so after a moment I ask her, "Hey babe, everything ok?"

She replies, "They're just looking at us."

I immediately shoot straight up in bed and ask, "Who's looking at us?!!?" I look around the dark room. Nobody. My wife replies, "They are." and lays down and falls asleep. Needless to say, I didn't sleep for the rest of the night. The next morning I asked her about this, and she has no memory of what happened.

Fast-forward 6 years, we're now married and have a 3 year old daughter. My daughter seems to talk in her sleep, usually she is crying/whining about something in her dream. She never seems to sleep-laugh or have pleasant sleep-talking episodes, it's always "Nooooo!" or "Stop!". Usually, my wife or I will get up and go to her room to calm her.

Well, one night my daughter is doing her usual, and it wakes me up. But then I hear her crying and screaming hysterically, so I sprint to her room. She sleeps on a elevated bed (kind of like a bunk bed, but only with the top bunk) that we got from IKEA. When I get to her room, I see my daughter is hanging over the side of the bed crying and screaming, about to fall over the side. I run to her and grab her, and she is fighting me, kicking and screaming. After a couple minutes I finally calm her down and she falls back asleep. The next morning she has no memory of what happened.

tl;dr: Both my wife and daughter have had a strange sleep "episode".

Reply Share

samwisegamjee
â€¢ 13y ago

This is not as creepy as it is "spiritual". My brother-in-law passed away this fall from a fungal infection called blastomycosis at the age of only 22. Shortly after he passed, my sister found out she was pregnant with his child that they tried for just before he was admitted to the hospital. Her due date- the day after his birthday, of course.

Also, following his death she received a mysterious package in the mail that included a ring and a note that were from him. The purchase for the ring was on his credit card, the day before he died (he was unconscious for the two weeks leading up to his death). He had also bought and wrapped one Christmas present way before my sister conceived. When my sister opened it on Christmas morning, it was a baby picture album and an ultrasound picture frame. Whoa.

Reply Share

primesrfr
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Donâ€™t care if this gets buried and lost. This is a third in my series of stories/experiences and it feels kinda good writing it down and getting out in the open. Iâ€™ll be the first to say that all this stuff could have taken place in my headâ€¦..the mind is a freaky thing and can play some pretty trippy tricks on you. Sorry for the lengthâ€¦â€¦â€¦. Whenever I was scared as a kid my dad had always told me that in life, you should not be scared of ghostâ€¦.fear the living because they can actually hurt you.

In my late teenage years I came into some money after my father committed suicide and I received an inheritance from him. At time of my dadâ€™s passing he and my mom owned a cabin up in Oregon by Mount Bachelor. The cabin had been put up for sale since my mom could no longer afford the payments and renting it out was not covering the payments either. The cabin was set to go on the market for sale in less than a month and was in the process of finalizing all the paperwork with the realtor and lawyer. So for that monthsâ€™ time the cabin was not going to be rented out any longer and was going to be vacant. I saw this as a chance to get a way for a while and clear my head in light of all the things going on. I quit work, packed up my snowboarding gear, grabbed my dog and headed up in my dadâ€™s car(that he had willed to me) to the cabin. Now this was our family cabin that my parents rented out throughout the year when we were not using it. I had keys to the cabin and also had the code for the alarms so I did not feel the need to stop at the rental management company and advise them of my stay. This has nothing to do with the coming story, but felt the need to mention it anyway. My first two days at the cabin were normal and nothing out of the unusual happened. Spent my days playing with my dog in the snow, snowboarding and the evenings playing PlayStation or listening to music, drinking and smoking out on the balcony. Had already stocked up on food, cigarettes and liquor so I was pretty much a shut in aside from the occasional out to hit the slopes. With my dog as company and dvdâ€™s and PlayStation as entertainment I was quite content and started to feel relaxed after all the drama that had preceded my outing.

The cabin itself was two stories, bottom story had the living room and a side guest bedroom along with small kitchen. Upstairs had another two rooms along with a walk out balcony attached to the master bedroom. Most my time there was spent either in the living room, kitchen or master bedroom. I never ventured into the other rooms and always kept the doors leading into them shut (open doors to dark rooms always creeped me out). Anyhow, the third day came around and I was going through my usual routine of playing with my dog (his name was Midnight by the way and he also since passed) playing games and watching DVDâ€™s. That day it was pretty heavy snow fall so I did not feel like trekking down the hill to the main road in my car and decided to stay in. Thatâ€™s when things started getting a bit weird. In our area there were only two other Cabins adjacent to ours (maybe a block away from each other). All other cabins aside from these two where around a mile away from ours. Surrounding us was mostly forest and very tall pine trees(tallâ€¦.this is important later on). Both these cabins were empty and from the past couple of days I knew that no one was currently staying there.

Gave enough background and am going to jump to the weirdnessâ€¦. around midday while outside with my dog I noticed what looked like footprints in the snow around the area surrounding our cabin. It was still snowing so the foot prints looked semi fresh like someone had been there in the last 20-30 minutes before me. I thought that maybe someone was staying in the cabin near me that I may not have noticedâ€¦..maybe they were shut ins like meâ€¦.alrightâ€¦whatever, the prints lead away from my cabin and they disappeared in the snow towards the denser part of the treesâ€¦. disregarded the footprints and went back inside. Nighttime came around and decided to head to bed. My dog Midnight was laying on the bed with me when I noticed his ears perk up to a standstill/listening position. This was followed by him quickly jumping off the bed and running downstairs to the living room. I lay in bed and stayed silent (I was kinda freaked out) and could hear him moving around down stairs back and forth. After around 5 minutes he ran back upstairs to me and started to do his doggy dance for the sign that he had to pee or that he wanted to go outside. Shitâ€¦.well fine. I cant say no to him so we both went downstairs to the outside driveway for him to his thing. Only, he didnâ€™t want to pee. As soon as we were outside he started to pull on his leash trying to drag me to where he wanted to go. He kept looking into the dense part of the trees were the prints had been earlier. But he also kept sniffing the side of the house and looking up towards the roof. After he figured out that I was not going to go to where he wanted he sat himself down and just stared into the darknessâ€¦â€¦a bit unusual for him but alright, maybe there are forest animals out there that he wants to chase down. But fuck this, did not want to chance anything so I pulled him back inside and we both headed back upstairs. Around half an hour later I was lying in bed when I heard what sounded like hooves walking on my roof. It was only a series of around 6 steps and I rationalized that it could be a pine cone falling from a tree onto the roof or maybe a kind hearted forest animal running around. But hereâ€™s the thing, the steps seemed to be spaced apart like a man length stride. So it was really freaking me out. Midnight also heard the noise and was quick to run to the balcony screen door expecting for me to let him out. Alright, you know what, Iâ€™m a tough guy and at the time considered myself to be fairly well built and strong enough to handle myselfâ€¦..So I grabbed my coat and shoes along with my cigarettes and flash light and went out onto the balcony. Fuck it right? As soon as I was outside I lit up my cigarette and started canvassing the roof with my lightâ€¦.nothing there and the snow on top was undisturbed. Weird, must have been all my head? What about Midnight hearing the noise? Maybe he was feeding off my fear or paranoia. I started to calm down and relax again. (by the wayâ€¦I am shaking right now and my heart is beating hard as I am typing this next bit). My eyes started to adjust to the darkness and I kept smoking and just staring at the stars and trees next to our cabin. Thatâ€™s when I saw it. In a tree that was a little taller than our cabin and around 20 feet from the balcony I saw what looked like a man crouched in a squatting position in between two branches. It was squatted on one branch and its arms were extended above its head holding onto the branch above it. Fuck meâ€¦â€¦â€¦what the fuck is that? I wasnâ€™t sure if I was really seeing this thing and stood just staring and sat there motionless. I noticed Midnight stand up and start pacing behind me and lightly barking at the same time. The thing still did not move. I put my cigarette out and was debating on shining the light in the things direction, but something in my head kept screaming not to. So I walked backwards to the inside of the room and pulled Midnight with me. Once inside I locked the door and shined the light in the things direction but there was nothing there. I shut the curtains to the screen door and retreated back to bed. But later on in the night I heard light tapping at the screen door, like someone was tapping on the glass with their fingers. It was consistent and did not stop for nearly an hour. Midnight seemed to stare at the door but he wouldnâ€™t go near it anymore. The weirdest part was that I had a feeling like someone was inviting me to open the door. But at the same time I kept hearing my dadâ€™s voice in my head telling me to stay in bed and not do it. I listened to my dadâ€™s voice and just stayed were I was. Passed out eventually and woke up in the morning and everything was normal. The rest of week I spent there was non-eventful and nothing else out of the ordinary happened. I totally admit that it could have been all in my head. A lot of stuff was going on at the time so I was pretty fucked up from all the drama.

TL:DR Dad commits suicide, fucked up shadow stalks me and tryâ€™s to lure me outside, seems like my dad was watching over me.

shmixel
â€¢ 13y ago

Not much compared to the other stories here, but I'm pretty sure I've seen the same homeless lady in all three countries I've lived in. She has this patchy birthmark/scar thing around one eyebrow so I'm fairly sure it's her. I don't really know what to do (seems I can't run), but it seriously creeps me out.

goodknee
â€¢ 13y ago

I've got a creepy one, and an unexplainable one..

the creepy one, basically I was staying at an old army base from the 1870's or so with my family as a kid...only two beds, so i had to share one with my parents, and I was having trouble sleeping, I looked up and saw a guy standing in the middle of the room, my first thought was that it was my dad, but then I looked over, and my dad was sound asleep right next to me, and my mom on the other side, I looked back at what I had thought was my dad, and I swear it looked just like a soldier from that time period, I freaked out and woke up my dad, he woke up, and the guy just vanished..the next day we talked about it, and my dad saw him too, and when we told the people who owned the property, they weren't surprised at all.

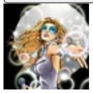
the unexplainable one happened when my grandpa died..I was really young then too, and I didn't really understand that my grandpa was dying..but one night I could have sworn he showed up in my room and talked to me, we had a long talk, about everything from my future, to the time we'd gotten to spend together, we both said I love you, and then he left...when I woke up I found out he had died at home that night.. he lived about 500 miles away, I know damn well he couldn't have driven himself all the way to my house, but I'd swear he was there.

Reply Share

lightslash53
â€¢ 13y ago

Occasionally when I sleep at my parents house when I am home from school on vacation, I'll wake up in the middle of the night and see spider webs all over the room, and sometimes see something large moving in the corner of the room, I'll crawl under where I see the webs and hit the switch and it will all be gone. I blame it on partial sleep hallucination, but its still creepy as hell.

Reply Share



theredheaddiva
â€¢ 13y ago

I posted my experience previously in r/thetruthishere

My story

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Lived in this old house with 3 college buddies after I graduated college. The original house was built in like 1920 or something and then pieces were added on to it to make it bigger (Converted attic into upstairs rooms, added a kitchen, etc). This house was on a raised foundation which coupled with the fact that it had thin walls and very little to no insulation, made for a rather noisy house. You could hear squirells and racoons running across the roof easily. From my upstairs room I could hear roommates walking around downstairs. I did shift work at the time so I would frequently be sleeping when roommates were up and about. I got to the point where I could identify the exact location of people and who it was just by listening to the sounds, "Abe is stomping through the kitchen again.." Anyway at Christmas time all of my roommates left to go see their families because they were on vacation. I was working so I was home alone in the old creepy house. I get home from work around 10:30pm and get a snack and start drinking my after work beers, not really concerned about anything too much. After a couple of beers I start to get this really intense feeling that I'm being watched or that Im not alone. Bedtime comes around midnight and I do my usual perimeter check. All doors locked, windows closed. I go upstairs to go to sleep. I'm laying in bed and I start hearing footsteps come up the damn stairs. I almost shit when I hear the first one. It wasn't the house creeking, or settling or a racoon on the roof; it was the distinct and specific sound of a damn foot hitting the bottom stair...and then it hits the second, third, fourth. At this point I'm really freaked out something's coming up the stairs and I have about a half a flight of stairs time to prepare. So I turn the lights on and grab my rifle and wait. My door is closed. Footsteps reach the top of the stairs and I don't hear anything. Nothing. If someone walked up the stairs and are just standing their they are going to be about 4 feet from my door. I wait. After about three minutes that feels like an eternity I open my door to see the empty hallway. I do a complete search of the house, under beds, closets, behind doors, behind couches, everything, because now I'm wondering if someone was inside this whole time. The house is empty. Now I'm reallly freaked out so I get my roommates dog from the back yard and I'm going to invite him to stay in my room. The damned dog wont set foot in the house! He takes two steps in and quickly exits which he never does. Needless to say I slept with the lights on that night

natureisabad
â€¢ 13y ago

Night. Terrors. Only reason I remember them is I had a wooden bed. Would get turns around. Wake up, heart beating, realize nothing was wrong, flop back down and crack my head on the footboard. Tends to wake you up.

Cpipzy
â€¢ 13y ago

Not as creepy as some other ones, but scared me a lot So one day my parents asked me about going for dinner with one of their friends at his place, where I've never been before . Liking the friend, I agreed to come too and a week later there we were for dinner . In this house, the main door faces the stairs, so it's the first thing you notice, and right next to the door is the living room . So we all gathered in the living room, and I sat on the couch, which was the only spot where you could have a perfect view of the stairs . After a couple of minutes I looked around in the room, and looked at the stairs . And there I saw it . It was a human shaped body, about the size of a 13 year old, right on top of the stairs . It was wearing a white dress with some red spots on the bottom, but the thing that terrified me the most was its face . It was diamond-shaped with a greyish skin and black holes instead of eyes, still somehow looking at me and a huge grin almost from one ear to another . I froze in terror and stared at it for about 5 seconds, then I blinked and it was gone . Never went back there since .

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

About eight years ago, I was hanging out with a friend of mine at my house, and we were watching a movie when I had to take out the trash. Upon going outside, I looked up in the sky and noticed an unusually bright star in the sky that seemed both rather large and also kind of unsteady. I stood there for a second and looked at it, and then, it streaked across the sky for a short distance while making an extraordinarily loud "VWAAA" sound--disappearing into nothingness.

I went back inside and asked my buddy if meteors make sounds when they streak across the sky--to which he said no. Then I told him, okay, well, I think I just saw a UFO.

Aside from that, I've had experiences hearing things like beeps and processing of technical equipment in couches, piles of laundry, walls, and other weird places--in and around the house. This happens rarely--once every few years.

Reply Share

kingkongkray
â€¢ 13y ago

okay, so this isn't a first hand account, but the people who it happened too were very trustworthy and serious i.e. didn't bullshit kind of people. So anyways I'm on holiday with my bestmate and his family (mother and brother) and we start telling scary stories, now I'm a skeptic so I didn't have any myself, but they certainly had a few. One of the more memorable ones is pretty strange, not scary but It makes me think. My mates younger brother, when he was about 3, (they were in a hotel on holiday when this happened) was sitting on the hotel bed, and could barley talk (has pretty bad learning difficulties, nice guy though) but his mum was in the en-suite and my mate was outside kicking a ball or whatever, and he (the 3 year old) started saying 'The lady's coming' he keeps saying it and then he says 'the lady's here' by this point my friends mum was checking on him, and she said suddenly the room went really cold, but was moving sort of, he (the baby) started crying, but my friends mum swears that the cold sort of moved towards him, then he stopped crying. They asked at the hotel desk and they said there was a history of such hauntings by the 'lady' who was a apparently friendly widow who used to own the hotel, they said she was famous as an employee had tried to kill themselves, so they started a fire in a small room and broke the fire alarms, and blocked up the doors, but the fire alarms went off, and the sprinklers put out the fire, the fire alarms wereactivated by one of the 'punch here' things, they checked the cctv and the one that had set of the fire had just suddenly smashed, i.e there was no one in that corridor --- very spooky, but in a nice kind of way.

lifeinpixels
â€¢ 13y ago

TIL: Ghosts...

Parallelcircuit
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was seven or eight my family's dog disappeared around October. She was getting pretty old so it didn't come as a huge surprise, but it was still quite sad. My dog was a black lab named Samantha.

A few months later, like the first week of school in January, I'm walking down the 1/4 mile gravel driveway to the school bus stop. It's cold, there's snow covering everything, and it's so foggy that I can only see about 200 feet in any direction. I'm about half way down the driveway when a dog that looks just like Samantha runs up to me, except this dog is stark white where Sammy was black as a dog could reasonably be. The dog runs up to me, runs around my legs, wags it's tail and runs off into the fog again. I called out to it but it didn't react at all.

I never saw that dog again, or any that even looked similar. And we never found any trace of Samantha except her old collar snagged on a fence about a half mile away.

To this day I can't explain what happened to myself.

Reply Share

mrbooze

â€¢ 13y ago

My grandfather used to tell a story about when he was flying as a gunner in a Liberator in WW2. Some particular flight they were in some serious shit, and he really thought they were not going to make it. Then (and this is a part he had a hard time articulating) he heard what sounded like the most beautiful music he'd ever heard, sort of like a choir, but not the same. He tried to explain that it wasn't exactly like he was hearing it, sort of more like he was remembering hearing it as it happened without actually hearing it. Shortly after the tide turned and they managed to get back safely. None of his other crew heard anything. Later he couldn't remember much detail about the music other than how beautiful he remembered it being.

TallRedditor
â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't creepy either, it's just really random.

In 5th grade (I'm 21 now), me and a few of my friends were standing around in a classroom waiting for a class to start. I take this aluminum ball (about the size of a potato) and threw it at my friend. It hit him in the ankle and just vanished. Gone. We looked everywhere for it. Gone.

We both still remember it/bring it up every so often whenever we see each other.

unbuklethis
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

At the end of a tour, I went to India for vacation in 2004, and while I was there I got invited to an Indian wedding, it was very colorful, loud and nice. While over there, the Indian sage who performs the ceremony saw me, and came to my face and started a staredown. I was like ??? and I didnt know what to say. For some reason he thought my existence on this side of the planet is unnecessary. after 2 minutes I was like wtf is wrong w/ this guy?, but I also didn't want to upset my friend or look awkward, I just ignored him for the most part and walked away. It was a super creepy experience.

Reply Share

cl0udaryl
â€¢ 13y ago

I wouldn't say my unusual experiences have been that interesting, but I'll give it a go in case anyone's interested.

I'm a pretty big political buff, but I knew early on that given certain circumstances I would be helpless if I were to pursue a political career. A while back, my sister dropped me in a leaflet that was promoting a rather popular political debate show in the Country. I wanted to go, but I had been making an effort of keeping my love for all things politics on the down low, while I focused on other interests. So instead of seeking tickets, I put the leaflet on top of my shelf, which sat just above my computer, and for the most part, forgot about it.

It was about three days before the show before anything weird happened. I was sitting on my computer, reading through some stuff, when I felt something land on my head. Already I'm pretty confused, and upon lifting the item of my head, it's the leaflet. My instant thought is that there must be a draft, but upon inspection, my window was closed, along with my door. I looked around for a good five minutes to see if there was anywhere that could be providing a draft, but failed to find anything that could explain it. I knew for a fact that I had set the leaflet quite far back on the shelf, among other items. I couldn't think of an explanation.

It was after I had finally sat back down again, when I had a feeling that it was some sort of sign. I sat for a while pondering the significance of it, but being the skeptic that I am, I placed the leaflet back on the shelf and did nothing. This happened about two years ago, but I still think about it every now and then, and what would have happened if I'd of decided to perceive it differently.

winkers
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't believe in the supernatural but this happened when I was about 10 and is my strangest coincidence.

My mom was poor and made friends with an older woman named Buela. Buela was well off. For some reason, Buela really took care of my mom and me. She would give me clothes or buy mom a bag of groceries. At one point she gave mom a beautiful brass table lamp from her own home.

When I was 10 or 11, Buela became very ill and was dying. Mom went to visit her and Buela let her in on a little secret. She had seen herself in my mom and wanted to help her raise me. Buela had struggled so much and lost her child in their teens. She lived an empty life, she felt, and watched my mom and me from afar. She considered us the only family she had left alive.

That night mom was telling me how Buela was really like an aunty and how we should visit her everyday. And if she recovered how she should come live with us but that it would mean giving up my room. At that moment, no wind or storm or anything, the lamp that Buela gave us started dimming and going out over and over. Then it came back fine. 10-15 minutes later, we received a phone call that Beula had just passed away.

Mom and I didn't touch that lamp for weeks.

Reply Share

Xophishox
â€¢ 13y ago

Ill keep this simple and short.

Moved into a 150+ year old farm house. Almost all the individuals who had lived there before us had died in the house.

I knew exactly every spot in the house someone had died in (thanks for that information previous owner).

The lady that had died directly before me and my dad moved in was named margarette (spelling could be wrong), She was married to a Dave. Both dave and her died in the middle section of our house (3 floors, central common room with staircases going up and down).

Every tuesday morning there would be change scattered throughout that room. Constantly you could feel someone watching you when you walked through that room. Both Male and Females voices were audibly present throughout the night, almost loud enough to carry on conversations with, but none of the words seemed to be proper english or understandable.

There was the occasional night where you would hear someone walking up and down the steps, or walking around upstairs moving stuff. Noone ever lived upstairs while we owned the house, we never even opened the door to let people go up there, it was mainly storage so there wasnt any room to actually move around.

The weirdest of all of it though, was the bathroom was connected to my bedroom via a sliding door (slid into the wall).

Multiple times over the 3 years i lived in that house, i heard my name called from the bathroom. I heard margarette call dave a number of times, and i have heard shrill "screams" but they were faint and seemingly very very far away, but the noise would come from my bathroom.

This house was very very excluded from everyone else, it was an ancient farm house. I was told that in total 6 people had died in the house, all of natural casues, still to this day bothers the shit out of me that they were still stuck there.

Reply Share

erockjr
â€¢ 13y ago

Moved into a new apartment when I was younger. New place kinda creepy first night. Kept hearing strange noises in the ventilation and outside the door in the ktichen. Popped on some headphones and was listening to some of my songs through Winamp. Yeah that's right, winamp. Anyways I had about 5000 songs on shuffle and I'm getting more creeped out as the noises in the vents get louder. I start to spook myself out in my mind. Getting chills, so I raise the volume to drown out the noises. What song is this that I'm listening to I begin to wonder.

Cars begin to start passing around outside creating really eerie looking symbols on my wall with their highbeams. I start hearing thunder and rain, I think this is pretty peaceful. I follow one light symbol to the corner of my room and see the figure of a person. Then immediately next Black Sabbath starts to play the creepiest song to hear on shuffle out of 5000 songs when you're already terrified

Then it starts with the bells and then, "What is this.... that stands before meeeeeee?" -----Okay I'm okay, I'm okay "Finger in black, that point right at meeeeee....." **More church bells** -----Alright time to turn on the lights and watch some cartoons.

alpha_koala
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My dad was stricken with idiopathic pulmonary fibrosis when I was in second grade. The disease progressed rapidly, and being a doctor himself (GP and surgeon) he knew that his options were severely limited. Not wanting to give up easily, my parents decided to move to a tree-filled suburb in Japan to at least get better, less-polluted air. I was left in the care of my grandparents, who had been living with us anyway and were more than capable of taking care of me. (This was a traditional Taiwanese three-generation household).

Well, some business came up back home so my parents had to fly home to take care of it. Naturally, I was very happy that mom and dad were coming home, even if it was just a brief visit.

I was at school as usual on the day they were supposed to fly over from Japan. I was a pretty active kid and would go play baseball or whatever during recess. Well, it was break time between classes and I was horsing around as usual, when I suddenly just KNEW, with 100% certainty, that my dad had passed away at that very moment. Nothing could have prompted that thought, since at that moment he was supposed to be on the flight home, way up in the air. For some reason, I didn't even question the thought - it was just FACT now.

During the short walk home, that "fact" began to develop even more. I just KNEW at that time that he had passed away in the airplane. I was wondering whether I should tell grandma and grandpa to start planning the funeral.

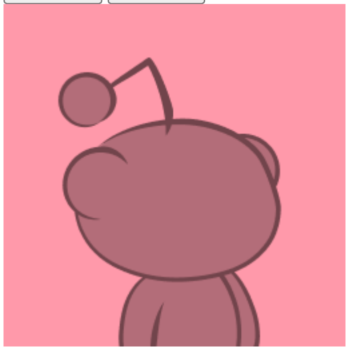
When I got home and opened the door, grandma was sitting in the dining room, tears running down an uncharacteristically stone-cold face. Grandpa, on the other hand, was frantically making phone calls to anyone he knew who lived near the airport and begging them to go check on my parents - apparently, my parents had arrived at the airport and something had gone horribly wrong. I just went upstairs, fired up the SNES and played on as usual - I needed no further proof or investigation or information - I KNEW my dad was gone. I wanted to go downstairs to tell grandma and grandpa that they should probably start planning the funeral since he's already gone. But I didn't do it.

Later, I learned that my dad had passed away during the flight. The time of death was 2:50pm - between my 2pm class and 3pm class. To this day, I have no idea how that "premonition" or whatever you call it happened.

_qotsa
â€¢ 13y ago

A couple of years ago I was at my girlfriends house and was in bed for the night. I was at the point where I was almost fully asleep, but still slightly aware of my surroundings, when I felt as though my body was violently pulled up the air about 6-7ft. I opened my eyes and could see the ceiling inches from my face. I was completely full of fear at that moment, it's hard to explain. I have been in life or death situations that don't give me this feeling. After a few seconds I was back in the bed, a little shook up and trying to tell myself it must have been a dream. It felt quite real.

Reply Share



FoxtrotUniformCharli
â€¢ 13y ago

my fiancee has had a few experiences in her family.

Her dad died when she was in high school. One night she was in her room, home alone, creepy ass old house. She was doing something (can't remember what) when her door was slammed hard shut. There is no lock but the door would not budge. She said she wished her dad was there and asked for him to help (kind of a watch over me, keep me safe type of thing) when she heard foot steps in the hall way coming towards her room. She got really freaked out and took it back, thinking she was about to see a ghost of her dad. The foot steps stopped. The door opened easily.

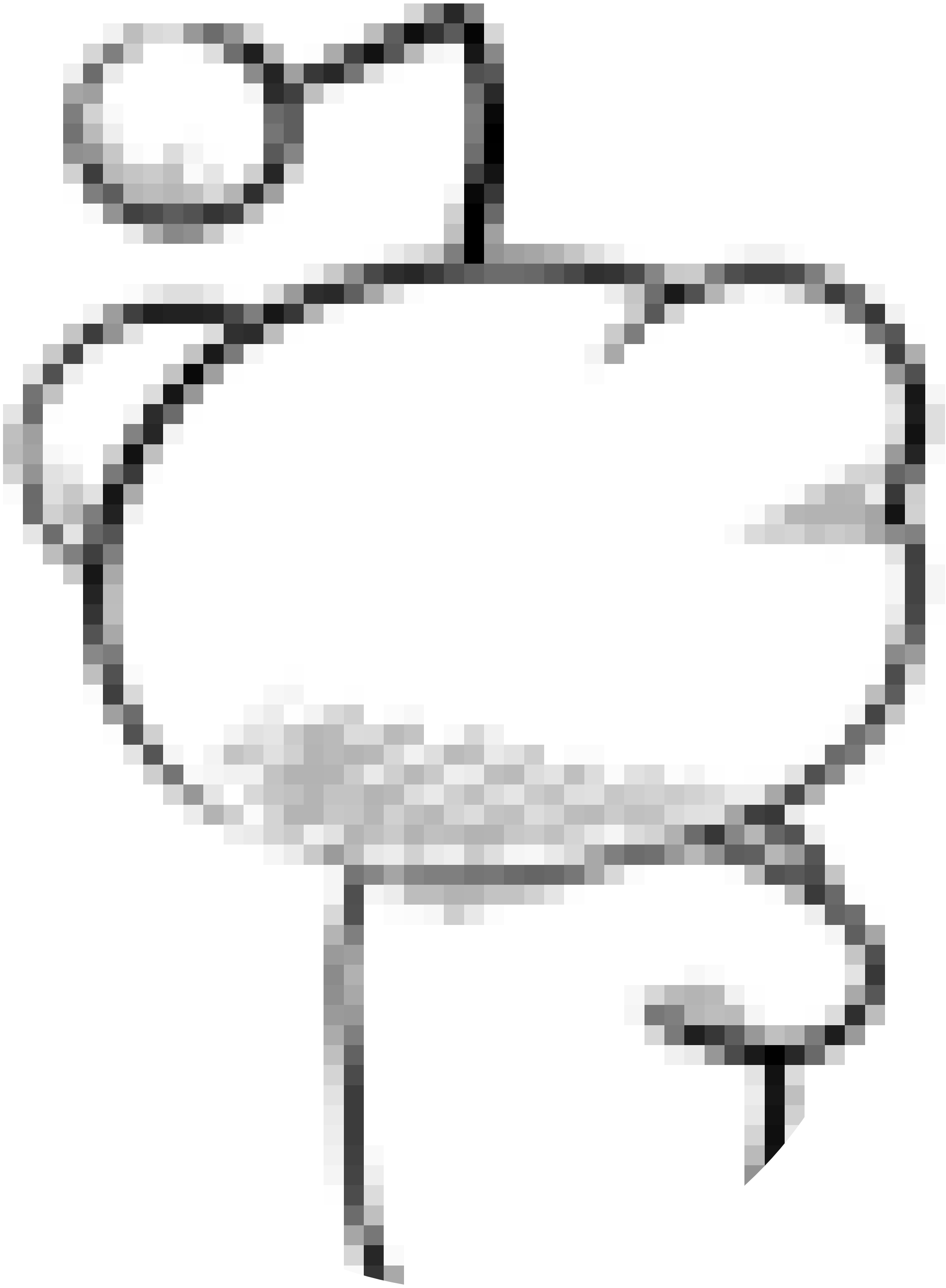
Second story: Her and her brother are at the same house. Both in their respective rooms trying to go to sleep. Both of them hear the same noise down stairs. Try to convince themselves it was their cats but it was much too loud. They go down stairs and a chair from the dining room was pulled into the middle of the living room. No one else was there and they had just said good night to each other so neither of them were downstairs messing with the other.

Third story: Same brother and his girlfriend were in his room playing hide the salami. He had a few little items on his dresser (pocket knife, Buddha statues, random stuff) that he kept very particularly organized due to his OCD. So they are in the middle of the act when all of a sudden the lights go out. He goes to turn them back on. All the items have been moved and the knife is stuck in the wood floor in the middle of the room. They got the hell out of their.

Their are a couple others if anyone wants to hear those too.

obscurePythonquote
â€¢ 13y ago

When my parents were moving from my childhood home they had my sister come back from college to help them go through the her things she had left behind. I wasn't living at home anymore so she slept in my old bedroom. One night she woke up to see a man leaning against the dresser. When he saw she was awake he told her that we had always been good tenants but there were a few things that needed fixed before we moved, one of which was the furnace. He then called for our dog to come say goodbye to her, the dog had died while she was away at college. Afterwards she went and woke my parents up to tell them what had happened. They both knew all about him and had seen him sitting in the living room for years. My sister spent the rest of the night awake and stayed at a friends house for the rest of her stay. Turns out my sister stayed in my old room because things had been happening in her room for years. Our rooms were side by side on the second floor of the house. The only other room on the floor was a front attic the door to which was in her room. The way she tells the story is that first her bedroom door would open then the attic door would open just after. She would put things if front of the attic door and they would be moved when she would come back into her room.



Uptheduff
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm sure this will get totally buried but I wanted to share anyway. I haven't really told anyone this before in fear of people thinking it was bullshit and I was a mental person.

My wife and I used to live in a very old house, lots of things happened but the one that really freaks me out is this one.

We hadn't been in the house long, only a few days. We had gone to bed and I was drifting off to sleep. I was just dropping off when I jumped with one of those half asleep weird falling things but it felt more like someone had literally jumped on my back and attacked me. I woke up fully and sat upright and looked over at my wife. She was fast asleep and laying at the other side of the bed. I thought nothing of it and went back to sleep.

The following morning I went into our bathroom to get a shower, my wife was already in there getting ready. I stepped in the shower and my wife spat out her toothpaste and worryingly said "what the fuck have you done to your back?!" I got out of the shower and looked in the mirror and I had 3 huge scratch marks that had slightly drawn blood right down the middle of my back. I told her about what had happened the previous night and she freaked out, I freaked out, we both freaked out together.

Anyway, we both went to work and I couldn't stop thinking about it all day. When I got home she asked me how my back was, I took my shirt off to check and the marks had completely gone, no trace at all. Not even a single red mark.

Needless to say, it kinda freaked us out. This was just the beginning of things that happened in that house.

Afrodaddy
â€¢ 13y ago

This'll probably get buried but hopefully someone reads. Best friend's mate told me this happened to him, kid seemed perturbed after he told me and said it with all seriousness.

He was taking part in a hiking trip for the boy scouts while in high school. He and a few other kids were junior leaders for a whole group of middle schoolers, and there were two adults. All together around 25 people. It was a multiple day hike along an established trail. Each day they woke up, and would walk from their current campsite to the next pre-established one. Everyone was allowed to go at their own pace, the first adult took the lead, and the last adult was caboose.

So one of the days my friend rolls into the camp for the night, and everyone starts coming in. There was a certain kid who was kinda chubby and usually came in last so they just assumed he was going to again today. Then the caboose guy walked into camp. They do a head count. Wheres chubby?

Fuck.

Its almost dark now so 2 highschoolers stay with main group, all other leaders go sprinting back down the trail to find him. My friend said he had been running for a while and so started to walk to catch his breath, and he was yelling "CHubby! Chubby!" and then he heard immediately to his left, "i'm right here".

He looked over and chubby was standing right there, like five feet away from him. He asked chubby where he had been and the kid had no idea he had been seperated, and started asking where everyone was, why it was dark, etc. Then he started bleeding from both of his nostrils.

Friend is like alright this is weird lets just get back to camp, and they start walking back. He then sees an incredibly bright light rise up out of the forest to their right "the side he found chubby on" and shoot off away from them to the right. Five minutes later he said two military airplanes came screaming by really low and in the same direction as the light.

Anyway they got back, everything was weird. Finished the hike. When the got back they started looking into flight plans for that day (i guess the military releases most of this info) and that day was labeled classified.

I usually don't buy these stories, but the look on this kid's face when he told the story scared me shitless.

Anyway thanks to whoever dug deep enough to read this.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

0xFFFF_FFFF
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Alright reddit, my turn. Please try not to laugh.

On Saturday, December 1st, 2012, at approximately 8:50am my girlfriend and I are sleeping in my apartment room bed. Suddenly the clear, audible sound of Darth Vader's breathing fills the room, and starts to wake my girlfriend up. The breathing goes on; inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale, inhale exhale, and she wakes me up to hear what's going on. By the time I'm awake I hear one inhale and exhale, and then it stops altogether. We sit there in silence for a few seconds and do the usual "What the hell was that?" questioning to each other. After running through a few possibilities, we conclude that it was probably just me snoring or doing an unconscious impression in my sleep. This answer didn't really satisfy either of us, but we were both really tired, so we simply accepted it and went back to sleep.

Next morning, Sunday, December 2nd, 2012, at approximately 8:50am, girlfriend is staying at her mom's house (we don't live together, she just stays over from time to time) and I'm sleeping in my bed alone. The clear, audible sound of Darth Vader's voice fills my room once again, and given last morning's events, I literally jump out of bed, eyes half open, scrambling around trying to pinpoint the source of the sound. I can hear inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale. As I get to my bedroom door and throw it open, the breathing stops. I counted hearing 4 cycles, just like my girlfriend counted the morning before.

So now that I'm awake I decide to ransack my apartment looking for a Darth Vader alarm clock, which I assumed was the cause of this whole thing. You never know, my roommate could've bought one in the last couple days and accidentally had it set to go off at 8:50am. So I scour his room, no speakers of any kind, and no Darth Vader alarm clocks.

So now I really want to be there to hear the breathing again *tomorrow*, but I'll be at work, so I decide to just record my ambient room noise while I'm away and listen to the recording later when I get home. I recorded my room for each of the next 3 mornings between 8am and 10am and listened back to each recording all the way through. Never heard his voice in any of them, and I never heard it while sleeping again.

For some added info, I don't have any Darth Vader breathing sound files on my computer that could've accidentally triggered each morning. I also don't own any Star Wars toys of any kind. I did find a stuffed Darth Vader teddy bear in my roommate's closet on the Sunday after it happened the second time, but it was just a stuffed animal - it didn't have a voice box with batteries that you squeeze and hear the breathing sound - trust me, I squeezed that thing for like 5 minutes trying to find one. Also, I flat out asked my roommate if he was pranking me and he said no. Lastly, here's me tweeting about it the Sunday after it first happened, in case that proves anything: https://twitter.com/0xFFFF_FFFF/status/275325930568814593

So there you have it. Still no idea what really happened those two mornings, or why it was Darth Vader.

Reply Share

NoodleSchmoodle
â€¢ 13y ago

Late to the party but...here's mine:

One night in 2009 I went out to take pics at the ranch where I boarded my horse with my DSLR. I decided to go back to this house that's way back off the road (Probably about 1/2 mile) and that has mostly fallen down. It's really weird because it looks like the people who lived there before just picked up and left. Like, there's tons of stuff still sitting around there that one would think they would have taken - pots and pans, personal mementos etc...

One of the windows even still has the window AC unit in it.

I stayed outside the fence and took pictures, but I really, really wanted to go back to the barn - which has not fallen down and is HUGE. A big 2 story old metal barn that I'm betting has many cool photo opportunities in it as well as a few treasures. However it was getting dark so I figured that would be a bad idea and I could come back during the day.

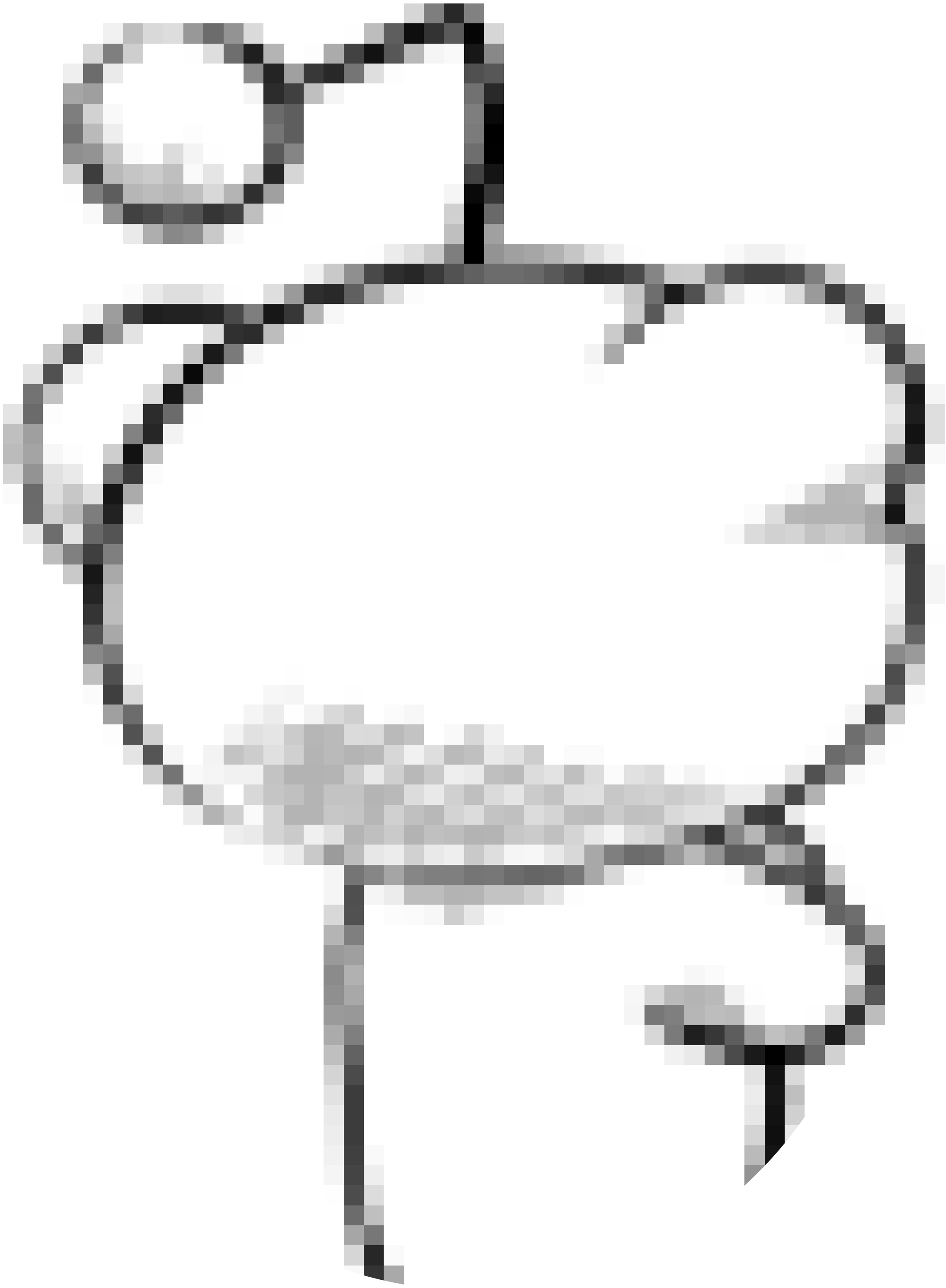
I see a few more shots I want to get and then I figured I would leave and head back to get some more shots of the horses and the ranch in general.

I'm walking around taking pics when I notice that there are no birds or cicadas any longer. None. No noise whatsoever except for me. Also, the wind died when a few minutes ago there was a very strong breeze. I'm maybe 100 feet from the barn at this point right in front of the house and I start hearing noises from the barn. Banging, cracking, stuff slamming around.

Oh shit.

I have never gotten on a 4 wheeler that fast EVER. EVER. I zoomed back across the bayou where I could still hear signs of life and got that gate open and back over to where the horses were in about 30 seconds. Scared the shit out of me.

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was very young, maybe 5, I woke up one morning and as I was waking up, i was falling onto my bed, as if someone had been holding me slightly above my bed and then dropped me as soon as I woke up. I was partially mid air as I woke up (like a few inches). I still don't have any explanation for this. It's kind of a hard story to explain in text. I've always just shrugged it off since I was very young and it has never happened since then. Very weird though.

Reply Share

enchant422
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in third grade, my parents were divorced and I spent a few days of the week with my mom and a few days of the week with my dad. On this particular night, it was my moms night to have me. I went to sleep, but in the middle of the night I woke up after having a terrible nightmare. In my dream, my dad was standing in a front yard and a man walked up to him and shot him multiple times. I woke up and went into my moms room to tell her I had a bad dream about my dad. She assured me it was just a nightmare and told me to get in bed with her. My mom woke me up around 6 a.m. to get ready for school and as I was getting out of bed the phone rang and my mom answers and its the hospital calling to tell my mom that my dad had been shot that night. My dad had been shot twice in the stomach and once in the face. And the craziest part to me is that the bullet that was aimed for his face just barely grazed the side of his cheek and left a small mark. My dad ended up being okay and the guy went to prison for a few years. But the dream still blows my mind.

marveldeadpool
â€¢ 13y ago

My horror story is one that has followed my family from home to home my entire childhood. My brother and I shared a bedroom till I was 11. Almost every night from avery early age my brother and I would wake each other up to watch this shadowed figure who would either sit at the foot of our bed or stand in front of it. It was just a dark shadow that just was there. It didn't move around but just stayed in the same spot watching us. We told our parents so many times they got tired of hearing it. One night in the winter, while our parents were out, my brother and I were home alone and it was almost 2 in the morning. Every single door and cabinet in the home opened and slammed shut and we sat in a corner till our parents came home and told us we were imagining things. We moved and it continued to follow us. Then it just stopped one day when we got separate rooms. But as it turns out, I learned years later, that the specter wasn't watching me- but my brother- and had been with him EVERY single place he has ever lived since then. He committed suicide at 31. A couple weeks beforehand, he had moved from one floor of his building to another because he said the thing that follows him was scaring him now. He didn't explain but if it was terrifying him more so now after 20 years it must have been bad. He jumped out of his window. My sister believes the spirit had pushed him. I do not know. I was terrified that whatever had been trailing him would come to me after his death. I have never experienced and its been 4 years. I miss my brother and I know 100% that something not of this realm or understanding of reality (thus far) had a hand in his demise.

Foundations
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandfather died when I was in 8th grade. I grew early, we were about the same build, so I was given several of his suits, jackets and a pair of dress shoes.

His funeral was on a weekday morning, that afternoon I stayed home from school and my mom went back to work, dropping my sister at daycare. Our house had an attic with a pull down ladder staircase, which was located right outside my bedroom door. I didn't have any room in my closet, so I hung all of the clothes I got from him up in the attic, and put the shoes on a shelf nearby. I had a weird feeling the entire time, the attic was always cold, so I hurried the process as much as I could. I climbed back down the ladder, swung the drop-down door back up into the ceiling, and latched the cord. My mom would get upset if I left the staircase or the cord down, my sister was quite a bit younger than me and the attic wasn't a good place for her to be.

I was watching television in our living room that evening before my mom came home. The living room opened up to the dining room and a foyer, which connected to a winding staircase that lead upstairs to the bedrooms. I heard our two dogs come crashing into the mudroom from outside, scramble across the wood floors in our kitchen, and run through my field of vision into the dining room. They both stopped immediately in the threshold to the foyer and stood close together. In unison, their heads began to move across the span of the entryway, as though they were watching something. I felt very uneasy, stood up and walked over next to them - giving me a full view of the foyer and the staircase. I saw nothing, but their heads continued to move, now towards the base of the staircase, then slowly along the lower curve to a small landing area, then arching upwards towards the hallway above. They were completely silent, just watching.

A moment later our garage door went up, their concentration broke, and they ran back through the house to greet my mom and sister as they got out of the car.

Later on that evening we were unloading a few more of my grandfather's things, and my mother decided they too should go up into the attic. I immediately felt that same unease as she asked me to take the first load up. I walked into the foyer and craned my neck up and around to the hallway above - it was dark and I couldn't see my bedroom or the outline of the ladder in the ceiling. I walked slowly up the stairs, crossed over the hallway and stopped outside my bedroom. The cord used to open and pull the drop-down free was swinging widely a few feet in front of me. There was nothing to produce wind anywhere, but the cord swung back and forth. Thinking it was better I took the first load up, as I would have gotten in trouble for leaving the cord down, I grabbed it and flicked on the light switch next to my bedroom doorway, which controlled the light in the attic. At night, you could clearly see light shine through the cut out for the ladder in the ceiling - the light didn't turn on. I pulled on the cord slowly and heard the wood of the ladder shifting above. I immediately thought I had not folded the stairs up correctly, it was blocking the seams in the ceiling, not letting light through. I pulled harder and opened the doorway to pitch black above, the light was out. Before I could really process the darkness, I heard loud erratic banging at the top of the stairs, moving quickly towards, then suddenly passed me. I released the cord and jumped back, causing the spring mechanism in the door to jerk the ladder back up into the ceiling.

I looked down and saw my grandfather's dress shoes laying at my feet. I had put the shoes on a shelf half way across the attic from the staircase.

I wore one of his suits and that pair of shoes to my 8th grade graduation that spring. Nothing else happened.

tlf01111
â€¢ 13y ago

This is quite a few years ago.

I was in this touring band and we'd stay at people's houses whenever we could to save money while on the road. We were doing the east coast, the guitar/singer guy said we could stay at his Aunt's house in super rural Virginia one night. He warns us the place is creepy and "haunted", so of course we're all in.

After driving what seemed like forever, we finally get to this house. It turns out to be colonial era--built in the 1700s, and just creepy looking because of the age. It's also a good 1/2 mile back off the road in the trees, which just added to the overall creep factor. The small tree in the front yard has bottles all stuck on the twigs, which as I was told later was a bad sign as well.

So we have dinner, all the pleasantries are taken care of, and after some begging the Aunt and Uncle go into story telling mode regarding all the weird stuff they've run into since they've lived there. I could rehash into some of them, but they're fucking creepy as hell and would take awhile... and that's not the really creepy part.

So anyway, we all crash that night in the living room. I'm on the couch, a couple people are in recliners, and one gal is on the floor. I was the last to doze off, so I had the TV remote and whatnot behind my head on the end-table. About 3:00 in the morning or so, I just randomly wake up a bit and notice something outside the window. Nothing solid, just a shadow. Right as I begin to focus on it (just woke up), it distinctly moves out of view. I sort of just try to shake it off as just some trees outside in the moonlight, but of course my mind's racing. As I lie there and try to calm myself down for a few minutes, a couple of exposed cast-iron pipes in the corner of the room behind the TV just go "pwa-twang, pwa-twang!", like someone had rapped on them with a drumstick or something. At this point, I'm wide awake and one of the guitar players (one laying on the floor next to me) wakes up, and goes "what the fuck was that"?

So at this point, we're both wide awake kind of getting more freaked out by the second. Right as we're sort of making jokes to each other how silly the whole situation is, the fucking TV turns ITSELF on. This of course wakes every one else up, and now none of us can sleep the rest of the night.

It was great to get the hell out of there in the morning.

Zanooka
â€¢ 13y ago

2 years ago my grandfather who was a big prankster passed away. A week after his passing I was staying with my grandmother for the weekend. I woke up Saturday morning and made my bed. I never make my bed but staying at grandmother's house, even if she just lost her husband, I'd never hear the end of it if I didn't. So I made the bed and turned around to get some things out of my bag. I turned back around to find the bed messed up. Not just a blanket askew it was a full on mess. Blanket on the floor, sheets pulled up and the mattress pushed from the box spring.

Most of the time I can explain all the "paranormal" things that happen around me but this time I could not come up with anything. I was the only one in the room. I was only a foot or so from the bed. The window was not open. This all happen in seconds not to mention silently.

Later that day I told my Grandmother what had happen. She said the dog must have gotten into the room. I explained to her what I had said above. She said "Well then it was Grandpa trying to get you in trouble again."

Reply Share

mepulixer
â€¢ 13y ago

I can't remember if I was in high school or middle school when this happened, but it was definitely during summer break. I remember it was an absurdly hot, bright day out. I was home alone while my mom was at work and I thought it would be the best idea ever to watch Stephen King's Rose Red which, if you haven't seen it, is about a bunch of psychics who go investigate a house that is reportedly "alive." Turns out it was not a great idea at all. I got most of the way through it when I just couldn't watch it anymore because I was too petrified. I stopped the movie, and I was just sitting on the couch staring at the hallway in terror because I couldn't stop imagining the maid lady from the movie walking out of my room or something.

All of the sudden, what sounds like the door to my mom's bathroom door SLAMS the fuck shut on the other side of the house, and I high-tail it the fuck out of there and into the driveway. When I stopped freaking out, I noticed there was a stray cat with a chipmunk in its mouth walking nonchalantly into the desert side of our yard (half of our yard would grow no grass, only small pine trees for some reason. The rest of the ground there was clay). So I yelled at the cat to try to get it to let go of the poor thing, and the cat ran off and dropped the chipmunk in the process. The little guy escaped, and scurried across the street into the trees.

Anyway, I kinda rationalized that if there was a ghost in the house (I didn't believe in ghosts, but I entertained the thought anyway), it was a nice one because it helped me save the chipmunk. I was still too scared to go back inside though, so I sat in the driveway till my mom got home. When she got back, I went back inside to check out the bathroom door. Turned out there was not a single door closed in the whole house that wasn't closed before. Still not sure what slammed... I guess it could have been a bathroom cupboard or a drawer or something, but I don't know. I never figured it out.

Reply Share

fantomfancypants
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

In December of 2011, I was at a friend's house enjoying a smoke on his back deck while talking to him and his brother. They were both facing my direction, and I had a view of the sky behind them - while they're going on about something, I notice what I initially think to be a bright star or maybe a planet, and am about to point it out to the both of them when it suddenly a smaller bright object SEPARATES from the one I'm looking at briefly before returning to become one bright mass. Assuming there's some rational explanation, I interrupt and ask my friends if they're seeing what I'm seeing... and I get confirmation when it starts elongating to a chorus of 'what the fuck?!' from all three of us.

We ran out to the front yard to make sure that the tree cover wasn't just playing tricks on us, and I almost wish it was because there was this large, luminous object slowly shifting shape and moving back/forth in one spot in the sky. This was not a plane, it was not a spotlight from a helicopter, it was absolutely silent outside besides the wind. What was initially a large glowing ball slowly became a longer shape pointing up/down, which moved almost imperceptibly to the west over a few minutes, back east in the same amount of time, and then performed a small circular motion before shortening back into an orb shape. I ran inside and retrieved binoculars while my friend went in to wake up his parents (at 12:30am) to take a look. Through binoculars, the luminosity gave way to a TINY point of light, surrounded by a halo (not an effect from the binoculars, but a luminous circle around the point) and topped off by some unearthly green-colored "wisps" or haze. What I remember thinking at the time was that this haze wasn't like any sort of exhaust or anything, but rather I ventured a guess that any attempt to defeat gravity might create this wave-like interference in the air. His parents didn't seem to be nearly as awestruck as us, as they gave into the cold quickly but we were considering going inside to turn on the news and make sure there wasn't some serious shit going down - only problem was that we couldn't possibly pull ourselves away from the scene.

I've been interested in UFO nonesuch for most of my life thanks to Unsolved Mysteries and the like, but I am also reasonably skeptical and not a crazy person - once I had ruled out everything I knew about, the strangest feeling of amazement came over me as I realized this would not be explainable. My only enjoyment from it is to share the story with others, and hope that it's a *good* sign of things to come.

Ksweets
â€¢ 13y ago

So I moved around a lot as a kid, like every 6 months a new city or country. We lived in a lot of different houses, some really nice and some not so nice. This one particular house that we lived in was definitely not nice and gave me a "creepy" feeling as soon as I stepped foot in there. This one night about two weeks after we had moved in, I had gone to bed around 9pm and was sleeping soundly until I heard hurried footsteps and labored breathing rush into my room. I opened my eyes and and all I could make out in the darkness was the silhouette of a very large man. In the next moment I heard my mothe run to my room and she quickly turned on the lights. The man vanished before the lights had turned on. Apparently she had been sitting at the kitchen table and saw a man run past her and into my room. We have never spoken about that night again, and I have never seen the man again... I still sleep with a night light.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

The year is 2000. I am on vacation with my mother in Ireland. We're at a bed & breakfast in Clonmacnoise. This house is hundreds of years old. It is charming but incredibly spooky at night. Our door is open and my mother and I are getting ready to settle in for the night. I'm on a chair reading Harry Potter. I look up and this very elderly little old lady all in white is at our door just smiling at me. In this very soft and enchanting voice she asks if we have everything we need. By now my mother notices her and tells her yes and wishes her a good night before closing the door. I sleep like a rock. Next morning as we're checking out my mom asks the owner if she can thank her mother for her hospitality. The owners face goes white. She asks what we're talking about and we tell her about the old lady. She starts crying and says we have described her grandmother who died many years ago. To this day I will never forget how fast her face turned from warm and rosy cheeks to just pale ash in a matter of seconds nor the sadness in her eyes.

[nubileblonde](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was about 15, I was home aloneâ€“ not an unusual occurrence, my parents gave me plenty of freedom. Our house is about 100 years old, and we are only the second owners.

I was sitting in my room, playing The Sims, when I got a creepy feeling and the hair on the back of my neck stood up. I ignored it, and it went away after a few moments. A few minutes later, my door creaked open, and I got that creepy feeling again. This time, I turned around and looked at the door, and I'll-be-goddamned, there was a little girl looking at me. She had clearly opened my door and was just staring at me. She didn't move, but the way she was staring was borderline hostile.

I froze, shut my eyes, and prayed to any god that might exist that she be gone when I opened my eyes. I heard the door creak again, and I opened my eyes. The door was shut. I really struggled with whether or not to check if she was gone, but I gathered my courage and went to the door. Nobody was there when I opened it.

I tried to take my mind off it, and the dreaded moment came when I actually got hungry enough to go downstairs. Nothing happened downstairs, but when I walked up the stairs it got BAD.

To clarify, it's a two story house. When you walk up the stairs, there is a landing, then you turn sharply to the left and go up to the second story. There are 4 rooms upstairs, all off a small hallway. If the doors are open, you can see into the rooms from the stairs.

The bathroom door was open, the last door on the right. After I passed the landing, I glanced up, and in the bathroom there was a woman hanging by a noose from the shower. Her feet were swinging, and her eyes were wide open -- looking right at me.

I let out a teeny sob and ran into my room, and I didn't leave until my parents came home. They never believed me.

The terrible, horrible ending: We found a hidden compartment in the built-in bench next to our fireplace. When we opened it, there were photos and other random memorabilia from the house we lived in- photos of its construction, etc. There were also photos of the little girl I had seen, and of the woman. My parents told me that her name was Pollyâ€“ she was the woman who lived in the house before us. She was about 6 when the house was built, and about 90 when she died in the house.

TL;DR: Saw the ghost (???) of the woman who lived and died in our house in two different stages of her life.

[sierrabravo1984](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I may have seen what some called the ghost of hangar one about more than a decade ago when I was stationed at NAS Lakehurst New jersey. Apparently this guy was a lieutenant or captain that died long ago and now haunts Hangar One, I think I saw him one night when I was on a security patrol. I used to smoke back then and it was a VERY cold February morning around maybe 1AM, so I bundled up and put on my peacoat and dixiecup cover so I could go smoke outside while walking a patrol. I heard a CLANG come from the metal walkways way up above me so I pull my pistol and order the person to stop where he was. He stepped to the edge of the railing, I saw his brass naturally I saluted him and he saluted back and fucking walked off the edge if the goddamn hanger and disappeared without losing any height. Then suddenly a crisp cold cloudless night became so heavily fogged.I could not see my own fingertips. somebody behind me said "button that top button sailor, it's going to get cold tonight."

There was a goddamn blizzard the next day that froze my car doors shut.

TLDR ghost of a dead officer told me to button up my peacoat.

I used to be an air traffic controller in the navy and I've never had psych issues and I'm am atheist that doesnt even believe in ghosts. Still the craziest thing I have ever experienced and have bever told anybody (thought I would get kicked out of the USN for psych issues...)

Reply Share

Qacer
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

I used to work for a food delivery company. We would take orders for other restaurants and deliver it to the customers. One time someone placed an order for a family meal. I couldn't really hear the lady well. She sounded faint and far away. She still sounded faint even after asking her to speak up, but I eventually got the order.

I picked up the order from the restaurant and proceeded with the delivery. For some reason, I could not find the address. The GPS was telling me that I was in the right place, so I walked around the neighborhood. These were apartment buildings, so it wasn't as simple as finding a house.

Anyway, as I was trying find the address, I saw this lady in her early 50s standing straight and looking as if she was staring at a distance. I approached her. As I got closer, she turned her head towards me in such a way that she was still maintaining her straight posture without turning much of her body. She gave me a weak smile, said that she placed the order, and that my money was under the rug at the third apartment door straight ahead. She also said to leave the order with her daughter.

I walked towards the apartment, got the money under the rug, and rang the door bell. The daughter looked very surprised when she saw me. Then, she gave a sigh of relief and thanked me for delivering the food. She said that she had her hands full with her kid and her nephews, and did not have time to cook. I gave her a curious look.

"You should thank your mother. She ordered the food and told me to drop it of here. I just saw her out there a minute ago."

She turned pale and her legs weakened enough for her to slightly wobble. In the process, the door opened slightly more. I saw the picture of the older woman.

"Yep, that's her." Pointing at the picture.

"My mother died 5 years ago. How dare you!"

I was completely stunned and speechless even when she shut the door on my face. I took the rest of the day off after that.

mamalux
â€¢ 13y ago

Over the course of my life thus far I have had many experiences. In the house I grew up in the activity got worse when my parents were going through a divorce. I had dreams where I woke up suddenly and at the foot of my bed was a demonic creature grinning at me. Other days it would feel as though someone was laying on top of me, whispering in my ear. I would just lay there, literally unable to move and it would go away. In my teen years I spent a lot of time working on my computer in my room. One summer night I had my window all the way open and my dog was sitting on my bed. All of the sudden, he started growling deeply at something outside the window. It was on the corner of my house and there was a pathway there that led to the backyard. My dog jumped off the bed and started following along the wall, growling and walking as if he was following someone. Seeing no one out there along the side of the house i walked to the back door to look outside. My dog was barking at this point but still, no one was there.

In my early 20s I lived in a hundred year old house in NW Portland. Constantly I could hear someone pacing the wooden hallway on the second floor. I could hear someone calling for me, even though no one was home. Doors would open and I would assume it was a roommate but it never was. One night a deck of cards in a box was sitting in the table, and they just opened. I had a hardtime debunking that one.

One night I was half awake laying in bed and my portable cd player (which was hooked up to speakers) started playing. I got up and turned it off at least three times. The last time I got up and took the batteries out, but once again it started playing so i had to take the cd out. A few days later I burned sage, said a blessing, and it never happened again.

I talked to the house owner about it and he reassured me that it was okay, that itwastheir old friend who had overdosed on the second floor. I was ultimately creeped out, but the activity had stopped after the blessing.

Now, at age 28 I live in a house in Portland and hadn't experienced anything since moving in just a handful of months ago.

I learned of a friend of mine who had committed suicide and wondered if she would visit me (they always do at least once within a couple weeks of death). One morning I was laying in bed and the house was empty-just my cat and I lying on the bed. Now, the door to my bedroom is hard to close so you have to really struggle to close it. It wouldn't close even with a strong gust of wind. So as I'm laying in bed, i hear the handle jiggle and the door fully closes. I thought that perhaps my boyfriend had come home and instead of greeting me, just closed the door. That, although weird, was not the case. Now I can't prove it was my friend who had died a couple weeks prior, but I do know that was the first thing that has happened here that has been unexplained.

At our old apartment I woke up suddenly, sat up in bed, and at the foot was a small boy in a night gown. I knew what I was seeing but just layed back down so I wouldn't scare him. I couldn't get this boy out of my mind and went to great lengths to figure out who he was and why he was there. I discovered that an old building just an acre away was a home for mothers and 'bastard' children in the early 1900s. There were many deaths as disease epidemics spread during that time. I'm pretty sure that boy was one of the kids at that home.

I have had many other experiences but those are the ones that have stood out. I've been touched, talked to, and have seen a ghost that looked completely human, who was smiling at me and then completely disappeared the second I looked away and looked back. I think of myself to be quite sensitive to spirits and energy.

magicblackboard
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

one night i had this very intense dream in which many aspects and places of my life were involved. after a huge story there was a funeral and the ghosts of the people who were already dead were hovering above their graves as if to welcome the new soul. the whole thing felt very benevolent.

then i woke up because my phone rang. and it was my dad calling to tell me that my granddad had passed away during the night.

i couldn't say that i believe in ghosts or the afterlife, but i don't know, i felt quite good about the whole thing, even though i was sad about his death.

EDIT: deleted unnecessarily long monologue about my views...

DJmankiewicz1
â€¢ 13y ago

I had an experience last month. I always travel to my hometown in Pennsylvania for Christmas with family. My one great-uncle had been struggling with cancer for about 4 years before hand and wasn't able to make the dinner the night before with the family this year because the cancer progressed. Around 8 pm, his wife called the house to say that he took a turn for the worse.

I left for midnight mass with my mom and sister around 11:30 and sat in the church until midnight listening to the polish hymns they play before the mass. Around 5 before midnight, they stopped playing the hymns to get ready for the start of the Christmas mass. While the church was silent and I saw someone leave the church from the other side who looked a bit like him but I played it off because I knew my uncle was in the hospital. The man who walked out never came back in to my knowledge and as the mass started I felt this unexplaned feeling of grief which was odd as well.

My grandfather, his brother, stayed at home for the mass which wasn't unusual as he likes to go to mass in the morning but he wasn't home when I got back at 1 am and my father said that my grand uncle died 5 minutes before midnight.

Was the man in the church my uncle leaving? I don't know but it was bizarre.

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benjamus_maximus
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a fairly atheist person but I've seen one thing that's made me seriously doubt that belief. When I was younger (like grade 10, so I wasn't too young) me and my buddy were waiting around on the street outside my house for someone else. We started to hear this awful sound that sounded like unoiled rusty machinery. We look down the street and we see this bicycle go by... without a rider. It was going down a hill so it could've got its speed from that, but it was moving at a constant speed and not accelerating. We ended up seeing the same bike on 2 more occasions. It always made the same noise, and was still riderless. My friends weren't really smart enough to do this as a prank so I don't really know what it could have been.

TL;DR riderless bike scared the fuck out of me 3 times, don't have an explanation

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Zedlover

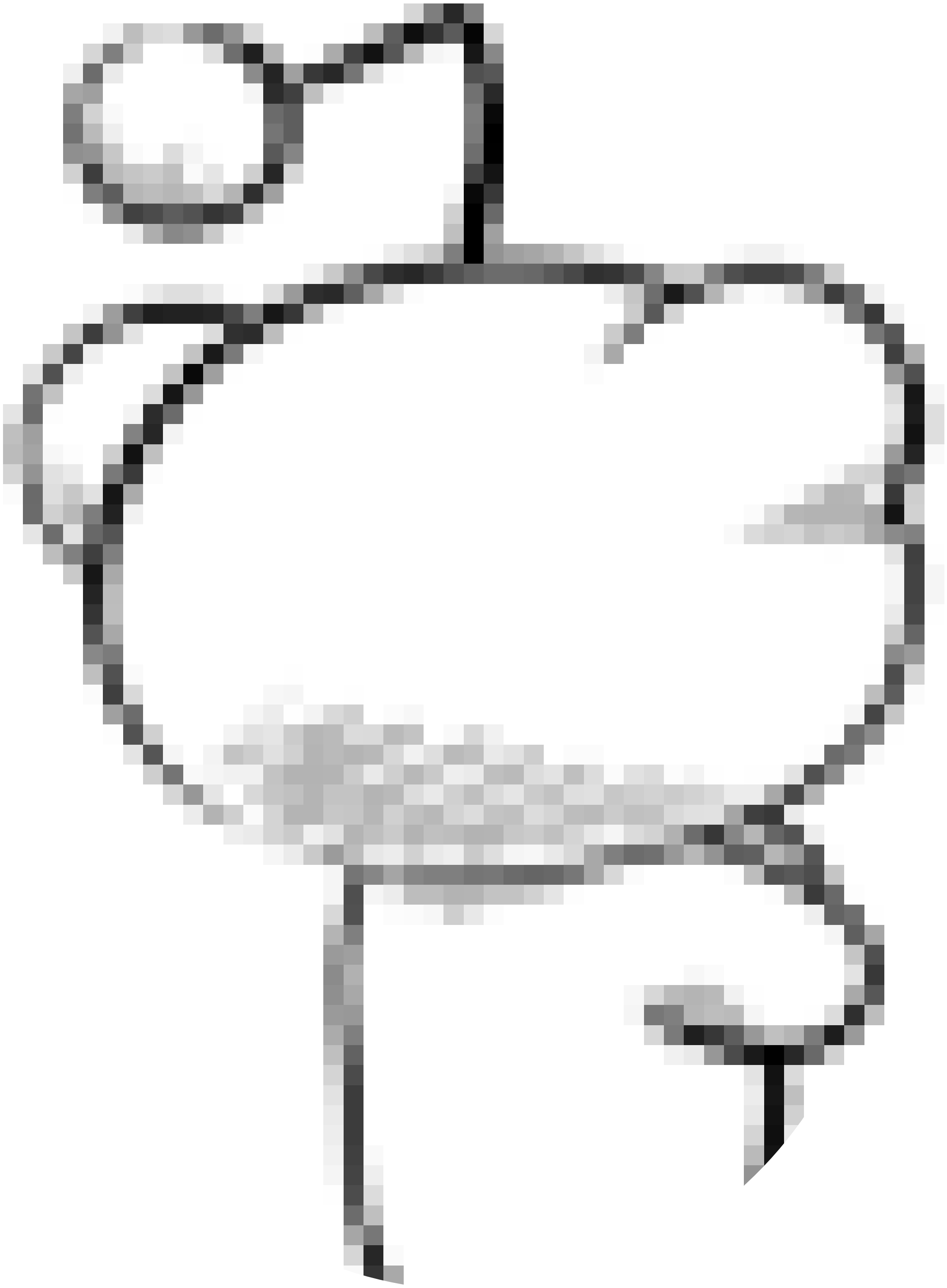
â€¢ 13y ago

I had a dream once when i was a kid i was at my freinds house during a lightning storm. A monster came out of the lightning and ate his dog. About a week or two later his dog died when a lightningbolt struck a tree and the branch crushed the dog. I also have a story of a dream i had that happened the exact same way the next day, but thats already on here

Reply Share

Gjallarhorn
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a teenager, my dad and I were driving home one night. All of a sudden, we notice what looks like a forest fire. Except nothing is burning. There's just this orange light that appears to be moving across the ground and through the trees. The next day, the PE instructor (who lived near me at the time) asks if I saw some strange orange light that past night. Never figured it out, but I know it wasn't a fire.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

My grandma died when I was about 11 years old. Several days after the funeral I was with my mom and my aunt as they went through some of my grandmas possessions in her house deciding which ones to sell and which to keep.

Let me give a little background about my grandmas house. My whole childhood I had heard scary stories about this house. My grandma was a firm believer in ghosts and had always said her house was haunted. She told us stories about hearing footsteps and the like. My mom likes to tell a story that happened to her shortly after high school in that house. My mom had dated the same guy throughout high school and after graduation they had gotten engaged. Unfortunately he died in a car crash in the summer after their graduation. Several months later my mom was dating another man and they were sitting in the kitchen at my grandma's house late at night when they heard a deafening crash come from the basement. Terrified they grabbed blunt objects for weapons and crept downstairs to see what had happened. Nothing. The basement was empty. No shelves had fallen over. Nothing broken. To this day my mom insists that it was the sound of a car crash -- her fiancÃ© angry at her for moving on to another man and trying to remind her of the violent way he died.

So back to the original story. I'm sitting with my aunt and mom in the living room at my grandma's house and the room is full of boxes of my late grandma's possessions. They spread several items across the table and go through them one by one. Eventually they come to a clock. This clock had been given to my mother by my grandmother many years ago. My mom never liked the clock and had never taken it with her when she moved out of the house. It had sat in the basement ever since. The clock hadn't been wound in 20 years, and they weren't even certain it still worked. Of course my mom wasn't interested in keeping this clock she had never liked and quickly said they should sell it in the estate sale. As soon as the words had left her mouth, this clock which had lay dormant for decades suddenly started to chime out loudly.

Needless to say, my mom kept the clock.

[isperfectlycromulent](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Here's the most vivid dream I've had, it still chills me thinking about it. I must have been about maybe 9 to 11 years old, and sharing a bedroom with my brother on the second floor of our house. At the time, the house bordered on an open field that was most likely used for mine talings, as it never grew grass or many weeds (yea healthy place, that field) There were housing developments and hotels on all sides, so that field actually got quite a bit of foot traffic on it, from people getting from here to there. Although I lived in a small city, the light pollution from the snow kept us up sometimes so we slept with the blinds and curtains closed to keep it dark.

One night I'm having trouble sleeping. I toss and turn, but just can't go to sleep, so I decided to pull the blinds up to just stare out into the night for a bit. I could see the stars so bright and the snow gleaming in the moonlight.

There was a man walking out in the middle of the field.

I didn't think much of it really. People did so all the time. Hell, I did it at night too, sometimes. The man stopped walking along in the field, and I saw him turn towards me. Although none of the lights were on in the house, he somehow knew I was there, awake and watching him. I distinctly heard a tinny little voice say THERE he is! and he rushed the house. And when I say he rushed it, I mean it was like The Flash fast, he traversed what must have been 200 yards in less than a second. He jumped up onto the bare rooftop in front of my window in a single leap and was at the window almost instantly.

I had just gotten a good look at his face when... no. no that's not right. He had no face. It was just a blank where his face should have been. I started shrieking bloody murder, screaming at the top of my lungs. My brother came over to my bed to shake me awake, then went to go get my parent. My parents burst into the room hearing my screams. They finally got me to wake up. I sat there, blubbering and crying, shaken by the ordeal. It wasn't real. It was only a bad dream. It was such a vivid dream though, I still remember it clear as day over 20 years later. After telling them all about it, I went to sleep in mom and dad's room that night. But before we left to go downstairs, mom closed the blinds to the windows.

Sometimes I wonder if the roof had had snow on it that night, if there would have been footprints...

Reply Share

[powpowpenguin](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I've had a few moments with seeing things that I couldn't explain yet I know were not my imagination playing tricks on me, as little as I believe in the occult I still have troubles with them, so I'll give short explanations of three of the most notable ones.

The first time I found myself in the situation of utter confusion and fear was whilst still living with my grandparents, I was around 10 years old and sitting in the dinning room when I heard my grandfather calling me, he was still alive at this point so I didn't pay any attention to it, I could hear he was in the lounge upstairs so I went up to see what he wanted, the lounge was split off into two sections separated by a curtain and a glass panel. When I got upstairs I could see his silhouette through the curtain, the exact same figure that my grandfather had, I could see he was sitting on the chair smoking a pipe as he often did, I never noticed anything to be strange , i walked forward and opened the curtain but as I did I heard my grandfather call me again from downstairs, when I looked over to the chair there was no one, it as well as the room was empty, but I still remember the smell of pipe tobacco lingering in the air.

The second incident happened quite a few years later, I was still staying in the same house, just my gran was still there, my mother was out at a friends (can't remember for sure) I fell asleep early that night with the light in my room on, my bed faced towards the window that was closed that night, eventually I woke up probably because of the light annoying me, when i sat up there was a tall cloaked figure, I vaguely remember seeing some form of "spikes" protruding from it's arms. Given the fact that I had already fallen prey to my love of logic I figured I was still half asleep, so i looked down and for roughly 30 seconds wiped my eyes out shook my head around a bit made sure my vision was clear and look up again, only to see the same figure standing at the exact same space, this time more clearly, the only difference was the window was now open, needless to say I have never gone from a seated position to a full on sprint in my life. When I later gathered the guts to return to the room it was empty and the window was closed again. Every time I ever had friends over at that house they would tell me that there was something wrong, that they didn't feel safe, and that something was watching them, I joked around and made up crazy stories as to why the house was haunted but deep down I always knew something was wrong there, the house had it's own "heart beat" ticks and creeks that come with any old house but they had an odd sense of personality.

The last story for this comment (since i'm starting to feel like I could adapt this into a short novel) occurred at my friends house after a few drinks and some card games with my friend a few other people and his mom (not sure why but she joined us) night was fine, quiet and it was dark outside already, we were sitting at the kitchen counter and suddenly I felt a cold breeze brush past me, I saw a short (roughly 1 meter tall) figure sail through the house at quite a high speed, I had a semi confused look on my face and really figured I was seeing things since it had happened so quickly, when i turned back to the table, everyone was dead... No no haha I'm kidding but anyway my friends mom said hah! you saw it didn't you, you saw it and my son doesn't believe me but there is something in this house, this led to a long conversation, she mention a lot of things that she has seen, ect that struck very close to home, things that I felt were similar to the things that I have seen.

Regardless of being freaked out (even more so now that I think of these events in such detail) I have never truly felt as if I was in any real danger, but to be quite honest they have all been experiences that I would rather have not experienced, the thought tends to make me a bit jittery no matter how skeptical I try to be.

VincentAMV
â€¢ 13y ago

Alright, this story still scares the shit out of me at least once a week and is the reason I do not sleep well in my house and certainly not before daybreak or at least one person is awake.

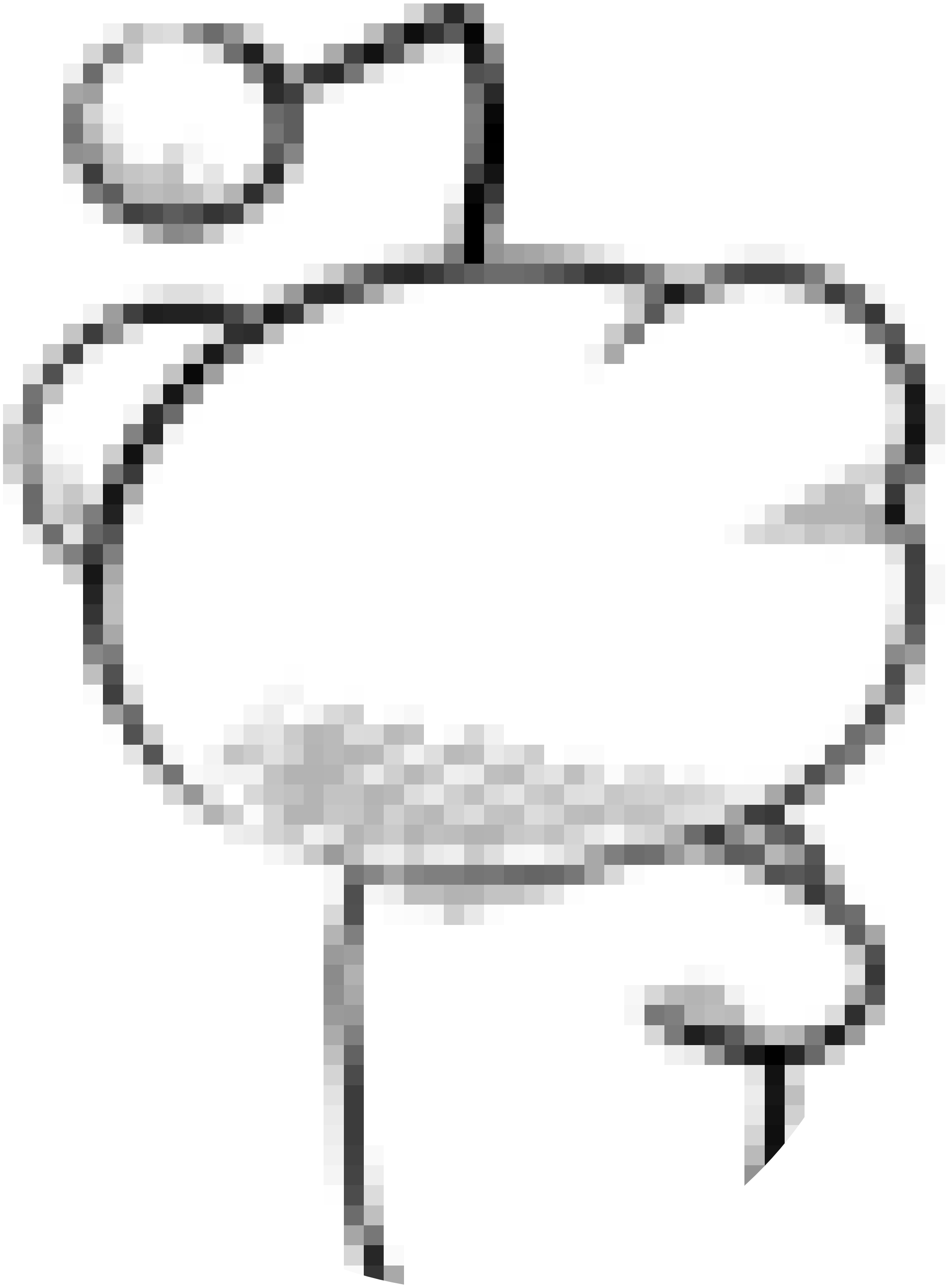
It's just two years ago somewhere at the end of summer when some of my friends and myself decide we are shit bored and someone has the brilliant idea a Ouija board would be great fun. We're all into science, don't believe in god and why should we not disprove ghosts. It's not like anything could possibly go wrong....

We start in the attic, in my sisters room because no one is home, and it's always been dark and creepy there. So we lay the board down, put the pointer on and our fingers onto the pointer and my friend starts "If there is anyone in the room with us, please come forth and talk to us." Immidiatly we feel the pointer beginning to move. After a few questions asking if it were a man or woman, good or evil spirit, etc. At some point we ask an open question and it answers: "WE have been here for years." This scared the living crap out of me. My house has always been moaning and creeking, things move and turn on or off. But I always neglected it as if it was normal. We asked how many they were. Seven it answers.

This is were I thought one of my friends was just playing with me and moving the pointer himself instead of gently resting your finger on it. So I asked to show me it was here. For a moment nothing happens and then I hear the doors on the floor below us starting to slam, the lamps flicker, it gets real cold, and we all feel this heavy pressure on us. This is where we wrapped up and went somewhere else like the house was on fucking fire. I have never ran down those stairs so fast.

But it didn't just end there. Since then my house has been a fucking nightmare. Doors slowly open or close. Lights, Tv, Radio randomly switch off. You even have to press the on button again. Furniture moves while we sleep. And my parents don't believe any of it. "It's always done this, blablabla." Yes mom, the chairs of the diner table always danced around the room at night ending up at strange location or angles.

This escalated one night where I was getting angry at all the moaning and creeking of the house and then the light in the bathroom went off. I just yell "If you're just playing with shit then get the hell out." The whole house goes quiet and as I stand up I see a bunch of angry dark faces in the mirror looking at me. I have never been so scared in my life. I refused to sleep in my own house for a week. Even now I can't sleep until someone else wakes up or the sun rises, whichever comes first. But the moving stuff and creeking/moaning/lights etc is still going on. I am even getting cold as I am typing this, and constantly shivering since I typed the part about them showing themselves. I will be so fucking happy when I finally move out.



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â€¢ 13y ago

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â€¢ 13y ago

It's nothing paranormal but I have weird sleep issues. I don't sleepwalk much anymore, but I used to walk into walls repeatedly, and do other odd stuff. Once took all the sheets off my bed and put them on the porch at a hotel.

Nowadays I will often have this thing right before I'm fully asleep, or I'll wake in the middle of the night, and see or hear stuff.

People in the room, over my bed, in my closet, talking. Spiders coming down from the ceiling. One funny one was I thought a huge rat was in my room so I yelled at it. Then I realized it was the dog, so I told him to get out of there. After a bit of that I realized I'd been yelling at my backpack.

It happens so often now that I've gotten pretty used to it and don't get freaked, bit I still have to grab my glasses and look around for a few minutes (and oftentimes, swat at whatever specter is bothering me) each time to be sure I'm not actually in a coffin or spaceship or that there's not somebody in my closet.

Reply Share

EgweneSedai
â€¢ 13y ago

Not a ghost/paranormal thing.

I was home alone, catsitting at my parents' place. My brother had left that afternoon to go on a vacation as well. So there I am, randomly browsing the internet with the cat next to me, purring. All was well until my grandmother calls.

She knew I was home alone and she asks me if I have locked the door yet. Once you shut the door, you can't open it again from the outside so my parents generally don't lock it at night. I tell her no and she starts a rant about how she wouldn't feel safe if I didn't, she mentions burglars and all the shit that can happen to people home alone. We hang up and naturally I now have to lock the door. But my mind is on burglars and rapists and murderers, so I think "hmmm but what if they're *already inside*?" (THANKS GRANDMA). So naturally I pick up the cat, because he's soft and cuddly and I can throw him at someone, get a knife in the kitchen and check the entire house. After that I lock the door and proceed to feel silly.

And then I hear a noise. But not just a "oh it's an old house" noise, it's a loud *thump* in the hallway. Immediately I check for the cat and see he also has his ears pricked up, looking at the hallway. I now know I'm not crazy and I don't like it. I pick up the knife again and just sit there in silence. Too chicken shit to check the hallway I stay where I am and wait. For 10 minutes I sit completely still, listening for the noise. Cat goes back to sleep and I relax a bit. About 15 minutes later I hear another loud thump, again in the hallway near the ceiling. This time the cat jumps up and goes over there. Scared that the axe murderer that is obviously now in my house is going to kill him, I slowly follow. Then the noise starts moving. I hear something walking, quite heavily, between the ceiling and the roof *towards me*. The cat just sits there looking at the ceiling and the noises. I freak out and call my mom and dad, knife still in hand.

My mom laughs at me and tells me "oh yeah I forgot to tell you, we have mice". That day I learned mice between the ceiling in an otherwise silent house can sound a lot louder than they actually are. And I'm a bigger pussy than Mr Fluffypants.

_The_Prince_
â€¢ 13y ago

I always see different colored lights, little orbs and what-not anyone know what these are?

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My family owns a piece of land by a small, yet pretty, river. It's been in the family for about 50 years and my dad and his brothers grew up there. Every once in a while, they would recall moments from their childhood where they were there and something just wouldn't feel right. Very long story short, my extended family was camping out there about 6 years ago when my cousin woke up in the middle of the night and started screaming in French. (He doesn't speak french.) My aunt, alarmed, tried to wake him up. She was successful, but scarily, he remained in a possessed state, until he switched to very, very broken English and yelled "They will find us here. The native men will find us here." Basically, she woke everyone up and we all went home, at like three in the morning. One of my uncles was deeply disturbed by this and did some research. Turns out, the troops passed through the area during the French and Indian war.

ViolatorMachine
â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't creepy but odd. Around 14 years ago in Peru I was taking the bus at night in a crowded avenue and I saw a kid with a long Marilyn Manson t-shirt (one that has a large print of his face) standing on the sidewalk just looking around and alone. I was sitting on the front seat of the bus (we use these kind of fucking buses there: http://2.bp.blogspot.com/_XjzXm40E8g0/TG5qhKrVFbI/AAAAAAAABGI/PLqlwdhREdk/s1600/combi.jpg)

So after 10 minutes or so as we get close to a corner I see the same kid standing around there just doing the same thing, apparently doing nothing. That was weird because I didn't see him taking a bus or a cab the first time so I say to myself "ok this is odd...if I see him again I'll step out of the bus". It's one of those things you say to yourself thinking that it's not going to happen...but you know it will.

So around 15 more minutes later, you already know what happens...as we get close to a bus stop I see the same freaking kid standing there so it took me some seconds to make mind but I got off of the bus and sat in the bus stop bench. So you are not always prepared for that kind of situations...I didn't feel like approaching to the kid and saying "I've been watching you", that would be weird. So while I was thinking what to do, this kid comes close, smiles at me and he goes like "hi...how are you doing...it's cold out here right?" and I said like "yes...so...what are you doing?" and, with the same smile in his face he says "I came here to work". And he leaves.

As I said, you are not always prepared for these situations and even if I thought about getting off the bus I didn't think about what to say. I know I should have asked more things but well I didn't.

I don't believe in supernatural stuff but this was weird.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok so my moms friend's little sister came over She was a few years older so we hung out And she started telling me about her uncle who died All of a sudden I got out a pencil and paper (not trying to sound cocky) Im really good at facial sketches. I drew her uncle to a tee Never met her or her uncle before

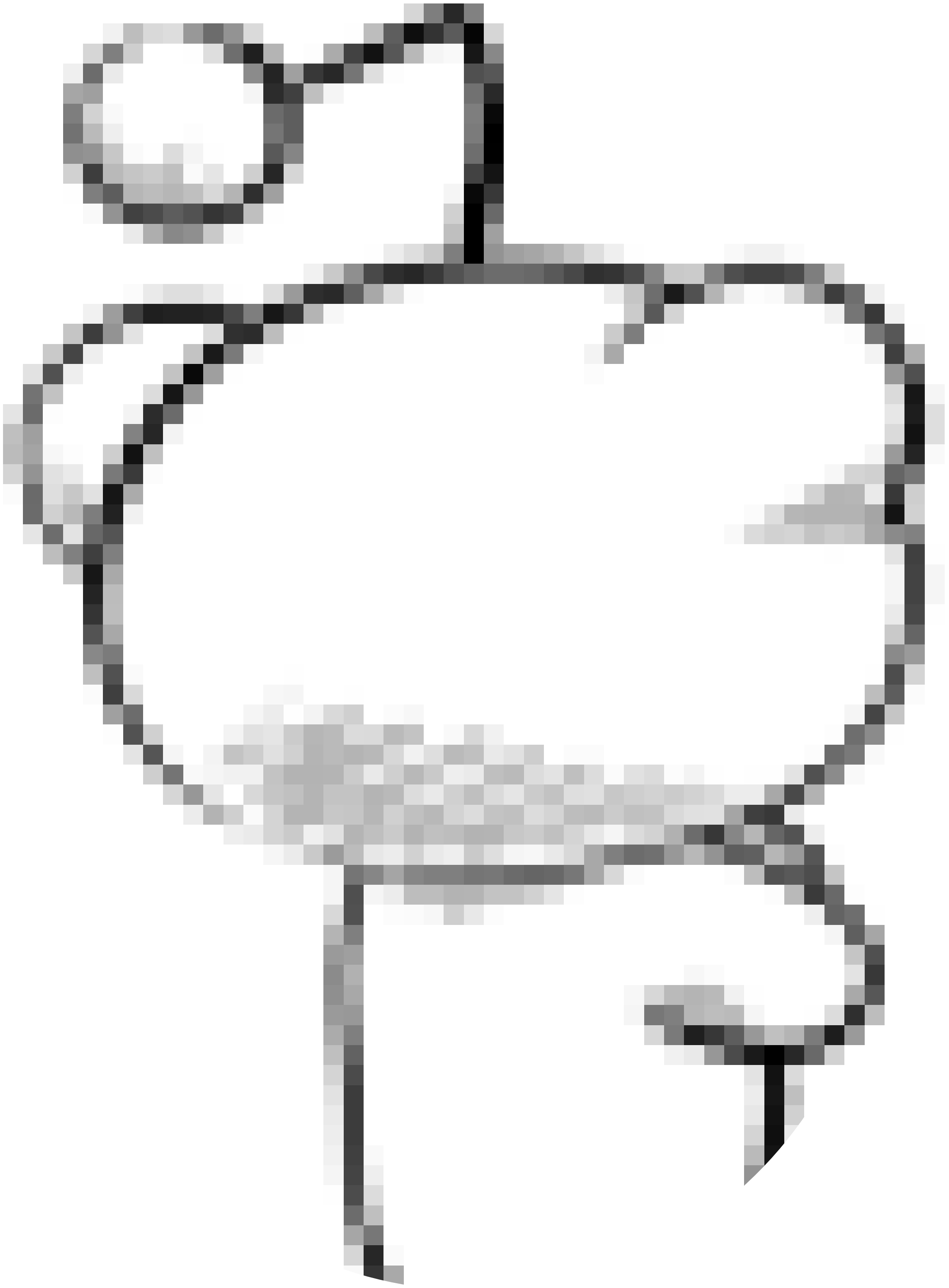
Reply Share

dirtydmix
â€¢ 13y ago

Last month I was laying in my bed with my sick 3 year old who was all curled up on me. He was all snotty and having a tough time sleeping.

Next thing I see is a manish figure of someone i had t seen before about 3 feet from my bed walking to me. For some reason I wasn't scared. He then leaned over the bed to look at my son and i spoke out, "whats wrong". he then spoke to me without physically making any noise, "It's ok, I'm just hear to check on him." He then slowly walked out. I thought to myself wtf. For whatever reason it still didn't completely freak me out.

The next day I call my father and try to explain what happened. He becomes quiet and says he believes me and to come over on Saturday. So Saturday I swing by and he explains to me he was on an ancestor.com like website the same night looking at new pictures the site posted of my great-great grandfather. What then scared me was the man looked exactly like the guy in my room.



bubster89
â€¢ 13y ago

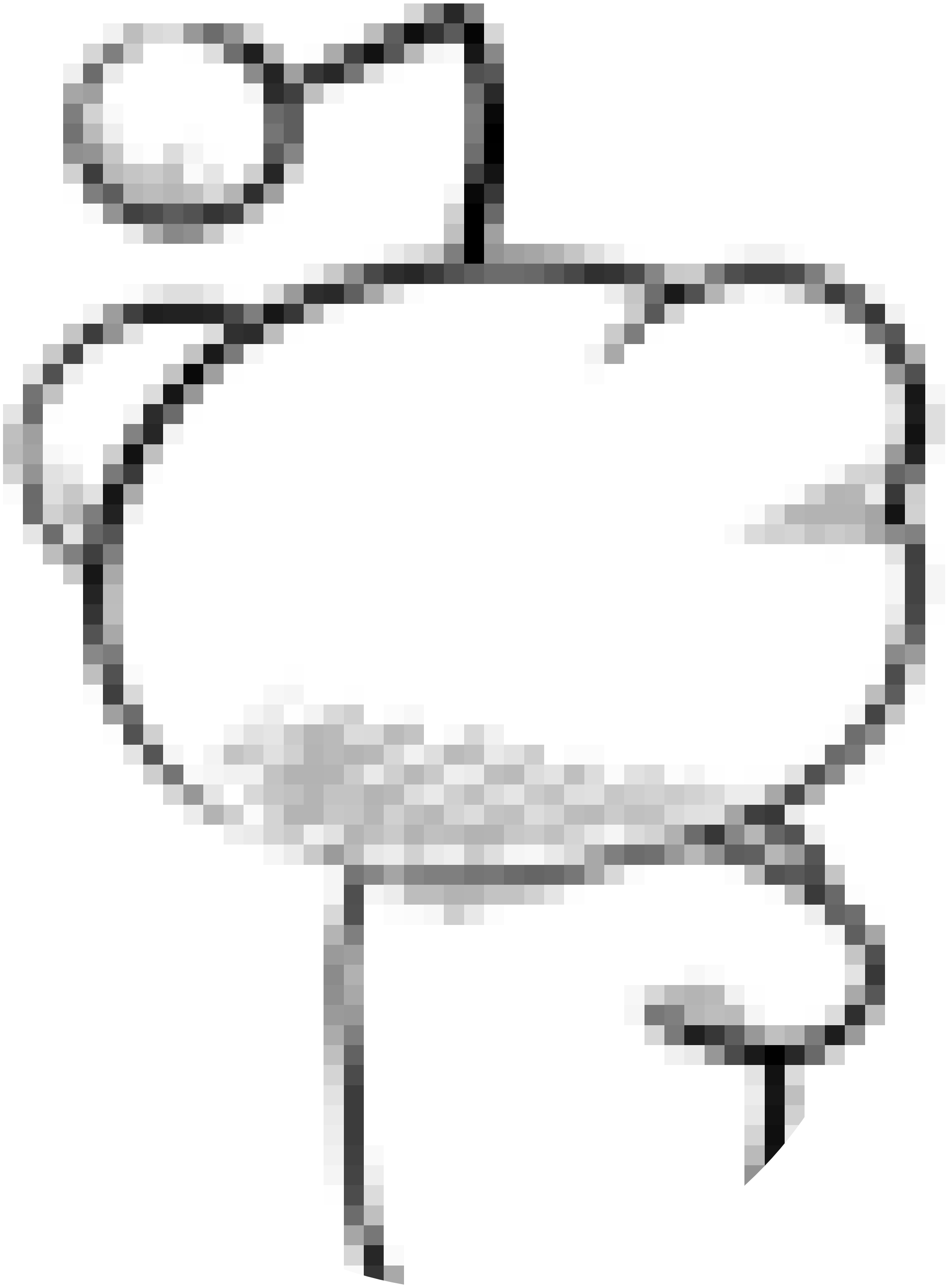
This is the bone chilling story that Iâ€™m currently dealing with. I live in a small house that was built a little before 1900 in a historic area of Pennsylvania. My oldest daughter is 3.5 years old and LOVES to cook on her little tykeâ€™s kitchen. Well, one day she came up to me crying telling me that her new "Friend" would not let her play with her kitchen. At first I thought she was talking about her new baby sister so I explained to her that she is too small to play with her kitchen.

That's when my 3 year old grabs my hand and says "let me show you daddy". Hand in hand we walk up the stairs then towards her room where her beloved kitchen is. As we are walking down the hall I start to hear a bubbling noise that her kitchen makes when you put one of the pots on the stove. We get to the doorway and my daughter points to the stove, "See daddy". I explain to her that no one else is her room (let alone a pot on the stove) and just at that moment the kitchen starts making the bubbling sounds again! Now Iâ€™m getting freaked out and my little one is starting to notice. Very slowly, I start walking over to the kitchen and my daughter yells at me to stop! I look back and ask her why, "Because the little girl at my kitchen is starting to cry..." I b- lined straight out of her room, took my daughter with me and went to the park. Now sitting on the cold park bench, very scared, with no idea what just happened.

Later that night, lying in bed I told my wife what happened. She got a good laugh in disbelief and rolled over to fall asleep. Soon everyone is now sleeping and I hear my wife get up to get a drink of water. Shortly after I heard my daughterâ€™s kitchens starting to bubble out of nowhere. My wife dashes back into our room five seconds later, pale, like she has seen a ghost. Needless to say I think she believes me now.

Fast forward to today. Three weeks later and my daughter is still playing with her kitchen. Bloating to us that she taught her new friend how to share. My wife and I still hear her kitchen bubble at random times of the day and night. Deeply thinking about getting her a new kitchenâ€¦

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger, I was suffering from a period of depression I was woken up in the middle of the night by my TV turning on and playing a video. For some reason I didn't turn it off and go to sleep, I just watched it.

The video turned out to be an episode of the West Wing (which I don't remember recording - I didn't normally watch it); the episode was about Josh coming to terms with his depression/PTSD which really hit home. After the episode finished, the TV turned off and I drifted off to sleep.

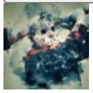
In the morning I doubted it even happened, but the video was still in the TV and the episode was on it, but I have no idea how it got there, or how it it turned on.

Reply Share

DesolatedOrange
â€¢ 13y ago

The creepiest event in my life involves my sisters room. Many weird things occur in there, if we can't find something we wait a day or two and check her bed and it will end up there (we have a mischievous family so I took these as pranks). One weird event happened though when she was around 18 years old. She had a pull down shade by her window that would be pulled up half way in the morning occasionally. I chopped this up as a broken shade, but it got weird from there.
She then claimed she kept seeing an old man walk across her room in the middle of the night, stand by her shade and she watched as it would get pulled up half way. She couldn't move and just sat staring in fear closing her eyes. Once again I thought either she's trying to scare the family or she was experiencing some type of sleep paralysis. Months later my aunt and uncle stay at the house for a day. We give them that room to stay in. They had no knowledge of the stories my sister told. When they woke up the next morning for breakfast they were kinda bugging out. They proceeded to tell us a story of an old man walking across the room in the middle of the night and staring out the window. This sent shivers down my spine. The only explanation I have is that its a big family prank.....I can't walk past that room any more, its always a sprint.

Reply Share



StormShadow13
â€¢ 13y ago

I have one creepy experience from my old apartment. I have always had to sleep covered up with the covers all the way to my neck, I don't know why. Even in the middle of summer so I keep it cool at night. Well one night I was just getting to sleep and I felt what I could only describe as a quick hard tug on my blankets like someone was on the floor at the foot of my bed trying to pull my covers off. I lived alone and the time and from then on out I had really weird dreams of things like there was someone in the house and crap like that. I slept with the hallway light on from then on out. The happiest day of my life after that was when I finally got a girlfriend and she moved in with me so I didn't have to sleep alone in that apartment anymore.

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More replies

dripdry9
â€¢ 13y ago

S Some time back, 3 friends and i used to always go out and disprove local myths and ghost stories. We had heard this story about an elementary school in Redlands, where this kid had been killed by a school bus. Now his spirit haunted the school. We had read that if you knocked on the classroom door, you would hear him knock back. So that was the plan.

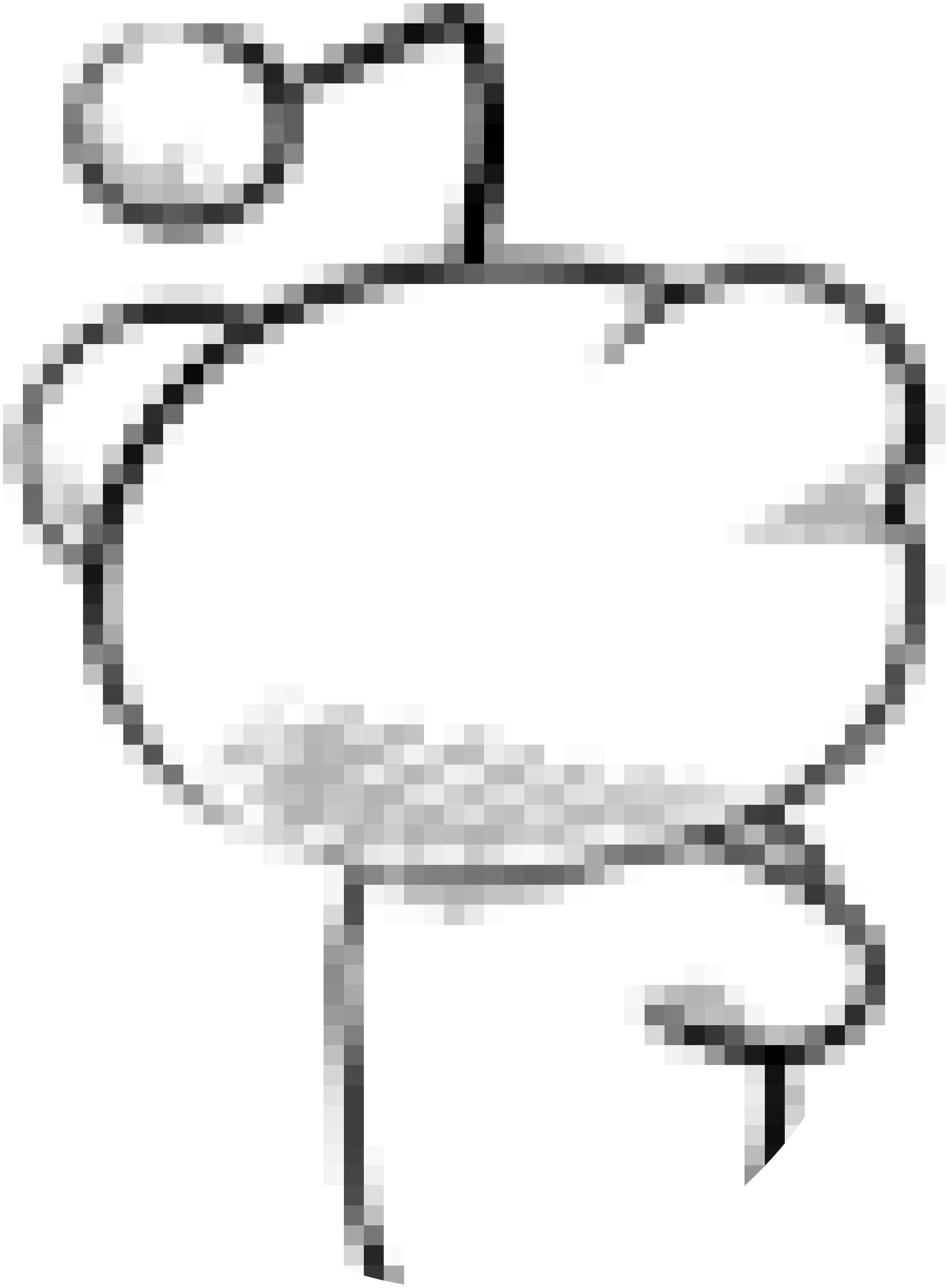
We got to the school about nine or so, and went straight to the room. We all took turns knocking and listening. Of course, we didnt hear anything, so we prepared to pack it in. My two female friends had to use the bathroom so we split up.

My friend and i were waiting on them, by the basketball courts. There was this huge field behind us that faced the street. I went to go jump up and grab the rim, and when i came down, there was this... person there. He startled us because we had just looked in the direction he had to come from and there was no one there. He asked us what we were doing at the school so late. We told him we were looking for ghosts. He replied "Well, you will find some here..." I turned to my friend as if to say WTF jus happened, and when i turned back to ask what he meant... He was gone. No trace.

The girls came back a couple minutes after this, and we asked them if they seen anybody walking through or past them to get out. They hadn't. I went cold. There was only one way in and out of that school. We all ran back to the car to see if we can find him. But it was as if he had vanished in the night. We went back the next day to ask some neighbors if they'd seen him or knew who his family was. What we heard still gives me the chills.

The person we saw was black. There were no black families in the neighborhood. But the kid that had died at Mariposa was. Creepier still, when i was asked to what he looked like, i couldn't see his face. Almost like... he didnt have one. Needless to say, havent been back.

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

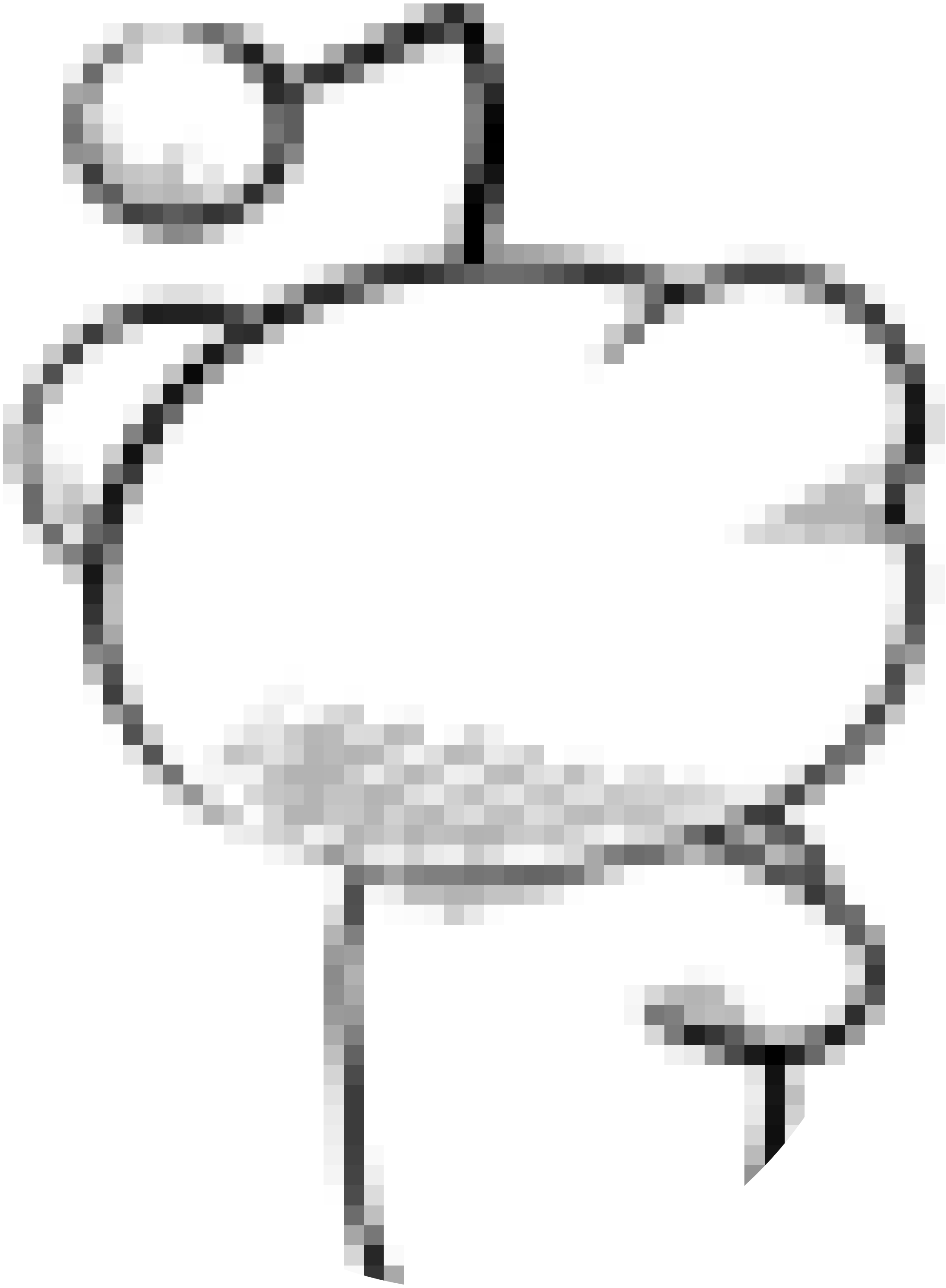
Mine is not too freaky really. I live with my Grandma (I'm 15) and I have been living with her since I was about 2 I think not quite sure when exactly. Anyway when I was 3 our house flooded so we decided to wreak it and built a new one that was elevated (not that it was terribly damaged but my Grandma had been through 4 floods in that house). The houses have similar layout, especially where the bed rooms are. there is a long hall with 2 bedrooms on the right and big windows to the left. Every time I pass the first bedroom I feel like something is watching me and I sometimes see what looks like a tall figure but it is probably just the shadows. It is still creepy. Also when I am in my room I sometimes see a shadow in the doorway but when ever I look it looks like it darts away. But the freakiest thing is there is a bathroom at the beginning of the hallway there is a bathroom. In that bathroom my grandma has little figures hanging from the wall. But whenever I go in that bathroom there is one that is a head made of china that looks like a female clown and whenever I open the door the head turns and looks at me. TL;DR I have a scary hallway, shadows dart out of my bedroom doorway, and a creepy head of a female clown made of china hanging in bathroom turns to look at me.

Reply Share

Coffinspire15
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 10 the weather was bad (lightning, loud thunder, hard rain, strong wind) which I didn't think anything of until it was time for bed. My dad puts this tarp around the swamp cooler to keep dust off and the wind was making it flap around as well. The cooler is positioned roughly above my room so I could hear the metal clasps banging around as well. So naturally it was hard to sleep because I was slightly frightened. Snuggled up under the sheets with my head poking out I suddenly see my entire room get illuminated. I describe as the mix of colors as if a television was on. It came from the hallway and projected in. My thoughts were that it was a TV but 1) there's no TV in that particular living room 2) everyone was asleep. I also thought it could have been a car turning on the street and headlights shinning through the window but the way the street is set up there's no possible angle for car headlights to do that. It could have been lightning but like I said, projected from the hallway which connects the living room. Anyways, I decided to believe one of these at the time. Then I can see down the hall from my room this light ball about a foot off the ground just floating. I describe it as if you are looking at someone holding a flashlight but without the flashlight illuminating what's in front of it. It was just a light ball. It 'walked' towards my room then turned down the hall. I was seriously wtfing at this point. I basically kept my eyes wide open for as long as could. Then sleep took over. I woke up and started watching morning cartoons in the living room, completely forgetting about last night. Then the exclamation point! My mom comes home from the grocery store and asks my brother and his friend to help with the groceries. I hear them coming in and such then, "holy crap what is that??? Mom get in here..is that....is that" I walk in and see a puddle of blood on the floor, yes blood, and it's emanating from this wicker angel that my mom keeps on the fireplace. It was like someone dumped a bucket of blood on this angel and was pooling around it. We all kind of freaked out and my mom tried to play it off as a melted candy. Firstly, a melted candy would make that much liquid and it would have to get freaking hot in there to melt candy. Also, it was still liquid when we saw it. Also not a melted candle, the angel wasn't a candle holder nor were there candles near by. Mom just threw it out and played it off. I remembered the stuff I saw the night before and still kinda scared about that till today.

Reply Share



ashmo_nicole
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

When I was about 14 I went to a family event with a friend. We get back pretty late, sometime around midnight. We were getting out of her dads car to go inside, & her dad went in before us. As we're walking through her back yard to the door, we both look up at to the sky without saying a word to eachother. I then see a skinny silver (super illuminated) disk in the sky. It gets closer and closer and then just zooms backward into the sky and disappears. We both look at eachother, still without saying a word & she asks me if I just saw that too. I was like thank fucking god that wasn't just me, I thought I was going mad. We go inside, try telling her dad & he laughs saying, "oh you girls". Then we go to bed and she passes right out! Needless to say I laid there for hours thinking I'm going to get abducted as soon as I fall asleep.

Edit: we went to school after the weekend and we had a social studies class together. I decide to tell the story, she confirmed our story so it didn't look like I was making shit up. Well, I never should have shared that story in front of a class full of.. Whatever you call idiotic bully kids.

Reply Share

sdpr
â€¢ 13y ago

One late night about 8 years ago I was playing Medal of Honor: Allied Assault on my computer in our basement. The way our desk is set up is that is is against a wall with the entirety of the basement behind you and out of your peripheral vision.

Well, here I am, it's probably 2 AM and I'm playing on one of my favorite servers. No one else is on except one other person. It's 1v1 on "The Hunt," so there's a lot of walking going on... No noise except the ambient noises of gunfire and explosions in the background, so I have my headset on so as not to be at a disadvantage.

About 3 or 4 rounds in, I'm walking around some corners and out of fucking no where there is this loud crash in the basement ceiling tiles about 20 feet to my 7 o' clock. I turned my head so fucking fast I thought I should have had a neck brace on for whiplash. There was nothing visibly wrong with where I was looking, but i was freaked the fuck out. I just stared in that direction for at least 5 minutes... Nothing happened.

I took out my headphones and proceeded to tell the guy I was playing with that it was time to bail and that I was scared as fuck.

I never bothered to look and see what the fuck happened up there for a while, because I've seen too many horror movies. Later on I got over it/forgot about it and when I had to go up there and fidget with TWC's wiring, I decided to shine a flashlight in that direction and I saw nothing out of the ordinary.

It was too loud and heavy to be a mouse, I've never seen a rat where I live either... It could have been a squirrel but we've never found a body or anything. Could have been a pipe too... I don't know.

Reply Share

flmbstn
â€¢ 13y ago

I was living at home during summer break my freshman year in college. My room was in our basement (which was fully finished and not really creepy) and my parents' bedroom was above me. One day, I slept in through my alarm and was going to be late to work. I was laying in bed, conscious that I was late for work and trying to determine what to do next... I was leaning toward calling in sick so I could sleep some more. As I laid there, I heard footsteps upstairs.

My first thought? "Shit, my parents are home. They're going to see my car in the driveway and know I'm not at work". Since they were helping me pay for school, missing work wasn't exactly kosher. I listened to the footsteps walk toward the top of the stairs to our basement, and I waited in dread of the imminent knock on my door, and the hell that I would catch for still being in bed.

Having grown up in that basement, I could recognize who it was that was coming down the stairs by the way they walked. Every one I knew had a distinctive way of moving down the stairs that I had learned to recognize. It was a crucial skill to learn when I would be watching out for my parents while I had girls over... or BET late night was on...

These footsteps were different. They were light. They were *fast*. I thought, "My parents aren't that nimble... maybe it's the neighbor kid? What is he doing letting himself in?" I remember laying confused in bed, listening to the footsteps hurry toward me and waiting for a knock on my door. Instead, I felt something grasp both my shoulders with incredible strength. It felt as though I were being pinned down to my bed, and no matter how hard I struggled, I couldn't get my body to move. Then I felt pressure on my chest, and it felt like it was moving. It actually felt like something was writhing on top of me, holding me down. I had a sense that whatever this was, it meant to do me harm.

I remember being in a panic and thinking "I should be able to move, I'm strong enough to move" and struggling to do so until all of the sudden I jolted free. I glanced around my roomâ€¦ nothing there. I could move without hindrance and no longer felt pressure on me. Whatever had been happening, it was over. My heart was still racing and I felt the need to talk to somebody right away, so I called my friend to tell him what happened. His input? "Sounds like an Incubus. It's a Demon that comes and rapes you while you sleep".

Needless to say, after this experience I was 100% convinced I had experienced something supernatural, and that ghosts/demons were real. I thought something was haunting me. Only after several months of troubled sleep and paranoia did I come across the phenomena of Hypnagogia and sleep paralysis in my psychology class back at school. What I had experienced is exactly what several other people report occurring, and many people think that hypnagogia explains everything from poltergeists to alien abduction claims. It seems real to your brain, but you are in fact in a state of partial dream. It was all just a bad dream.

TL;DR I thought I was raped by a demon, but thanks to my psychology course in school I learned it was just a dream-like hallucination called Hypnagogia. Relevant image

Reply Share

yulflip
â€¢ 13y ago

A friend of mine is passenger in a car with her then boyfriend and her sister. They get home. Her boyfriend turns to her sister and says, "did you see this?", and her sister says yes. My friend has no idea what's happening. Both of them saw an old couple, floating above the road.

Reply Share

matterofprinciple
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My aunt lived in an incredibly old house in Westminster, CO- cobble stone/ mortar foundation, square layout single story with a basement, stairs leading to a front patio so the main floor was four feet above the street, the bottom of the window sills 5, 5 and a half, backyard (where she grew corn), a two door garage beyond that, and a driveway spanning a good 60 feet from the street, alongside the house and carrying straight on past the garage, where it faded off into a field that led behind all the houses for two blocks. In the field were train tracks where, among many horrible stories a skater had been beaten to death with his own board by an AP gang when I was a kid. Further up the tracks someone blasted on drugs jumped under an oncoming train and was split into three pieces. Both my aunts children (my cousins) are sensitive to the paranormal and have stories for days, the majority of them stemming from this house. Everyone that spent anytime in this place had a story, multitudes of paranormal experiences- poltergeists, cold-spots, voices, lights in the field and the driveway, strange animals, and most of all, shadow people. The house was especially known for shadow people.

My aunt was a free spirit and quite the wild woman, so visiting her was always lots of fun. She had a sixteen speaker system (8 on each floor) hooked up to her record players with the greatest collection of vinyl anyone could ever dream of. She'd raise the volume every time the trains came through and give that ear shattering roar from the tracks not a hundred feet from us a run for its money. I've never seen the woman take a single drink of water. She is phobic of water in every instance, terrified of swimming, bathing, doing dishes. She has quite a system worked out for keeping as clean as she does. She was always drinking margaritas from a mason jar when around the house. I guess thats what fucked up her kidneys so bad that my best friend and I stayed over to take care of her. He and I were 14 at the time.

She couldn't sleep. She lay in bed for 2 whole days babbling and screaming and moaning and thrashing around in her bed. Her room was in the basement. After hours on end of this I was absolutely exhausted and a wreck myself, so at about 11 o'clock at night I asked my buddy to hold it down while I went upstairs to catch a nap on the couch. Coming from the basement you enter the kitchen through the back porch and the living room from there. Windows on three sides of the room.

As I lay down listening to my aunt groaning through the floor and my friend talking to her trying to comfort her, my eyes get heavy and just as they close for the last time for the next several hours (so I think) a sizable pile of magazines behind the couch crashes over instantly. It didn't start with a couple sliding, no cascade of slick sheets of paper plopping down, it fell SIDEWAYS with a slam before each fell one way or another. It startled the shit out of me. As I sat up I was facing the window above the driveway and standing there was a silhouette of a man, from the naval up, his outline as though he was facing me. There were no lights outside, only the illumination from within the house, which made the night beyond seem darker, yet no where near as dark as this. The thing that disturbed me most in a moments notice was I was seeing it from the waist up. If its feet were planted on the driveway, it was 13 feet tall. IF its feet were planted on the driveway. I sat stock still trying not to breath, terrified it would scream at me or come lunging in through the window if I so much as thought or blinked. And after what seemed an eternity, its dimensions began to change. The torso narrowed as the head elongated and a nose began to emerge. Slowly it was turning from facing me in its stance to a profile, now facing the front yard. It lazily stepped out of my sight. Anyones experience with this house was always worse in the backyard or the field beyond. I could not convince myself to get downstairs by heading in that direction, but I could convince myself it was safe to move, breath and think again. I stood up and faced the front door, windows on either side on my peripheral. It was standing on the porch now, same height as before, which this time would have made the legs grotesquely short, naval-up from the window sill. I can't breath without the action being accompanied with this quiet dirge of pressure escaping from my mouth, as though a creaking door. Again the broadness of shoulders began to diminish, a slightly round profile of a belly emerged, the head elongated, the nose appeared, and off it went from view, to either the door this time, or the window beyond the door. As a kid when being chased in a game or a fight, if I made it to a door I would brace it closed with my foot pressed down as hard as I could at an angle. Always marveled at how fool proof it was. Nothing gets past that unless it breaks the hinges or the jam and brings the door down on top of you. Doing this, I struggled to apply as much pressure while leaning back sos I didn't HEAR any noise this thing might make, if it was a sort to make any noise at all. I think I stood like that for a half an hour, frozen in position, eyes staring off into nothing. My sense began to return to me and so I leaned back far enough to look to the next window to see if it wasn't intent on the door at all. I peered out, waiting for my eyes to adjust to sense the black in the darkness. Nothing. My tension began to fade when I turned my head back and began to lift my foot from the door, when out of the corner of my eye I realize it had doubled back to the second window who knows how soon after it moved away from it. It had probably been watching me the entire time, so nearly pressed up against the screen (if material at all) of an open window. I fell to the floor, screamed and crawled for the kitchen as though my legs stopped working, pushing and shoving off of furniture as fast and as hard as I could. I reached up into a drawer and pulled out the biggest knife I felt in there. Whether it was my overactive imagination or empathy, I felt a zeal, a laughter in the air at this and resolved for whatever reason, the knife was a bad idea.

I spent another hour or two on the kitchen floor before my friend came upstairs. I grabbed him, dragged him back down to the basement and didn't move from my aunts side until morning.

TL;DR record breaker- EXPERIENCES WITH SHADOW PEOPLE ARE THE CARDINAL FUCK-NO OF THE PARANORMAL.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was 10 at the birthday of some kid of my mother's friend, there was a magician. He made me open my hand with the palm up, he backed up, made me close it, and I closed it really hard, squeezing it. Then he made some ocus pocus magic movements, and when I open my hand there was a little foam ball in it.

WHAT THE FUCKING FUCK WAS THAT, I still think of it time to time.

Reply Share

matterofprinciple
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I don't remember a single good or even normal dream as a child, instead the most visceral and horrible brand of nightmares. Many were the frequently recurring sort, maybe 5 major that would happen over and over again. I could recount any number of them and probably want to throw up after, but for the time being, just one in particular. It is the earliest memory I can recall.

I have always had the greatest love for my mothers youngest brother, my Uncle Rick. For whatever reason, since before I could even hardly speak he and I were thick as thieves. I just simply admired everything about him! Until I was maybe 7 or 8, Uncle Ricky lived in my grandmothers basement, a high school dropout. River Phoenix bore a great resemblance to him, and not solely by appearance. Save the benders and poor life decisions, I'll always marvel at the similarity (save that Ricky always could grow one hell of a magnificent beard). His room was no more than a poster of Goldie Hawn, an american flag, a punching bag, a mattress and his desk. After receiving his GED he began studying hydrodynamics and engineering in hopes of landing a career at the Arvada water purification plant. He is now head of that plant, one of the finest in the modernized world.

I was 3 the first time I dreamed this horrid fucking dream. At first I'm only a viewer, watching Rick lay into his punching bag, making himself lunch as a warm summer sun shines through the back door and down the steps to the basement. He is the quintessential badass I have always known and everything is bright and wonderful. And then someone is walking down the stairs and I am myself, there and involved in the dream suddenly in the main room watching them descend towards us.

They are wearing red. Everything is red. A cape becomes obvious, as red as everything else. I was 3 years old and I knew the devil made flesh the moment I saw him. The sickest thing about his appearance was the theatrical character he manifested. Red grease-painted face, black grease paint token-silent-movie-villain mustache; he looked exactly like Jon Lovits did when he played the devil in saturday night live! This wasn't any actor beneath some costume. It was the devil, maybe all too obviously the devil as to throw everyone off.

As a great hero to me, my uncle sensed his approach before he saw him and began to rewrap his hands and wrists, which had come loose in his punches on the bag. He showed no fear and simply stood with me to greet this evil, assess its intentions then deal with it accordingly. They simply looked upon eachother, the outcome obvious-

My uncle proceeded to beat the grease-paint red and bloody shit from Lucifer. The devil fought back, try as he might, but my uncle was faster, stronger and held the light of a righteous god in his fists. Blow after blow he came closer to resolving an evil not meant resolved, seconds to minutes, minutes to hours, hours on til eternity and I cheered and cried and worried that at the last second evil would play some trick and hurt or destroy Ricky.

As the fight drew on, I noticed the red on my uncles fists. Then his wrists, his arms. As the enemy looked more like a burnt match every moment, Ricky was covered in more of him.

The dream went on and on and on until eventually the devil was dead at the hand of righteousness. And my uncle was left dripping, head to toe, in its color.

I don't think I have ever experienced or ever will experience the sort of fear I associate with this dream.

But holy shit are there others.

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⊕ More replies

SpidermanJones
â€¢ 13y ago

This will be buried but I don't care. I'll make it short.

around 3:30 a.m in my old house. I slept in a room off of the kitchen and my mom's room was on the other side of the house. We were both awoken by the blender going off in the kitchen. The blender was not plugged in. I have no idea what happened. My mom and I looked at each other with a ghostly look. It was the most inexplicable thing that has ever happened to me. Had to plug the blender in to shut it off.

[redditor675](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I think this thread will fit nicely in [r/nosleep](#)

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DommyBfor3
â€¢ 13y ago

Sleeping over my friends house when i was about 14 in his room on the top floor. We were watching TV, him laying on his bed, me laying on his floor, within a matter of 10 seconds, TV shuts off, glass breaks all the way downstairs, and a girl's scream outside that was probably louder than I've heard anyone ever scream. TV remote was about 3 feet away from me the whole time.

jamall1978
â€¢ 13y ago

The kardashians are famous.

sexyredhead76
â€¢ 13y ago

When my mom was little (probably around 4-5) she lived in this old ranch-style house in the country. She was the "baby" of the family and was kinda spoiled so this one night she was yelling for her dad because she wanted a glass of water. Instead of her dad, she saw a man dressed in overall bibs who kind of looked like a farmer. He just stood there but she was so scared that she hid under the covers until her dad got there. Her grandpa had actually been murdered before her parents met, and he was a dairy farmer... She's not sure if it was him or not.

Reply Share

Stregano
â€¢ 13y ago

With this now hitting 7500 comments, I am guessing nobody will see this, but I want to share anyway

This is the story of the condo I used to live in. I lived here for about 3 years while I was in college with my buddy and his wife (who is also a friend of mine). The place was super old and in a commercial district. It was technically not zoned for residential living, but nobody really cared.

Keep in mind, that I used to be a skeptic (USED to be). It started small. I would hear somebody walking upstairs and go up to greet them and then nobody would be there. I heard definite footsteps. I would brush it off as it being an old, creaky place,, but I knew what I heard.

One time me and the guy are out at the bar having some drinks, and then the wife calls saying that she heard somebody in another room of the condo. We rush back and nobody is there. The back door was left open by the wife, so we assumed that whoever it was left through there as well and we chalked it up to needing to lock our doors better (we lived in a very commercial area so people walk by all the time).

One time I was at my pc, which was upstairs and I heard a cough. I know what I heard. I heard a man cough. I rush over to that room ready to beat somebody up (or have them beat me up, whichever) and nothing was there.

There would be times when we all know that we shut and locked all of the doors, but a door would be open still later on.

One time, and I am a very light sleeper, I was crashing out on my couch watching a movie. I felt a slap on my face. I mean I know what I felt. While I was laying down, almost asleep (or could have been asleep), I got slapped right on my cheek, and hard.

I ended up moving out then back in again. When I moved in again, they had a kid. One time, while the kid was away, we had a few people over. Then, we heard a weird noise. It was one of the kid's toys. It was a toy where you had to hit something on it to turn it on and nobody was in that room, but it was playing some song. We walk in there to investigate. It was a kid's toy that was somehow going off by itself. There was an actual on/off switch on it, so my roommate switched it off and then as we were walking out of the room, it started going off again.

The child would sometimes appear to be staring at a wall and talking to it. The roommates would think I was in there keeping the kid awake or something (kids are fun to play with, don't judge me), and they would go in there and it would just be the kid in there by himself talking to the wall. Some nights the kid would be frightened to be in the room and once they pulled the kid out of its bedroom, it would immediately be quiet and go to sleep. That kid saw something in there that really freaked it out

[El_Hamerino](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I know this isn't the scariest story out there, but it freaked me out.

So, when I went to bed one night when I was 12, it was about 11:30pm and roasting hot. So I'm just lying there, when I suddenly hear this noise just outside my window. It sounded like someone was sawing the fence (which was just outside) in half. It continued on for about half an hour. But what is freaky is that when I started trying to ignore it, the sound would get quite loud, and scare me again. This kept on happening over and over again.

This probably will get buried because its not the freakiest, but I just wanted to share it.

[aurablithe](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I have dreams about places I have never been to and years later I end up visiting those places. =/

⊕ 2 more replies

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CabooseMSG
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This is one hundred percent legit. I spent the night at my friend's a couple years ago with anoter friend and his brother. We were sleepin in the basement, me on a chair, my friend on the couch. I remember waking up for some reason and just sitting there, i then see my friend get up, walk over to me and just stare. I was freakin out and asked, "Matt, do you uh... Need a pillow?" He just stood there and suddenly swung at me (im still sitting in the chair btw)

I somehow got my arm up to block my face and the fist just hit my arm. At this point i was obviously freaking out and sat up to push him away. After i pushed him he walked to the corner of the room and just staredat the corner. I keep asking him if he needs a pillow or some such. He doesnt reply and a couple minutes later he goes back and lays down. This whole altercation lasted about 5 minutes or so.

Now i was understandably too scared to go back to sleep so i just sat in the recliner there for about and hour. I must have fallen back asleep though, because the next thing i knew i was waking up to the sun shining through the windows. I brought it up in front of my friends, just to see if any of them may have noticed something. No one said they did, but my friend said he remembered waking up standing in the corner.

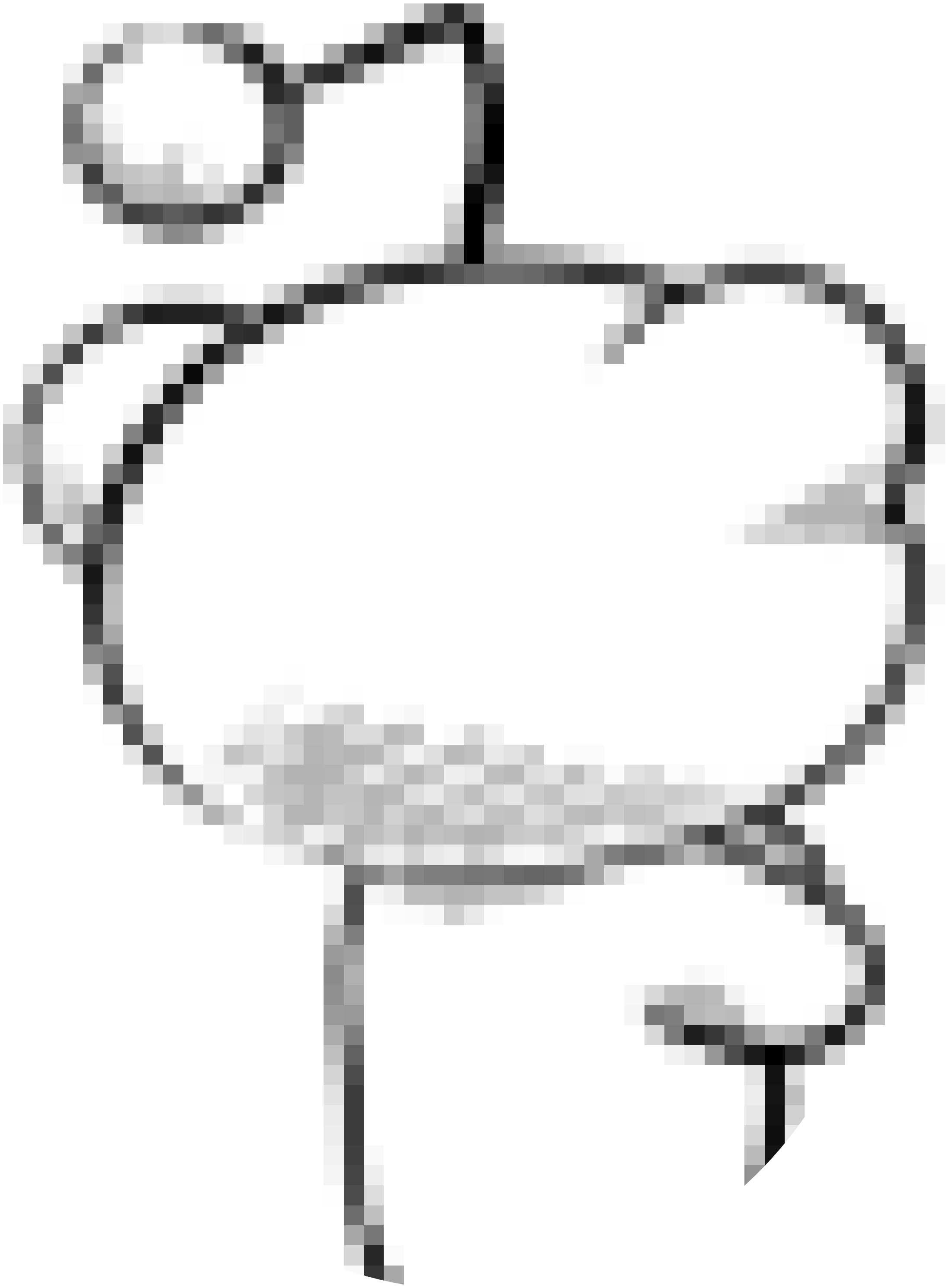
TL;DR: My friend tried to murder me while sleep walking(?)

r0tzbua
â€¢ 13y ago

Oh god why did I come here?

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

my family has an old house in cape cod MA. it was owned by a sailor in the 1800s, is on top of a hill, and has graveyards a block on either side of it, one of which has the graves of revolutionary war veterans in it. i lived for kindergarten and 6th grade, and would spend summers there. one summer, when i was about ten, me and my cousin, who was also about ten, decided to go into the attic. the attic was on the third floor of the house and had to be reached with a ladder. we climbed up, and were amused by all the old toys that my mom and my aunts would play woith decades before. the windows were yellow with cobwebs and the place had a gloomy feel to it. we giggle and looked around for a while. suddenly my attention is drawn to an object on the floor. my cousin notices it as well. it is one of those ballerinas things that dances in a circle and plays music when you activate it, but something was very wrong with it. "that thing...doesnt have a head..." my cousin says. and he was correct, the dolls head had been removed. we stood looking at it for a few moments when suddenly, without either of us touching it, it turns on, and starts twirling and dancing, playing a tune that for some reason was absolutely disturbing. after a few moments of watching the doll dance i turned to my cousin, who turned to me, and we looked into eachothers eyes. i will never forget the look in his eyes. after about a second, without saying a word, we both took off and jumped down the ladder to the floor below. i have never since returned to that room, though i have been there many times, ubt one night when i was there a few years later, i was sleeping in my moms bed in the room below it because i was scared that night, and i would keep hearing voices.



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â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger I had a really bad ear infection and I kept having auditory hallucinations of two sisters arguing. It's really, really hard to explain and I've never told anyone since it sounds crazy, but the entire time I was sick, I would picture two sisters dressed in matching blue and white dresses, obviously from the 17th century or so and they would begin arguing about something. Their voices would get louder and louder in my head until I would yell 'stop' or something and it would cease abruptly.

I wish I could explain this better without sounding like a COMPLETE nutjob, but I can't. I've always just hoped I was a sick child with a vivid imagination, but they were so clear and real that it freaks me out.

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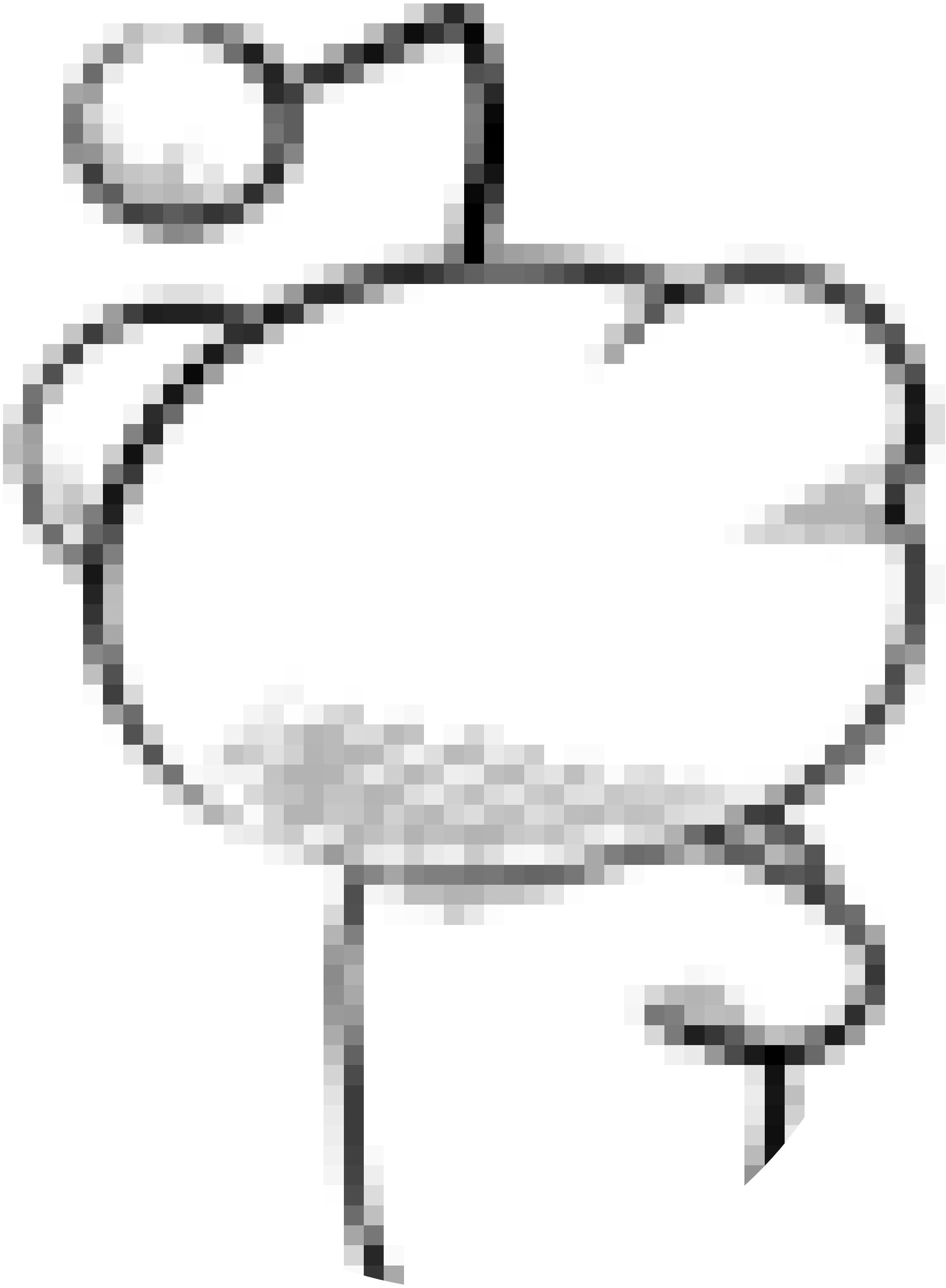

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â€¢ 13y ago

My father had this one thing with a friend once. He had to text him at 6am to ask if he was awake for work. He didn't get a text back. When they got to work, my dads friend asked why the message was sent so early, at 5am. My dad denied and tried to pursuade it was 6am the message was sent. They both compared the times on the phone, the time was the same on each phone but the send and receive time was different for each phone.

TL;DR My dad sent a text and his friend received it an hour earlier than it was sent. This happened twice.

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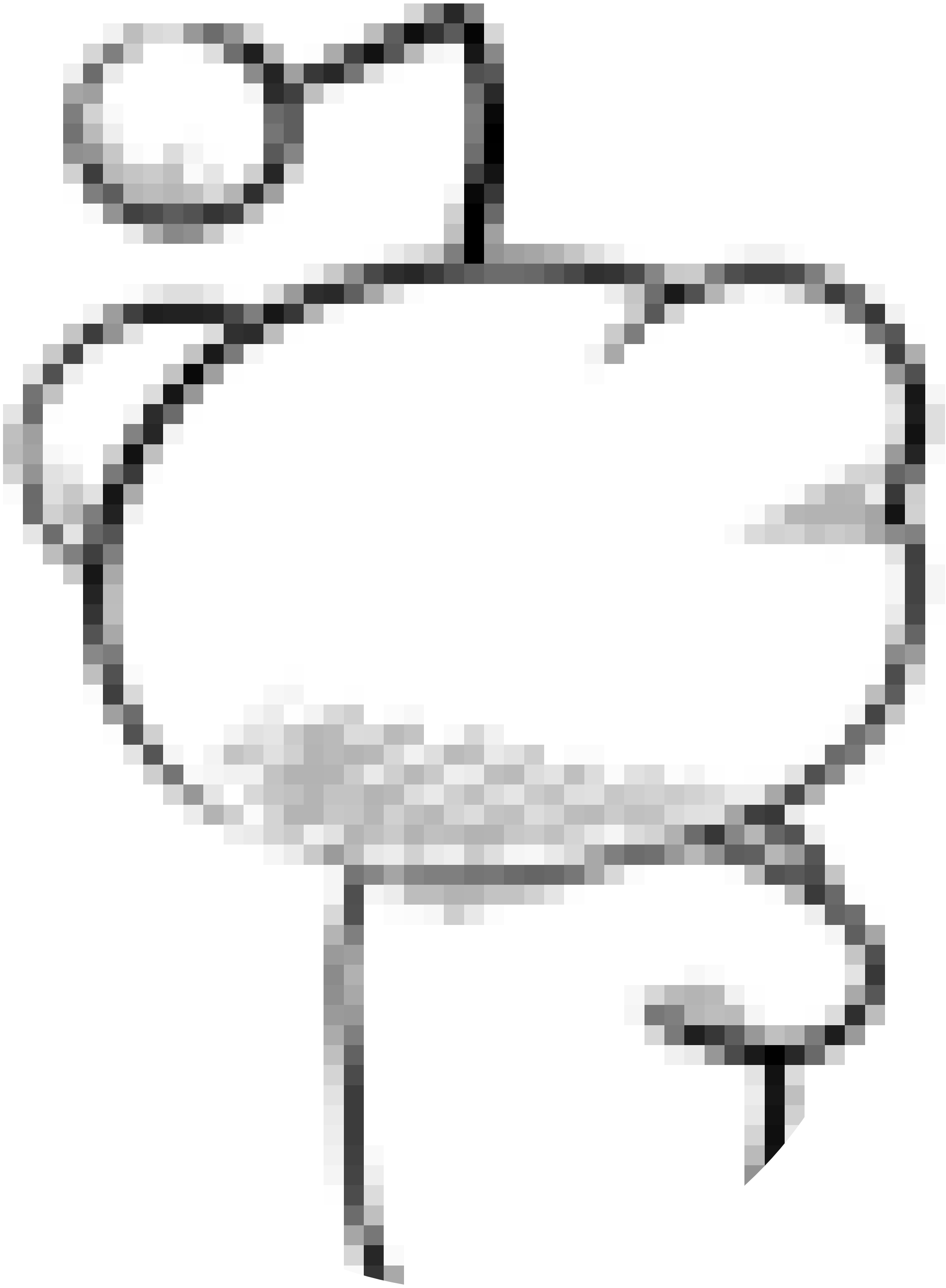

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â€¢ 13y ago

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⊕ 1 more reply
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lisaballs
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandmother moved in with my family when I was about 10 and lived with us for about 6 years before she died. Our basement was finished (had a bedroom, a full bath and a living area) so she had her own little apartment down there. She loved to sit at her old dining room table and play cards, or write. Whatever. The point is that she always sat in this particular chair at this table in the basement.

About a year and a half after she died we went away on vacation for a week. The house was locked and left in order. When we returned, my mom called me down to the basement. The chair that my grandmother had always sat in, was completely inverted in the middle of the floor. Like all four legs in the air. My mom and I asked all the family members - no one had done it, nor knew anything about it. To this day we've never figured out what happened.

No really sure why my grandma would invert her chair, but I see you grams, I see you...

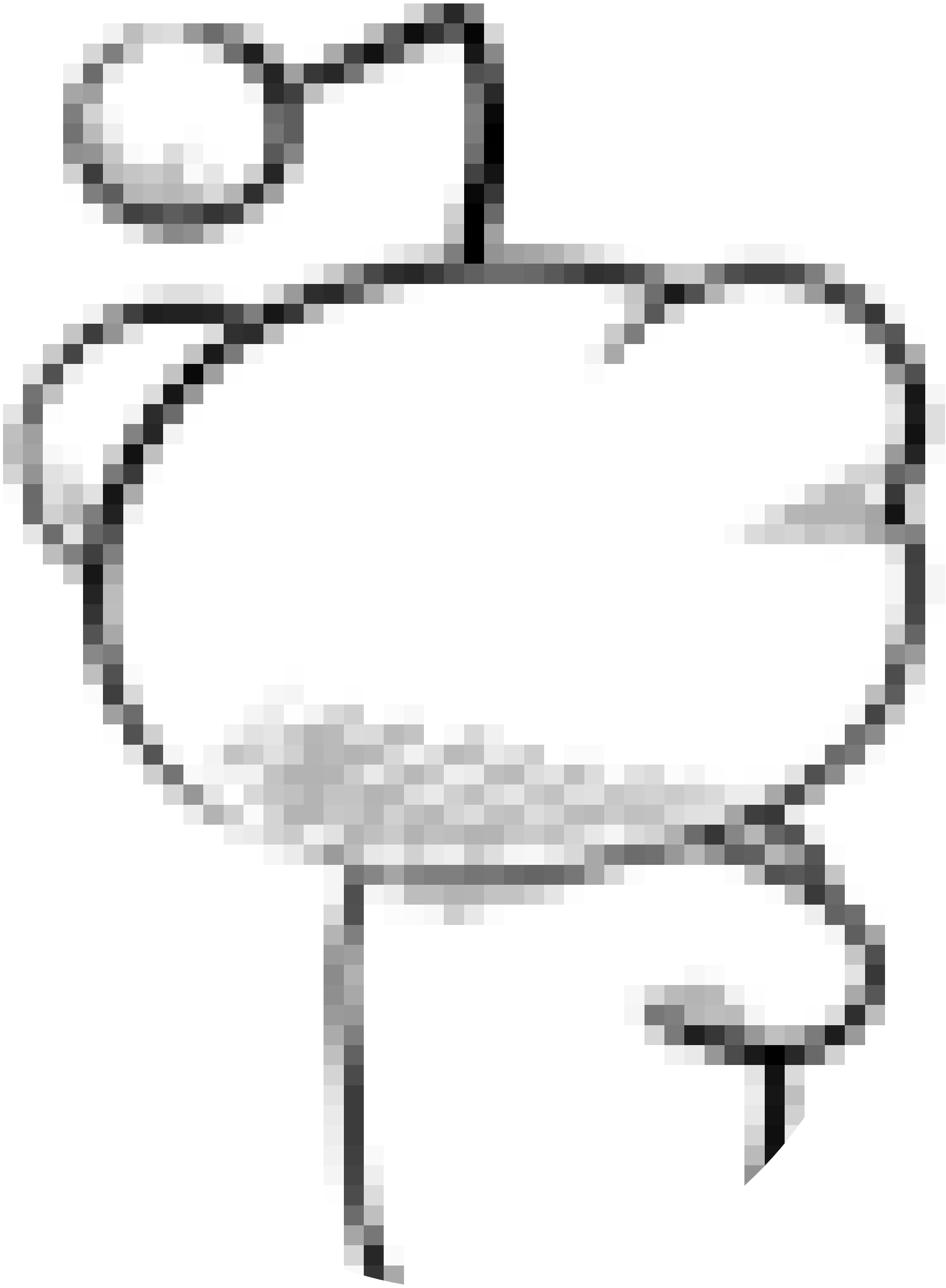
Reply Share

severedgoddesshand
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

This experience happened to my Mum, she started getting incredibly painful headaches at the top of her head, they would last a few hours and seemed to come in the mornings daily. We were all getting pretty concerned, she went to doctors / specialists for scans and tests etc., nothing abnormal showed.

This went on for about 2 months, then one day they stopped, that's the day we got a phone call from my Brother's fiance telling us he'd been killed in accident that morning. He was a truck driver for a bread company and took a last minute shift doing early morning deliveries and had fallen asleep at the wheel before a bend in the road and went into some trees. The injuries they said he sustained seemed to match up to where Mum had been getting her headaches leading up to then. Could be coincidental, who knows.

Reply Share



Nobodysbass
â€¢ 13y ago

This will be buried, but when I was a kid my parents were remodeling their bathroom. There was more than one time that I walked in and saw a transparent man that looked like a hobo floating up at the ceiling. Surprisingly, I never got scared, I just stared up at it/him for a while and then walked away. I always think about that whenever I question spirituality.

Reply Share

blacksunday
â€¢ 13y ago

A few years ago I woke up in the night with a feeling of overwhelming dread. I'd had night terrors before so the fact that I could move made me assume I was shaking off a bad nightmare. I rolled on my side facing my bedroom door and saw a tall man, well over 6ft, in a hood standing just in the doorway. I thought about screaming and fighting and running at him but my first actual movement was to turn on my bedside light. He disappeared. Shaking, I woke my housemate and we checked the house. Nothing.

A week later I woke up with the same feeling. I sat up and he was in the doorway again but further in the hallway and gesturing towards the living room. He walked towards it and my curiosity won over my fear. Just like a dumb horror movie protagonist. I peek around the corner and look down the hall into my living room. There were three people sitting on my couch. An old woman wringing her hands, young man who was sobbing and a little girl who was looking me right in the eye. I remember thinking I had gone mad or that ghosts were really real. Then I ran. Jumped back into bed and pulled the covers over my head and decided just no.

The last time I saw the hooded man he spoke to me. I woke up again but this time was different. I was kneeling on my bed facing the bedhead. The tall man was crouched next to me and said very clearly, "Look behind the painting." The old-fashioned print on my wall was from a garage sale and had it's own level of creep with a couple of Elizabethian kids smiling and walking a goat. (I know). I reached towards the print and turned on my bedside light again and he disappeared.

He never returned and it wasn't until I found out about hypnagogic hallucinations that I slept okay again in this house.

mewzers
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Alright, I'm a little late on this but this is my most inexplicable/creepy story.

About 2 years ago, I was home at my apartment alone. I lived right downtown in a 100 year old building. I had just woken up and was laying in bed with my cat when suddenly I heard my front door open. My boyfriend rarely locked the door when he left for work in the morning, as we lived in a pretty secure building and knew everyone on our floor, and I'd only been alone for about a hour.

Now to give you an idea of the layout, I lived in a one bedroom, with no actual bedroom door, so I had a curtain pinned up in the doorway that led to my front hallway.

When I heard the front door creak open very slowly, I sat up quickly and yelped my boyfriends name. He was definitely at work and wouldn't be home until much later. Besides, my boyfriend always jingled his keys and barreled through/slammed the door like Kramer. This morning however, the door was opening at a very slow pace and it kept on creaking.

I obviously couldn't see the hallway from where I was in bed, so I kept calling out, "Hello?" When no one answered, I started actually yelling HELLO? HELLO? out of pure fear and adrenaline.

That's when the footsteps started. There was one heavy footstep on the hardwood floor, and then another. My heart jumped into my throat. My cat jumped up and immediately knew something was off. She stood frozen, staring at the curtain to my hallway.

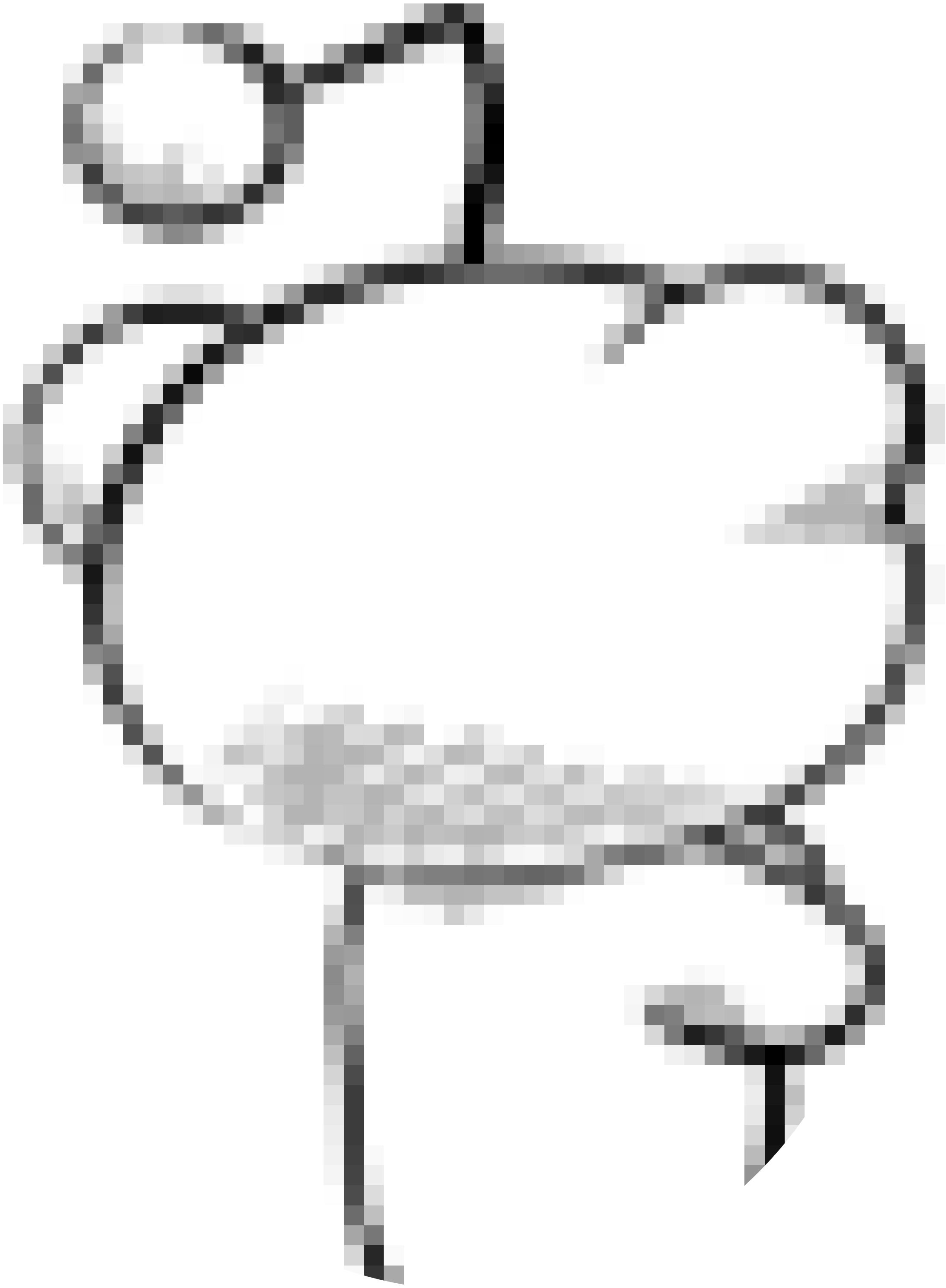
Being a young female, my mind started racing, "If this is an actual intruder, what can I use as a weapon to defend myself?" I searched around next to my bed, the only blunt and heavy object I could reach was a wine bottle. (Yes, I like to drink wine in bed.)

I called out "hello" again, now in a complete panic, I shouted. The louder I yelled the more courageous I got. My cat was still frozen staring into my hallway.

I heard 2 quicker foot steps and then the door quickly slammed. This either meant I was now trapped in my apartment with an intruder, or they'd left. Now, I actually had to check and see if someone was standing in my hallway. Scariest moment I've ever experienced. I was standing there with my wine bottle, and in real time, maybe 3 seconds had elapsed since my door slammed.

I ripped back my curtain to stare down my empty hallway and my front door was closed. With a wave of crushing relief and sudden courage, I ran to the door and ran out into the buildings hallway. I looked right and left, and no one was around. No doors shut anywhere on my floor. I paced the hallway with my wine bottle, looking for drunk neighbors or curious crackheads but found no one. I left my front door open and searched my small apartment just to put my mind at ease.

Nothing like this ever happened again the whole time I was living there. It may or may not have been supernatural, but there was no explaining it and it was utterly terrifying.



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â€¢ 13y ago

One day my friend and I were throwing a frisbee back and forth. It was a red frisbee from a charity drive he went to, and it had a crack on it that was pretty distinguishable. I threw it past him across the street.

We look at the frisbee. We look at each other. We look at the frisbee. We look at the frisbee next to the frisbee. There are two frisbees. The same kind from the same place with the same crack.

tl;dr: God forgot a semicolon.

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â€¢ 13y ago

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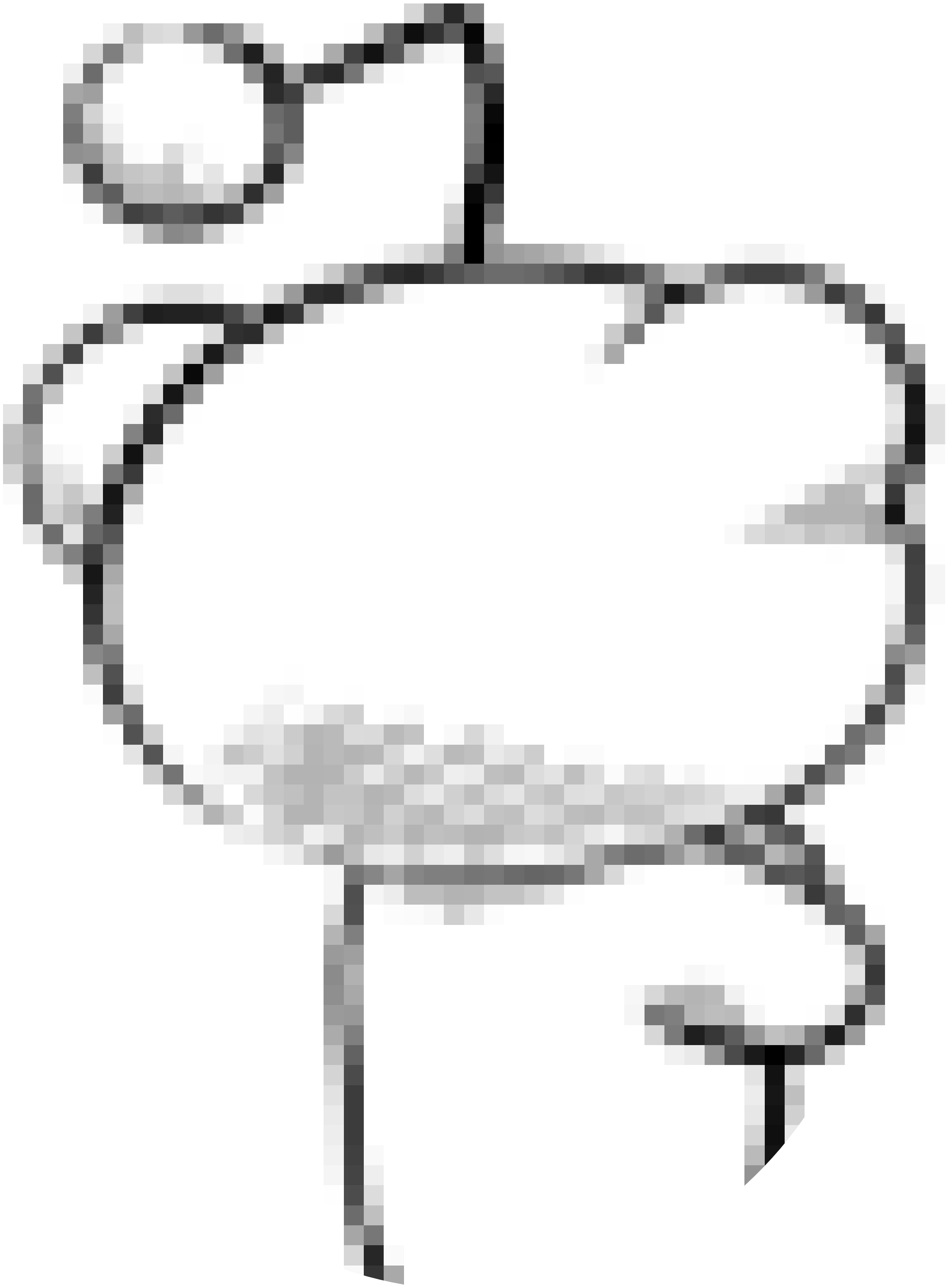

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â€¢ 13y ago

Will definitely get buried, but here is my story.

My friend from High School has a park down the street from his house. It has an open field and its surrounded by trees. One night we decide to go over, lay down and look at the stars. We weren't high or anything that night, though we used to smoke back in those days.

Anyway, we're laying there talking and I saw something that kind of looked like a shooting star. The only weird thing was that it changed it's direction in the middle of it. I thought it was really strange, but I didn't say anything. So we kept talking and I saw it a second time. We both kind of got quiet, so then I asked "did you see that?" and he said yes.

That was really creepy for both of us. We then tried to ignore it but then we saw that weird light again. Just as we saw it, a huge light shown through the trees.

We ran as fast as we could home. We tried to think of things that it could have been, but couldn't figure it out. The light from the trees was probably something kind of explainable, but the lights in the sky definitely weren't fire flies. Very scary.

Reply Share

jamesneysmith
â€¢ 13y ago

Not a god damn weird thing has ever happened to me. When I was in elementary school there were a few books about ghosts which were the only books I would ever take out and read whenever we had a period in the library. I would comb over them and marvel at the idea of ghosts and hauntings. But despite my love of the idea of that particular brand of supernaturalia I've never experienced anything beyond getting creeped out by a dark basement room. Sad face; sad probably-nonexistent soul.

Reply Share

Angofus42
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was eight, I lost a tooth and set it under my pillow for the night. It wasn't my first lost tooth, and I was old enough to start doubting the "Tooth Fairy". So, when I climbed into my bed, I decided to stay up and wait for my parents to enter my room, take the tooth, and place a dollar under my pillow like every other time.

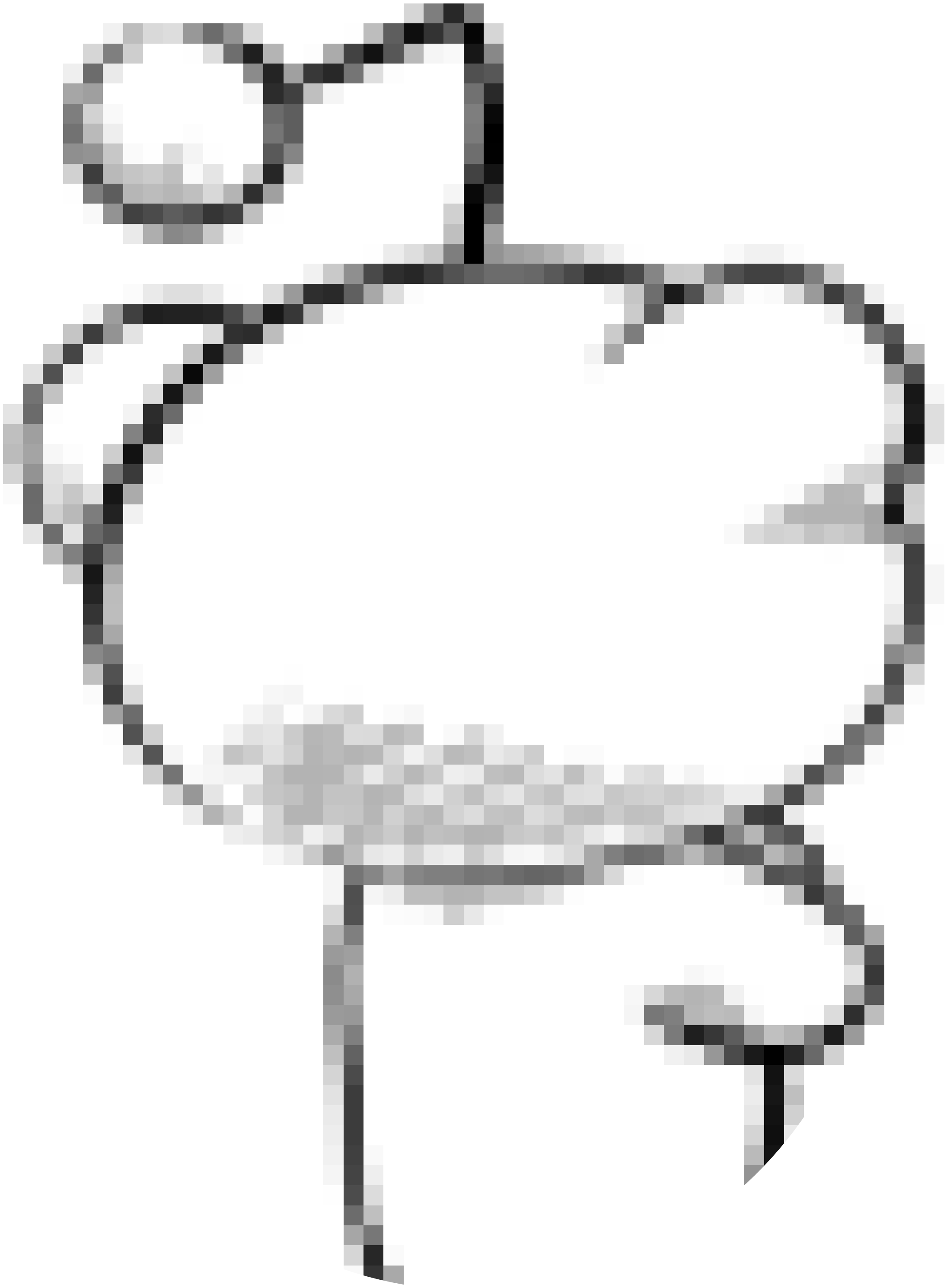
I waited about 5 minutes, not moving much, just listening and staring into the red glare of the numbers on my old alarm clock. When I got tired of waiting, and it only did take a few minutes, I turned over to check my tooth. IT WAS GONE.

"Well, that's surely odd, I must have faded away for a bit, or maybe it fell through a crack!"

The only thing was, a dollar had actually replaced it the tooth where there was nothing else but a bare mattress before, and I was positively positive that I did not fall asleep, as I always listened to the N.O.W. 3 on my CD player. Seeing as I heard and remembered the previous song all the way though, I knew that I was awake the whole time and I couldn't find any possible way that a dollar was placed under my pillow without any other noise or distraction in the room.

I never honestly figured out that night, and I probably never will, unless I'm the guy who was never actually seated and told the actuality of such a glaringly simple concept as these childhood delusions should be.

Moderately Relevant: It was from 9:42 to 9:47. I can remember staring at the clock when I found the dollar, and I somehow decided to never forget that time. I still use the clock, by the way, I consider it magic.



[two_penguins](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Here is my story, My husband and I purchased our two story home last Sept. It was built in 1910. It was completely remodeled by the previous owner. When we did our walk through he told us that he had to put the stairs in because there wasn't any when he bought it. We just thought that was a bit strange but blew it off. No biggie. A few weeks goes by and we decide to get a dog. "Bones" is a great little chihuahua. He is very quiet and good natured. After about a week one night "Bones" goes ape shit at a corner in the house. Nothing was there. We thought that was a bit strange but whatever...... That same night while in bed I wake up to my husband yelling out. He says he saw a woman figure in the door way. I tell him he was just dreaming and to go back to bed. Well.. About a month ago I was falling alseep on the couch and disturbing my husband with my snoring. He yelled at me to go to bed. So bones and I went upstairs and headed to bed. I wake up to bones at the foot of the bed going ape shit. I have never before or since heard him go crazy like this. I open my eyes and start to tell him to stop it and I see a tall thin man walking away from my bed and goes around the stairway banister then down the stairs. The tall thin man disappeared down the stairs. I was terrified and starting screaming for husband. For a moment I thought someone was in the house. I was screaming and crying. The dog was still barking like crazy. I don't think I have ever been this scared in my life. My heart was beating out of my chest and I could hardly breath. My husband came up and I told him what I saw and he was said... Now do you believe me what I saw. Yep!!! Then a few weeks goes by and my husband is outside talking with the neighbor and the neighbor guy tells my husband he remembers the old couple that lived in our house years ago. The lady was scared of the upstairs, so much so that one day while she was at work the husband took out the stairs and sealed off the second floor. That is why there was no stairs when the previous owner purchased the home. I swear this is all true. My husband had a "talk" with whatever or whoever is in the house, since then.... we haven't seen anything else.

Reply Share

[SamWalt](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My mom had a dream that our babysitter's mother called up crying saying that something terrible had happened. She woke up the next morning to read in the paper that our babysitter's boyfriend had died in a freak scuba accident. My mom is the last person to believe in anything like that so I take her word for it.

Reply Share

seifer22532
â€¢ 13y ago

I had a short out-of-body experience a few weeks ago when I was half asleep. I just found myself floating around in my room and I felt this tingling feeling all over what I sensed to be my projected self. The TV in my room also was displaying this weird image and making radio tuning sounds, but it was off before I physically laid down. When I realized what was going on, I was like, "Holy shit!", and then I found myself suddenly back in my body and woke up.

Reply Share

plaidmonkey
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom's brother died; she brought home his TV. One night I was up late reading a book in the living room (good lighting) when out of nowhere the TV turned on. Everyone else had been asleep for hours.

I would also frequently get the feeling that I was being watched in that house; not very strong during the day, or if there was another person there. It was worst at night, if everyone else was either gone or asleep. I'd say maybe I was paranoid or afraid of the dark, but I don't get that feeling of gut-wrenching terror anywhere else. That and every time I bring my dog over there she just walks around in circles and whines, which she doesn't do anywhere else.

ieabu
â€¢ 13y ago

Short story 1...I was home alone one time and was listening to The Beatles because it was John Lennon's birthday. I went to sleep and woke up with my bed shaking and John Lennon's voice surrounding me. Everything stopped after a minute but I couldn't go back to sleep for the rest of the night.

Short story 2... I used to have morbid nightmares in my college years. That night, I dreamed of myself in my own bed slicing my stomach and pulling my intestines out-smearing everything on the wall next to me. My mom was at my door with the knife in my dream. She had this creepy grin on her face... I eventually woke up and my mom was actually at my door looking at me. The dim light from the hallway illuminated her face as in a horror flick. I hid under my blanket the whole night.

CoffeeSipper
â€¢ 13y ago

A few years ago when I still lived with my family, everyone in the house decided to go on vacation for a few weeks. I decided to stay home since I had classes in the evening and i liked the idea of having the entire house to myself. Anyway not too many days later it starting snowing really heavily, one of the coldest winters I've ever experienced, and i decided to pull an all-nighter to play video games on my computer when I heard a loud knock on the front door.

Naturally I went downstairs to look through the peephole, no one was there so I opened the door to see if I could catch a glimpse of someone....nope, nothing. When I looked down, there were no footprints at all or any signs of anyone having been at the door.

I asked my neighbors if any of them saw anyone or anything the next day and none of them had been home at the time.

Tl;dr something knocked on my door but didnt leave any footprints in the snow

nwillard
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Okay Reddit, ready to have your beliefs challenged? I believe science has already proven much of this phenomena. Now before you all dismiss me like the Christian Fundamentalists inside you want to do:

in Carl Sagan's own words, "At the time of writing there are three claims in the ESP field which, in my opinion, deserve serious study: (1) that by thought alone human can (barely) affect random number generators in computers: (2) that people under mild sensory deprivation can receive thoughts or images "projected" at them; and (3) that young children sometimes report the details of a previous life, which upon checking turn out to be accurate and which they could not have known about in any other way than reincarnation."

Scientific study has proven that many of these phenomena ARE explained, and in fact consciousness itself has been clearly proven to exist independently of from the physical brain, in addition to evidence of the afterlife and that conciousnesses can be reincarnated. Like the round-earth theory in it's own time, it faces incredible opposition by self-proclaimed skeptics who have run out of valid explanations for the evidence before them and have become dogmatic in their views. As the saying goes, science advances "one coffin at a time", and slowly more and more scientists are finding dualism (the theory that conciousness exists independently of the brain) to be a plausible theory based on the availible evidence. I implore anyone who is interested to read this book, a scientific account of Near Death Experiences: http://www.amazon.com/gp/reader/1594773564/ref=sib_dp_kd#reader-link

TL;DR: There's a whole world of earth-shattering knowledge out there regarding this, if one gets past his tendency to dismiss immediately without examining the evidence.

tobor_a
â€¢ 13y ago

**don't hate on my confusing stories, if you need me to clear some shit up, just ask **

Story #1 just so you know these names aren't the real names, its just to protect my identity since my two older brothers are redditors as well, I'd rather them not know that I am as well. Its not that I don't want them to know, its just I don't want them to know about some stuff that could get me in trouble with our parents... Not like against the law or moral shit, but like "why didn't you tell us about this and that! we could have gotten you help!" kind of stuff.

I used to go to my Aunt "Mary"s house to be watched while my mother worked. My aunt used to run a day care so there was like 5 kids not related to me there, then there was my two cousins. All of us were about 3 to 6 years old, I being 4 at the time of the incident. At "Mary's" House there was this tree in her backyard that was the easiest thing to climb, so we always would Anyways, one of Mary's sisters passed had passed away before I was born or something, All i know/remember is that I didn't really meet the sister. The sister was apparently really close to my mom. One night, I dream i'm talking to the sister "Ellie" in AUnt "Mary's " backyard. She's asking me about my mom and "Mary". Then she asks me how i'm doing, and I'm just like "I'm good. I just wanna climb this tree!" So i start climbing it, going higher than before, and I fall down and Ellie catches me. She says "now tobor_a, be careful who you talk to. There are people and things in this world that aren't nice. They like to hurt you and other people for fun. I love you and tell your mommy and aunty I say Hi". So the next day as my mom is talking to Aunt "Mary" I tell them that Ellie says Hi. THey are like "whaat did you say? how do you know about ellie?" And i'm like "oh.. I talked to her last night" and that's the end really.

Backround for story #2 I used to live in a really old house - it's like 112 years old now in a town that was frequented by earthquakes.Its really old and raised of the ground by like six feet when It got moved from its original location. So if you walked to heavy that part of the house would shake. Next door on both sides of us lived really old members of the family that owned the house since its construction. Both are people are in the late 80s. THe old man next door - lets say his name is Jim - became a family friend.Jim is really old, like I said late 80s, so my brothers and I did a lot of "hard work" for him - like fixing a section of carport that he couldn't get to himself or mowing his lawn. Jim told my father over the 8-9 years we lived there a bunch of stuff about his family, basiically saying that the house we live in has been in his family since before he was born(side note is that he was born in the house too :P). So this house got some family history. Anyways, him and his sister (the current owner of the house) said their grandfather passed away in this house. other things to know is that I had three cats at the time of living at this 112~ year old house.

actual story #2 So I just got home. I shut and lock the door after that I took my shoes off as I walked into the house, leaving them in the doorway of my room. I go get some snacks. I'm in the kitchen and I hear the windows rattle from the door being shut too hard, so i'm like "Hey brother #1 or brother #2, why are you home so early?" since I was only in middleschool and I got out an hour before them. There's no answer so I go to brother #2's room, and he's not home. I go to my room I share with brother #1 and he's not home either. So i'm like " I guess I didn't shut the door right." So i don't really think about it. I go into my room, jump on the computer and start playing some games. THe chandelier in the living room is rattling. I go and check it out and its like swaying back and forth. I think holy shit earthquake! But its just the chandelier moving. As I walk closer to see what's up, it just stops. Then hall lights blow out and that just the last straw. I flip some shit and nope right out. I go to Jim's house and decide to play it off. I ask Jim if he needed anything down today and he has me do some yard work. As I'm working I ask him about the house if anything weird ever happened when He grew up there. HE said the only things that would really happen is that the doors would slam shut sometimes when he was alone but he didnt' really think anything of it since he had 11 siblings, he being the 8th i believe. THey would come and go a lot. As i'm working I finally deduce that hte house is haunted by someone or something and I don't really think anything of it again. Later that day, one of my cats is sitting in the hallway and she just starts screaming bloody murder like this at the front door for some reason. I don't see anything there, but i'm freaking the fuck out. I let my cat out of the house and I leave again. And I just sit there. Jim sees me and asks what is up with me being outside like this. I tell him what's happening and he's like oh... He goes to his house and brings back a bucketload of crosses. Like a lot. He told me to hang them up over every entry way - windows(i believe there was 15 windows in that house) and doors, not just ones leading from outside but to bedrooms and bathrooms and closests - so I ended up hanging like 30crosses because of all the closests and door. Nothing happened really too bad since then, at least to me.

Near the end of the stay in the house, its just my father at home. We were getting ready to move, so he was fixing up some paneling my brothers' and I broke over the years. I come home to a ton holes in the wall - all within a few inches of each other. The holes are about teh size of your average hammer head, and I ask my dad "whats up with these holes?" He said that He felt like someone was behind him and he just flipped out. So...yeah.

Backround

What is left of the immediate family (brothers' #1 and 2 moved out, they are 3 and 5 years older than I) move. Not because of the spooky shit, but because of some drama that went down with the landlord. So we move to a new house, that's old, its from the 40s or 50s. Its real nice house. Lot less rooms and space, but its really nice. Plus it didn't shake when you jumped off the bunkbed or anything :P

Story #3

My family and I have lived in the new house for about a month. I have two cats now, one is named Cheese and the other is Ninja. The two cats are in the living room with my mother and I. Cheese is staring at the corner of the room Ninja is in and hisses and walks out. No big deal, since Cheese doesn't really like Ninja. Ninja is just sitting there and then he just freaks out. like the previous video above. THis scares the shit out of my mother and I. That is the only thing that really happened to us at this house, its been two years now.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

As a child I was super into the X-Files. I must've been 8-10 years old. My grandfather died while I was in this phase. I was raised Catholic and at this point in my life I knew nothing about reincarnation.

One night I had a dream. It was night, and I was in my house when a saw a light coming from the sky outside. I ran outside to investigate (stupid white people, I know) and a short grey space alien popped out from around the corner of my house right in front of me. It spoke in a British accent: "Hello, Caleb. Don't be afraid. I'm your grandfather." Then my body lost all control and I fell down and woke up.

That dream has never left my mind. Then when I was 22 I met some Hare Krishnas and one of them said something about how it is possible some people get reincarnated as extraterrestrials. I instantly remembered that dream and I just kind of sat and stared into space for like an hour.

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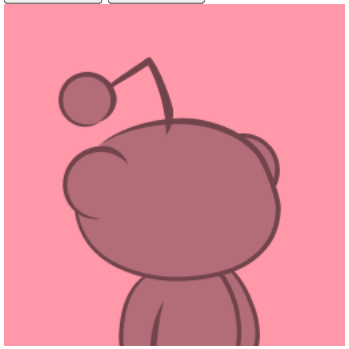


SuperHorribleGaming
â€¢ 13y ago

So, I don't have any good stories. But my mom told me one of her most horrifying supernatural experiences. So here we go.

When my mom was a teenager she was staying over at her grandparents house in maryland which she did every summer I think. One night when she was staying in the guest room she laid down in her bed and went to sleep. In the middle of the night she was woken up. Still in bed on her side with the cover up to her chin. There was a loud thump. And she heard something moving around in the room. It sounded almost like a little kid running around playing. Hopping around and giggling. It went on for like 20 minutes and my mom just was there frozen, petrified with fear. She didn't dare look cause she knew that if she saw anything that would be the end of her. Psychiatric hospital for the rest of her life if she saw anything. Finally the sound stopped and she looked, there was nothing there. So she just sat there for the rest of the night, wondering if she was out of her mind. No way was she gonna go back to sleep after that. The next day she asked about any kids who used to live there or maybe in the neighborhood. And believe it or not there was a little boy in the 1900s who died on the property by falling into the backyard water well. She never told anyone about what she experienced for fear of sounding insane. Eventually years later she told her sister and mom and aunt. It was crazy. Now, I've never really believed in ghosts but the way she told that story...man. It gave me the chills.

Reply Share

47Kalashnikov
â€¢ 13y ago

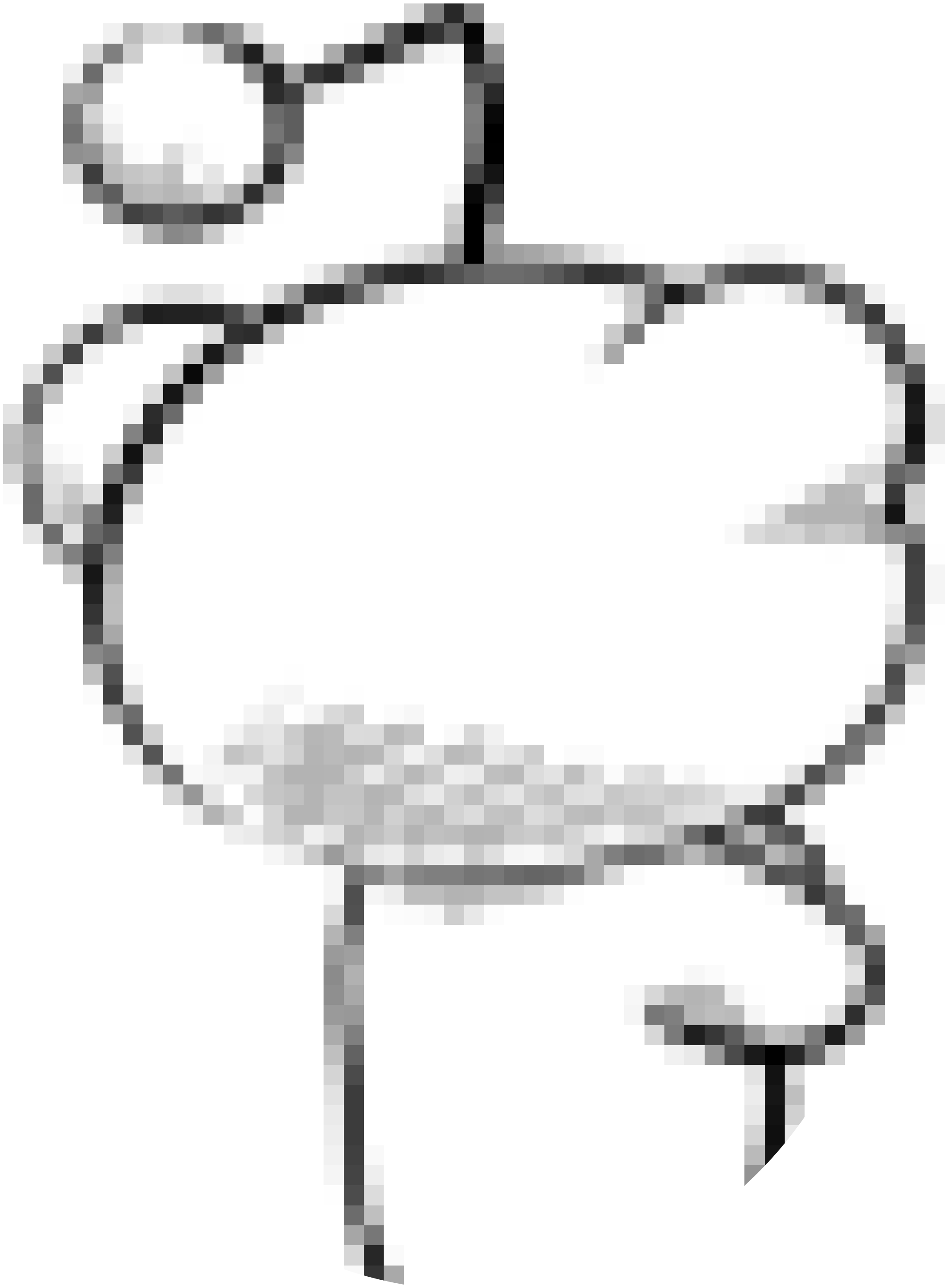
I hear my name being called by someone when i'm alone when i'm hearing music, or when someones in the other room i ask them if they call me and the puzzled look on their face creeps me out.

ArtisGames
â€¢ 13y ago

There I was. Sitting several feet from the water at my reservoir, I was just gazing into the water when it happened. Infront of me are these very small antena like poles slowly ascending from the water. About 5 breath holding seconds later a head of a CRAWDAD pops out from the water! Those five seconds were life altering. Anticlimactic? Yes. Not the most shocking thing that has happened to me but a fun little story.

BobTheVikingDuck
â€¢ 13y ago

I was eating subway with a friend. He ate half and I ate half. I looked down and there was another half that seemed to appear out of nowhere.



Nobodysbass
â€¢ 13y ago

As long as you finish your story and still don't believe anything your cool.

Mr_Monster
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was around three my Mom heard what sounded like me falling out of bed so she came to check on me and found me laying on the ceiling. She screamed and I dropped, bouncing off my bed and onto the floor. Nice going, Mom.

libertypeak
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I am going to tell you a story. And this will get buried because I am telling it so late. But I want you to know it, because I have only told it once or twice around a campfire, and to this day I still have no real clue how to explain the events.

Let me preface by saying I grew up in a mixed family. My mother's side was very New Age and Spiritual and My father's family was non-religious, except for my father who went to church, but mainly for the community aspect. Nothing was shoved down my throat, but being around people who believed it certain spiritual things always helped me keep an open, non-assuming mind. Now to the story.

In Louisville, Kentucky there is a famous TB hospital called Waverley Hills. For years it was the preeminent southern/midwestern place to be treated to TB. But at the time TB was all but curable, and thousands of people died there. It is a large building, five stories, with two wings. It is often called the most haunted building east of the Mississippi River.

Well, my senior year of high school a good friend wanted to tour there for his birthday. The hospital does regular tours, trying to raise money to become a bed and breakfast. But they also do a special few people do. They will let you privately tour the hospital, so long as you can provide a group of at least ten people with $50 dollars a person, between the hours of 12 a.m. and 4 a.m.

I couldn't resist

So we went. On a school night. We rounded up around ten-ish people and drove up there, two cars, all high schoolers with my friends mom in tow. Let me just say how creepy this place is on the outside. It was a bright night, almost all of the windows are busted out, and we pull up to this five story building that looks like it was built for a horror movie set. To check in you have to go through this garage like structure. We watch a short movie on the history of this place, and they have all kinds of relics from the buildings history. The woman who greets us is the nicest, kindest old lady I have ever met. And she runs this joint. So we wait till about midnight, and then two guys walk up from the building and lay down the ground rules.

-No running, if you can help it

-This is not a fake haunted house, we can't promise anything will happen, we are just your guides

-We will only spend a certain amount of time on each floor

-Be respectful to the spirits and to your friends, no flash photos unless everyone is ok with it

-You will get free roam on each floor for the time we are there. Be careful for sharp objects, broken glass (almost no windows were intact), and random tables and chairs

-Do what we say, when we say it, or the tour will end immediately

The Tunnel

And so the tour began. They started off by walking completely around the building to give us perspective. It is a good size building. And very unnerving. There are a lot of dark windows, and you almost always think someone could be looking at you. After that they take you to the body cute.

Yes....the body chute. You see, as I was told it, the hospital never wanted anyone coming in the front to see all the people being carried away dying. So they made a body chute in the back of the property, imagine a long tunnel going down hill, a concrete structure. It is pretty long, completely enclosed and has a tram they would use to put the on to ship down to the waiting trucks. We just thought we would see it then move on, but it has stairs, in case the tram breaks down. And it did at least once, because a hospital orderly got caught in the chains and died. So of course the guides take us down. I am not sure how long it was, but in the dark, going down a tunnel with only one flashlight seems like the longest walk.

The Deal: One of the friends who came with us is a goth kid we called Darkie. It is not a racial nickname, he was as white as white gets. We called him that because of all the gothic black he always wore. And he was the nicest, most intelligent goth you ever met. Well, he rode up with me, and we were talking a lot. So we made a deal. You see, going on a trip like this with ten other people who are expecting to see something, you know someone is going to exaggerate or just plain lie. We were all in high school. Me and Darkie talked about it, and decided we did not want to manipulate this trip in any way. So halfway down the tunnel we said at every chance we got we would break away from the main group, and let what happens happen. Just experience this for what it is worth. So that is the deal, two of us not fucking around or trying to cool and say we saw anything. Just taking this as it comes.

The Tunnel, Part 2: So we reach the end of the tunnel, and there is a nice meadow. Nothing of note. There was a deer, but nothing that scared us. The guides gave some talk about how that is where almost everyone hears things. Usually voices. But nothing happened to us. So we headed back up. Halfway back up the tunnel though, a soft breeze came out of the bottom to the top, and then a slow moan, like something taking a deep breath. And then a very loud moan, like an exhale. All from where we just were. Now, all the young men, and the guides, just stopped and listened. But my the Birthday boys mom basically said "fuck ya'll" move or i'll move you..." and she did. When they did not go she barreled over five high school boys, and she was small. She raced up that stairway and by the time we reached the top she was still freaking out. It was pretty bizarre, and she was so shaken up she asked to just chill outside and not go inside. But the guides said they were the only ones left there, and she had to stick with the group.

Floor One: So we go into the building from an underneath passage, it was creepy. Another tunnel that came into the building from a emergency stairway. It gave me the feeling that I could not leave, except through here. When you come in there is no light, except from the moon. And it was super bright that night, all the front rooms were very well illuminated. And there was no wind, I remember very well how silent it all was. Which means you could hear the outside pretty well.

So we walked in, and the guides went straight for the middle of the building, which is almost right in between the two wings. They told us that is where they would stay on each floor. Other than that, the floor was ours until the time was up, and then move upstairs.

Guess what happened? Not a damn thing. We walked around, and me and Darkie split off. We found a morgue like room with a body freezer/drawer thingy. I looked at it and tried to push the bed back in, but it made this super screechy noise which echoed. We found out later we scared the shit out of everyone in the other rooms and wing. But that was about all the excitement for the first floor.

Floor Two: The second floor was much creepier. The guides told us what each floor held back in the day, but to be honest i do not remember any of it. I do remember walking into a ball room, or at least what seemed to be a big dance room of some sort. Darkie and I went to the opposite wing as everyone else, cause the guides told them more activity happened over there. But we just wanted to get away from their flash lights. They kept shinning them on everything that moved like some sort of search party. So we always went opposite.

So in this dance hall room I keep thinking I am hearing things. Like maybe footsteps following us, or a whisper. But I pass it off as my mind fooling me. I need more substance. So we stand very still in the dark (there was no window in this room) and just wait. Nothing happens. Until we reach the hallway.

We walk back out into the deserted hallway. We cannot even hear the others on the other side of the building. And we are just about to go rejoin them when Darkie grabs me. He points down the end of the wing, all the way to the end there is an exit sign. It has a soft red glow and is quite a ways down. In between us and that door are multiple rooms, and through the doors to those rooms moonlight is pouring in (remember how bright it was) and it is casting light into the hallway only where the door spaces are.

At first I don't see anything, i keep looking at the red exit sign. I asked Darkie what he saw but he just shhhed me. A few seconds later i see it. Slowly coming down the hallway....nothing. But one of the moon rays coming through the doorway went black, for just a second, all the way near the end. As if someone had walked in front of it. I discounted this for a second, and then the next one did the same thing. And then the next. And it was headed toward us. It was maybe 8 or seven rooms away when.... "HEY guys what are you dong down here!?" Flashlight in our yes and scaring the shit out of me, our friend Casey, the Birthday boy, decided to come find us and interrupted the whole thing. When we turned back around to see if it, whatever "it" was, was still there, but it was gone.

So we started heading back to the main group, silently cursing Casey, when all of a sudden we hear a crazy stomping noise coming straight for us, and fast.....

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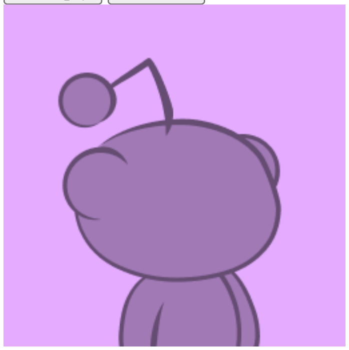

libertypeak

â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

The Jokes on Eric:

We had this friend named Eric who was with us, and he was a big guy. Not fat, but like, built marine style. And he wore combat boot. Well, while Darkie and myself were at the other end of the building, Eric was exploring the "most active" area. And in the process knock over a broom or something, I never got the full story. Either way, it scared the shit out of him and he jetted. So much so that he ran to the other wing.

Back to Me and Darkie: So here comes something around the corner. It's big, fast and loud. Fuck if we didn't almost start running when Eric made it around the corner. And we almost scared him again, poor guy. Panting he said he was scared to death and was ready to leave. Little did he know what were in for.

Floor 3: This floor is famous in Waverly Hills. All because of a little boy named Timmy. Little Timmy died in the hospital, and never left. He also like to play with toy balls. So when we reach the third floor the guides pull out these little rubber balls and put them on the ground. They tell us to stand near the middle of the west wing and roll these balls down a dark hallway. They would then periodically shine a light on it to see if Timmy came out to play. (Point of Information here: I had also heard they do this on the third and fourth floor, that is, keep the group togethor with an activity because those were the most dangerous floors where shit goes down and people get hurt.)

So we stood there, and stood there. Casey's mom was the most enthused about this ball rolling thing. She kept trying, and then some of us got bored explored a little of the other wing and then came back. At this point it is about 2 a.m. and I am a little tired. I lean up against the wall, with one heel up too. Another ball, and then another, and then another. Go get the ball. Call for Timmy nothing. They don't alway shine the light. They want to make this ghost kid comfortable. All the while the guides are with us. And then all of a sudden i feel a tap on my foot. A barely noticed it, but looked down, and there was a little yellow ball, not too discernable in the light. I just chuckled and looked down the hallway, and then called Darkie over to see it. i told him what happened, he told Casey and his Mom and the others. (just to clarify I was standing on the edge of the group closest to the direction in which these toy balls were being rolled into)

Casey's mom was so excited by it she asked if she could have the ball and throw it back dow. Maybe Timmy wanted to play with that one. So I tossed it to her, but she missed the catch and it rolled a few feet down the hallway where it came from. She went to pick it up, and as I saw her reach for it, the ball flew from the floor past my ear and down the other direction. It idd so with no possible form of momentum. And we all just sat there stunned. Even the guides were a little surprised. Needless to say, but that is what we talked about a while. After that the guides gave us free right to explore and find Timmy. They went to a balcony that over looked the fron lot where our cars were and to have a smoke.

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⊕ 2 more replies

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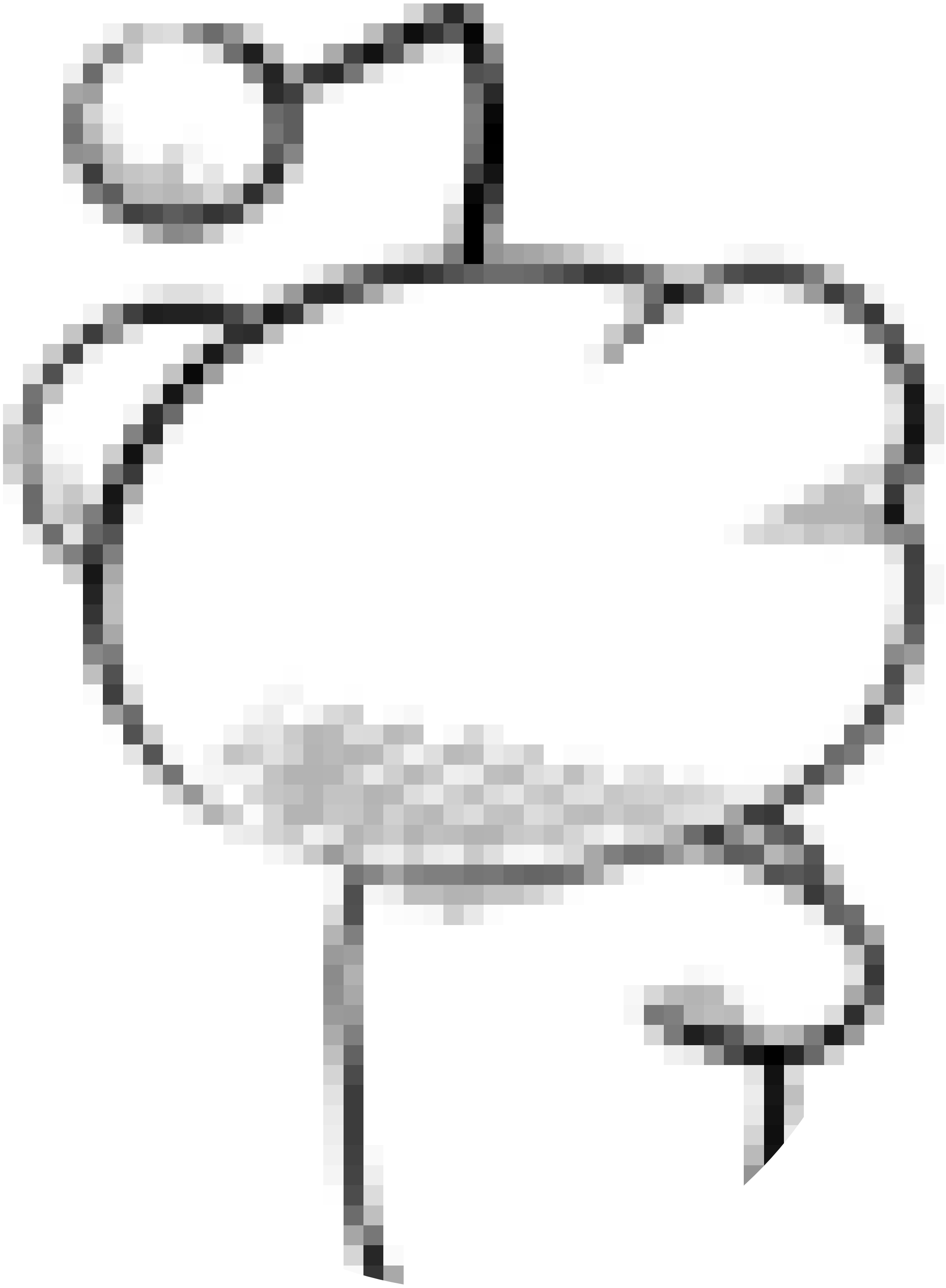

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â€¢ 13y ago

Whatever happened to that guy who posted that photo of his dad in the woods with that creepy pale man in the background staring at the camera?

Reply Share

[thinkaboutspace](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

okay okay okay check it out. So I'm home alone, watching some tv, playing with my Buckyballs, just chillin. They came in a set of 125 balls, so if you make a long string of them and connect them at the ends to make a strip of twos, one end will have one ball and the other two because its an odd number.

(I hope I haven't lost you)

but each end had one. thinking I had lost a few, I count em up: 63 pairs. that can't be right. so I make a string of magnets again, and make a cube, which has 5 layers of 5x5 squares, =125.

this was the result: http://imgur.com/zRFL50Y

I made a few more shapes to verify it, then squished it all together, and I had 125 again. Now, this may seem extremely minor, but I put a lot of faith in logic and science, and it's the only thing that's ever happened to me that I cannot explain so it's a big fuckin deal to me!

EDIT: TL;DR: i was absentmindedly playing with buckyballs when 125 balls turned to 126, then back to 125, and I had no fuckin clue where the extra ball could have come from.

LivingInAGhostTown
â€¢ 13y ago

My dad moved in with his girlfriend when I was 15 and my bedroom was in the basement. Whenever I would go upstairs, I felt like I was being followed. Only from outside of my room to the top of the stairs. I never thought twice about it, it was just a really creepy feeling. One day, we learnt that the hospital used to be on start street and the morgue was pretty much where our basement was. It was extremely creepy.

Reply Share

Justlegos
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I had this sleep paralysis experience probably once in my life, I was at the age of six, my dad was a youth pastor at a local church, where I would spend mostly my days going into various rooms doing random things. Anyways, I kept on having dreams where a man with a pure white face, red eyes, and fangs in a pure black suit would corner me in the church and then attempt to kill me somehow. Usually of was simply by somehow clawing me to death or opening a large abyss underneath me. I would normally end up falling, but right before I'd hit the ground I would wake up in terror. I would then proceed to go to my parents for comfort.

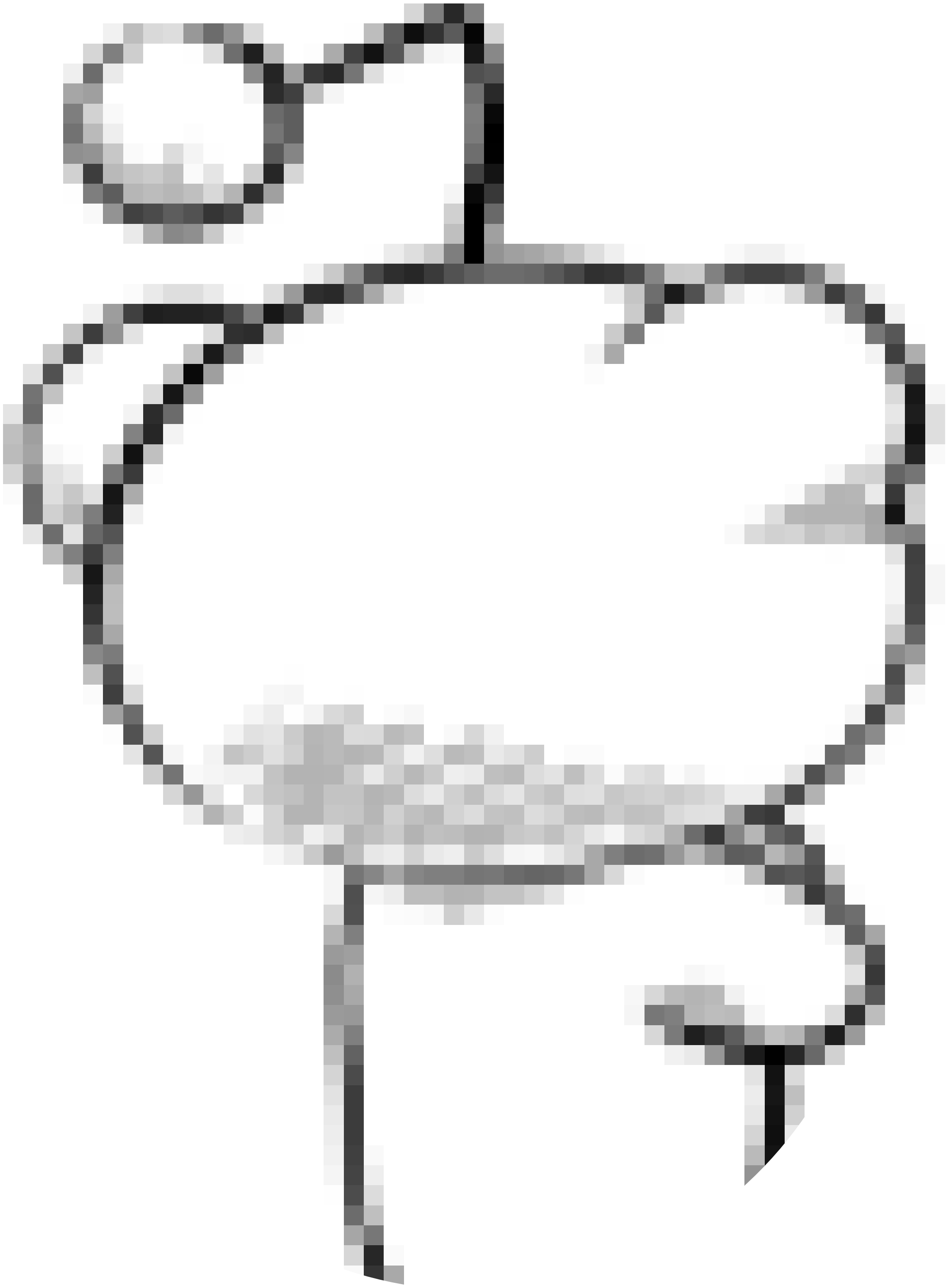
However, one night this changed. In the dream, for the first time my mom and dad were with me at the church, after a night service. My mom told my dad she would head to the restroom. She left, and then my dad turned around to talk to the pastor after he told me to hang up my coat. I walked approximately 5 feet to the section of the wall that was cornered off to hang my coat. As soon as I put the coat up, the same white-faced man came up to me, grabbed me by the arm and tore out my heart. I screamed in pain and turned around to scream for the help of my dad who could easily turn around and save me, but I was frozen in place and no sound would come out of my throat. Finally I died, and "woke" up, but as I opened my eyes, the same man was standing over my bed. I tried to scream my for parents, just like in the dream, but I was frozen in place and couldn't make a sound come out. I was like this for 10 minutes, with the man still staring at me, with a knife in his hand. I closed my eyes for probably 10 minutes, praying to God for help. Finally I drifted off into an empty sleep.

The next morning I woke up with quite a lot of scratches around the area where the man "tore" out my heart.
To this day, when I visit that church, I always have this eerie feeling, and that the only one who can protect me is turned around. This same man will visit me in my dreams probably about once a year, and I always suffer a similar death as the previous ones.

(I'm writing this on my couch on my iPod and In seriously shaking so much I can't write properly, I hope I don't received a visit from this man..)

bryonjames
â€¢ 13y ago

Well one time when I was 11there was this junior in high school named holly. Holly was rather plump and really creepy. So she had some little brothers slightly younger than myself and another slightly older. The younger brothers were not allowed to hang out with us being they didn't want to influence them in a negative way. So one night we were all in the desert behind her house with a few other teenaged girls and boys. We were bored out of our minds and decided to play truth or dare . After a few rounds it came to a dare on holly and I remember the words clear as day . Her older brother dared her to give me (the pubeless eleven year old) a bj. As I looked up at her, all I can remember to this day is her licking her mustache and saying ok. I immediately stood up and ran all the way home. I realize this situation was not supernatural but still, EXTREMELY fuckin creepy for an eleven year old.



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â€¢ 13y ago

That's enough internet for today

mjhowie
â€¢ 13y ago

Sometime when I was between the age of 8-10, my family bought a puppy; a dark chocolate cocker spaniel which we named "Jess". Jess was very clingy, and hated how we would put her in the laundry during the night to sleep, so as to stop her roaming the house and keeping us awake. She would bark incessantly no matter how much we tried to comfort her.

One night, I was just waking up from sleeping around 3am, when I heard some deathly, painful moaning or groaning passing through the house SO loudly. It just resonated through, and sounded so painful, and horrific. It seemed to originate from the end of the house Jess was in, and pass through the hallway which runs through the middle of our house. It was so loud, that I thought everyone would wake from it. It lasted for about 5 seconds, and then Jess started barking frantically.

I screamed out to my Dad, who came in quickly, and I asked him, "Did you hear that moaning??". He said, "What moaning?". I explained the freaky noise I heard, and he assured me it was probably just wind passing through the window panes. I wasn't convinced, but if Dad said so, I tried to believe him, and went back to sleep.

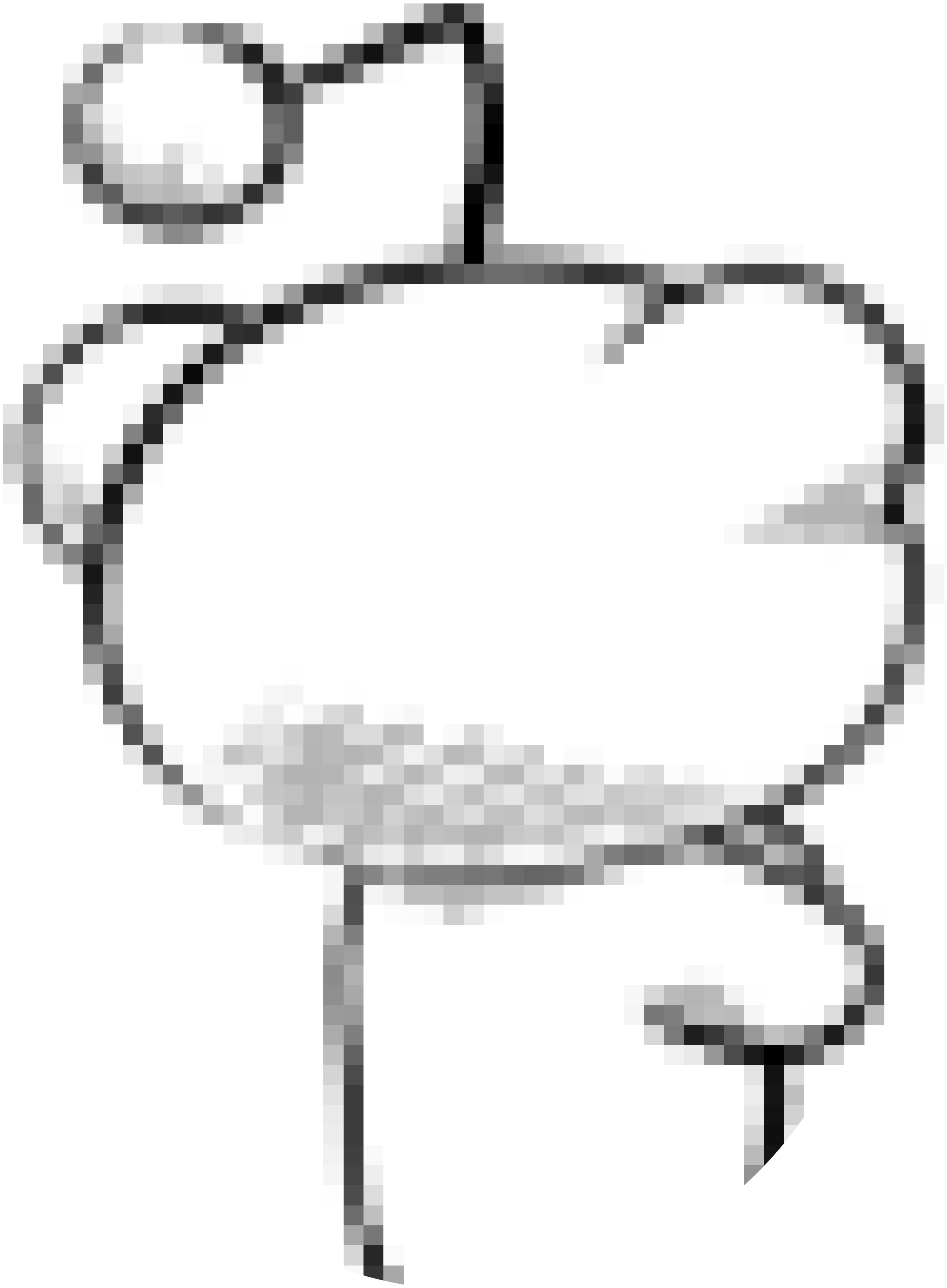
Fast forward maybe 2-3 days, my sister (whose room is next to mine) tried to have Jess in her room during the night to stop her barking. All is well through the night, and I ask my sister how she slept with her the night before. She says it was so-so, and then I tell her about what I heard a few nights before. She looked at me with wide eyes, and said, "I heard the exact same thing last night".

Our house is maybe 70 years old now, and it did have previous owners. My dad grew up in the house next door, and he seems to think that Mr. Hart, the husband who lived here, maybe suffered a heart attack here, but he doesn't think anyone died here.

I'm going to ask my sister if she remembers all this when I see her tomorrow.

Nightmathzombie
â€¢ 13y ago

Used to be into Ouija board way back in the day. Had a friend who didn't believe AT ALL, despite the comments of me and other friends about our previous experiences with it. So as a weird test I went on the board by myself and got him to ask a question I wouldn't know the answer to. Just to be extra picky I even got blindfolded, and my other friends actually flipped the board upside down after I was blindfolded. It was a simple question...what was the doubters middle name? After a few initial yes and no questions to it I asked for his middle name and it spelled it out.
TL;DR I used a Ouija board by myself (And while blindfolded) and it gave me information I didn't previously know.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Thought I'd share mine.

So I'm using my Mom's TV because she has a REALLY comfy chair infront of it, behind the chair is her bed, so whenever the TV is off, the bed and the chair are in the reflection.

So I'm watching TV one day at about 2pm, and whenever you change the TV using the actual buttons on the TV it will go black before going to the next channel,

I change the channel, and remeber how I said the bed reflected if the TV was off? when the TV goes black before changing channels it also reflects stuff, so the bed is reflected, but there is this girl sitting on it, just staring straight foward, her hair is curly but greasy, she is wearing a tattered white dress,

scared the shit outta me, I looked back onto the bed but she wasn't there, this has happened twice.

I haven't told anyone because I'm scared they'll think I've gone insane, It should be noted that the girl is expressionless, and she is not staring at me.

ceedubs2
â€¢ 13y ago

Lived in a reputedly haunted dormitory in Savannah, GA. I don't believe in ghosts, but it's always fun to hear stories about the ones haunting the dorms. One of them was Marble Boy, who basically rolled around invisible marbles. One night, when I was in bed, my roommate asleep, I heard two marbles *PAP PAP pap dddddrrrrrrrrrrr* fall and roll across the room. I didn't see them, and in my mind, I was trying to pass it off as sound from the room below us (we lived on the top floor), but it sounded like it was right next to my bed.

I also had two nonrelated where the most godawful stench hovered over my bed. I checked to see if my roommate had left a floater or something in the bathroom (we had our own bathrooms, ha!). No dice. There was also a vent near my bed, so I took out a flashlight and tried to see if there was a dead mouse in there. Nothing. The smell hovered over my bed for seemingly about five minutes, then disappeared. I asked everyone the next morning if they smelled anything else (could've been some sort of sulfuric gas from the sewers moving through the vents or pipes. I don't know.) No one knew what I was talking about. Weird.

Fistbutter
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandfather died in his sleep from a heart attack. When my grandmother woke the next morning she found the antique grandfather clock had stopped at 4:28. While digging through his possessions, we found the pocket watch he had been issued for his service in the Marines. It was also stopped at 4:28 and had not been wound in years. Other family members have claimed to have found watches or clocks also stopped at 4:28 but I can't say if those are true or just them jumping on the creepy dead grandfather story bandwagon.

Nurger

â€¢ 13y ago

At my day's house about two or three years ago I was hearing things. Like a woman or a girl screaming, my name, pleading it sounded like. Shit would get knocked around a bit, doors swinging without any moving air, the usual.

But the screams were the worst. At one point it almost drove me insane. In retrospect, maybe I am. But my sister heard it too. I don't wanna think about this anymore actually.

LittleBugWoman
â€¢ 13y ago

A couple years ago, I was sleeping in my old room at my parents' house. Now that room has always been creepy as shit (weird creaks, sounds of footsteps on the carpet, random shadows that seemed to change). I actually slept with the light on until I was fourteen (22 now).

Anyway. One night I was sound asleep and I was dreaming pretty vividly - I was trying to run away from a man, but I was too slow and I tried screaming but no sound came out. IRL, I was flailing around, all my pillows/blankets/stuffed animals on the floor. I woke up for a second and lay back down to try and get more sleep. Now - I can't explain this, but all the sudden after my head hit the pillow it felt like an invisible person had their hands wrapped around my neck from behind, reverse choking me. I have a vivid memory of me facing the wall next to my bed, laying on my left side, completely paralyzed. I tried to scream for all I was worth but only rough "haaahhh" sounds were coming out. It was terrifying because I remember trying to scream for what seemed like five minutes. I must have gone back to sleep after that, because the next thing I know, I'm awake and my mom is knocking on my door to tell me breakfast is ready. It still freaks me the fuck out because I was so *awake* during the whole thing, I could feel the hands on my neck and feel the presence of whatever was doing it behind me.

Halpmehpwease
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger (7 ish maybe 8 or 9), I use to sleep walk a lot. It was never major, only times I would hear about it was on vacations when my older brothers were up late watching TV. Mostly I would just wake up move to a different location and lay back down and fall asleep. They said they tried to talk to me but I would just ignore them. I passed it off as just being too tired to listen to them nor remembered I moved to a different spot to sleep. Then It developed more, I would wake up on the kitchen floor and in other random locations. I once put my mattress on top of my parents bed, while they were asleep and then tried to fall asleep on top of them.. Obviously they weren't going to let me get away with it, I think I remember like snapping out of it. How I managed to move a heavy mattress as an 8 year old, No idea.

Then one night, I got up I felt really tired, no idea why I got up it was like instinct. I felt sort of have awake. So, again my brothers were watching Late night TV, and saw me as I walked up to the sliding glass door to my back yard and I open it and do almost like a standing push up against the opening of the door and let my body hang, but I'm still supporting myself with my arms. I breathe out as I lower my head, and then I lift myself back up as I breathe in and then head back to bed half awake.

Now.. Here's where it gets kind of messed up. First, note that I'm going off of what my brothers told me, I myself have no memory of this what so ever. So, my brothers knew right off the bat that I was sleep walking because I didn't reply to anything they said to me as I approached the back door. Apparently, Right after I lower my head and let out a deep breathe, I dart completely outside running toward this small Play(ground)(set) I have in my back yard. My brothers follow me, because I'm running off into the middle of the night with out saying anything to anyone. So, I proceed to climb up and ladder of a slide then down the slide. -We removed the grass of our lawn and replaced it with small rocks and pebbles for the base of the playground- So, when I reach the bottom I proceed again to play with these rocks digging into the dirt below them and throwing the rocks in the air and then letting them fall down on top of me. Like kids playing in the rain, I was laughing my brothers tried to stop me but I just kept laughing and forced them away from me, when they held my arms still enough for me not to reach the rocks, I would lose their grip.. Climb back up the ladder, slide down the slide, and then proceed to play with the rocks digging my hands into the dirt.

My brothers gave up and watched me throw rocks in the air with the same unbelievable joy and amusement that I started with for a good 30 minutes. Then finally I stopped, and Just turned and ran for the door again I turn around the way I was facing before when I let the out that deep breathe, and then I breathed in. Lost all energy and went back to my room and fell asleep. I woke up with dirty nails and feet and they told me in the morning over a bowl of fruit-loops.

It's the most bizarre thing that has happened to me before in my life to date. I haven't slept walked after that for 8-ish years, I'm 17 now. To me It just seemed like 10 seconds of just opening and closing the door to get some fresh air but at the same time being really sleepy.

Tsuc
â€¢ 13y ago

I've only told this to my brother, because he saw her too when we were younger. Growing up I lived in Cleveland ohio. We had a small house in a very bad neighborhood. Our house was full of toys, my relatives always spoiled us when we were kids with tons of toys and video games. Let me get to the story now. Our basement was nice and "casual". There was a living room in the basement, and there was a guest room with a futon and a TON of toys. I was about 10 years old and went down to take a nap because it was a relaxing and comfortable spot with nice lighting. I fell asleep at about 3 pm and woke up at 8 pm. When I woke up I just laid in the futon stretching and I heard my parents friends upstairs. There had to be about 10 people upstairs (My parents were really close with there friends and always got together". I got off the futon and I looked to my right and there was a woman who looked to be in her mid forties with wet hair hanging all over her face. Her eyes were ridiculously wide and she had a huge frown on her face and had her head tilted back. Then she started nodding her head back and forth really fast. I screamed as loud as I could and ran upstairs. Scarred me as a child and I could never go back in the basement, no matter what.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

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thebirthplaceofstars
â€¢ 13y ago

Legitimate mini-premonitions! I'm serious, I know what people are going to say/ask before they say it, I get a song in my head right before I turn on the radio and then that song is on, I think about something happening and it happens.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

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Mr_A_Snuffleupagus
â€¢ 13y ago

Not nearly as freaky as some of these other stories, but last year I was on one of those Ghost Tour walks in colonial Williamsburg, VA. Basically, a tour guide takes you around the old buildings and tells you ghost stories about the buildings where people died, had strange experiences, etc.

So the tour guide is telling a story in front of one house about a woman who killed herself by throwing herself off of her stairs back in the 1700's. Apparently people have seen strange things in that house like weird blue lights or even silhouettes of a woman in the upstairs bedroom.

So at the time, I was 18, thought the tour was kinda lame and wasn't very interested so I was at the very back of the group. as the group was moving on to the next stop out of the corner of my eye I see a blue light to my right. The light slowly rose into the air and I followed it with my eyes as it headed for the house that we just left. It floats to the second story and just vanishes right in front of a window...right then, a figure just appears in the window, it was a woman with long flowing hair. I rub my eyes thinking that it's just my eyes playing tricks on me and when I open them again the figure is still their.

Now being the manly man that I am, I screamed at the top of my lungs and ran to the front to find my family. I asked the tour guide if anyone was supposed to be in the house and then I told him my story. He smiled at me and told me that he's seen the exact same thing, the light, the figure, everything. That made me more certain that I wasn't seeing things and that is definitely my most paranormal experience.

Kristi85
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was around 6 I lived in a furnished rental house with my mom and step dad, I remember vividly being in the tub taking a bath and the cabinet doors opening and closing. There was also a room that was a library in the house, but I could not go in this room. There was this pressure on my chest if I tried to enter the room, I was scared for my life in this house, it had a very ominous feeling to it, we didn't stay for very long, maybe only 5-6 months. I had charcoal in my closet, my parents would clean it out only to come home and find more charcoal in the closet. My mom also told me later that in this same house that she was taking a shower and heard talking, so she peeked out of the shower curtain and saw a reflection in the mirror of a dark haired lady wearing a blue dress in the mirror. This house was in St. Augustine, FL, which has alot of history. I'm not one to believe in supernatural or ghosts, but I cannot deny the things that I felt or saw in this house.

windsor81
â€¢ 13y ago

I've had a few, but I'll tell the oldest and the newest I guess.

So the house I remember growing up in (we moved there when I was 5) was very what most people would consider haunted. Things moved on their own, you'd hear footsteps upstairs when you were the only person in the house, people would call your name, etc etc. One of the most notable things though was you'd ALWAYS see someone or "something" out of the corner of your eye as you were walking down the halls upstairs. At the top of the stairs there were two halls - one went straight ahead and turned to the left, and the other you made an immediate right and went into the large bonus room above the garage.

If you were coming from the bonus room to the stairs and you crossed the other hall it was *really* common to see someone approaching from that hallway. However, if you turned to look, no one would be there. I used to remember seeing things that were smaller - like cat and dog sized - running up and down the halls as well. It was frustrating because it was always that fleeting moment and never a real look. When I was 10 we moved to another house, and the last day we were at the old place I was walking down the hall that turned left to grab something out of the bathroom. I had just gotten to the turn and saw something short going down the hall. I turned real quick and got a full view of *something* going down into his room. It was an "animal" or creature about cocker spaniel sized with ears that looked like bat wings hopping down the hall towards his door. I remember not being freaked out, but instead feeling totally relieved that I could finally see this thing that I'd been experiencing for YEARS. I watched it for a few seconds, and it sort of faded out as it went down the hall. And yes, I know how unbelievable it sounds, but honestly....That's what I saw and remember.

More recent one, I was in a house I rented with a few other people about 2 years ago. It was the middle of the night, and I wake up to the sound of furniture and boxes being moved around. I'm a little annoyed, but since I'm used to living with other people figure it's just my roommate dealing with insomnia and roll over to fall back asleep.

Juuuuust about the time I am passing back out, I realize a) it's Christmas break and I am the only person in the house and b) the noise is coming from the attic which is completely sealed off and the only entrance is through my room. I was officially wide awake within seconds, and unable to fall back asleep. Now, I'm well aware in this case it *could* have been an animal but that was the only time I heard it and it legit sounded like heavy furniture being moved and NOT scratching or walking around or anything of the like. It went on for about another half hour, and then just stopped. I had a few funny things happen in that location, but that was for sure the one that had me scratching my head the most.

Romano44
â€¢ 13y ago

I live on a farm. I have since I was a child so I've lived through the deaths of many animals. Every now and then out of the corner of my eye, for just a second I see one of our dead animals sitting there. Usually the cats. I guess they do get extra lives..

Coletrain44
â€¢ 13y ago

4th grade, staying the night at a friends house. He had always talked about how is house was haunted, but I figured it was bullshit. We sneak out, TP a friend's house down the street, go back to the den to watch T.V. and pass out. It's about 3 AM.

All of a sudden the light in his kitchen (which was directly in front of the back den) gets really bright. It's buzzing so loud I thought it was going to burst. Then it gets really dim, until it returns to normal. As soon as it does, the sound of footsteps run out of the kitchen and to the den where we were.

I asked my friend what that was. His response was "Shut the hell up".

The same fucking thing happens again, except after the running footsteps, we feel something sit down on the couch we were on. I threw the covers over my head and noped right to sleep.

Woke up in the morning with the covers still over my head, while my friend was getting yelled at by his mom for using all the toilet paper.

Reply Share

zarjk
â€¢ 13y ago

I get really fucking creeped out in my basement at night.

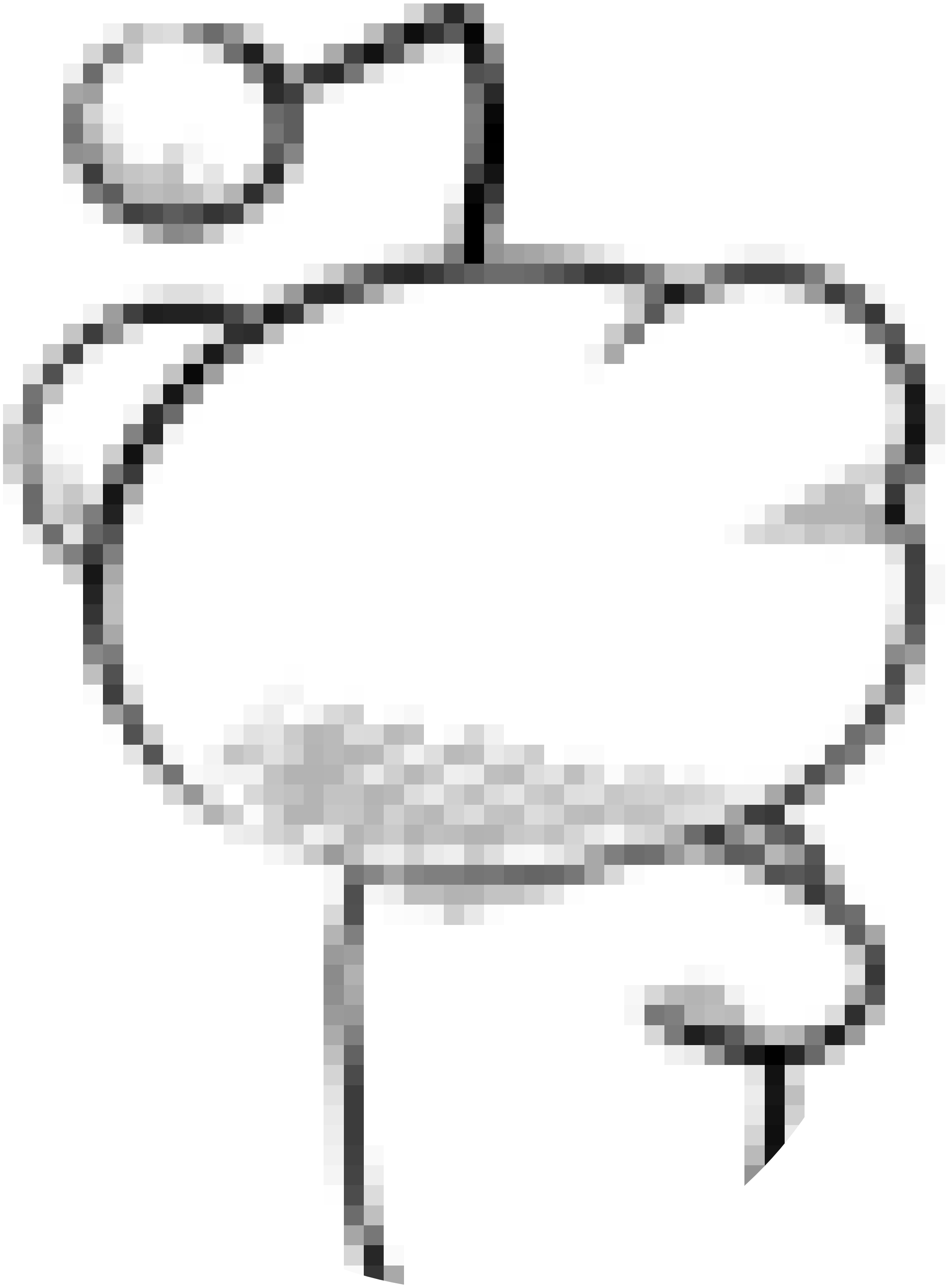
Don't know why.

Reply Share

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies



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â€¢ 13y ago

This is some of the most interesting/scariest shit I've ever read. I consider myself to be skeptical, but I always wonder what may be out there.

My weird experiences seem pretty insignificant compared to some of these. Anyway, me and my mom have some kind of weird connection where we can tell when we are thinking about each other. The biggest occurrence of this was about a week after I started college. I called her and she was shocked because SHe had just been thinking about me. When I asked her jokingly what she thought of me being in college, she said that she hadn't really thought about it before, but when she did, she correctly guessed what I was wearing when I talked to her.

Just thought I'd add something here since I can't sleep after reading this thread...

jdubd
â€¢ 13y ago

A few things have happened i can't explain but these 2 stick out in my mind. I was a kid, laying my bed reading. I felt someone sit on the corner of my bed and thought it was one of my parents. I turned to see what they wanted but no one was there.

I was sleeping and my wife woke me up and saying someone was in the house. I opened my eyes and saw a man standing in the door of our bedroom. I threw off the covers and screamed for him to leave. As soon as my foot touched the floor he vanished. We could see him clearly enough to know what kind of clothes he was wearing.

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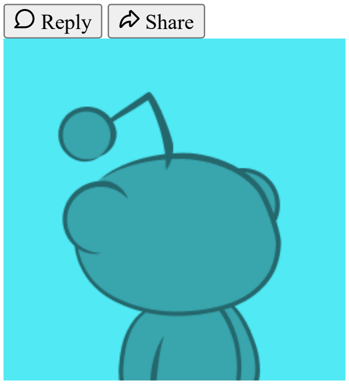

mojokabobo
â€¢ 13y ago

I once knew a guy who astral projected himself to me, hypnotized me right before I was going to bed, and entered into a dream with me. He then controlled the dream, and made all sorts of fucked up shit happen. I ran into him the next day, and confronted him about it. He was able to finish my sentences when I was describing the dream. He was able to tell me the next parts of the dream. He did it on purpose.

He did this to me for several months. He tortured me. I still feel like his name is burned into my mind, and there's a certain part of my mind that reacts in pure revulsion anytime that I meet someone who happens to have his name.

I'm not going to go any further into it right now, because it's a long fucking story. I know people can say things like "oh that's just bullshit, whatever, coincidence, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah".. but the dude came to me, hypnotized me, controlled my dreams, and then I saw him the next day, and he was able to recount exactly what my dreams were. It was pretty fucked up.

⊕ 5 more replies

⊕ 5 more replies

⊕ More replies

[sshabazz](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

I got a boyfriend

likemeornot
â€¢ 13y ago

Well mine certainly aren't as interesting as some i have read and since I have three i will make them really short. When i was about 16 my sister and I saw the typical " white flowing gown" walking down the hall toward my mothers bedroom in the reflection of a piece of glass that our radio was enclosed in. We both ran to my mothers room so see if it was her and she was in bed sick and sleeping and we were the only three in the house. Second...about 3 years ago I was laying in bed next to my honey, lights off ready for bed and shortly after he starts snoring I felt something scratch down my left leg from my knee cap all the way down the top of my foot and past my toes. The only way I have been able to explain how it felt was like that of very large talons and not only did it hurt but scared the absolute shit out of me. Needless to say I jumped out of bed flipped on the light pulled all my covers and sheets off in the quickest way possible. NOTHING. Shook them out, looked under the bed looked in every possible place for something potentially huge to hide and there was nothing in my room. The 3rd one is almost just like the last story. Night time, in bed, going to sleep but my right shin had been bothering me for weeks and was hard to fall asleep. Pitch black in my room and I am just drifting off and I felt soft pressure on my leg and a rubbing sensation going up and down from just below my knee to just above my ankle. It felt like a loved one massaging my leg. I shot up in bed still hearing my honey snoring next to me and woke him up anyway asking him if he was just doing that to my leg and he wasn't. That one didn't scare me as much cause it almost felt angelic like if that makes sense. I drifted off to sleep in no pain.

luckycat86
â€¢ 13y ago

Im commenting so I come back and read all the posts.. :)

⊕ 2 more replies

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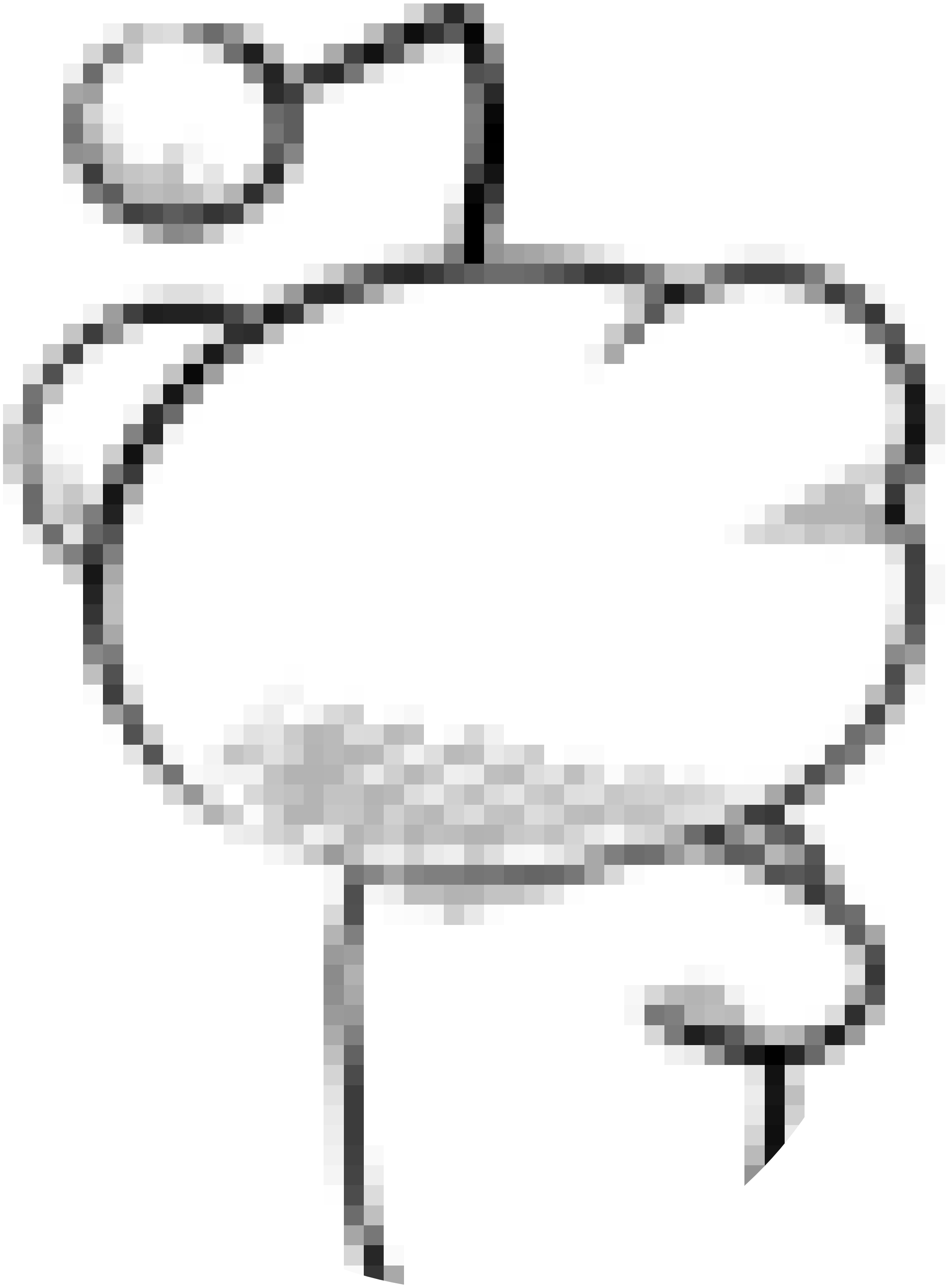
⊕ More replies



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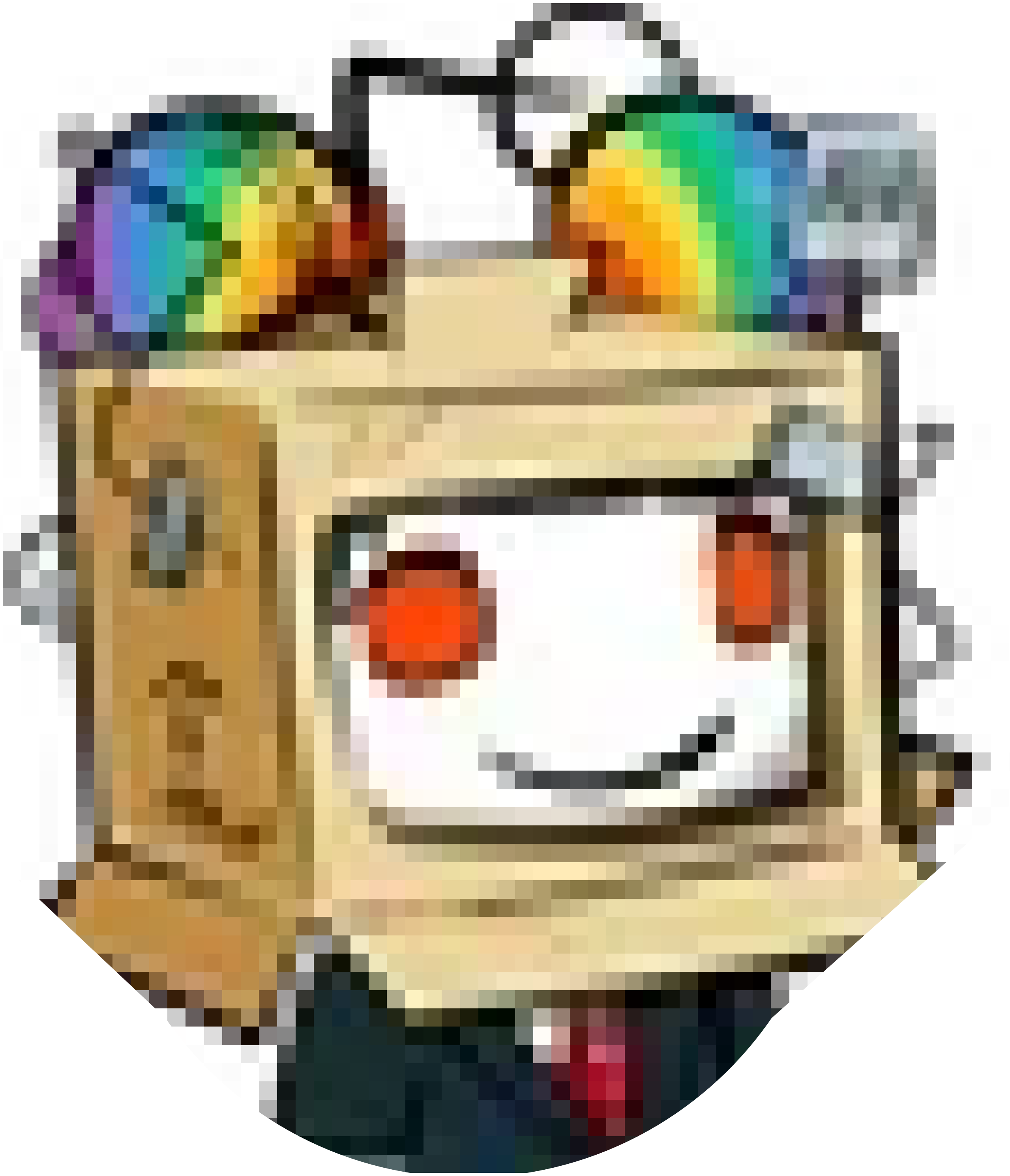
â€¢ 13y ago

The temperature in my room is always 66.6 degrees. I mean not just confirmation bias where I don't notice when it's some other temperature. Like several times a week. I look over and of course 66.6. WTF? Scares me. Im childish



[digixu](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Deck of cards with friends said random numbers got it right 23 times after 5 it got weird

Ryoisnotalurker
â€¢ 13y ago

When my cat is sleeping on my bed and then all of the sudden it gets the fuck up and just stares out my door into the pitch black hallway. It's pretty creepy sometimes.

⊕ 2 more replies
⊕ 2 more replies
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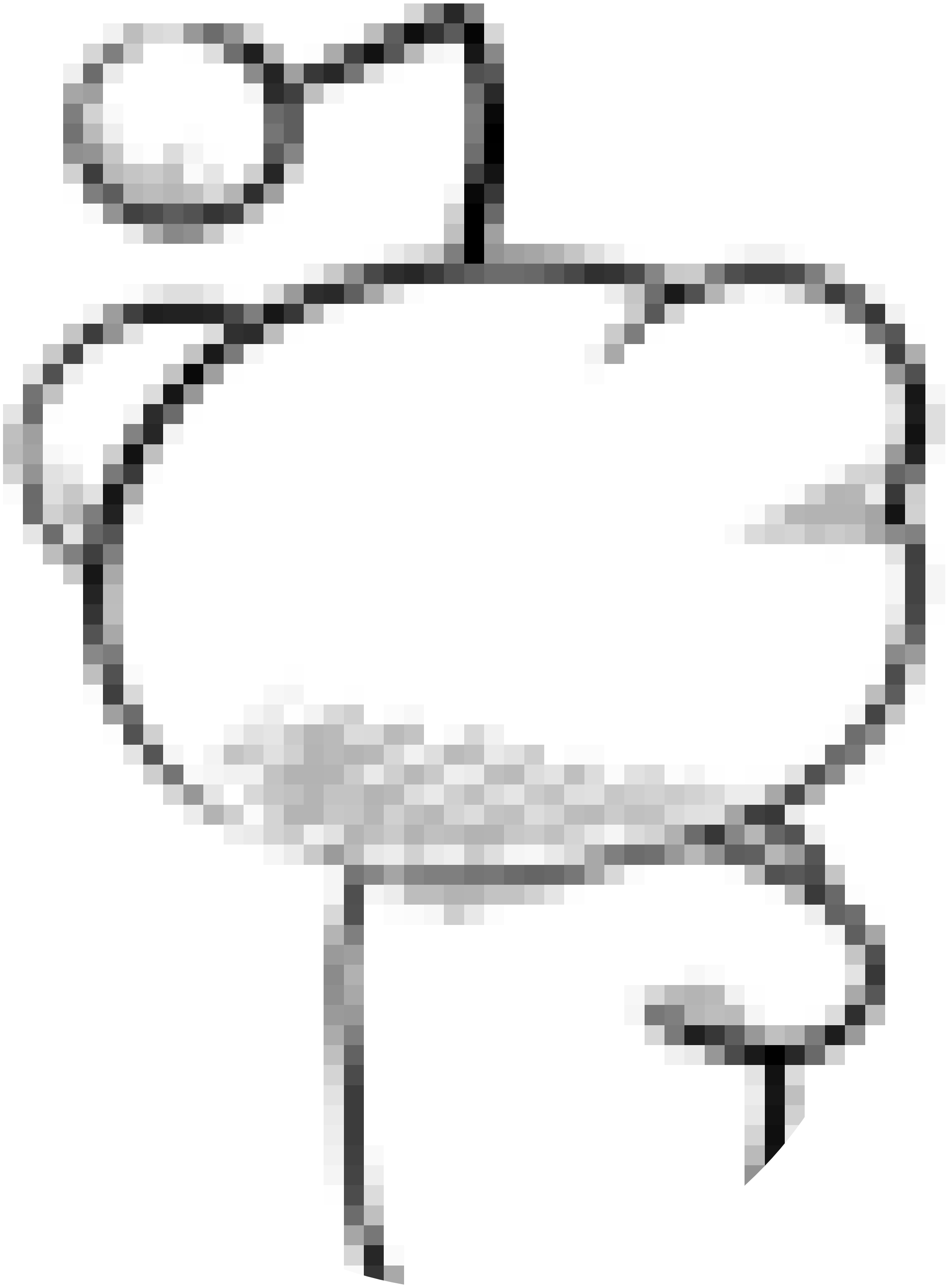

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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

First, some background knowledge, I used to live in a small town called White Hills, Arizona. It's a ghost town and a long time ago there was a flood that killed some people, there is a sign that explains it all when you turn on the road that leads to the little town behind the mountains. My parents owned two acres of land in that town, my dad was building a house on the back lot. The house wasn't completed so we had a two trailers on the front lot where we did laundry and showered ect. One day, my parents were in Vegas for work as they often were and the three of us, me and my two sisters, one younger, one older were home alone and it was about eight o'clock and dark. We were all pretty anxious to see our parents, them being away all day, we missed them. Then we see the light of two head lights shine through the enormous glass door of the house, excited, me and my older sister run to the door to check it out. We see what appears to be a woman in white shaking white sheets and hanging them on the line, next to her is a big pile of more white sheets. We decide it's our mother doing some last minute laundry and that my dad is in the trailer because the light is on inside. We sneak up to the front lot as stealthy as we can on desert gravel. My older sister says she has to use the bathroom really quick so I wait outside for her. Now, we have been there for about a minute already, all the while I am thinking to myself how odd it is that my parents haven't acknowledged us. I look around the back and to my surprise, discover that there is no one there, not one single piece of clothing to be found. I'm not exactly putting this together quite yet, I look to the front of the trailer, no car. The dogs aren't barking, then I realize they haven't bothered getting up to greet my parents as they usually do when they arrive home. By this time I have a small fear building in my gut as I begin to realize what has happened. I very calmly ask my sister if she or my younger sister had been in the trailer today, she reminds me that we had all stayed in the back lot in the house today watching disney movies. I explain to her what i have discovered and we both agree to walk back to the house, no running. We get to the house and frantically call our parents to explain to them what we have just seen. They call our neighbor and long time friend Benito, who comes to the house in a hurry with a gun, searches the property and finds absolutely nothing. Our parents soon get home and we all go to bed, and that is not the last time something like that has happened to any of us.

edit: changed because "this could have been a good story but I fucked it up."

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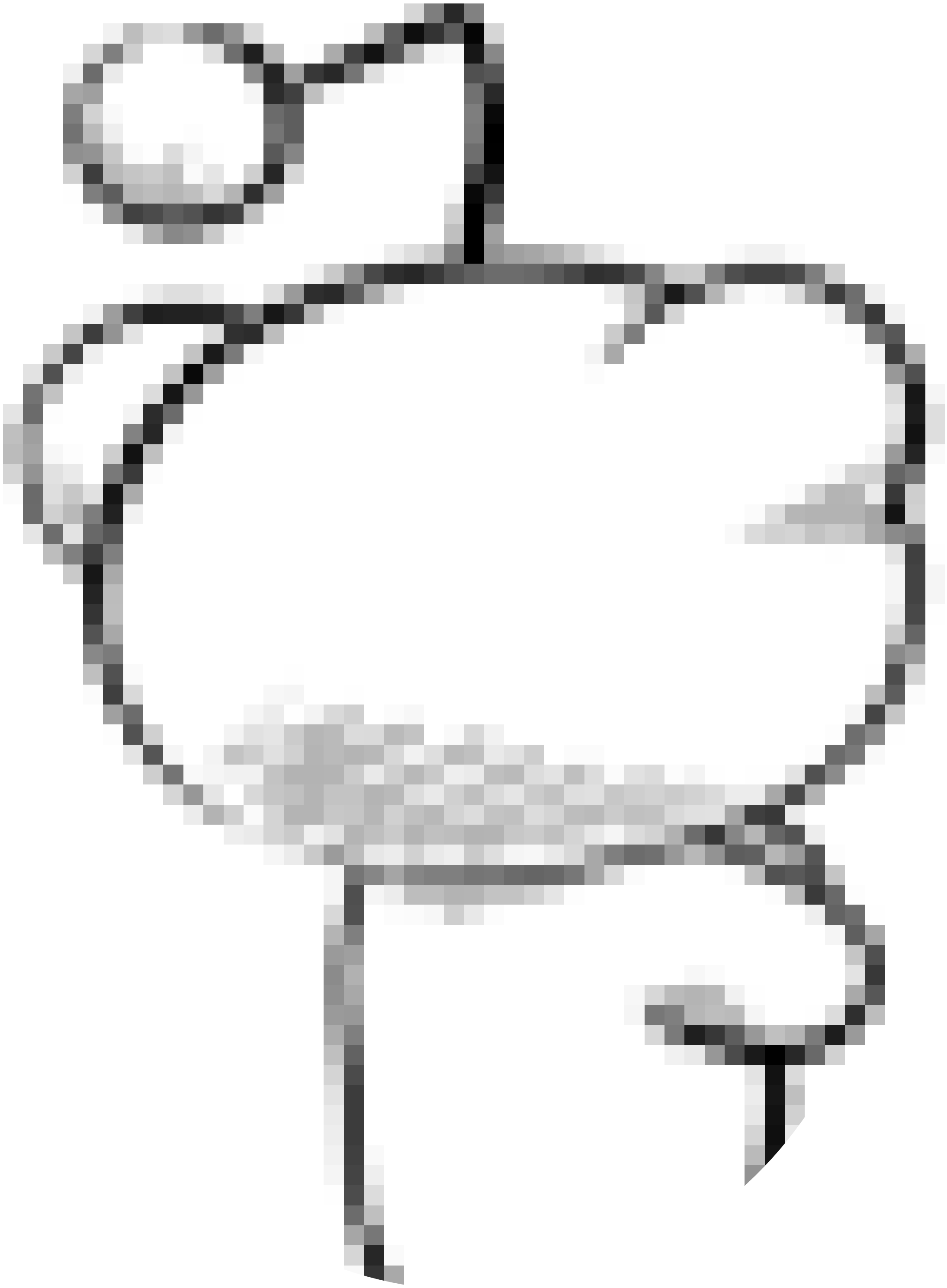

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â€¢ 13y ago

that could have been a good story but you fucked it up.

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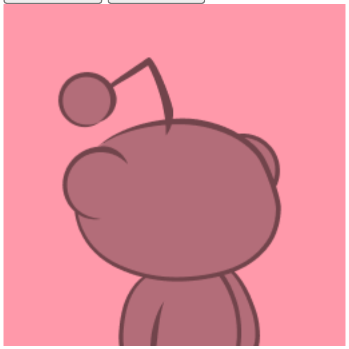
BalloonManiac

â€¢ 13y ago

Not really creepy or supernatural,but. I was playing in a game of SL (secondlife) and I had my sound on. I was in a rez area and these voices kept on saying weird things but nothing was there and nobody was with me. SL doesn't just make random things with high pitched voices repeat and say things over and over int he same voice and tone.

Reply Share



smurfy26

â€¢ 13y ago

My Dublin bus once came on time...

Reply Share

Dr_Legacy
â€¢ 13y ago

it had been dry for weeks.

my best friend died unexpectedly. a torrential downpour began within the half hour and it rained for most of the next week.

Reply Share

NaturesNomenclature
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Ok 3 mini stories here:

I was driving home with my friend. We were passing a Food Lion (grocery store) and we both happened to look at the same star in the sky at the same time. Only, it wasn't a star. It was 100% indistinguishable from one, but it wasn't a star. What happened next was weird and strange. This star zoomed straight down to the ground in a fraction of a second and we both looked at each other and said "did you see that?" That's when we realized we had both been looking at the same thing and were promptly freaked out. If I've ever seen a UFO, that was definitely one. No aircraft can do what that thing did.

Also, that same friend was spending the night at my house one night and was awoken around 3 AM by the sound of voices. Where he was sleeping had a bar connected to it with sliding wooden doors where my parents would smoke and drink during the winter. He awoke thinking it was my parents talking in the bar, as he said he heard a man and woman talking. He soon realized what time it was and knew it couldn't be them as they go to bed early. He then said he saw the figures of 2 people walk out of the bar, into the room, around the pool table next to the guest bed, and out into the hallway.

The next day he told me and I explained the whole story and asked my mom if they were indeed up there. She said no and looked startled. She hadn't told any of us before what she told us next. Apparently a few months prior a guy was working on our house told my mom very nonchalantly that we had 2 spirits in our house, a man and a women, living in the closet under the stairs.

Very, very weird.

I should also mention that my 16 year old sister has refused to sleep in her room for up to a week at a time because of things she's experienced In the dead of night in her room. Her longest absence occurred when she said she was awoken by the very distinct feeling someone had just sat down on her bed next to her, staring.

One last thing. When I was around 13 or 14 I had a terrible nightmare. I went to the bathroom to take a shit and saw 4 very strange symbol:s on my inner thigh in blue ink, like an ancient language. It was easily rubbed off but why didn't it rub off in my sleep? They were evenly spaced and looked very cryptic. Fucking weirds me out to this day. Should also say I told this particular story to my friend who said his dad and uncle had the same thing happened to them and never told anyone until he mentioned it to them.

HareLipGrip
â€¢ 13y ago

In the summer of 2000 my Dad was one of the Line Controllers for London Liverpool Station and one night he was monitoring the footage from the CCTV cameras and noticed a man dressed in white overalls standing in the entrance of the Central Lineâ€™s eastbound tunnel. What made it so unusual was the fact that it was 2.00 am, the station had been closed for the night and there were no contractors scheduled to be working there. My Dad thought it might be it might be some crazy homeless person (it is London) and rang the Station Supervisor, a man with 23 years of experience of working on the underground, and asked to him to investigate.

The Station Supervisor went down to the eastbound tunnel and looked in it and all around the immediate area but could find no trace of the man in the white overalls. Using a telephone at the foot of the escalator he rang my father and told him that he had conducted a thorough search of the area but hadnâ€™t been able to find the man.

My Dad, clearly perplexed said â€œBut this guy was standing next to you. How could you not see him?â€

The Station Supervisor assured him that he had conducted a very thorough check of the area and that there was definitely no-one down there. He even asked my father whether the image of the man could have been the result of a â€œblipâ€ on the CCTV system but, when he was assured that the system was in perfect working order, he agreed to conduct a second search of the area just to be absolutely certain.

The Station Supervisor went and conducted another search of the area but the result was the same as the first. He could not find any trace of the man in the tunnel or in the immediate vicinity of the tunnel.

He returned to the telephone at the foot of the escalator, called my Dad and told him that the second search had also failed to find any trace of the man in the white overalls. My Dad is insistent, however, that as he watched the second search of the area on his TV screen being conducted he had clearly seen the man in white overalls standing within touching distance of the Station Supervisor and walking after him when he left.

Dad thanked him for carrying out the searches and rang off. As the Station Supervisor turned and walked back onto the eastbound platform he noticed to his left a bench and on that bench was there was a pair of white paper overalls.

The Station Supervisor was certain that if anyone had walked out of the tunnel whilst he had been on the telephone he would have seen them and he would also have seen anyone leaving the overalls on the platform bench.

Apparently this sort of thing happens all the time, if people are interested I can post some more!

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

⊕ 1 more reply

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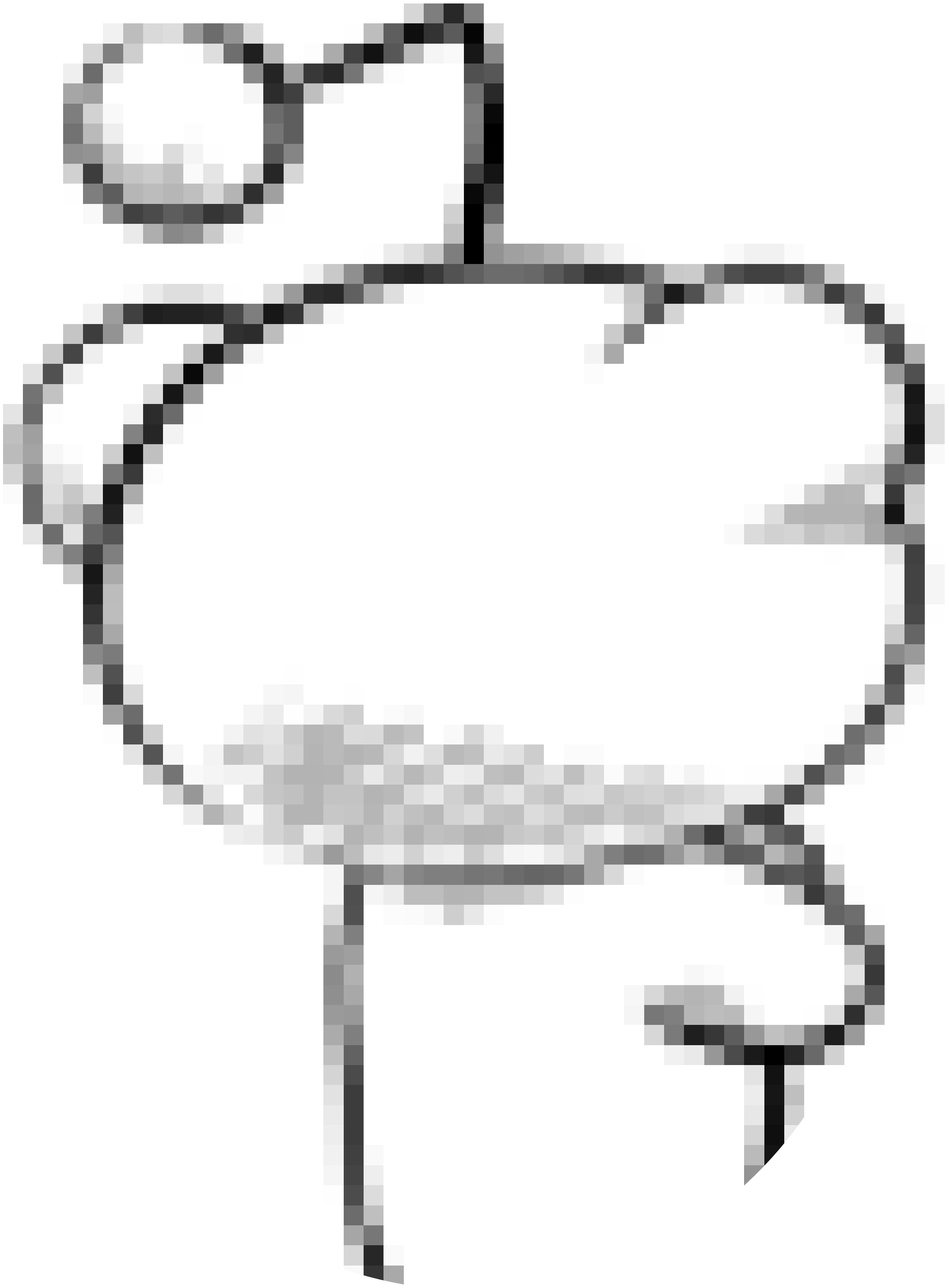

13wrx
â€¢ 13y ago

Heres my story. So I attend college and on my campus there is this dormitory that has been shut down (condemned). However, there is a functioning dorm connected to the condemned one through a single hallway that is almost always locked. It was supposed to be torn down last summer, but obviously that didnâ€™t happen. My buddy and I had this great idea to use the Ouija board one night, and used it at a location close to the same dorm. Having nothing really result from it, although we are in a fraternity and the â€œthingâ€ we talked to answered our secret questions correctly, we decided we have to do it again in the dorms. Allegedly, in the same dorms there was a girl who hung herself. We go there several nights in a row, which also apparently increases the â€œenergyâ€ and makes connections through the board stronger.

The first night we go and talk to this girl, Emilee. She gives us her age and we start the conversation normally, then things get kind ofâ€¦ strange. Weâ€™re in a spot that we are allowed to be in as students, and its close to 1:30am. We are sitting right next to a door in a lobby thatâ€™s lit by the streetlamps creeping inside the glass doors, and the lot of us (about 6-8) see a blue light coming from outside. It turns out to be a security guard coming to check the doors to make sure they are all closed. We quickly hide the board and planchette before he sees us, and he lets himself in. He then tries the door that connects the two dormitories. The door has glass on it and I can see a staircase clearly made out of wood at the end of the hallway. He tries several keys, and none of them work for him. I then ask him â€œDo you check these doors every night?â€ He responds with, â€œYeah, but someone mustâ€™ve switched my keys or something.â€ He then leaves and we continue on.

Hereâ€™s where it gets crazy. We start talking to Emilee again and ask her if she didnâ€™t let him in, she then replied, â€œyes.â€ We ask if she can open the door for me, and she replied again, â€œyes.â€ As I get up and walk over to the door, I feel a very cool sensation and I tried pulling the door open, and it opens without any problems.

That night everything winds down from there, but she tells us that we have to go into the â€œjewâ€ which is the nickname for the condemned building. We ask her why and she tells us to â€œvexâ€ something that is in there with her. We said our goodbyes and took off.

Soon after that, we decide to go balls deep. My buddy and I assemble a group of people that are going to trek into the hallways of this once lively building. We get there, using a stolen key (no shit) and make our way through the dismal hallways. There are three stories to this dormitory, we sit down on the first floor and ask where she wants us to go, so the connection is strongest. She said room 613. We go to the third floor and find room 615, and 611. No room 613 anywhere, but it is right across from a girls bathroom. I begin looking around and I open a janitors closet where there isnâ€™t a label for the door number. Opening it, I didnâ€™t see anything crazy, just a really creepy wash basin and pipes from the ceilings.

Everyone else is in one of the dorm rooms, 611. Emilee then tells us to find her red bag. None of us had any clue what this meant, and we ask her where it is. She responds with 613 again. I go into the janitorâ€™s space again, and I begin looking around and find a light. Turn the light on and then begin searching for this bag. After searching for a while I find this bag tucked underneath of a pipe protruding from the wall. Itâ€™s a little red bag, likely used for cosmetics, but it looks relatively new. Soon after we get out of there and we are looking at the dorm from outside when this blue light comes on in a second floor window, stays on for about 3 seconds, then turns off. A couple seconds later, a light on the third floor, about 3 windows down turns on and off in the same fashion.

I know many might not believe this and thatâ€™s fine, but I can assure you all that I am saying here is nothing but the truth.

⊕ 2 more replies

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RedditTooAddictive
â€¢ 13y ago

I once saw in 3D while watching something in 2D.

⊕ 2 more replies

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xB1akey
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

So I wake up in the middle of the night in a pool of sweat, my heart must have been beating at 1000 per minute, I don't open my eyes but I feel my bed covers getting pulled, I absolutely shit myself and hide under the covers. The covers are getting pulled pretty hard so I have to hang onto them for dear life, my fingers start to bleed. I can't hold on any longer and the covers get pulled away, then my room gets cold as fuck. I still don't open my eyes, I have never been so scared in my life. My pillow gets pulled away from under my head, and my head hits the bed, but the bed suddenly feels like concrete. I open my eyes from the shock, and there is a half decomposed face with eyes wide open, staring at me, it looks really angry. I was absolutely terrified but I couldn't look away, it started to get closer and closer, until it was about an inch away from me. Then this ugly motherfucker pulls a rusty blood soaked knife from it's mouth, and it slashes my face, I fall back into my bed, and wake up on the floor. My heart is racing but at least it was over, so I get up and go to the mirror to brush my teeth, I look up at the mirror and there is a massive gash right down my face, I scream and my face starts to peel off until I turn into the half decomposed monster that slashed me. I run back to my room, and I try to pull the covers but they won't budge, eventually I manage to get them away, and I see myself lying in bed. I pull the cover away from myself to try to get myself up. But myself still wont budge, so I slash myself's face, and take my place on the bed. As soon as I lay down, I wake up in a pool of sweat, my heart must have been beating at 1000 per minute...

⊕ 1 more reply

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pewwpewpew
â€¢ 13y ago

The fact that there are more people who believe in the occult/supernatural on Reddit than people who believe in a Deity

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

Hahahahahahaha.

Hahaha

hahahaha

⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

One time I ordered a basket of garlic fries and there was an onion ring in there

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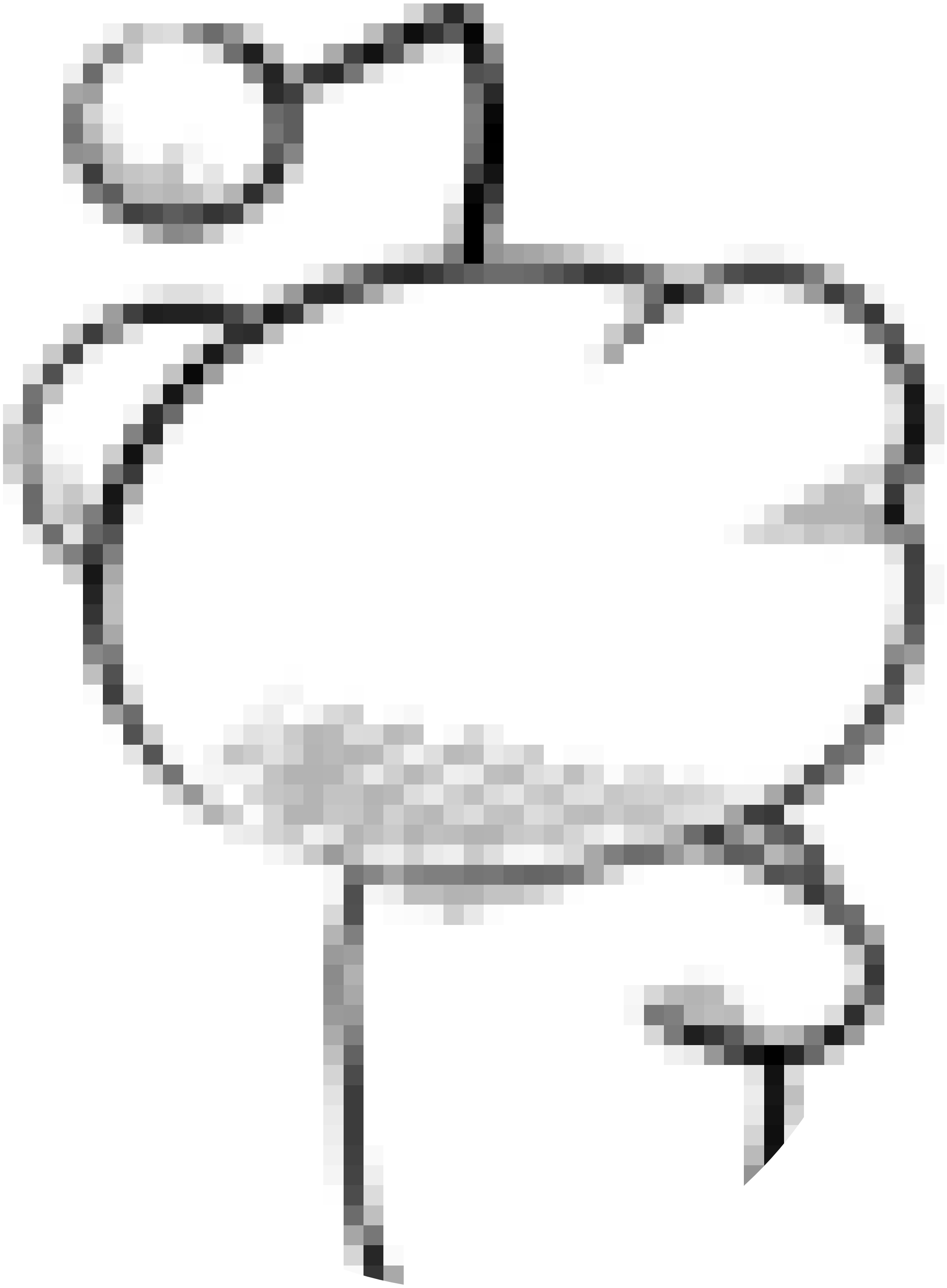

bloodshotnipples
â€¢ 13y ago

This past year i have noticed my beer stock has been disappearing. Just a few here and there, no big deal. I first thought it was me just drinking too much and forgetting what i had drunk. But no bottles or cans to make up for the missing booze led me to think spirits are stealing my spirits. Well I kept these thoughts to myself for months and just realized MY FUCKING 21 YEAR OLD SON THINKS I BUY BEER FOR THE BOTH OF US!

MondoBuck
â€¢ 13y ago

Coke Zero tastes like real Coke- but get this- it *isnt* real Coke.

You can't explain that.

⊕ 1 more reply

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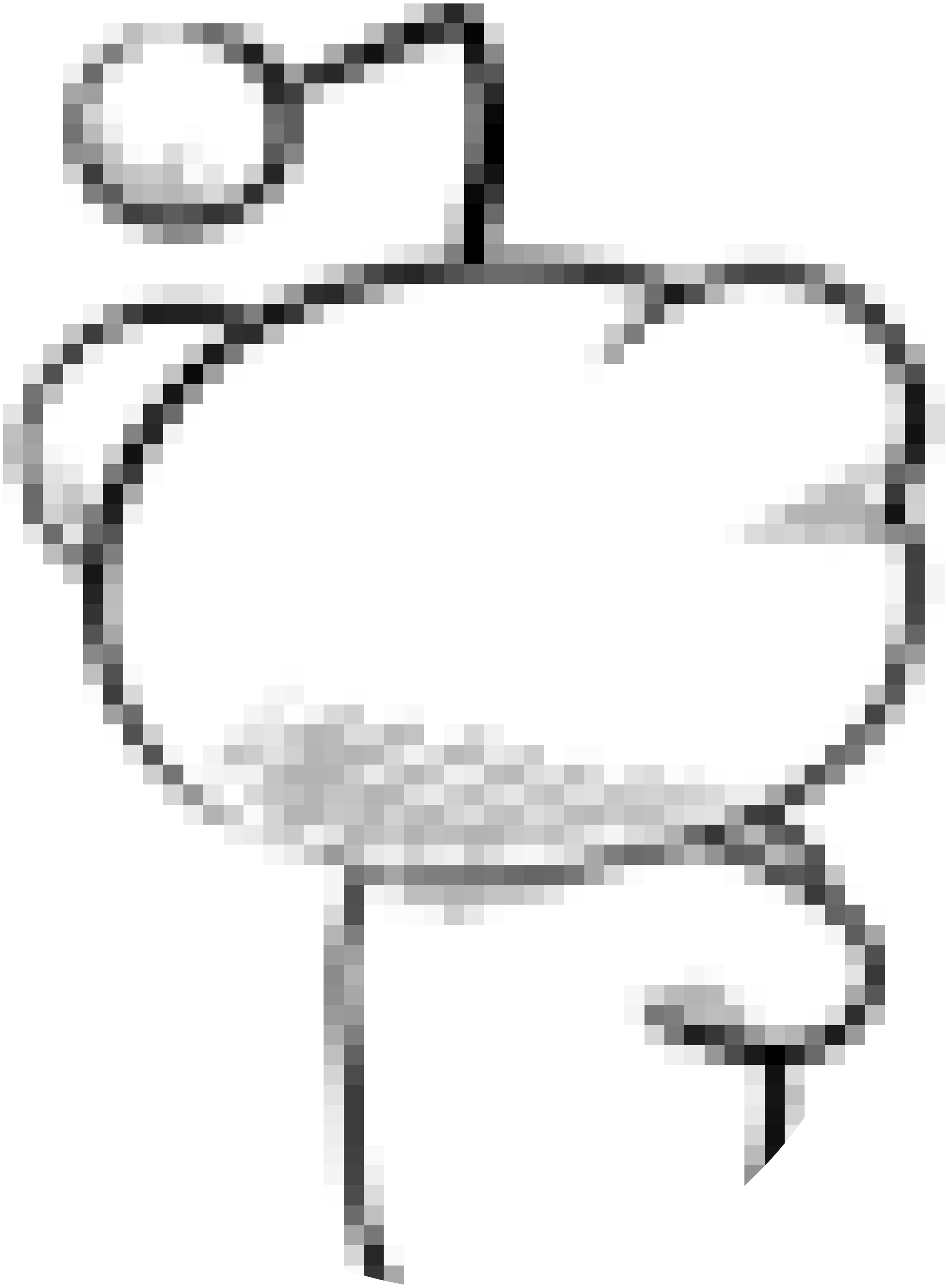
TeopEvol
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom told me that when she went to see exorcist(the original) in the movie theater...some people were literally stuck to their seats and couldn't move...mind you not out of fear but the super natural. Needless to say there are certain movies I wont dare watch. Ill watch a scary movie as long as it doesn't deal with extreme demonic situations that can actually happen. Ive had first hand experiences (not on purpose) at a younger age that prove to me evil/demons do in fact exist.



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â€¢ 13y ago

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[ShesYourQueenToBe](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

What happened that you know that evil/demons really do exist?

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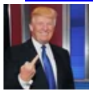

johnsbury
â€¢ 13y ago

Working class people voting Republican.

alexandrazs
â€¢ 13y ago

At my folks' house, my bedroom door would open and close completely, ALL BY ITSELF! The TV would also turn on and off on it's own...so creepy!

⊕ 1 more reply

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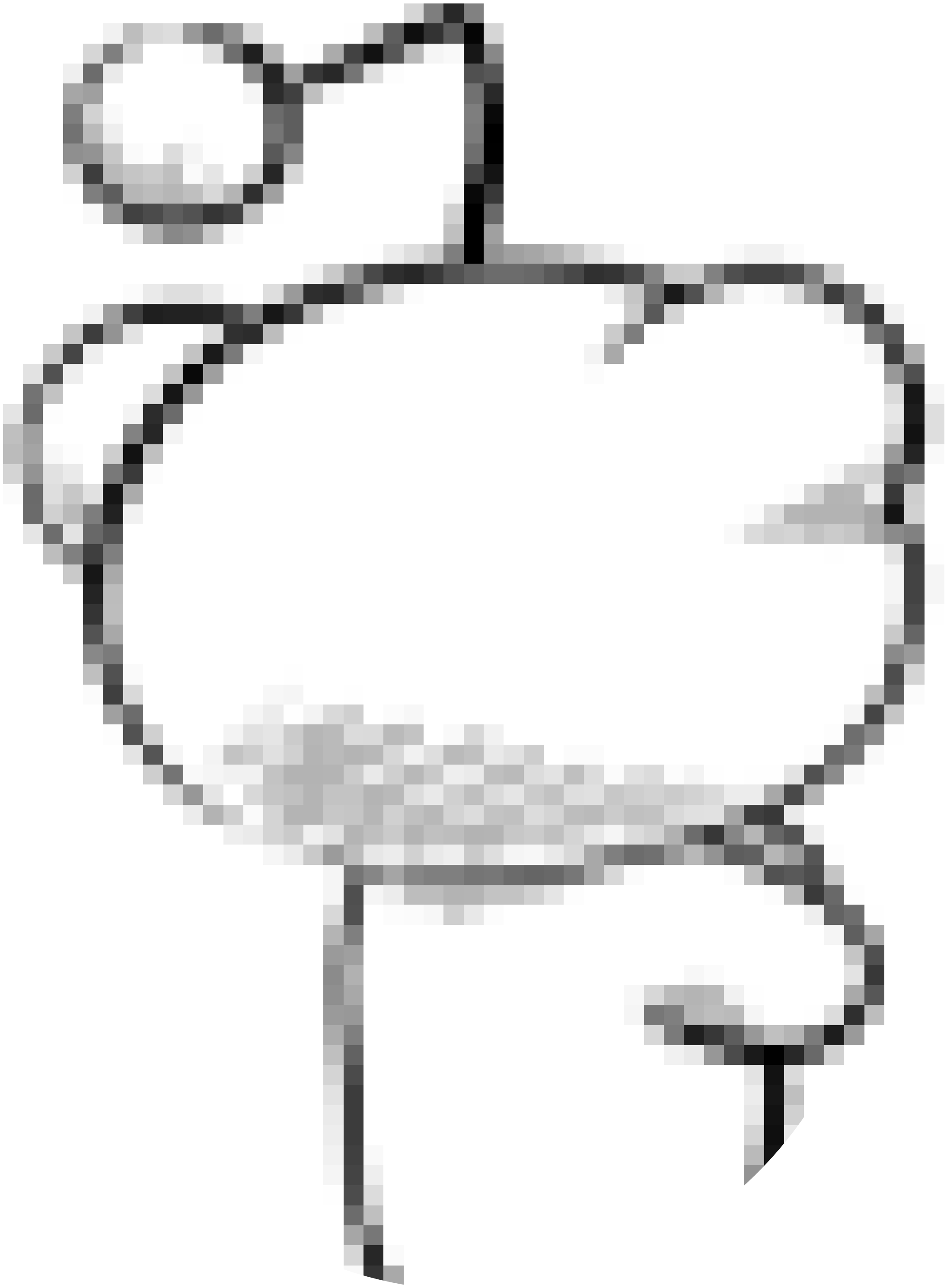

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â€¢ 13y ago

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canyoujustbewhelmed

â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a little late to the party and on my phone but I will go ahead and share my story. In my parents house they always have weird stuff happening- weird noises, beds shaking, and things breaking for no reason. I was home alone once (which I enjoy) and was reading in our game room. I was sitting on the couch which faces the tv. Now my parents designed the room so they could peek in on what we were doing/watching so the doors going in to the room were glass and faced the tv, with the couches back facing those doors. That night I was sitting with the lights on in both rooms (the game room and the room leading to that game room) and was reading. Nothing scary, I don't even remember what it was but I suddenly felt the need to look up. As I looked into the tv I saw a reflexion of a women beyond the glass doors pacing right outside. I stared for a full minute to make sure I wasn't hallucinating then decided to look at the actual doors because she looke so real. Not surprisingly (I was home alone and who would pace outside of my only exit?) she wasn't there. However, once I looked back at the reflexion in the tv there she was- not looking at me, not doing anything... Just pacing.

Then I remembered this picture I had as a kid- a picture of my great grandma at her own funeral where she is standing in all white between two people having a conversation. In this picture she is holding her left arm with her right in a particular way and this woman pacing was holding her arms in the exact same way.

Since I am religious (and 90% sure it was my great grandmother) I took this experience as her watching over me. But I cry whenever I think about it and rarely share because who would believe me? After finishing the book she was no longer visible but I think she is always there.. Pacing just beyond my vision.

baz_rampant

â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 12 me and my friends were playing football in the street in front of our house when we saw the girl next door in the attic window we waived she wasn't looking at us so we resumed our game and didn't pay her any mind. About an hour later the neighbors car pulls up and she gets out of the car with her family,seriously messed with my feeble 12 year old head, later that year her sister killed herself and her mother died.

ptownsend5
â€¢ 13y ago

I have two stories one I've told on a different subreddit so if it seems familiar that's why. One night I was chilling with my friends in my living room just talking about to head out to take them. We heard the rustling of like walmart grocery bags that were in a chair by the kitchen island and the swivel chair they were in slammed against the island. Of course I look over there and I see this fucking like 4 ft shadow thing, it was like moving static like from a television and then the shit ran into the kitchen and was gone. I was overwhelmed I cried, don't judge.

2nd story, I was in my living room on my computer while my nephew was sleeping in his room. It was around 2-4PM. So I'm just sitting there and I have his baby monitor next to me on the end table and I hear a super loud scream. It sounded like it was coming down from the direction of his room but the craziest part was that it didn't pick up AT ALL on the baby monitor and then right after that screaming stopped my nephew woke up screaming, like straight from sleeping to screaming. Intense.

FriedrichDaVinci
â€¢ 13y ago

Bill Oâ€™Reilly having the #1 cable television news show for more than 10 consecutive years.

HariBadr
â€¢ 13y ago

Right after my Grandma died, I was about 11-12 and couldn't stop playing with myself. The Playboy channel turned off on the tv, and the radio across the room turned on playing the chorus of Sting's "I'll be watching you"... I couldn't touch myself for a long time after..

IUsedToBeSomebody
â€¢ 13y ago

About fifteen minutes before work closed, I had a guy come in and say "you're good and plump. I could eat you." Then about a month later he stomped on a mouse I was trying to catch to release outside.

shwahaha
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay, this is totally going to get buried and I don't actually believe in ghosts, but I still don't know how to explain the house I grew up in. It's an old house, built by my grandparents in the 60's. It's not built on any Indian burial grounds (as far as I know), but it's in that part of Maryland that can be described as both "historical" as well as "creepy."

Anyway, growing up my sister was convinced the house was evil. I was always a little less convinced, seeing as we were essentially surrounded by woods and farms and I was a little scientist (read: know-it-all) who thought that we probably found the house creepy because it was kinda old and creaked and groaned and all that jazz.

But then there were a bunch of weird instances where the electronics in our house would go hay-wire. And I don't mean "OUR TV TURNED ON THAT ONE TIME WOOOO" I mean, like, all the radios in our house would turn on at once and start going through every channel and the volume would turn up and down of its own volition. Several times over several years. My dad always thought that maybe it was just someone nearby using a remote but the radios were in the basement or all the way on the second floor, so there was really no rhyme or reason to it.

Anyway, my sister also reported seeing faces pressed into the screens on our deck and I used to think that I saw a man out of the corner of my eye standing in the middle of our living room almost every week throughout middle and high school. I thought I had a brain tumor for a while until I realized I never saw anything abnormal except for the man in black. When I was about 18, I finally asked my Grandma (the one who had lived there) is she had ever noticed anything weird about the house.

Basically, in a move straight out of a horror film, she told me that she had always noticed weird things in the house - like whispering and children's voices. But then she said she thought one of the voices had saved her from a fire and so she thought that the house was filled with, in her creepy-ass words, "good things and bad things." I was, understandably, unsettled by this tidbit. So I asked, "What do you mean?" and she just told me to "be grateful for the good things and talk to the bad things because they'll usually leave you alone."

She then told me that she had given this same advice to my mom when she had moved in 20 years ago because she had felt similarly creeped out by the house.

Now, just to be clear, my grandma is a well-educated woman, not Scatman Crothers in the Shining, so this terrified me.

The scariest thing that ever happened at the house was when I was in college and at home visiting. I was at our house, alone (something my sister has refused to do since she was about 13), and hanging out with our lovably non-danger-sensing dog. Cody (the dog) needed to go out and pee so I opened our deck door in order to let him out.

As soon as I opened the door, I heard this really horrible screaming noise - now, again, I'm used to living in the middle of nowhere so I'm used to things like screech owls and cat fights and possum fights and nightbirds and whatever noise bunnies make when they're scared. And it was nothing like ANY of those things.

It sounded like how a cat screams, only more human with a little screech owl thrown in. With a dash of hellbeast. Confused and a little freaked out, I stopped going outside and listened because it sounded like something unpleasant being murdered.

It was then that I felt something violently shove me in the stomach. I stumbled back, really disoriented because I thought for a moment that my dog had jumped up on me but no! He was all the way back inside, staring at me like I was a crazy person.

Suffice to say, I went indoors and turned on every light and sat with my back against the most solid wall in the house with a blanket over my head and rocked back and forth until my dad got home.

tl;dr -my family's house is probably located on some sort of hellmouth.

PopnCrunch
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay I got another one for ya. Years ago when I was married, on a Friday morning I'm up and getting ready for work, and my wife is still sleeping. I go into the bedroom for something and decide to prank her: I grab her toe and wiggle it through the blankets and say "There's a mouse in the bed!" She's instantly awake screaming. Yuk yuk.

The very next day, Saturday morning, we're both up and while I'm finishing my breakfast she goes into the bedroom to make the bed. Suddenly I hear screaming from the bedroom! "There's a, there's a..." I run into to see what's the matter - and there's a mouse on the bed! A live one!

(I managed to corral him and set him free in the woods.)

Boy am I ever glad that on Friday I didn't say there was an octopus in the bed.

Offtheheazy
â€¢ 13y ago

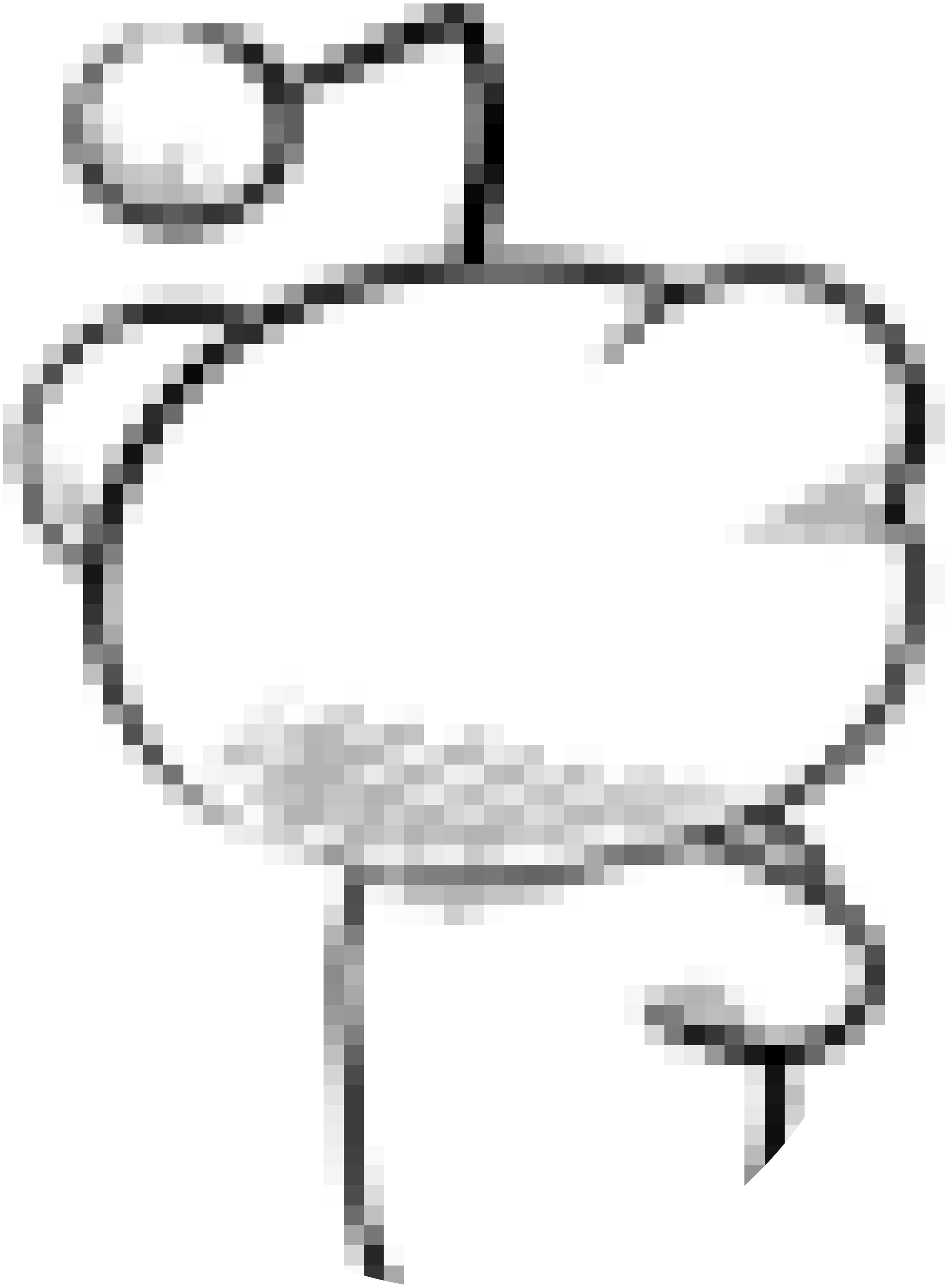
One day when I was in 4th grade-ish, I go check the closet in my parents room. I look through and see a pair of WHITE SHOES in the closet. This freaks me out since I thought that some stranger was hiding in there and there has never been a pair of shoes there before. I freak out and run out of the room. This took place in the morning, so after school, I go back and check....THE SHOES ARE GONE. I've been scared of that closet ever since. And my dad was not wearing a pair of white shoes that day.......

venomousbeetle
â€¢ 13y ago

At Christmas my girlfriend was over and her name came up calling me after she realized she had 3 missed calls. She was sitting by me. I decided to answer this supposed pocket call, to hear her voice saying <myname>? I froze for a second and looked at her. She wasn't on the phone. I was thinking "holy crap this is some twilight zone ass shit" and was freaking out nervously responding.

Turned out to be her step mom (my girlfriend took my phone and put her moms' numbers and home number under the same contact)

It's still kinda spooky it was her step mom and not genetic that sounded similar on the phone.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Why do people edit to say they are on the front page? It's so obnoxious.

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daothrwhtmt
â€¢ 13y ago

The fact that Kim Kardashian is famous

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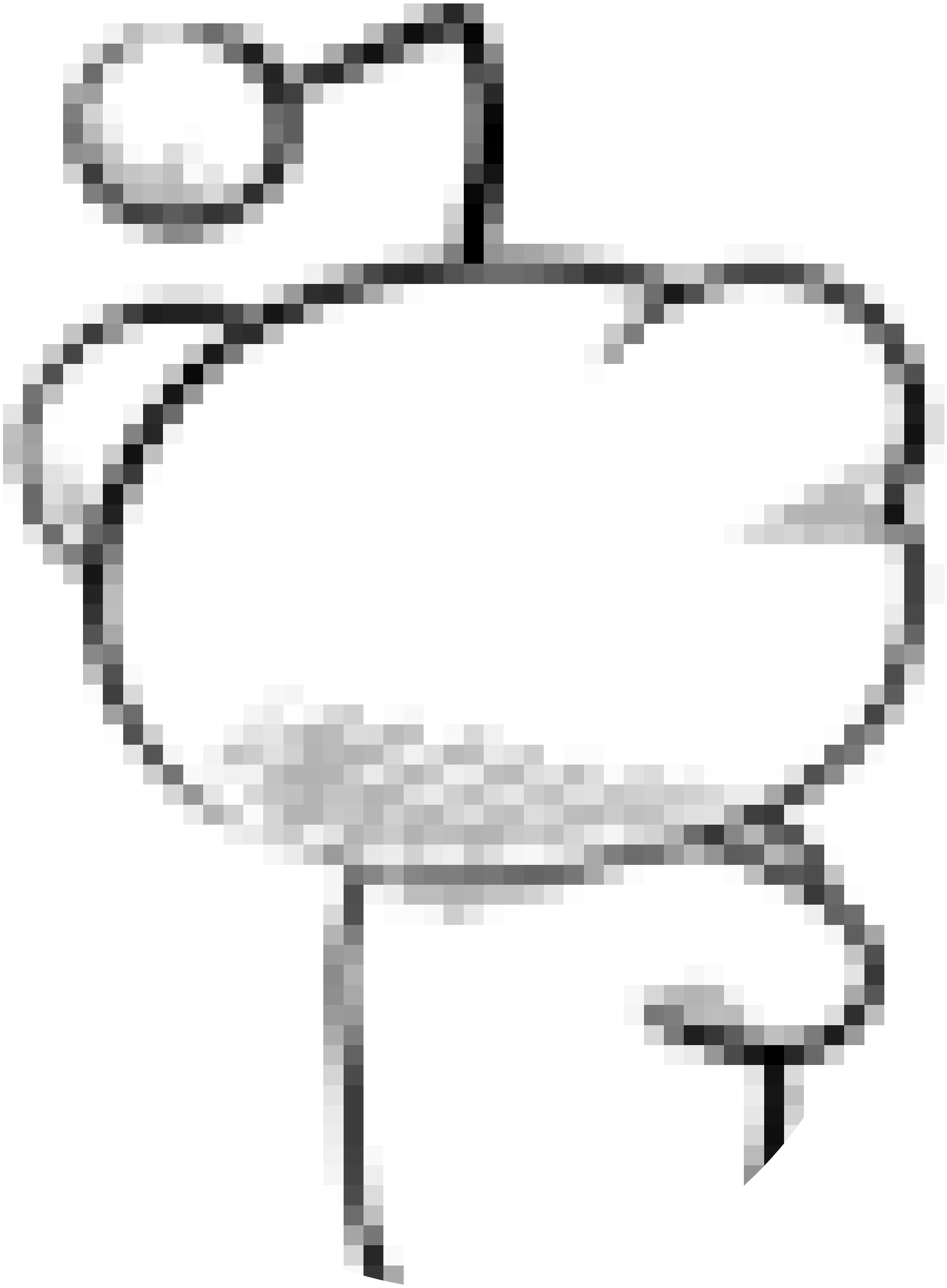

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â€¢ 13y ago

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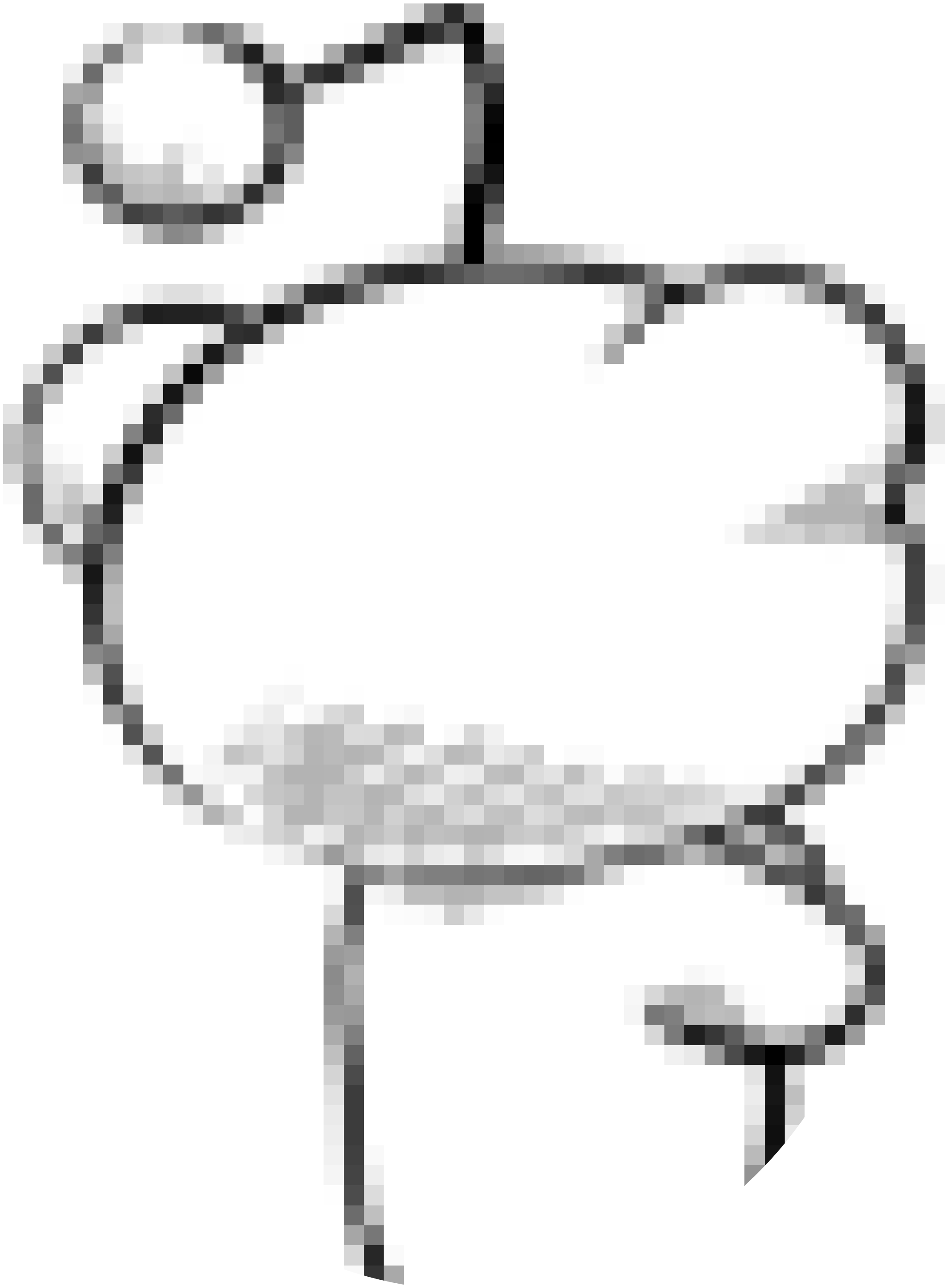

wackwithpoobrain
â€¢ 13y ago

I honestly believe that a ghost lives at my dad's house.

The upstairs is like one big room mostly. So we were in the process of putting in new flooring and painting and shit so the whole upstairs was empty. Every night we would hear what sounded like balls rolling back and forth across the floor. Me, my dad, and my friends would alternately run up and look to see what was going on and everytime there would be nothing there. The dogs were all downstairs, no balls up there, nothing. Really creepy.

[doodoobrowntown](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was driving home on a highway at 2am and was really, really tired. About 5 miles from my house, I fell asleep. My foot stayed on the gas pedal and I kept cruising at highway speed (55mph). About a half a mile behind me, a car flashed its high beams. The reflection of this in my rear view mirror was enough to wake me up. What kept me up the rest of the ride home was the fact that there was absolutely no reason for the other driver to flash their lights. When I woke up, I found that I was still in the center of the same lane I was in before sleeping, so I wasn't drifting off the road. My speed was normal, and there was nobody else around.

I don't believe in the supernatural, religion, or anything else like that, but this unexplained experience really had me thanking my "guardian angel" for keeping me alive that night.

⊕ 2 more replies
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⊕ More replies

al7agool
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok im on my buggy stranded right now in the middle of the desert and my belt snapped a couple hours ago im waiting for my bro to find me. Its been dark for half an hour and i cant hear any fellow duners engines. Bored, i decide to look at reddit to pass the time. The story of the basement door gave me the chills but im secretly hoping this is my moment to experience something supernatural and this thread has got my imagination all fired up! *Fingers crossed

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

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msfayzer
â€¢ 13y ago

I was planning on staying at an event all weekend but due to weather I decided to come home early. It was Saturday night and I was sitting upstairs watching TV with my SO at the time and we heard a loud bang downstairs. I assumed the dogs had knocked something over and didn't feel like dealing with it yet so I didn't investigate, he came to the same conclusion.

Later that evening we went downstairs and saw that this rather big cast iron grate I had in the floor for my heating system had been removed and was now two rooms away. My dogs are Westies so there is no way they could have had anything to do with it, besides the reality that I think the only way to get it out would have been with thumbs. Furthermore, there was no damage the hardwood either by dropping or scraping.

At the time, I accused my ex, who still had access to the house because his name was still on the deed, of doing it. I had thought that perhaps he had planned to drop by to get something while I was out but when he found that we were home, wanted to fuck with us. He vehemently denies doing this and given that we are now on very good terms, I believe him. His point of "why the hell would I do that?" is pretty damn valid.

So I don't know what to think. I am open to any and all explanations that make more sense than my current ones of "ghosts" and "aliens."

⊕ 3 more replies

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LastPaleLight
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in gradeschool, I used to hang out with my brother and our neighbor in the loft/attic of my neighbors barn.

The place was crammed full of old junk that had been there for 50 years or so. There were huge piles of junk in bags everywhere and barely any room to even move around except the very center of the loft.

In any case, my neighbor goes away for the weekend, and when he comes back we immediately get together and go up to our hangout... And it had been cleaned and organized. There was still a lot of junk, but it was stacked neatly or had been placed on shelves and whatnot.

A desk and chair had been placed in the back/center of the loft so that, as you climbed up, it felt like you were walking into an abandoned executives office. A chinese checkers board was hanging in the window behind it.

On the desk was a very old hand drawn sketch of Adolph Hitler (done quite well, too) along with the lyrics and sheet music to "She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes."

Jason133
â€¢ 13y ago

Why do these kinds of threads always have to be made at night?

⊕ 1 more reply

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[sk8thewater](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I dont know if anyone has posted this yet but i heard it from rooster teeth podcast 157 and it scared the hell out of me! [fark post](#)

[zensuckit](#)

â€¢ 13y ago

You may want to look up Vic Tandy's research. Some of these experiences can probably be explained by an ambient low-frequency noise in the general vicinity.

JusticeIsSweet
â€¢ 13y ago

My experiences with sleep paralysis.

I will feel myself lie there and try to sleep. Then, without any warning, my body becomes paralyzed. It doesn't feel numb; I can feel everything around me. But I cannot move anything below my chin. My breathing becomes faster. I start to panic.

The worst part about this is that I start to hallucinate. I start to "feel" something hovering around me. It never stays in one spot; it feels like it's getting closer and closer. I have an image in my head of something slowly reaching out to grab me. And then I start to panic.

I try to look around to see it but I never see anything. I can only feel the presence of something there. My breathing becomes faster, but I feel like something is pushing down on my chest so I can't get enough air.

In my head, the only phrase I can think of keeps repeating itself: "I'm going to die"

I keep struggling and struggling, but my body refuses to move. Each second feels like minutes. Every minute feels like more and more. I can't even scream. And it feels like the "thing" is getting closer and closer.

And then I jerk up, and everything is calm again. I can move. I can breathe, talk, and think clearly. Everything is normal again, but I don't get back to sleep. I'm always afraid of it happening every time. I never snap out of it.

TL;DR

Sleep paralysis sucks.

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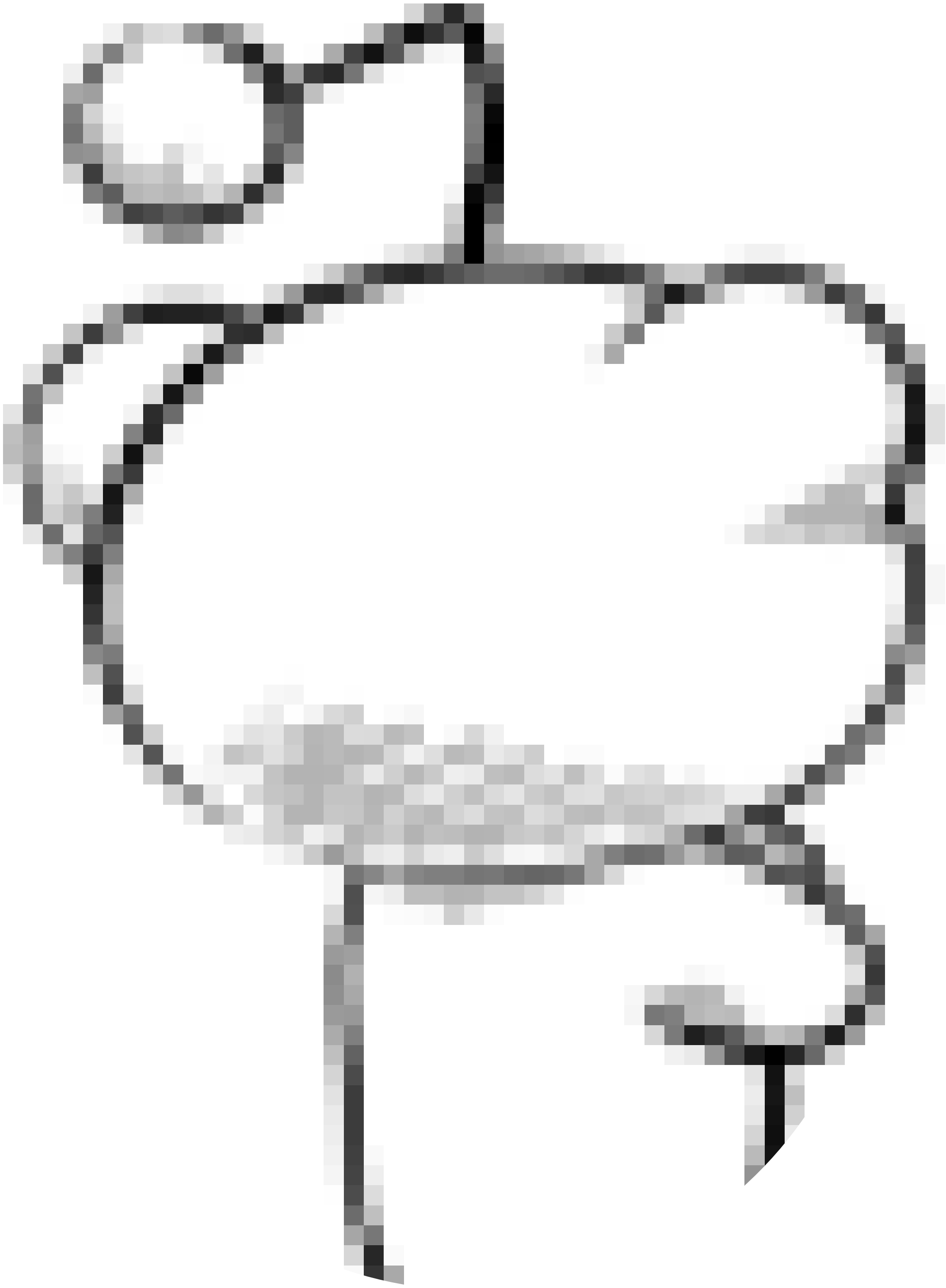
Hurt69420
â€¢ 13y ago

The fact that anything exists at all seems pretty damn weird



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â€¢ 13y ago

I was 9 and it was the night I saw the first Harry Potter film in theaters. In the middle of the night I woke up to go to the bathroom, when I got out of my room I looked down the hall and saw a pair of yellow eyes glaring at me. They were hostile, those of a enraged dog. I flipped my shit and ran to the bathroom. When I got back out it was gone

Byeka
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

The garage door opener stopped working as did the automatic car keys for the vehicles on our property. As soon as you drove off the driveway they would work just fine. As soon as you put the vehicle back on the driveway they would stop working. This lasted for an entire night and happened on two completely separate random occasions. You could open the garage door with the automatic opener a foot off our driveway. Step back on and it stopped working.

What really made this creepy was that it was physical tangible evidence that something weird was happening. I got it on video too.

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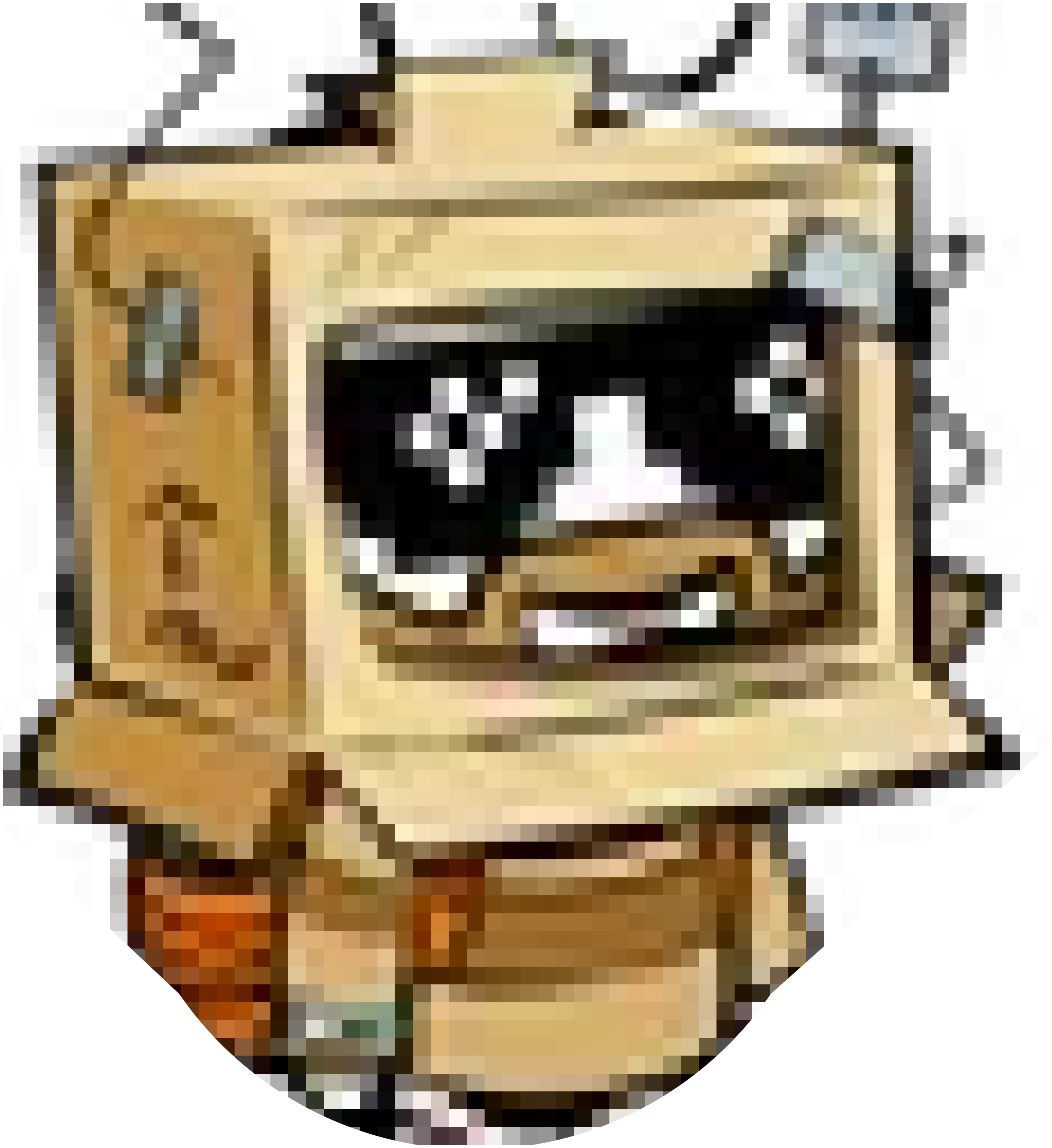

miatman
â€¢ 13y ago

Back in High School, I was over at a friends house for their birthday party. One of the gifts she got was a Ouija Board, so we busted it out and started playing it in her room with a bunch of other friends. There was maybe 10 of us in the room. I dont remember much about what it started spelling out...but the last question we asked it "who are you" spelled out "watching". Well, we all started blaming one person or another for trying to spell that and at that time no one was anywhere near the board. Nobody was touching the little triangle thingy and it was on a perfectly flat surface. But I swear to you that little triangle thing moved all on its own, slowly across the board about 10 inches. Every single person in the room saw it happen and we all instantly flipped out and ran out of the room. It was the craziest thing i have ever seen. Havent touched one of those games since.

Hidden_Obviousness
â€¢ 13y ago

From my gf. Let me preface this by saying I don't remember it at all. We had just seen the first paranormal activity. Later that night I started getting some sniffles so I took a dose of Nyquil and went to bed. The next day she was kind of nervous looking around me, and I asked what was up. The previous night she woke up because she felt strange. She turned over to see me standing by the bed just staring at her, not saying a word, until she managed to ask what I was doing. I just kept staring until I finally answered with "are you coming?" and then crawled back into bed and fell asleep.
TL;DR Nyquil possesses you.

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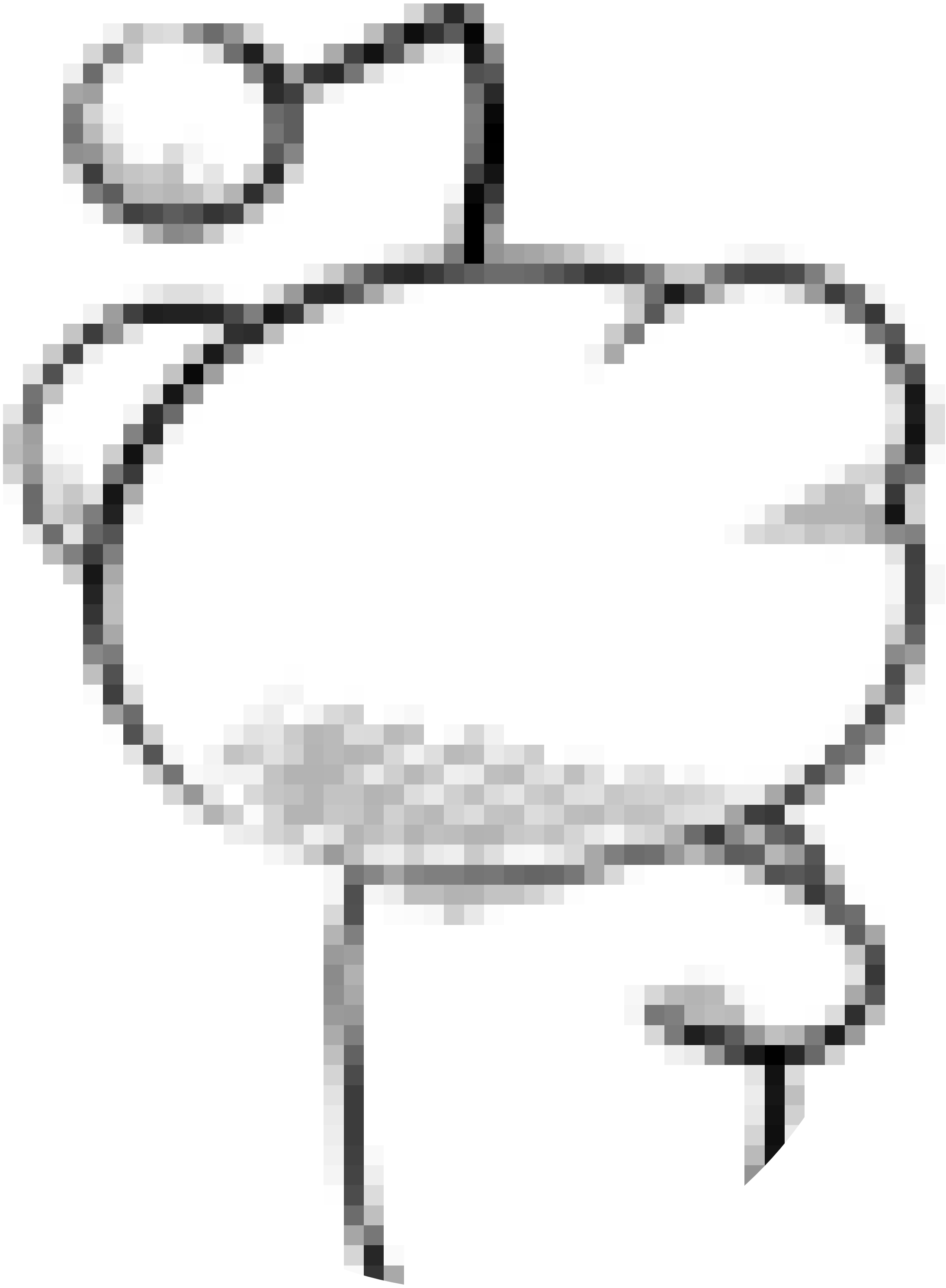

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â€¢ 13y ago

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TheBruskinator
â€¢ 13y ago

Smoked a J and I swear I had already dreamed everything I was about to experience that night. I could look into the future.

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JustAGamerA
â€¢ 13y ago

Every few days I hear JustAGamerA being called softly in the distance when I am home alone.

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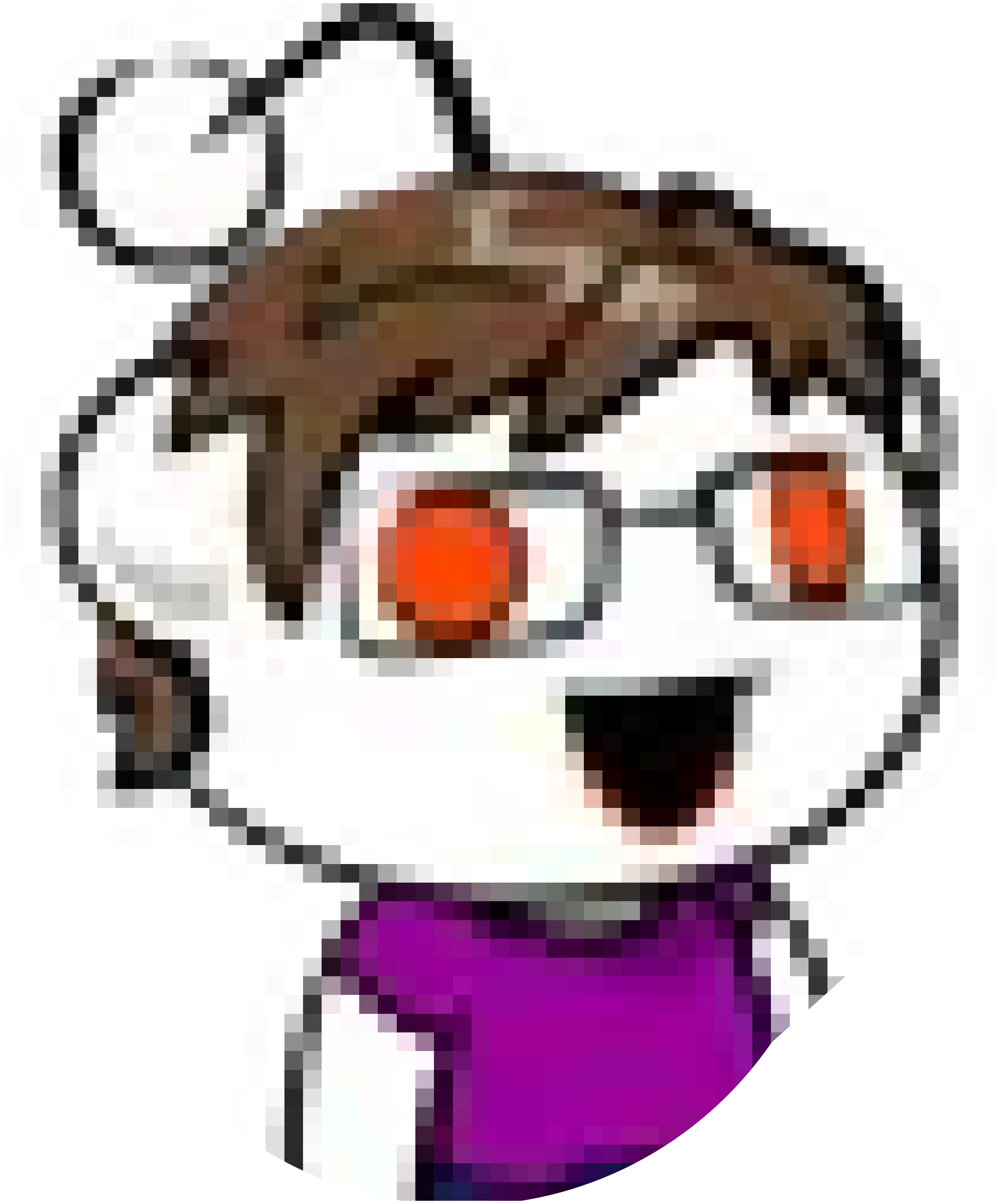


[DjOuroboros](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

My brother's friend was staying at ours one evening, he was around fairly often, he was a top bloke, and during these stays we'd often have lots of uncles, aunties, cousins and nephews, that kind of thing, so he knew a lot of our extended family quite well at the very least, recognised them by face.

One morning he'd woken up a bit earlier than usual on a weekend so I asked him why he was already up. He said our cousin flung the door open into his room by accident and woke him up (he was in the spare room) then she then ran off, laughing...

We got a little bit freaked out at this point, as no-one had been around our house at all for the past few days apart from him, me and my brother...

Honey-Badger
â€¢ 13y ago

The other week i was heading out to go rowing at about 6am and as i got to the end of my road i realised i could hear what sounded like a plane passing overhead but it sounded like it was close because it was really bloody loud but there was no plane in sight and the skys were clear. I stood around for about 3mins and the sound didn't stop, it was this endless noise simular to a dirty great big jet engine.

facetothedawn
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 8 I was in an open field in upstate New York when I saw a flying craft with red and yellow lights. It flew away but when I went to meet up with my parents at the local ice cream shop they scolded me for being out away so long despite the safety of the area. I thought I was gone less than an hour but apparently I was gone for around four to five hours. For a time I thought I was abducted.

As I have gotten older I honestly have come to believe that since I was young and also very much into alien phenomena and watching a lot of alien related television, '90's tv was maggoty with that stuff plus I was watching a lot of X files. It's entirely possible that I dreamt this and it was so vivid that I just accepted it as fact for a time.

BazookaGoblins
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in second grade, I was having a sleepover at my friends house and I couldn't go to sleep. He had just moved in, and the house was kind of big and empty and spooky. Anyway, at like one in the morning, I can't go to sleep because this fucking light in the hallway is so bright that it's shining under the door to my friends rooms and illuminating everything. So finally I get up, go out into the hallway, and turn off the light. But when I woke up the next day, I realized that the light didn't even have a bulb in it...

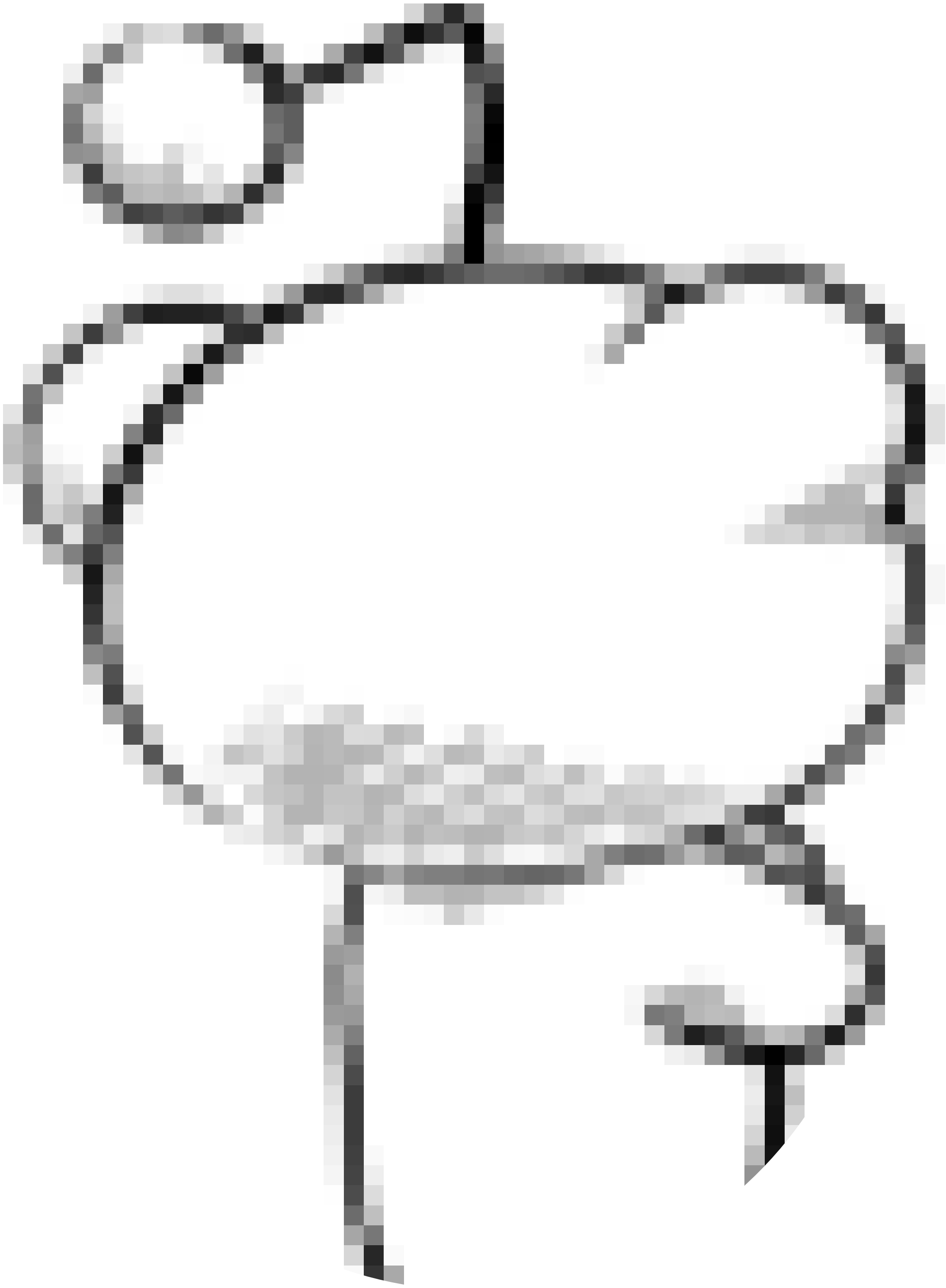
[rawbamatic](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I tell this story every now and then on here. The only reason I think of this as the only genuine "unexplainable" event in my life is that my fiancÃ©e was with me.

A little backstory, my University is known to be "haunted" and a lot of people go on about the weird things that happen to them. I was never like that, but always curious. You see, my University is a former *Canadian Indian Residential School* and a lot of children died there. There is even a graveyard on campus where they were buried.

My fiancÃ©e were on campus out in the bush, close to the river, and far from the actual buildings. It was getting close to 4AM. We were so rudely interrupted by the sound of children laughing, and neither of us paid it any attention for a couple of seconds. It set it and we both just blurted out, "*did you just hear that?!" Needless to say, we got up and left.

I understand it could very well have been children playing by the river in the bush at 4AM on a weeknight over a kilometre from the nearest house, but why did we only hear the laughter once? Creeped the hell out of us. She still gets creeped out by it but now I just find it funny. I've become a big fan of shows like Ghosthunters and Destination Truth ever since, the latter being *way* better than the former.



gilzar
â€¢ 13y ago

I see creepy things sometimes but I always find a logical reason, even for some really creepy and usually unexplainable things. I feel if I do have a ghost haunting me I feel bad for them since all their hard work is going unnoticed.

mrcrowley1
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

As a child I remember an old friend who was a wichen, sort of a witch in other terms. She claimed her and her sister could sense spirits, and her sister especially was prone to these feelings and visions. They lived in an old gothic stone house in a town which was rumored to have a strong occult following in the past. My friends sister claimed of having a strong feeling or premonition of evil especially in the basement of this home. After some time they removed the wallpaper downstairs and there were paintings of the "devil" and various naked people performing all sorts of acts. I was about seven at the time. Also, my friend was deathly afraid of this basement and would not venture down there alone unless someone was watching from the upstairs at least. So to test her when she went down we turned the lights off threw balled up socks at her and locked the door, I've never seen someone flip out and cry so hysterically. After we let her out she claimed of seeing red eyes in the darkness. Also various other things have happened to my brother and I concerning the use of ouija boards, including a character named Gabe who was the only one that would talk to us, supposedly he was the devil of the ouija board, but I wont delve into these topics as what my brother claims are so far fetched its hard to believe.

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WillOdin
â€¢ 13y ago

Once this girl had a crush on me.

Reply Share

KingBeetle
â€¢ 13y ago

I had a roommate in college that kept waking up in the morning with scratches on his chest. Jokingly he slept one night with a note that said "Aliens stop scratching me in my sleep." It never happened again.

Reply Share

hollalouyea
â€¢ 13y ago

Is this a Workaholics-inspired question?

the_tycoon
â€¢ 13y ago

I was out stargazing with a friend one time. We were just chatting and laying there for the most part. At one point, we saw a small white light blinking in the sky, almost directly above us, it blinked like a plane but it was not moving. It was there for a minute or two, when suddenly the light turns green and shoots away **very** fast.

I don't tell people I've seen a UFO or anything, but I am pretty convinced what we saw was not human.

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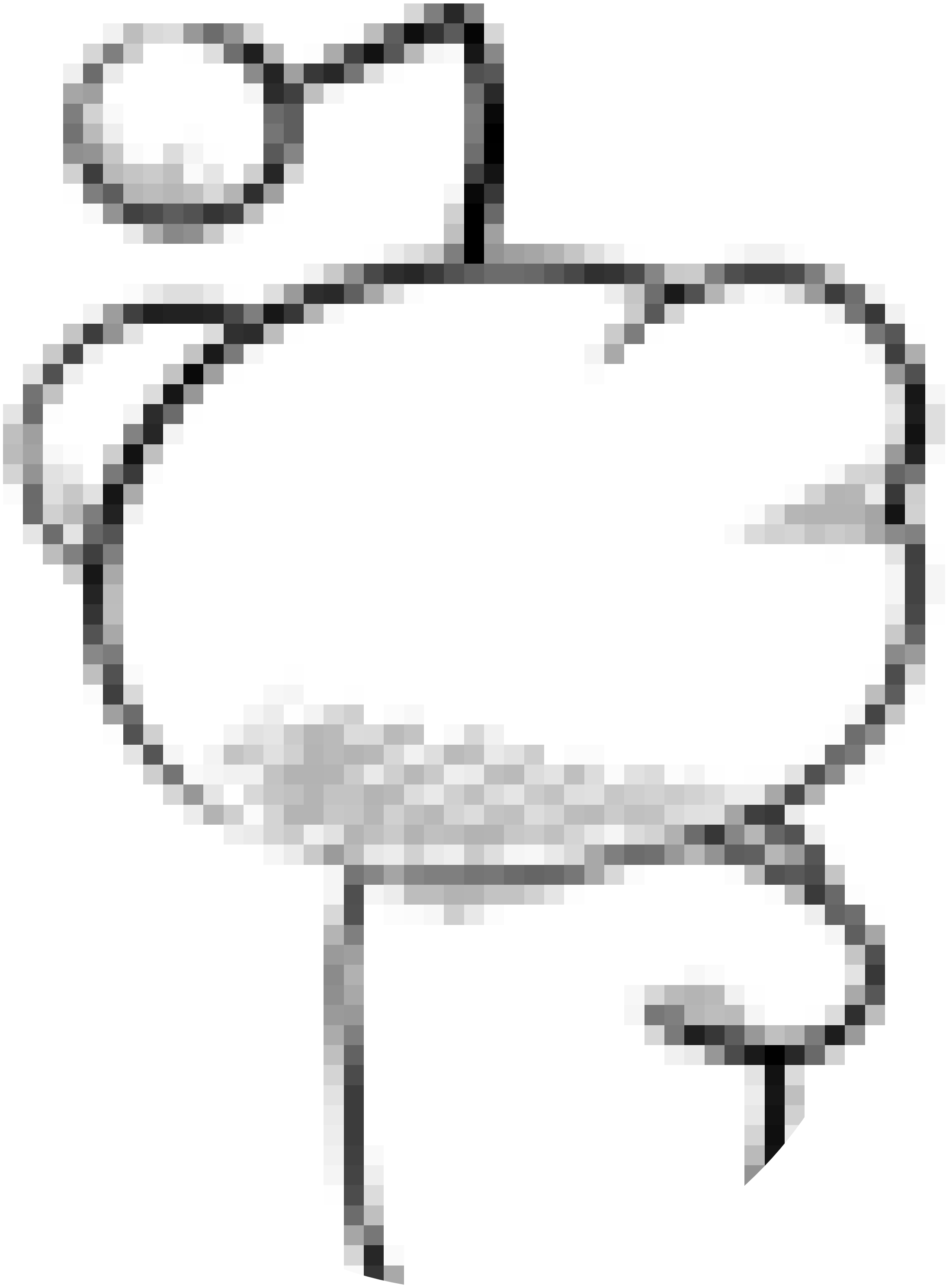

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â€¢ 13y ago

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DonOntario
â€¢ 13y ago

ITT lots of unintended "douchebag brain" examples.

gosurobber
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I hope this doesnt get buried but here is an extreme-fucking-ly long compilation of personal supernatural encounters from Singapore. Some post might be in our colloquial english but it shouldnt be that much of a confusion.

If you encounter words like "unit", "duty", "CO" etc, the story should be going on in a military context, most of us encounter some weird shit while serving national service. Myself, went to the toilet one night in the barracks, first cubicle was closed so I went to pee in the second one. Done and came out to find the first cubicle empty, major wtf but return to sleep. Another night at 10pm+, still awake in the barracks, white flash blinded me for a good 2 second, I asked my bunk mate what was that, "lightning?" he said.

Singaporean's Personal Ghost Stories

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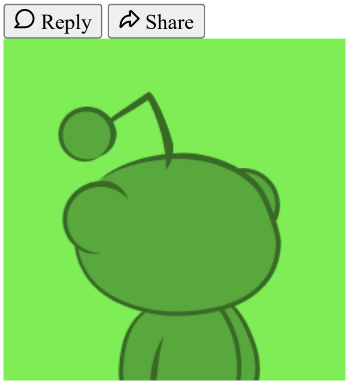


Shaviro
â€¢ 13y ago

Not long after my father passed away, I was was visiting my mother at the house I grew up in. She had gone shopping or something and I was alone in the house. I was in the kitchen when I heard a loud thud. I ran into the den to find that the King James version of the bible had fallen out of the bookshelf. I'm still an athiest, but that really creeped me out.

Reply Share

Vaneshi
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid and was out walking the dog I saw something in the sky. It was a single white light, looked like a star but moved like a plane. So probably a plane.

Then on the horizon is stopped and hovered. So a helicopter, odd I'd not heard any engine noise as it went overhead (propeller, jet engine nothing).

Then it took off at at 90d angle to where it'd been like someone had shoved a rocket motor up it's backside.

So yeah, I've seen a litteral UFO. To this day I've no idea what that thing was and it doesn't fit the capabilities of any one aircraft I know about; even a Harrier doesn't accelerate that fast from a hover.

Although I don't for a second thing it was aliens.

CaptainRedBeerd
â€¢ 13y ago

I hope this doesn't get too buried because, as someone who really believes there is a natural explanation for most everything, I would like an explanation...

Sometimes when I am in the living room in my house, I hear a thud upstairs. It isn't too loud...it sounds like the equivalent of a young kid jumping off a bed onto the hardwood floor. I would say this happens about 3-5 times a week. It's always one thud at a time, though sometimes I may hear a few over the course of half an hour or so. I also only hear it when I am in the living room on the couch, usually watching TV.

Here's the kicker: this shit used to happen in the previous house I lived in! Nothing is consistent between the two places...different furniture, different years build (1955 v. 1908 respectively), etc.

I cannot figure this shit out. I have started ignoring it and / or telling it to shut the fuck up which doesn't seem to have an effect one way or the other...

Reply Share

[detectiveriggsboson](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

Just in case people aren't already creeped out enough, have fun with This Man.

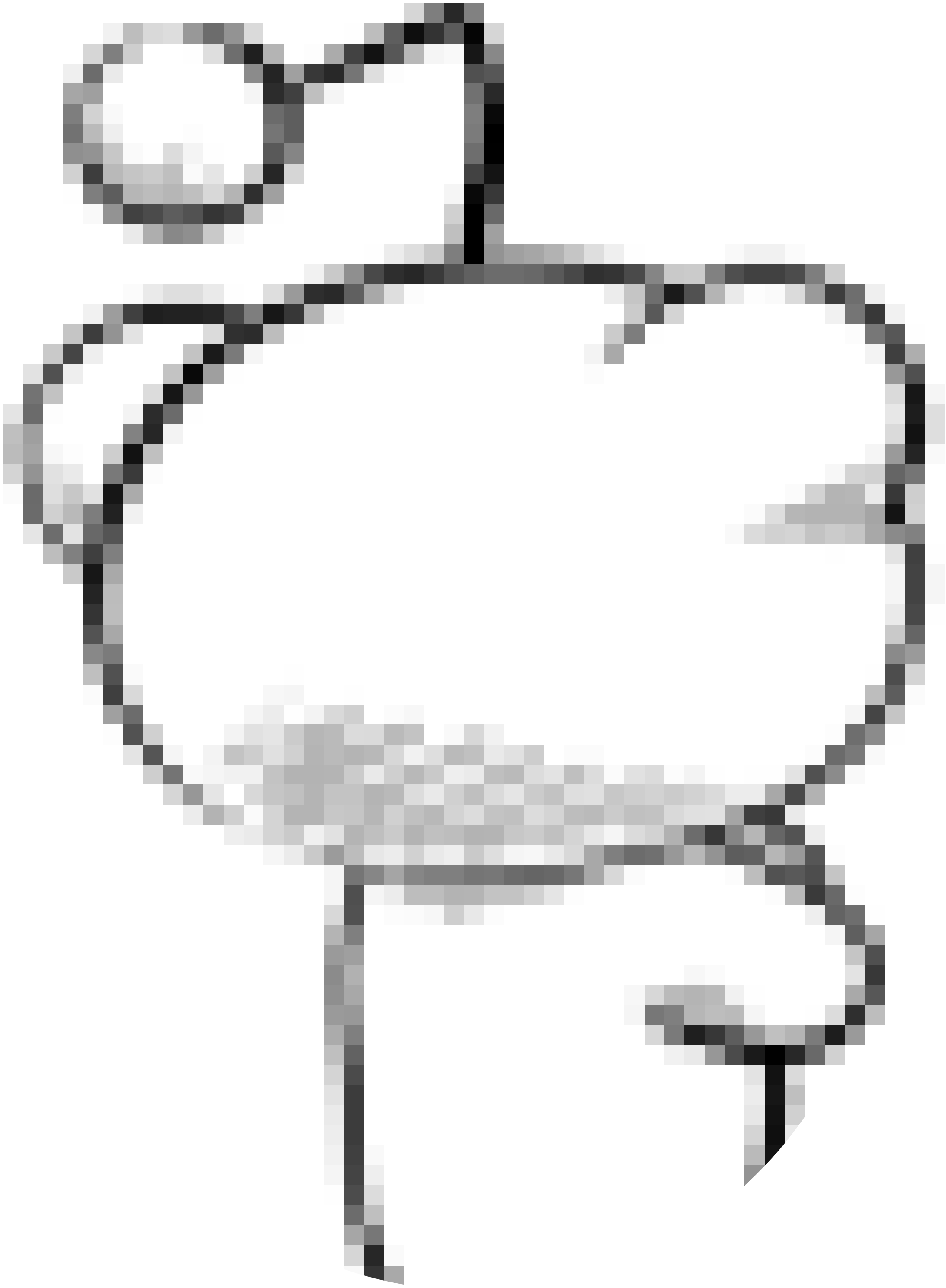
Reply Share

hurxef
â€¢ 13y ago

Quite a few years ago I had a very vivid nightmare in which my stepmother (who lived about 2,000 miles away) chopped off her finger with a knife while cutting carrots in the kitchen. It was very disturbing to me, and I wrote her a letter describing the dream (back in the days when long-distance calls cost a fortune). She wrote back (or called, I can't remember...) to tell me how odd it was that she had, in fact, sliced off the tip of her finger while cutting eggplant on an electric slicer. Not exactly what I had dreamed, but close enough to be very creepy.

Timoff
â€¢ 13y ago

Not really unexplainable but creepy: The first time I watched the movie "Signs" it was about 8PM at night (dark outside) and a bird flew directly into the window at full speed. Scared the shit out of me.



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â€¢ 13y ago

I'm definitely late to this, but my friend and i were sharing a bed because I was crashing his place. He has no history of sleepwalking whatsoever. Anyways, I wake up to him standing up and staring into a mirror speaking gibberish. I asked him about it the following morning and he said he had no memory of that.

Reply Share

Dondobill
â€¢ 13y ago

So I'm in my living room, watching some TV with both my dogs in there too. Other than a couple fish, we were the only living things in the house. Now, the way my house is set up is my living room is in front of the stairs, so they're behind me. All of the sudden, I hear this weird thunking sound coming from upstairs, and then I hear KRTHKGOKRTGNKTHK. It sounded like something heavy tumbled down the stairs, but I looked, and there was nothing. That is when I decided to stop watching Supernatural for the day.

Reply Share

[jramos037](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was under 5 years old, I lived in the Philippines. I slept in the room with my whole family. We all had beds in the same room I believe. Anywho, I woke up in the middle of the night and much to my surprise, there were these ghost-like figures walking around in our room looking through all our stuff - pictures and such. I was slightly opening my eyes, making sure they didn't notice that I was awake, and I noticed to my right were some ghosts touching my brother's face -- examining him and such. Last thing I remember from that instance was the sound of a picture frame falling, as if one of the ghosts accidentally knocked it down. I soon went back to sleep and woke up the following morning, with no ghosts in sight. As I jumped out of bed, there lied a picture frame on the floor.... with blood! Nah just kidding, no blood. But the rest did happen, or atleast I think it happened.

Many factors and such that could go against this could be that:

I was only 5. Memory could have been warped. Why didn't any of my siblings pick up the picture frame? Could have been a dream.

Reply Share

Goldreaver
â€¢ 13y ago

You literally asked for it.

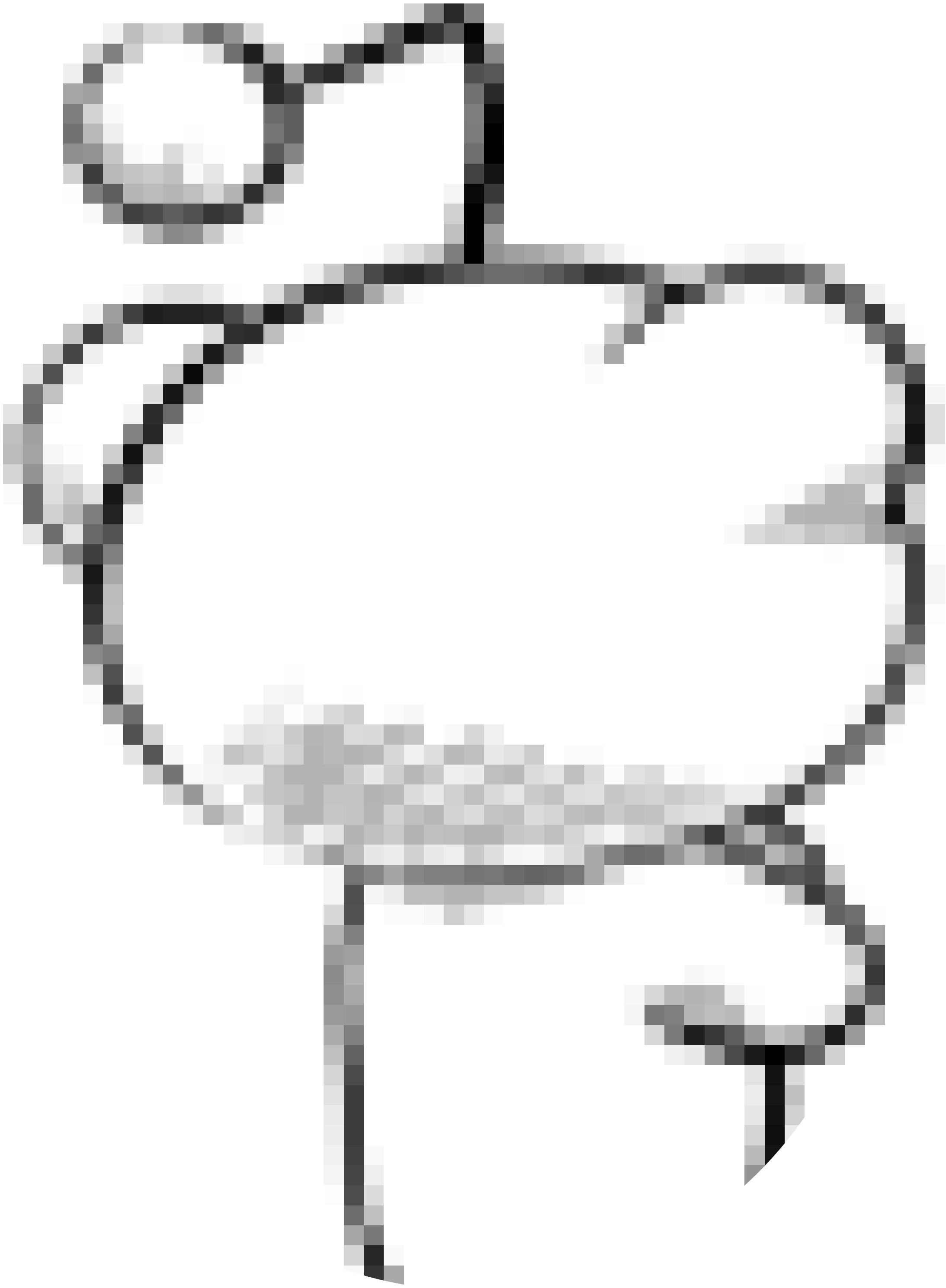
Reply Share

impmonkey
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok here's mine. During college I worked as a part time network administrator for the local library. I usually did my work late at night after the library was closed. The office was upstairs and was right next to a big set of heavy duty fire double doors that lead to another big room in the library. From the chair at my desk I could see through an interior Window that looked right at the set of doors. So there I am minding my own business at about 1am when I hear what sounds like footsteps of someone running. The sound lasts about 3 seconds and then from behind the big set of double doors I hear a crash and the doors both swing about a quarter of the way open. Like someone ran and put a shoulder into them in an attempt to open the doors. At this point I figure it's time to call it a night so I start to head down stairs in a hurry. While walking through the library to get to the exit I pass an empty metal book cart. Just as I pass the cart I hear an extremely large bang on the cart. Like someone punched the top. Being a logical person I stop and pray that I book had just fallen on the cart as I had passed but I was unable to find any books or anything lying around. Needless to say I called it a night and ran to the exit. The next day I talked to the director and she told me that they have had the neighbors inquire about an old man they see in the windows after the library is closed, and that a janitor quit after seeing a man walk through a table early in the morning when he was the only person in the building. I worked at that library for another 2 years and never saw anything else.

pnsmcgraw
â€¢ 13y ago

So I lived in this old house early on in my college life and I am sleeping well and all and at about 5 am I hear this absolutely blood-curdling scream. Totally wakes me up and I am like, whoa. It turned out that some guy tried to kidnap a girl like right in front of my house, it was in the news and stuff. I guess she just screamed REALLY loud and he left her alone, but dear god I will never forget her scream it was like pure terror and needless to say I didn't sleep for a while.



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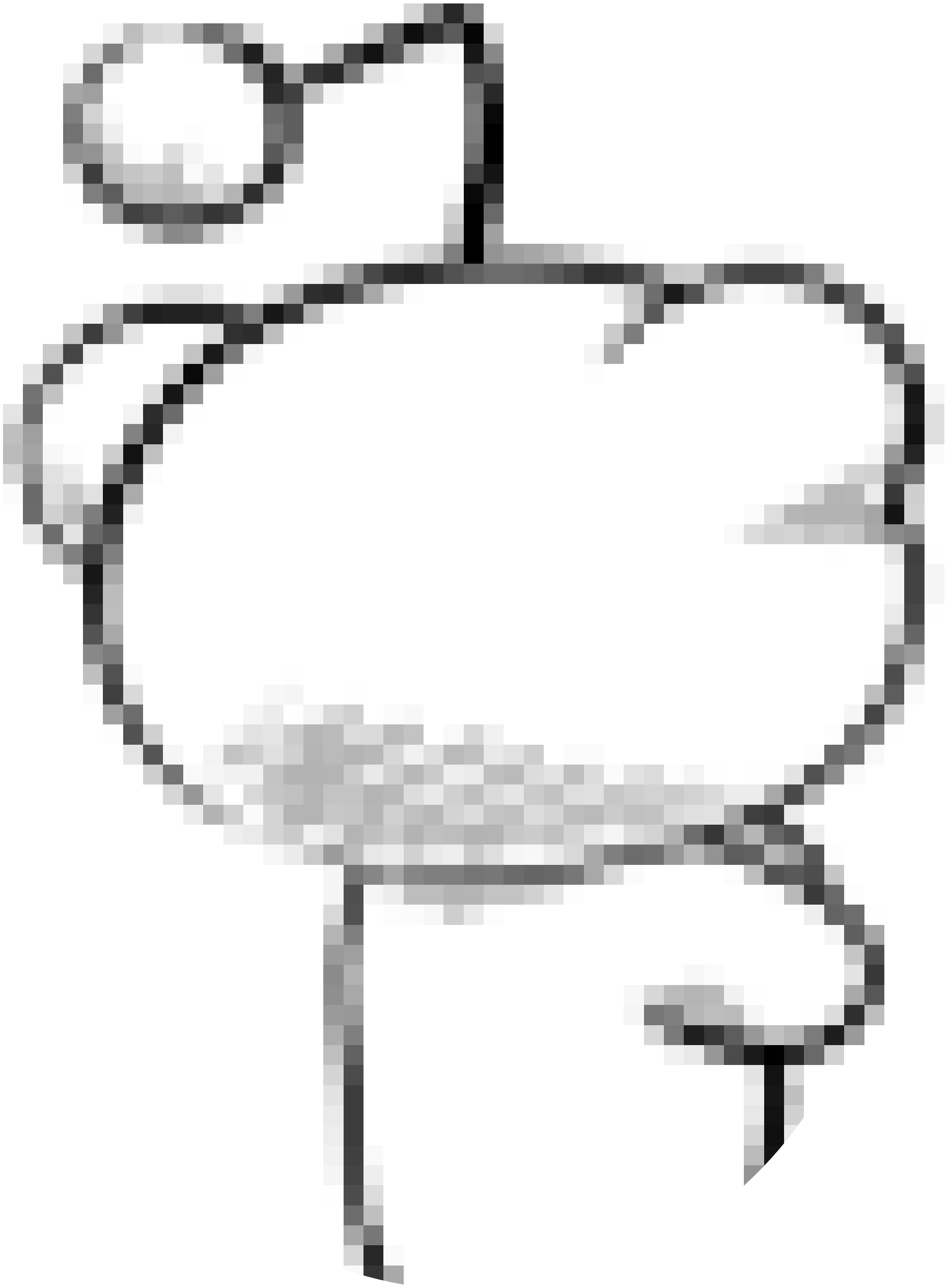
â€¢ 13y ago

My Ps2 moved one day right after I brought it downstairs. no one was home. Wake up in the middle of the night groggy as fuck to my TV playing kingdom hearts 2 and what seemed to be a child sitting there, Passed out quick fast. woke up and it was gone.



Quillpen
â€¢ 13y ago

I have two; the first more difficult to explain than creepy, the second... just creepy.

The first, I saw what is commonly described as a will o' wisp. I was walking with a friend on the edge of campus when I was in college, past this bamboo garden. Kids frequently got in trouble for messing around with it because it did not belong to the college, and was private property. Hence, when we first saw the light, we both assumed it was the flashlight of a security guard- it had that slightly bounding jostle one would associate with footsteps.

Still, we both stopped and stared, because it seemed to be in the middle of the bamboo garden, and the bamboo grows so tightly together there shouldn't really be room for someone to casually stroll through it. It was moving slowly closer to us, bobbing and winding between through the bamboo, which is when I think we both simultaneously realized that it couldn't be a human. This went on for a solid minute, with us just staring frozen, and I asked her, you see that, right? She confirmed.

Then it just went out. My first thought, despite the fact that it was moving through the thicket, was that it must have been something shining through from behind somehow; the moment it went out I yelled for her to run around one side, while I the other, since the garden was circular. No one was there. There was a small parking lot near the back, I thought, perhaps a car with its headlight out, even though we saw no one around enter it. Still, we felt every car in the lot to see if any engines were hot, in case we somehow just didn't hear a car pulling up, but no, all cold.

The second happened just a week ago.

Nothing too strange has ever happened in my house, but this turned me pale right quick. I was heating up some soup downstairs, my parents were watching a movie. I hear the floor shift slightly over by the laundry room entrance- the garage leads into the house through the laundry room, so I glance back behind me and the dog is approaching to check it out as well. Then I see and hear the door knob jostle, as if someone is about to enter, but the door never opens. My dog sniffs at the knob, but doesn't bark as he would if he smelled a stranger, which is the only reason I wasn't flipping my shit. Still, I thought what if some crazy guy was trying to enter the house. On rare occasion, one of my brothers will come home that way, though they were both already in the house. I asked my parents, "Who's in the laundry room?" My mother answered, "What? No one, sit down."

But I know I saw that doorknob move, and so did the dog, it wasn't in my head. I was debating whether to just walk over there and check it out, or to tell my dad to get his gun (we're Pennslyvanians, guns everywhere ofc). Deciding I didn't want to freak them out unnecessarily, I instead grabbed a flashlight, laid down on the floor and shone it under the door to look for feet. Nothing.

It must have just been the house settling in some way to make the door knob jostle just the way a hand would, or so I reason to myself.

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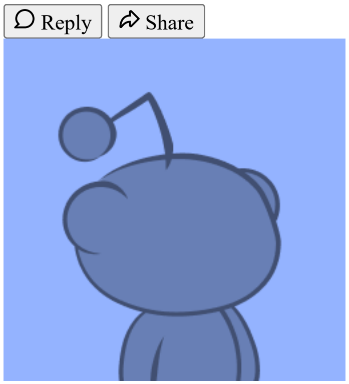


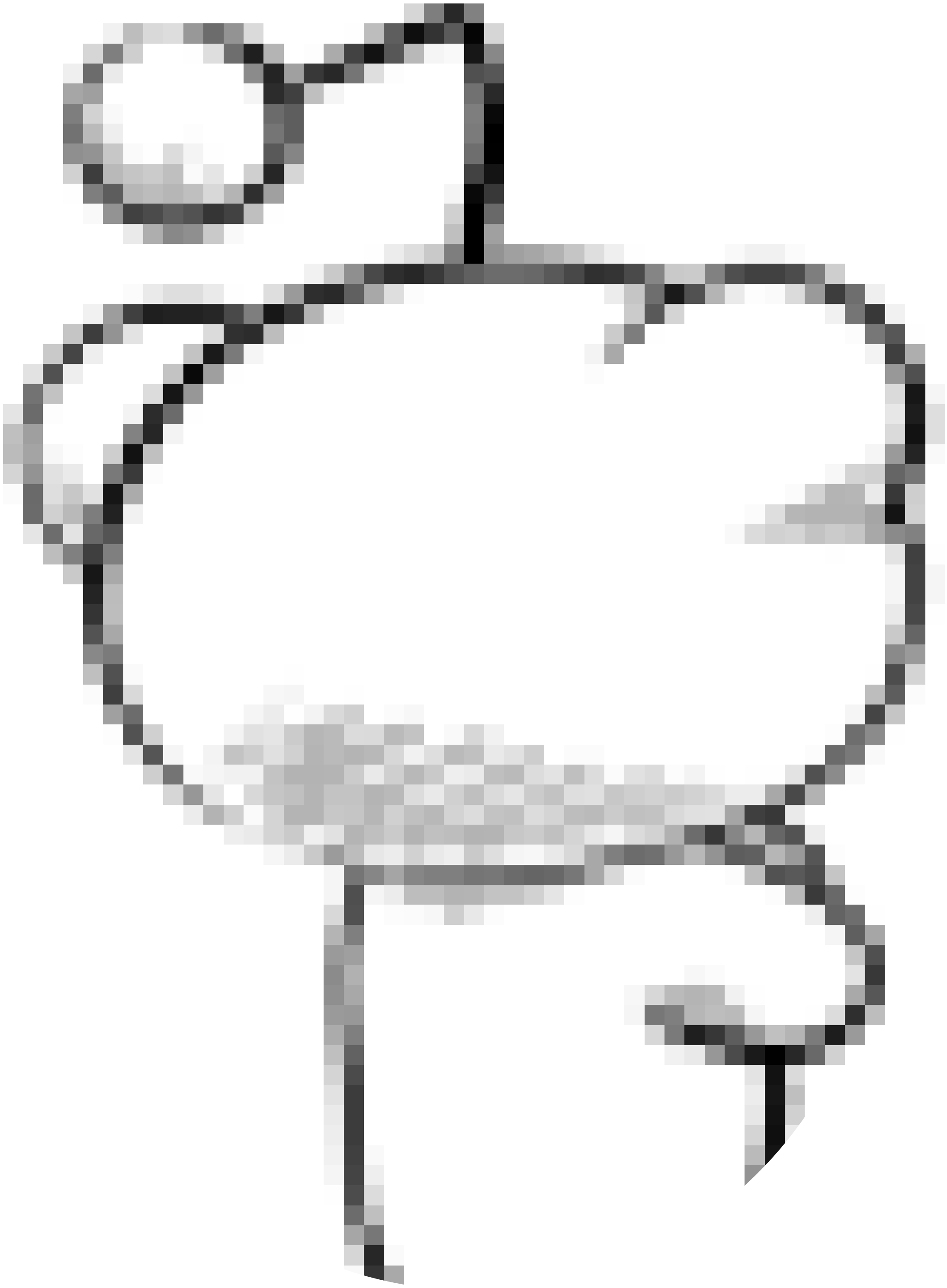
envyisntgreen
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 9, my grandmother bought and moved in to an old Victorian era farmhouse. My mother, our two large dogs, and myself all went to visit. Whilst we were in the house taking a tour, the three of us all heard footsteps coming from the second floor (we were on the first). My mother then tells me to go upstairs and fetch the dogs so they don't break anything. I do upstairs, call the dogs, check the rooms, but no dogs. I go downstairs and tell my mom and grandma that I couldn't find the dogs. My mom then says "yeah, as soon as we sent you up we found them in another room downstairs." We all looked at eachother like "holy shit this is creepy." TLDR; Myself and my family all heard unexplainable footsteps coming from the second floor of my grandmother's Victorian farmhouse.

Reply Share

itsbloodlustduh
â€¢ 13y ago

I went to church once. That was creepy



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â€¢ 13y ago

i didn't experience anything myself but there is a collection of creepy wikipedia articles that make me feel uncomfortable. for example this one: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dyatlov_Pass_incident

axberka
â€¢ 13y ago

I have three experiences in my old house(along with the creeping sensation that something is behind me at all times)

1. I was home alone one day when I was 12. I was bored so I was drawing and wasting time. Now I remember sitting there in the silent feeling a chill sweep my spine. I blew it off and kept drawing. Out of the corner of my eye (right side)I saw a man at the end of the hall in a tuxedo leaning against the wall watching me. I froze and kept looking at him. He looked like a better looking Edgar Allen Poe. I kept drawing. In 30 minutes or so I felt that same sweeping sensation and out of my left eye I saw a woman in a large white dress. This time I went to my room immediately and locked the door. Easily the creepiest experience.

2. I was in my parents bathroom brushing my teeth when I was 10 or so and around the corner outside of the bathroom there is their closet. I saw a shadow fly by behind me mid brush toward the closet. I was too scared to leave the bathroom for 30 minutes.

3. One Saturday morning when I was 12-13 I woke up and went to the living room. I picked up my Xbox controller and turned around. On the ground there was a shadow in the middle of the light from the window. I stared for a second and it lifted into a full man, but no details. Just a shadow man

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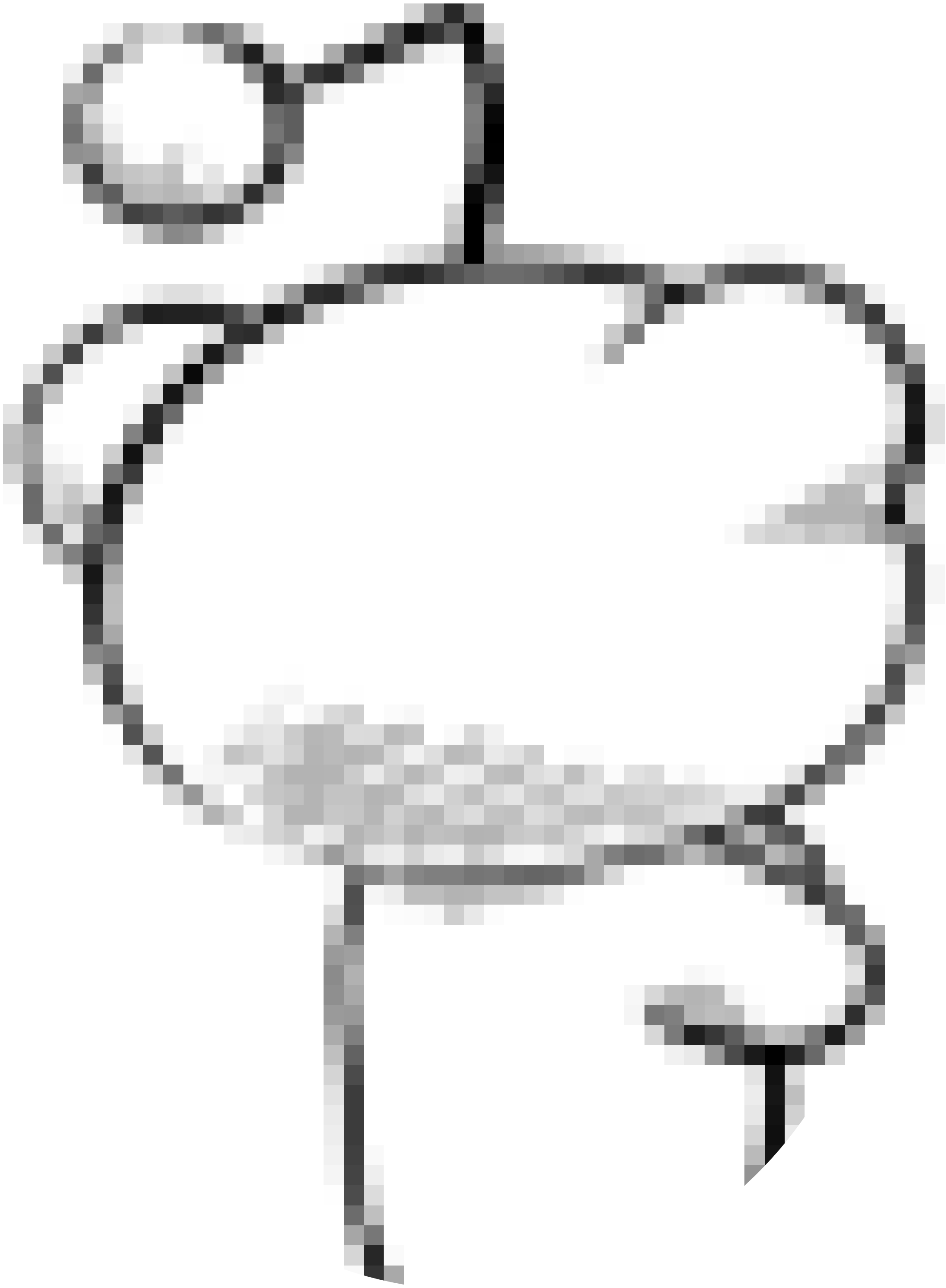

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â€¢ 13y ago

Guys it was just infra-sound; Mary Roach says so.

Reply Share

DrEddgarAllenPWN
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid, I used to have a room that conneted to my parents room. One night, I couldnt fall asleep so I was just twiddling my thumbs and looking around the room. Then when I look at my parents door and I saw this pink person leaning on the door sill. Then it got up and walked into my parents room. I wasn't scared, it was just weird.

Reply Share

[BorisAcornKing]
â€¢ [13y ago]

I rolled a 19 four times in a row on a d20

Reply Share

HungoverMonkey
â€¢ 13y ago

Well, here's mine. This was in the days past when I was a nut case about the occult and the spiritual. I had a Reiki master level certification and what not.

When I was doing my bachelors, the college hostel, which was next to a small hospital, had rooms shared by 4 people. One late night, two of my room-mates decided to play the Ouija. Well, they had only heard about it and didn't have a clue how it was done. So, me being the resident expert in all things occult, they call me to do it.

They had procured a crudely made Ouija board from somewhere, and I took out a silver coin that I always carry with me. We tried all the usual horseshit for a while without much success, and got bored and they started to go to sleep. I decided to take out the next weapon in my arsenal, Reiki. There's something in it where you can connect yourself to objects and people and such.

I connect myself to the netherworld and to the coin, forming a channel. I did some fairly impressive chants in Sanskrit and told them I'm going to bring forth a spirit. I felt something course through me, and I said aloud. "Come spirit." Nothing happened and my started laughing, and I was feeling quite silly too.

A few seconds later, the room went completely chilly, and a phone that was playing some music started screeching static loudly. One of my roommates suddenly shouted that the coin was moving and threw the Ouija board out of the room. The other guy rushed out of the room, and didn't come back until the next day.

The next day morning we hear that a lady in the hospital passed away at exactly the same time. Then my room-mates got so scared that one of them shifted permanently to another room.

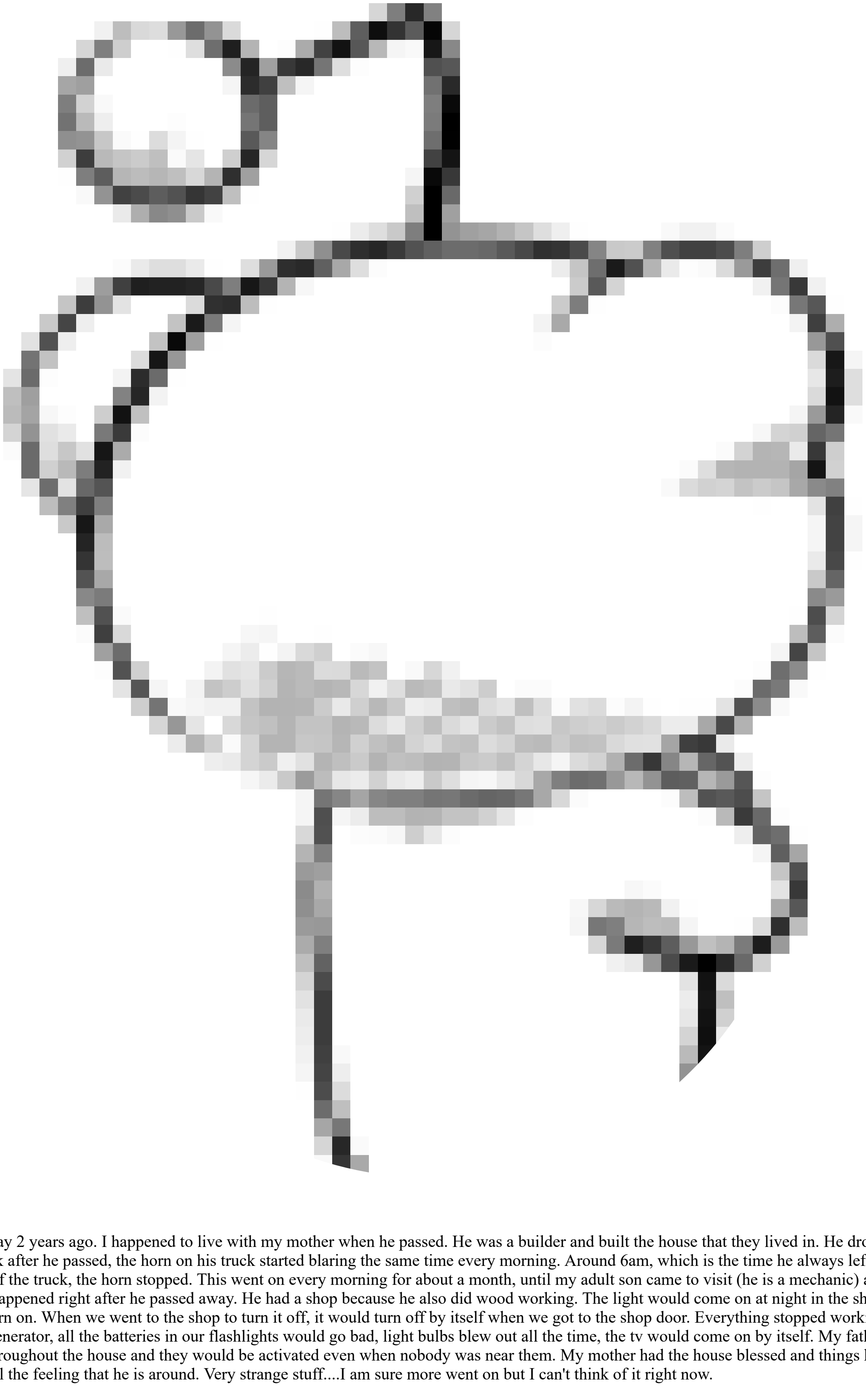
Now that I think about it, it probably was some weird coincidences and the funny ways in which human mind works. But it was really weird when it happened.

Reply Share

[Jared_from_SUBWAY](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was a kid in summer camp, during a kickball game I ran into the woods to take a leak. I went pretty deep in the woods, just to be away from the field. While I was peeing, I looked up and saw 3 people dressed in all black up high in a tree *(1 woman, 2 men)*. The woman saw me and appeared to jump out of the tree in slow motion, and run towards me with one arm out... I ran... I stopped mid-stream and ran as fast as I could back to the field.

- The woman looked like Elvira (minus the massive tits)
- It seemed like at least a 20-30' drop from where they were sitting in the tree.
- This was a summer camp upstate, so it was a heavily wooded area, not really close to populated ares where people would just wander into.
- Went back with some friends to investigate... the people were gone.



laurak44
â€¢ 13y ago

My father passed away 2 years ago. I happened to live with my mother when he passed. He was a builder and built the house that they lived in. He drove an old GMC pickup. About a week after he passed, the horn on his truck started blaring the same time every morning. Around 6am, which is the time he always left for work. The minute I got up to the door of the truck, the horn stopped. This went on every morning for about a month, until my adult son came to visit (he is a mechanic) and disabled the horn. A lot of creepy shit happened right after he passed away. He had a shop because he also did wood working. The light would come on at night in the shop and his air compressor would turn on. When we went to the shop to turn it off, it would turn off by itself when we got to the shop door. Everything stopped working, the lawn mower, the weed eater, the generator, all the batteries in our flashlights would go bad, light bulbs blew out all the time, the tv would come on by itself. My father also had motion sensor night lights throughout the house and they would be activated even when nobody was near them. My mother had the house blessed and things have quieted down since, but there is still the feeling that he is around. Very strange stuff....I am sure more went on but I can't think of it right now.

[Isaynotoeverything](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I know this is not really creepy but every time I close my eyes when trying to sleep I see some fucked up faces like a womans face or some skullish thing, dunno.. Used to scare me when I concentrate on it but now I just don't mind anymore.

[hopperface](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Not unexplainable, just creepy.

I get sleep paralysis from time to time and I *hate* it. When it happens, I wake up in the middle of the night, but I'm still flitting in and out of dreaming.

The worst time, I woke up, knew I was awake, knew I was totally paralyzed. I was in a dim hospital room, surrounded by 4-5 doctors. One of them muttered something like "He's awake," then stuck a needle in my arm.

When I woke up for real after that, I couldn't shake the feeling I was still asleep and being drugged by psycho doctors.

enjoinirvana
â€¢ 13y ago

I guess I have a short story for this thread. Alright soon you all know those dumbass "forward this if you want to live" chain emails you used to get on AOL? One time I got one but it said if you call a girls name out in the mirror 3 times she would come to you in your sleep and slit your throat. Usually I would just delete something like this but I was like fuck it I wanna prove to myself this is BS. So I go say her name in the mirror and when I wake up in the morning, there's a thin red line stretching from ear to ear. It still confuses me to this day. I never believed in ghosts and i still dont but thats one thing ill never have an explanation for.

bwana_singsong
â€¢ 13y ago

my wife & I were driving back at night through a not so great city, one with a relatively high crime rate. We stopped at a red light, which turned to green. No one was behind me.

Instead of moving through the light, I stayed there, waiting. I was watching some people across the street. I wasn't scared or concerned about them, I just felt that I had to watch them. A few beats for time, then zoom, a car rocketed in front of us, not just blowing the red light, but doing so at about 50 mph.

I still do not know why I waited, but it saved our lives.

Reply Share

Adam4pt6
â€¢ 13y ago

so this is not my story, but its one from my dad, his brother, and all confirmed by MY friends dad who was a state trooper at the time(hes older then my dad/his brother). so basically my dad and his family lived in an old farm house. and ive heard the two of them tell stories about it in the past. this was a 4th of july and we were all at my friends familys house celebrating. so the topic of spooky police calls comes up and my buddys dad has plenty of stories. and then starts describing this one house in particular that always had spooky problems at it. as he is describing the house my dad interupts and starts describing the same exact house. just explaining stair cases, room lay outs etc.

so things seen there by the cop(note, this is after my dads family had moved out, and the house was abandoned): a blue light on the 3rd floor coming from the windows(think like an older TV on the input channel). they would see it from the street, and go in, see the light from under the door, but once they opened the door there was nothing but darkness. reports of a man in a blue military type uniform seen in the windows. if in the house, they would hear chains jingling in the walls(confirmed by my dad). and one instance where he was 1st to arrive on scene, waiting for backup(protocol with this house due to its nature i assume). he was sitting in his cruiser and felt breathing on the back of his neck. and then noticed a very distinct hand print on the drivers side window. after getting out of the car to check it out, no one was around. and another incident involving another officer. he was 1st on scene, waiting for back up. once back up arrived they found him naked, in the basement passed out with his 12 guage next to him, all the rounds were ejected(not fired, just removed) and on the floor. the officer had to memory of anything at all and only remembers sitting in the car waiting for back up.

stories about the house from my dad: chains rattling in the walls. TV/lights would turn on/off at random times. the door knobs would sometimes rattle randomly. whenever they stained the dinning room floor it would always dry with little child foot prints in it(this happened multiple times), footprints much smaller then anyone that lived there had. an uncle was there, at the dinning room table and saw 2 little bride/groom figurines that were up on a shelf turn from the happy faced side, to the sad faced side, he never returned to that house after that. and lastly, he and his brother say a friend went over there to play with them and heard them out back playing with their toy trucks, when the friend got back there nobody was there and one of the trucks was still rolling to a stop.

i wanted to assume it was exadurated, but the way my dad and his brother get talking about it, and the way the ex state trooper verified some of the claims makes it hard to disbelieve.

TLDR: dad lived in a haunted house, and a friends dad who was a state trooper confirmed the claims about this particular house

DLSev
â€¢ 13y ago

Since a search failed to turn this up, I'll stick out my own weird little habit, as I reference it.

I have premonitions/visions/whatever you want to call them sometimes when I sleep. Like, 1-2 a year, I'll have an extremely vivid dream that seems a lot like reality, but it's not a memory. And it's never anything important either. Then anywhere from half a year to two-ish years down the road, whatever I saw in my dream will happen.

For example, the last dream to come true was a vision I had of me sitting in a truck with my arms wrapped around someone, just relaxing and feeling extremely content. The dream lasted about 10 seconds or so. I had that dream two Novembers ago. This past May, I met someone who became my girlfriend for the first time ever. It was mid-July before the vision came into actuality/memory, but when it happens, I get extreme chills/deja-vu. Weird shit.

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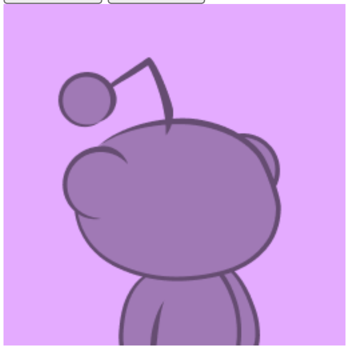

Throwy27
â€¢ 13y ago

This happens to me as well!

Way back when the Xbox360 first came out, you could get a game with it called Cameo. As I was playing it, I had an extreme case of deja vu, and I remembered that I dreamt that exact 15 seconds of my life about a year and a half prior.

The kicker is, when I first had the dream, I told my husband about it in detail. When I had the deja vu, I told him that this exact scenario was happening right then, and he remembered me telling him about it after the dream a year and a half before.

Had it a few times since :)

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HugsAreDrugs
â€¢ 13y ago

A few years ago in high school me and a few buddies were smoking in this kids basement. Now we made sure the basement door was closed so smoke didn't wander upstairs even though he was home alone. About halfway through our session we heard this sound that sounded like someone hit a bunch of piano keys all at once and when we went upstairs the basement door was wide open. It wasn't even like i was high and heard it, we all did. This kid also swears he could hear a strange noise at night at his other parent's house like someone was pacing the hallway outside his bedroom. I went over one day and sure enough i heard it too. Still freaks me out to this day.

tl;dr My buddy had a paranormal activity like ghost that follows him to multiple houses, ruins smoking sessions and paces his hallway at night

☐ Reply ☐ Share

munchluxe63
â€¢ 13y ago

Drugs are bad, kids.

silletta
â€¢ 13y ago

Now this will probably get no attention, as nothing "exciting" or "murderous" happened, nor any typical phenomenal experience, however that is because what I describe is a real place that is in fact creepy, but with no added fluff. Just how it is.

I live in South Jersey. Not North Jersey, where the highways are convoluted circles and it's full of New Yorkers/guidos, but South Jersey where pine forests are abundant and passing an abandoned farm on a dark wooded road is an everyday event. It's the place where Weird NJ the book was inspired.

There is a small road connecting two larger ones a ways from my house, to get to it you make a right after another abandoned farm and the road itself is a straight line, however it is enclosed by a tunnel of trees. Going down this narrow road the trees make an odd effect of the end distance growing farther away as the tree branches warp around you... It's really odd. When I went down it on bike with my friends for a joke, a hawk rose in front of us for a bit, not away from us like how you would expect any bird to fly, but right in front of the end of the "tunnel" that was this road. The trees almost looked like it wrapped slowly toward the bird, and the bird trying to fly quickly through them. This did only happen for an instant, and then the bird was swallowed by the sky as it flew away. Down this road was only one house that sits on it, a tiny blue rancher with a grey truck parked to the side. The house just burnt down last Halloween.

The key to this account is the name of this road: **Purgatory Road.**

nsusudio
â€¢ 13y ago

Oh I have something! So a couple winters ago a friend and I were driving out into the country (Rural Ohio) to get some pictures of an ice storm that had just come through. It was probably between 10 and 11pm. We are both stoned so what came next completely freaked us out. All of a sudden, the sky is illuminated with an eerie green light. It flashes brightly several times and then it goes dark again.

We both look at each other bewildered, the shock on my friends face had assured me that I hadn't been the only one who'd seen it. Naturally our minds started to try and figure out a logical solution, but the only thing we could come up with at the time was that it was "totally aliens, man."

We went along and got some pictures of the effects of the storm. Later when I returned home, I looked up instances of the green light we saw occuring elsewhere. Turns out it was probably just ice that had frozen on top of an electrical transformer, shorting the circuit and causing the ice to explode with a flash of light.

TL;DR The truth is out there...usually on google.

Mr_Mimiseku
â€¢ 13y ago

I was in my basement at my old house when I was about 7, and my shoe was laying on it's side, and it just flipped over. By itself. We were all about 10 feet away from it. That's only one story of that house. We would also smell cigar smoke when everybody was asleep, and we got a call from the generator room (I lived on a chicken farm) and we went down there, and nobody was there. We also had a Condo in Florida. My grandfather LOVED Nascar. This was a year after he died. We came into the condo, the remote was on the couch, nobody near it, and the TV turned on. What was on you ask? Nascar.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

The hallway of my family's older house ended with a closet door. Off to the left of the door the view sort of cadddy-cornered around a wall so you could sort of see into the dining room. I was around 8 or so, walking down the hallway when I looked left into the dining room, which was dark. By the light of the hallway, I saw what looked like my best friend, crouch-walking, wearing what I can only describe as a "ninja suit", an all black skin-tight outfit. I could see his face though, and he turned to me and smiled before hurrying off into the dark.

I ran to my dad and told him, he grabbed a golf club and explored the dining room and rest of the house. Of course, no one was there.

frotc914
â€¢ 13y ago

I have TWICE predicted people's statements, word for word, as they said them. Not just a couple words - a few whole sentences.

Both times I was standing around listening to two people talk, and gotten this weird realization/feeling: "I've heard this before. I know what's going to be said." The first time it happened I just went along with it because I thought it was crazy, but the second time I muttered what the person was about to say under my breath as he said it. The other listener heard me and gave me a bewildered look but shrugged it off. I never brought it up for fear of sounding like a crazy person.

wise_idiot
â€¢ 13y ago

I've never openly admitted it, but I see [shadow people] (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shadow_people). I've seen them all my life, and I'm generally pretty frightened of them. They also spike my adrenaline, paranoia, and anxiety levels, so I'm much happier when they're not around.

Anyway, I work in data centers. One particular week my "sightings" level was pretty high, as I'd seen 2-3 a day every day that week, whereas I normally might seen 1-2 a month. As I was doing my nightly status walks through the dark data hall (it's easier to see status LED's in the dark), I caught one out of the corner of my eye, as I usually would.

But this one.....this was different. Shadow people appear differently to different people. They usually appear to me as someone peering around a door or window frame. I generally only see the "head and shoulders". But this night, I saw one step around the end of a row of cabinets.

I froze and stared, thinking it would disappear if I turned around, so I did. But it stayed. It was like it was watching me or studying me. I was petrified, but I decided that if it was going to stare me down, then I was going to stare it down! It didn't like that one bit, and that's when the fucker RUSHED me!

I'm man enough to admit that I peed a little before I ran like a bitch back to the control room. I've never been more utterly terrified in my life. For three days I couldn't walk that isle without having to force myself to do so, and then only with all the lights on.

Fuck I hate those things.

⊕ 3 more replies

⊕ 3 more replies

⊕ More replies

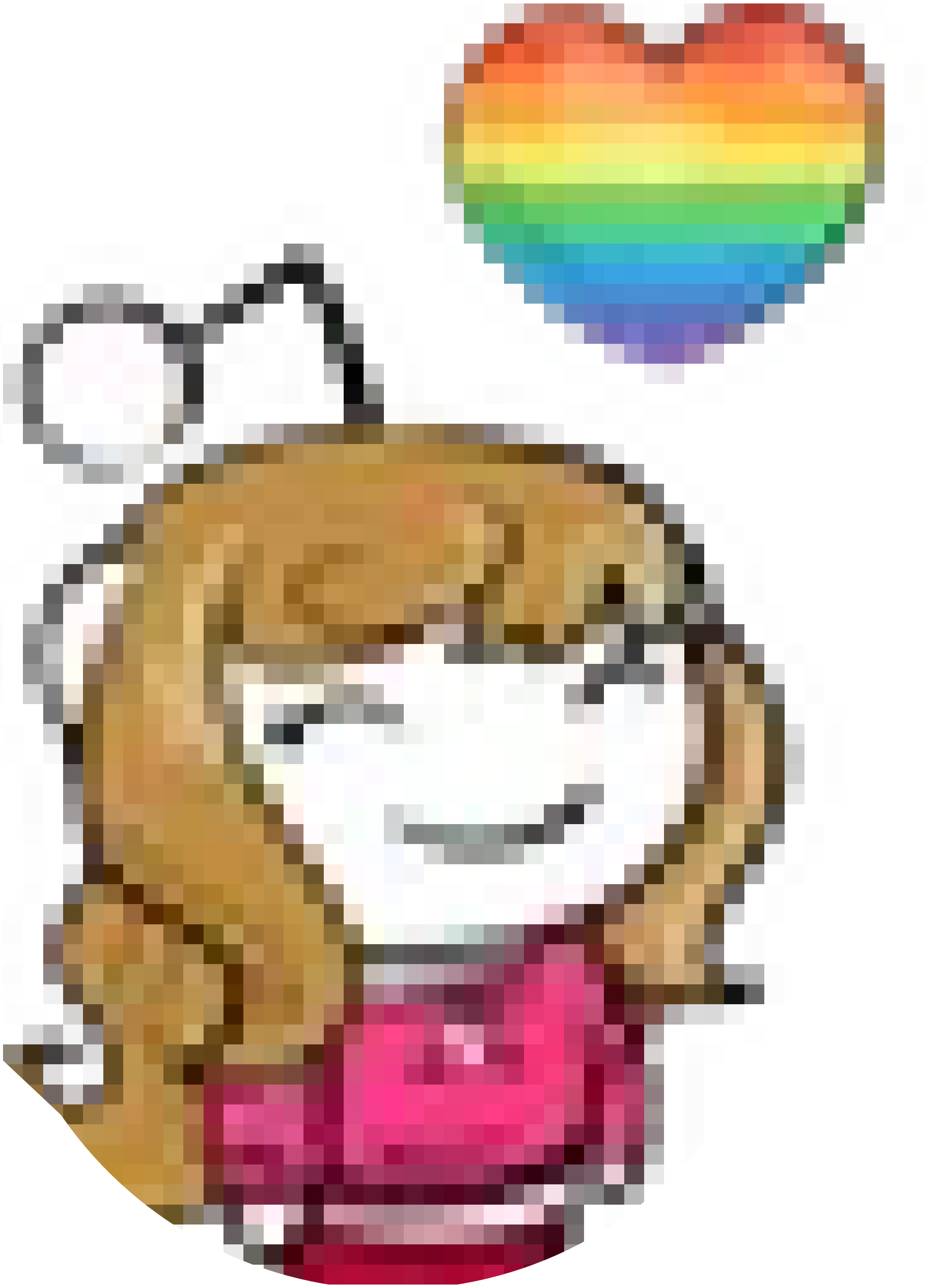
dmdearing
â€¢ 13y ago

The worst of my house's weird music stories:

My girlfriend and I were asleep in my house over the summer when we were woken up at like 4am by classical music blaring super loud in a surround sound manner. It was the most famous section of the song Canon in D, and it played for about 45 seconds before it shut off.

My laptop was closed, powered off and in my bag. I have no radio and no one else was in the house. It was as if the music was coming from the room itself. I've never felt so genuinely scared in my entire life.

Reply Share



velcona
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 12 my mom worked in this "haunted" restaurant and everyone just brushed the story off. The first day I went to see my mom the people were joking with me about ghosts fora bit. then after a while I had to go to the restroom. As I was walking up the stairs I felt a poke at my shoulder. When I turned around there was this horribly burnt girl standing behind me just looking at me after 10 seconds she just walked away. She didn't scare me because I just felt like I was going to be okay. Since then ive noticed ive had a much stronger "Gut feeling" about things...

Reply Share

moxie132
â€¢ 13y ago

For the past few weeks, really early in the morning at like 2 or 3, I hear a rhythmic banging noise that seems to be coming from the shed of the neighbor behind me. I don't know what it is, but it happens without fail every night. Creepy shit

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My freshman year of college my roommate moved out at the end of the first semester, leaving me with a room to myself.

The middle of my second semester, I had a very strange burst of energy that seriously lasted for three whole days! I had never experienced anything like this before, and I had a couple of projects, and some tests to study for. I started working on a Sunday night, and for whatever reason I could NOT go to sleep. I got no sleep whatsoever until really late on Tuesday night, and this is when the scary shit happened:

After having 3 days of non-stop energy (I don't do any drugs, FYI), the exhaustion finally hit me. It hit me quickly late on that Tuesday night.

I decided that I could finally go to sleep. My dorm had these huge windows in it where the moon light would often shine in just enough to give the room a slight blue glow. I lay in my bed getting ready to shut my eyes, and I decided to look over at my roommate's old bed...

I suddenly see a hand flying right at my fucking face! I scream out "WHAAAAAT THHHAAAAFUCCCCKKKK???!!!!" and my heart is pounding away faster than I have ever experienced before as the thing disappears moments before it would have been on my face.

I am in bed, shaking and trembling like a bastard, and then I suddenly start laughing hysterically.

It was incredibly strange and incredibly creepy, but I understood it to be a hallucination brought on by sleep deprivation. I had NEVER hallucinated before, but holy shit... hallucinations are so realistic! I mean, they'd have to be or else people wouldn't believe what they are seeing, right?

Still, I could not have possibly been prepared for this!

Reply Share

ninjapuncture
â€¢ 13y ago

I had this dream where I was floating in a pitch black room. All of a sudden a spotlight shines onto something twenty metres or so beneath me. I begin floating down to it. Soon becomes apparent that it is a baby. Baby looks me straight in the eyes and says "Mommy" in the most scarily sad and innocent voice i've ever heard. I wake up crying hysterically. Next I hear someone running up and down the hall frantically outside my room. I hide under the blankets frozen. Running sounds continue for the the next hour. And then... nothing. Just me, alone, in bed... terrified. I asked my room mates if they heard anything the next morning and they say they didn't. Still to this day the most freaked out i've ever been.

food_bag
â€¢ 13y ago

There is a subreddit devoted to just this: r/Glitch_in_the_Matrix

Reply Share

dacutty
â€¢ 13y ago

I woke up to go to the bathroom at about on Dec 2nd 10:02pm when I was 12 and at the end of the hallway I saw an apparition of my Grandfather (from the waste up) in the window who passed away earlier that year. December 2nd was his birthday. Huhhhh, gives me shivers just thinking about it.
Same hallway of my Dad's house, when I was 16 I saw a black outline of a person peering down the hallway at me from the stairs. When I addressed what I thought was either my Mom, Dad, or brother to identify themselves the black outline disappeared down the stairs. When I RAN to the stairs (my room was at the end of the hall opposite) nothing was there.

Reply Share

[GreeneMachine1](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

I guess I'll bite...

I don't tell people this often because it sounds crazy and, to be frank, I really don't believe in any of this shit but... here goes.

I live in a very old house, in a very old town, in a very old part of the world. One day, I was sitting down for some tea when I hear a car pull in the drive. I go to the door and it is my roommates mother (my roommate actually lived in the basement, she had come to the wrong door) so I greeted her and naturally said she could just walk through to the basement. After she came in the entrance way, she looked at the stairs that go to the top floor of the house. She turns to me and says "GreeneMachine, can I go up there?" in my head I'm like "What in the fuck lady...." but I say "Sure... go ahead?" she walks up the stairs, gets to the top and stops dead in her tracks and looks me in the eyes. I will never, ever, EVER forget the look of pure terror in her face. She turns to me and whispers "They can hear us." and just like that she walks down the stairs backwards, stumbling over herself, gets to the door and shouts up "Wouldn't be me living here boys!" and gets in her car and leaves, without even going to see her son.

Make of that what you will.

Reply Share

[live3orfry](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

People freaking themselves out and claiming it was supernatural.

Reply Share

[calculator174](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

Me and a fellow redditor friend (so this may be here) seen a massive floating ball of light probably 10 meters up in the air over his property it then slowly floated over his property and flew off. I was actually recently speaking to someone who said her sister described seeing a similar thing at a coastal town about an hour and a half away.

Reply Share

Uhouse87
â€¢ 13y ago

have 2 stories. The first one was when I was hanging out with a girl in her apartment in a small craptown. It was a pretty old building not too big. Set up basically like flats. Her roommate left and we were watching a scary movie. At the time I was working 2 jobs, one first shift, one third shift, and I was talking to two different girls so i didn't sleep too much and had already had a hallucination or two, no big deal. We were lying in her bed post-coitous and her bed room door was open. I remember her kitten hiding under her bed which was unlike him. The only light was coming from her TV and another light lit from the kitchen on the other side of her apartment. I saw a BIG black shadow shape walk past her door way, turn its head as if to stare in for about half a minute and then kept walking in the direction it was originally headed, which was into a wall basically. I shrugged it off at first because I was exhausted mentally and physically and we had just watched a ghost movie. However I was still too fixated on it to notice her sitting up in bed next to me until she asked if I had seen that. We looked at each other and my heart dropped because i hadn't mentioned it to her and I knew we saw the same thing. Later on she told me that she had seen it before, but that it would never come inside her room. The second was about a year or 2 later with my girlfriend at the time. I was living with her at her mom's house at the time. her mom told me a bunch of past experiences she had growing up and how she "knows there are such things as ghosts" and yadayada. She also had a friend who was really into the supernatural, whose daughter was supposedly "gifted" in contacting spirits. Well her and her daughter moved to the bottom floor of a home that was converted to a 2 family with an apartment upstairs. They moved out because her daughter woke up to a knife to her throat held by a dark figure. i suppose it wasn't a real knife but whatever, I was pretty skeptical. Well my ex's sister need a new apartment and the top floor was vacant. She didn't believe in all the ghost crap so noone told her the house was "haunted". So she needs a babysitter a few months later so me and my ex babysit at her apartment and we were going to spend the night. She had 3 kids, a baby, a toddler and a 5ish year old girl. So we feed the kids and put them to bed in the living room. The 5 year old is being a totally brat and doesn't want to sleep. She finally dozes off so i close my eyes to catch some sleep when I'm snapped back awake by the 2 dogs viciously growling. I snap up thinking they're going after a kid but instead see them both staring into an empty corner of the living room. nothing there, not a tv, a speaker, a window, nothing. freaked me out a bit so I calmed them down and go back to the couch. I doze off again because the girl is sitting up screaming her head off. Ask her whats wrong , says she saw a man that shouldn't be there. We tell her she's having a nightmare and get her to sleep again after about an hour. Something wakes me and my girl up and I see her standing over her blankets just staring. All of a sudden she fuckin pukes her dinner all over herself and wakes up and starts crying. shes doesn't remember what happened. At this point I'm sufficiently freaked out. My ex takes her into the bathroom and cleans her up and goes to bring her into her bedroom to get some clothes and before she can walk her through the doorway to her bedroom she SCREAMS her head off and refuses to go in there. Me and my ex were both like "fuck this." And called her sister to come home because it was too much for us to handle. She insists that she does that stuff a few times a week and that its a phase and she'll grow out of it. Yeah, good luck with that. There's more to it but I've already written enough. Needless to say, that night opened my mind to the paranormal quite a bit more. Nothing felt right in that apartment anytime I've been in there, and I never went back.

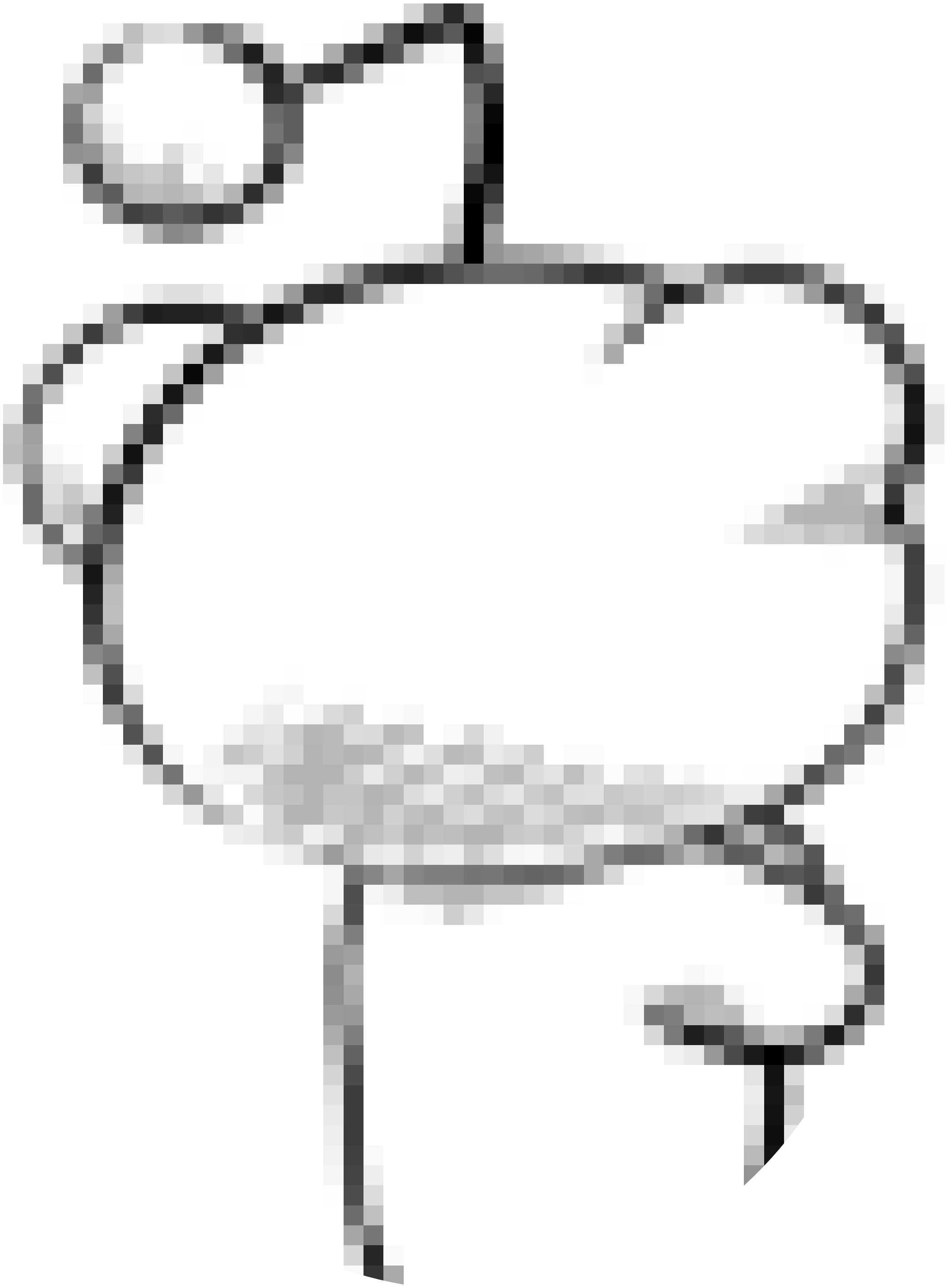
BetterCallSaul0
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't believe in the supernatural, or ghosts, or spirits (in any sort of physical form you can 'see' anyways) but this was one experience I had that I couldn't really just explain away, even as just coincidence.

I had a Film professor in college that I thought was a pretty cool guy. Down to earth, pretty easygoing dude, and very likable. I took two of his classes over two semesters.

A few younger people who (used to) go to the same uni as I took his class few years later. We were all playing poker one night and I forget how, but I mention I had a dream about him. At the time I didn't even know my friends were in his particular classes. In the dream, I was sitting in a lawn chair with some other people in his back yard and Wes (the film prof) comes back with a very sad look on his face and said his wife was really sick, he looks very depressed and worn out and thats about all I remember from the dream. Anyways I tell my friends this and they said Wes had just disclosed to his class the fact his wife was just diagnosed with cancer.

I didn't even know how to react at first, the rationalist in me thinks it just has to be a mere coincidence but for me to even remember details of a dream is unusual. It was a very strange experience for me to have that dream the night before he told my friends his wife was sick, I still don't know what to make of it but I'm skeptical of any supernatural explainations



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was standing outside of class waiting for my prof to show up. Me and my friends were just talking about random stuff, when the subject "the supernatural" suddenly turned up. No idea how we got there, but that's not important. A 28 y/o student (married, a kid, strong character, has her shit together) started telling us about an event that occurred not long after her grandma had died.

One day she was just watching TV, sitting on the left side of her couch when she suddenly felt a cold streak. She felt like she was freezing, eventhough it was warm outside. When she moved away from the couch she felt fine. Every time she sat back in that spot, she would feel like she was caught up in a blizzard or something. She was really freaked out by it, and she did believe in the supernatural somewhat by then, so she decided to call someone to take a look at it.

I was told that, from the moment this person involved with the supernatural entered the livingroom, she immediately said "The problem is a fairly old woman sitting on the left side of your couch", pointing at the exact spot where my friend had been sitting. My friend said that it was one of the most chilling things that had ever happened to her, because she had never seen this person before, and she had not given her any information whatsoever.

I am still skeptical about the supernatural, but the way my friend told her story made me believe that she absolutely thought it was real. I felt weird for a little while.

SULLYvin
â€¢ 13y ago

I was sleeping in my bed, and around 3am I hear a faint sound of church-like music (organ playing) and someone reading scripture. At first, in my sleepy haze, I sort of ignored it, but then I shot right up, like "What the fuck is that!??". Turns out my old computer speaker system had somehow picked up a Christian radio station. Took me probably 30 seconds to realize it, but in that time I was sketching pretty hard.

Reply Share

roostershoes
â€¢ 13y ago

My friend told me this tale about a year ago. My friend is an ex-Catholic, atheist, and relatively well-educated 20-something. Claims not to believe in the supernatural. His story was entirely believable, because, as other posters have mentioned, he was cautious sharing it for fear of being judged by me.

When my friend was in high school in Greensboro, NC, he and a friend were walking home from the school from some evening function (a football game maybe, I don't remember). There are some narrow tree-lined residential streets in Greensboro, and some of them are pretty sketchy. The way he tells it, he and his friend were just walking around talking, meandering on some of the side roads for a time, and it's getting late, when they came back to an intersection with the 2-lane road the school was on.

So these two are walking down a hill toward the intersection when a large crowd of people comes down the road, headed toward the school. They are about 100 yards away, and there are about 20-25 people. The funny thing about it is that they are all cast in this dim gray light, like they are all really pale. The other part is that they are all dressed in old fashioned clothes, like something you'd wear to a 1950s sock-hop. Hats and berets and all that. They are completely silent, although the whole group is gesturing and eager like they are going to the school for some event.

My friend looks at his friend, and the two high schoolers stop, and agree they've seen what they just saw. They are flabbergasted. They go down to the corner of the intersection and look back toward the school. The street is entirely empty.

chromebook1
â€¢ 13y ago

When I first experienced sleep paralysis, I had no idea that it was even a thing that happens to people. I thought I was being possessed or something. I couldn't move my body but, I was wide awake. I felt almost like I could see myself sitting there asleep and trying to wake myself up. I never told anyone it happened to me because I thought they would think I was crazy. Then I found out what it was and was so relieved.

dpatt711
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

I had a dream wrote it down and then bam the next day followed my dream to a t

envyisntgreen
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

Another one: When I was a kid, we had this cat named Stimpy who lived in our basement because she was afraid of the other cats that lived upstairs. One day, my mom and her boyfriend realize that we hadn't seen Stimpy for a couple days. So the three of us go downstairs to search for the cat. Myself and two adults scoured the basement for quite a while before giving up and heading up the stairs. When I got halfway up the staircase, I told them "I'm going to go downstairs and look one more time." So I went down and I find Stimpy's body on top of my mom's sewing table. My mom's boyfriend goes down to handle the corpse, and Stimpy is stiff with rigor mortis. We had all just been standing by that table and there was no body before. TLDR; My cat's dead body appeared out of thin air, even though myself and two other people had both just looked in that spot.

bassinine
â€¢ 13y ago

my ghost story that happened when I was 10 years old:

I was in my room, in my top bunk, my brother was below me and that night I was having trouble sleeping.

Very late at night, probably around 2am, my mother opens our bedroom door and walks in. she's wearing jeans and a pink fluffy sweater. I sit up in my bed when I see her enter, but she ignores me and walks directly over to our bedroom window - she looks in between the blinds for roughly 15 seconds before turning around and starting to leave the room. I say "mommy" and reach out for a hug while she walks by our bed heading toward the bedroom door. she completely ignores me.

being 10, I wanted a hug, so I was very confused as to why she ignored me. I was sitting up during the whole encounter and immediately I got up and went to my parents bedroom, to ask my mom why she didn't give me a hug.

Except, they were dead asleep and she was in COMPLETELY different clothes. I knew it wasn't possible for her to change her clothes and fall asleep in 15 seconds... So I was confused.

my parents freaked the fuck out, knowing that she was not in my room at all (even sleepwalking you can't change your outfit in 15 seconds). my dad then searched the entire house with a baseball bat in hand - and no one was found.

we still talk about that (I'm 25 now), and we're all atheists that don't believe in the supeernatural. definitely the one thing in my that I've experienced that no one has ever been able to explain.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandma lives a block away from a huge cemetery in Paraguay. One night we were walking up the road (the street has like a big hill) and I turn around for a second facing the cemetery and I see a man in the distance walking in the same direction. A few seconds later I turn back around and he's gone. That was probably 10 years ago.

apacaba
â€¢ 13y ago

This will probably get buried but here it goes. I was staying at a friends place in Vermont and I was sleeping out in the porch which they had converted into a spare bedroom. The porch was adjacent to the kitchen. More often than not, it was their cats room. So as I was trying to fall asleep, with the cat sleeping on me, from the kitchen I start hearing noises. It sounds like the cabinets banging open and closed. When these sounds started, the cat jumps up and arches it's back like its scared. After about a minute of this, I hear a glass vase shatter on the ground. The vase had been standing on top of the fridge closer to the middle than the edge.

Suffice it to say, I wasn't able to fall asleep. Eventually the noise calmed stopped and the cat calmed down. Sleep soon followed. I woke up the next morning and walked into the kitchen. Every cabinet door was open and there was glass all over the floor. When my friend wakes up, about an hour later, she sees the mess and the doors and says, "Oh yeah sorry, I should have mentioned. The house is haunted and shit like this happens."

Reply Share

toshi04
â€¢ 13y ago

Thanks, wasn't planning on sleeping anyway..

Reply Share

dairy_queen
â€¢ 13y ago

My aunt died on Christmas Day this past year. She lived in a different state and was supposed to visit us the next week to celebrate the new year. I have a 9 month old baby and my aunt was really excited to come meet her. Whenever we would talk, that's all she could think about was getting to meet her new great niece! My aunts favorite song was, 'you are my sunshine.' He dad used to sing it to her when she was little, at his funeral they sang it...at her funeral they sang it as well. January 2nd my mom was taking down the Christmas tree. Greif struck from her sisters passing, she was crying whole taking it down because that was the day any aunt was supposed to travel back home. While packing ornaments in and out of the room in boxes my mom accidentally kicked my daughters toy that was TURNED OFF. It played, 'you are my sunshine'.

OliverWDahl
â€¢ 13y ago

I heard a story about a man coming out of his shower to see a child's handprint on his bathroom mirror. (Horrifying enough, as he had no children). But what made it even more horrifying is that as he went to wipe it off, he couldn't. ...because it was on the "other side" of the mirror.

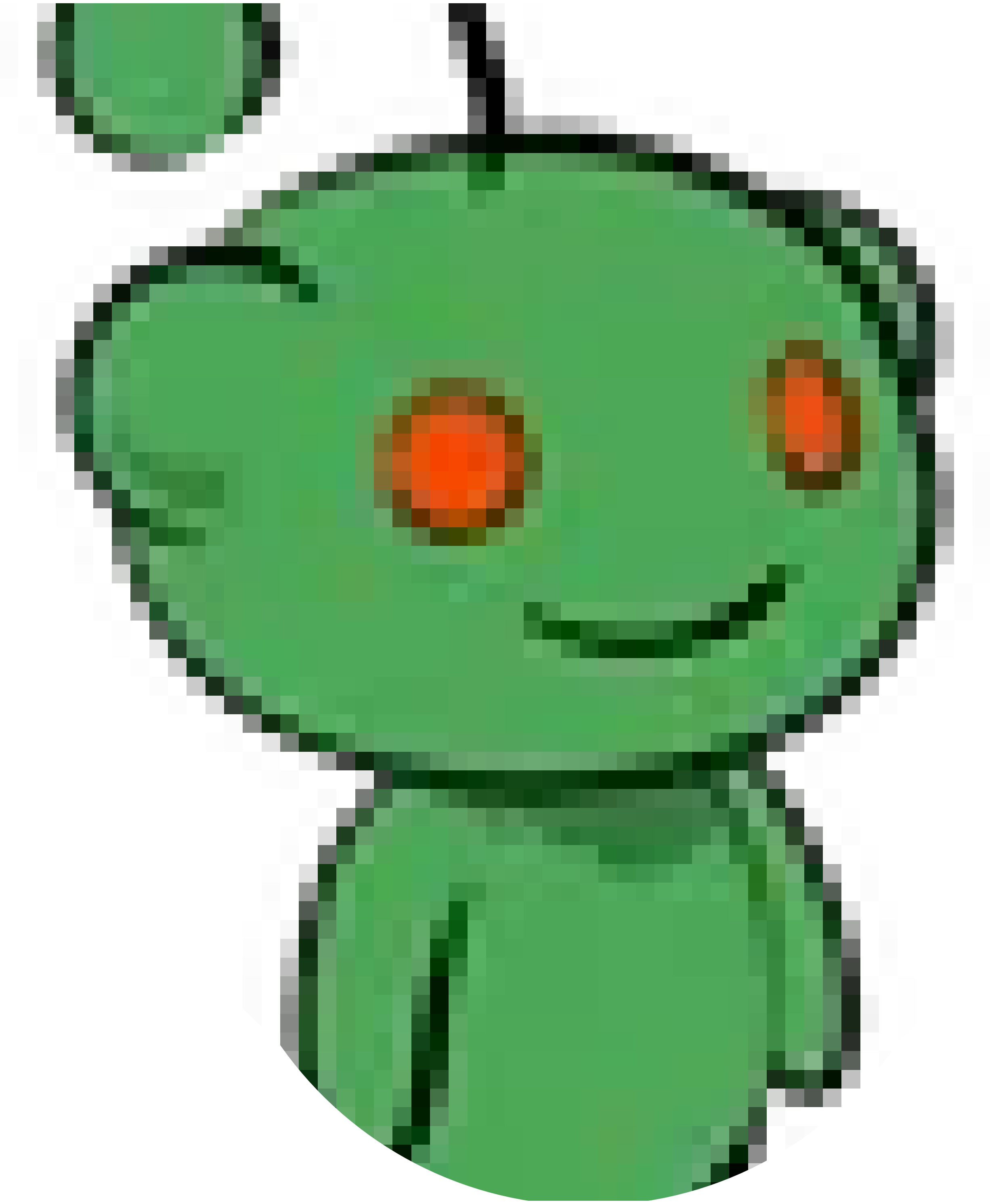
Nucking-Futs
â€¢ 13y ago

So I was sleeping on the couch in my apartment and it was an okay night. So, I wake up. Soon as I wake up I feel a bit weird. Then I start to feel a slight shift in gravity kind I like when you're falling asleep and you think your falling, just woke up think nothing of it. Then I notice... I can't move.. But my head is slowly pulling up and I feel my whole apparent building start to tilt and fall over and start hearing crowds of screams. Then it stopped and I was pretty freaked for a while. Fucking sleep state bs

polyvalent
â€¢ 13y ago

Not that interesting but one morning awoke at 4am lieing in my bed staring at the wall and out of the corner of my eye a black hooded figure was at the end of my bed.

I immediately was stunned and watched it as it floated near the end of my bed, then looked at me and disappeared. Had no idea what it was but later found out it probably was a shadow person



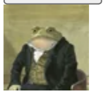
ImGumbyDamnIt
â€¢ 13y ago

In college (many years ago), one night I woke at 2AM in a *panic* that I had to call one of my friends from high school, half way across the country. I had never before had a compulsion like that. Regardless of the hour (he worked) I dialed, and he picked up the phone, weeping. He had just gotten a call a few minutes earlier that his girlfriend had been killed in a car accident.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My neighbor Dale lost 140lbs in a single night a few years back...

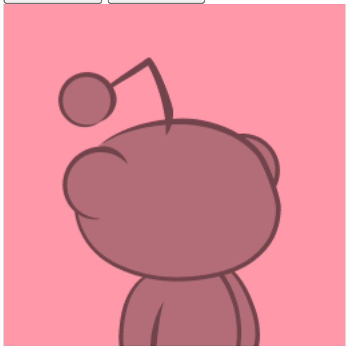
Reply Share



Jonoczall
â€¢ 13y ago

not another glitch in the matrix thread

Reply Share



[Kurazarrh](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

More unexplainable and funny than creepy, but...

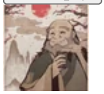
I had a friend in college who would come out to get Chinese with us. He was the sort of guy the world tended to dump on. If there was something to whack a knee on, he'd be the one to do it.

On one of our last days at college, we went out for Chinese. Afterward, we all opened our fortune cookies, but as I'm reading mine, I hear, "What the fuck? Eh..." His cookie had been empty. No big deal.

He and I happened to live in the same city outside of college, and THE VERY NEXT TIME we went to grab Chinese, when he opens his fortune cookie, I hear, "I don't fucking believe it."

The fortune read, "Some cookies have no fortune."

Reply Share



[DaveyFoSho](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

About 3 years ago I fell asleep on my couch shortly after my GF moved out. I had a vivid dream that started in the back bedroom closet. I was looking at everything from the first perspective... Basically I was gliding down the hall to the living room. I could see the TV it was the DVD menu of the movie I was watching while I fell asleep. Turned to the left I could see myself sleeping(upon waking up it was the exact position I was currently sleeping in). I moved closer to my sleeping body and just stood there. I saw my body begin to stir awake and the perspective shifted into my own body and there was a little girl standing there who immediately grabbed my throat and said she was never letting go.

I woke up freaking the fuck out and didn't want to move. Moved out of that apartment shortly after and have not had an episode like that since.

ApolloAbove
â€¢ 13y ago

Deer Paths are creepy as fuck sometimes. When I was younger, I used to love exploring the forest. Till I started feeling like something was always following me, even when I had friends, my hair would stand on end. One day, I was tromping along in the middle of the woods when a gust of wind came out of nowhere. It didn't knock me off my feet or anything, just made me look away from the path I was on. That's when I spotted a path deeper into the woods, it was a line of bowed trees, and bending inward like a archway. The ground was unnaturally flat and beaten out, and the wind seemed to be rushing down the forested tunnel, and it seemed to stretch on forever.

Despite my curiosity, I was deathly afraid of going down that path.

...and I've never liked the forest since.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Moved into an apartment which was the bottom half of a house. After a couple weeks I started hearing footsteps and a random thud or two, was so "real" that I thought someone had broken into the top half of the house (second floor and attic room) and I went up to check it out, empty. Over the next few years would hear noises on and off, my cat and dog were both reacting to the same noises even when I pretended not to hear them so I knew it wasn't just me. Like I said I lived there for a number of years and just got used to the noises, even though the apartment was almost always vacant, three different people lived there occupying the apartment three out of the seven years I lived there. I'd almost forgotten the noises until two years ago. A friend needed a place to live and so I said "what about you and I move in the two bedroom apartment upstairs?" That's when I stopped just hearing noises and started seeing things. At this point my dog "Zoe" , a great dane, was around eight years old and barring nights spent at vet's office she and I always slept in the same bed since she was 6weeks old. My new bedroom in the upstairs apartment "felt" weird , like someone was always staring at me and my dog refused to sleep in my bed with me for the first week, instead she slept on the floor with her back to me facing the doorway into my room. All the muffled steps and thuds I'd heard in the bottom apartment suddenly came back but now were no longer muffled by a floor between source and observer. My roommate who slept in the attic room was the one who first broached the subject this is what he told me. It was around three in the morning and he had been sound asleep, he awoke to the noise of his bedroom door unlatching and opening he said he then heard "clear as a bell" heavy footsteps walking up the stairs from the door to his room. He said he thought it was me, because "who else could it have been" and he waited for the footsteps to come all the way up so that he could see "me". He said all the sudden he got really scared, and felt like he was in danger he called out for me to make my way up the rest of the stairs, when no-one responded he got out of bed and walked to the landing looked down the stairs and saw no-one, but noticed the door was opened. He walked down the stairs , the door led from his stairs to the common living room, he said when he go to the bottom of stairs he saw my dog in the doorway of my room growling and staring at his doorway, when she saw him of course she perked up and stopped growling. One night I was in bed and again felt that feeling of someone staring at me and instead of being in bed with me my dog was in the living room sleeping on the couch I thought to myself "What is this?" all the sudden I felt something "flick" my forehead and I saw for an instant, in my doorway a large older woman wearing a "mu-mu" not sure if I'm spelling that right but it's a flower-printed one piece dress worn usually by very large people. By this time I had seen enough "Haunting" shows to know that I shouldn't react to this as it may strengthen it in some way and the look on this woman's face was angry. About two weeks later I woke up and at the foot of my bed I saw this shadowy looking figure of a man wearing a dark suit and a wide brimmed hat, this almost transparent figure had in it's hands a box(?) or suitcase, I was shocked I didn't know what to say or do, it saw me wake up and look at it so I couldn't pretend it wasn't there but I was scared silent. This figure then lifted the box above it's head and swung it down on my legs at the same time I heard in my head some old guy's voice saying "GET THE HELL OUT!", when his box made contact with my legs I FELT IT hit my shins and my dog who had been asleep until now yelped and jumped off the bed and went into the living room (thanks a lot Zoe lol). Months later , and things got quiet, I had a friend over from out of town and she asked out of the blue "is this place haunted?" I was so happy to have some one to tell my stories to so I started telling her everything, when I got to point when I saw the woman in my doorway I was describing her as a "big fat lady in a mu-mu" at that very instant the television turned off and of the two overhead lights in the room the one directly above my head made a "zz-zz" electric noise and went out. My friend's jaw dropped she started saying "he wasn't making fun of just describing you" placating an offended spirit. Another time my roommate and I were in the living room watching tv and we both heard a ""vvviiip-vvviip" and I felt something scratch my arm we both saw them 4 bright red scratches just "appeared" on my right arm. He and I looked all around the chair I was sitting in , running our hands across everything trying to find what scratched me (even though we both saw them just "appear"). I would also like to mention that after I moved into this house my life started getting really kind-of crappy I became very depressed but as I had little money and a giant dog to care for I felt like these "paranormal" events weren't enough of a reason to move out, to be honest at first I thought it was "cool" to have weird things happen. My dog passed away last year (she was almost 11 and I miss her) so I started making plans to get out of here am happy to say that April first I'm moving not only out of this house but out of the state, and am for the first time in a long time "excited" about life.

Reply Share

Sebzor15
â€¢ 13y ago

My friend's house is kinda creepy. Some time ago, he told me to go down in the basement with him, and he'd shut the lights to show me something. We did, and he told me to go into the next room, where there really is no chance of there being light, be it reflection or cracks or anything. So, in the deep dark I did go into the next room, and holy shit I got scared... this light started to appear, slowly but steadily on the other end of the room on the wall. There were no cracks, nothing, no windows. I swear, I checked every possibility I could think of for lights to sneak in. I didn't find anything. This light just started to appear slowly, and eventually it was actually pretty bright. I have never believed in supernatural things, but this actually got me thinking. EDIT: He did tell me that the former owner was an abusive father and husband. He'd hold his children down in the basement to abuse them, and eventually kill them...

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Well, a lot of creepy things happened to me as a kid. But they finally explained when a I found out that every morning i wake up in sleep paralysis. I remember seeing things huddled up in my ceiling corner or my closet door being slammed shut. Just turns out to be an active mind in the middle of the night.

Reply Share

Amishhellcat
â€¢ 13y ago

yeah so... i never really tell anyone about this, but i have some suspicions that my house might be haunted. every now and then there's the sound of someone moving around in the house. like, everyone in the family is outside, the pets are downstairs and im downstairs aswell, taking a nap.. and sometimes i hear steps.. like people walking around upstairs, up the stairs, down the stairs, opening the front door, closing it, walking out on the patio. stuff like that.. kicker is, the front door is locked. noone in the house at all.. and also the dogs react to the sounds too, so it's not just me or the other in the family who hear the 'walkers'..

[kkrusky](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was about 10 years old my family went on a trip to London. We went to Hampton Court Palace (Henry the 8ths home) When we got there the weather was total crap and as a result not many people were there. We went walking around checking out the different rooms and came to a wine cellar it was probably like 10 steps down to a bunch of old wine barrels which my parents wanted to check out. I refused to go down the stairs for the logical fear that a bunch of spiders would be all over the barrels. As I waited at the top i heard an ear piercing scream. My parents came running back and asked why I yelled (which I didnt) I said I didnt and they assumed it must have been another family. Later on we finally ran into another family of tourists who asked us if we also heard the scream. We went on to ask a tour operated who basically just shrugged it off. It bothered me for a long time and I went on to do some research and there a lot of hauntings there. It may not be as scary as some of the others but it did happen and it did make me believe.

[bass_n_treble](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

It may seem tame, but I once turned on a TV with a remote that had no batteries in it. This was 1989 or 1990 and I believe it was an old Magnavox.

Rishiku
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Be 10 with dad and sister.

On our way home from night church.

Dad says if we get home in time you can stay up and watch touched by an angel.

Me and sister pray out loud that we get all green lights to make it home in time.

Get all green lights.

Episode that night, talks about how people are always praying for trivial stuff...specifically green lights...

statusquowarrior
â€¢ 13y ago

Not really creepy but some that made me wonder about what we call reality.

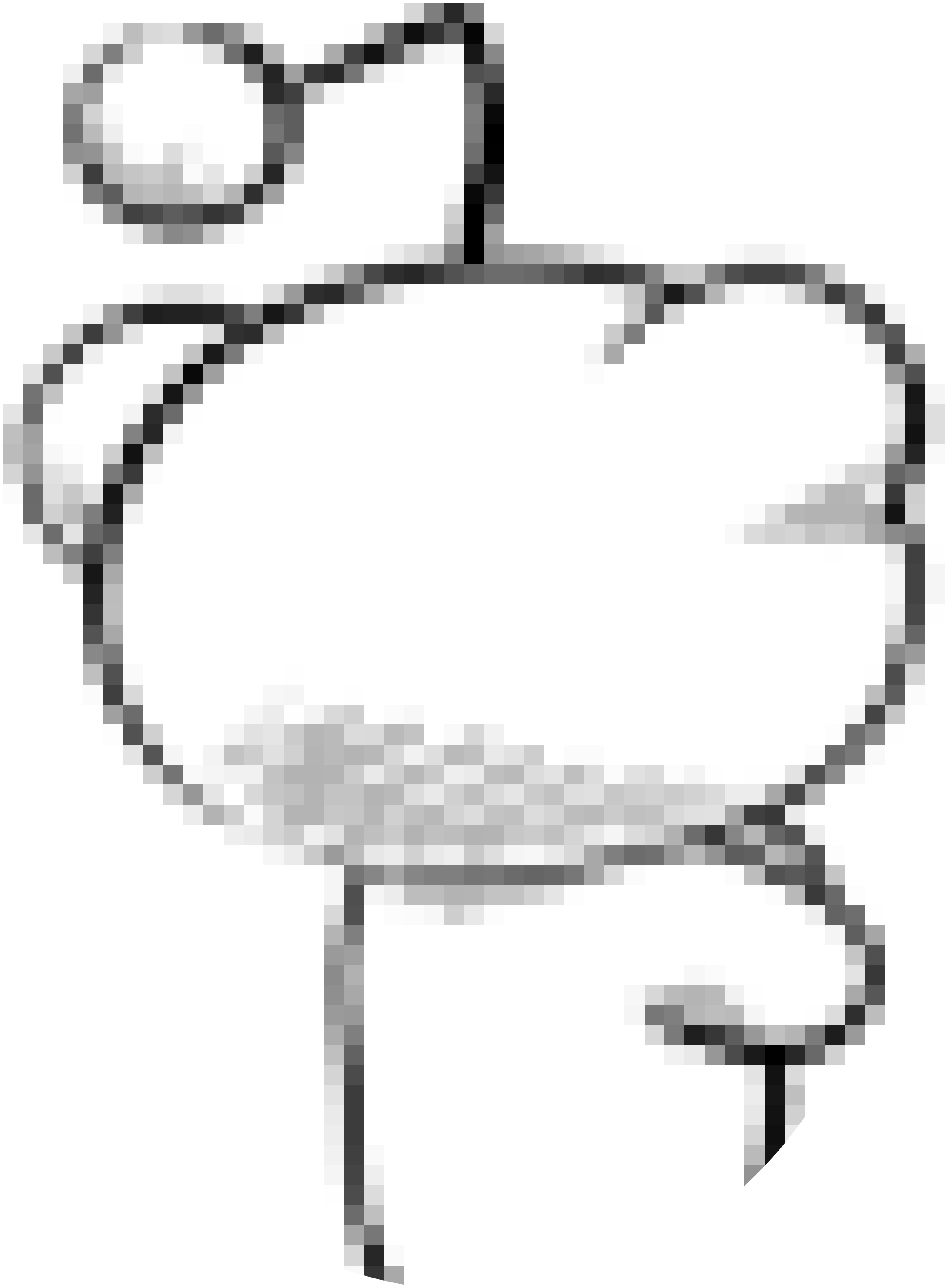
After my great grandmother died, when I was lying on bed watching TV I looked up and saw some purple glittery-water. That's the best I can describe it. Lasted for about 3 seconds.

There was one time when I was almost sleeping that my cat's face popped in my "closed eye vision" in black and white, then it got stronger and became colored, when it pulled me straight to her(the cat) and then I was having a lucid-dreamish OBE. I was kinda on automatic, I realized I was dreaming or out of my body, but I would say I was 95% conscious. If I was really conscious I would look at my bed to see if my body was there. When I went out my vision was "fish-eye", with that crazy distortion. I could float but not control completely. It was a weird day.

Also I had an "inception". I woke up from a dream and saw a guy going to my bathroom via the outside, I ran to it trying to see what it was about, then it started trying to open the bathroom door when I was holding it, my mom woke up, and then I woke up from that dream again, now really being waken up.

I've had some pretty wild and deep dreams also. There was one where I walking on what appeared to be a 20-ish century street. I was walking around and then I glanced at an "art gallery". When I looked to other part of it, I saw one boxer, one mafia boss and myself. The moment I laid my eyes on these three pictures the emotion was so fucking strong you could feel it. I could almost hear the orchestra in my head that time when I looked at those. I instantly thought I was these guys at some point. I then looked to a house where there was a yellow old wood window closed and there were 3 people sitting there. I thought they were looking after me. I still plan to have a friend draw the mafia boss as it is the one which I really remember the face and the pose, he had a cigar and was lying back on his chair, like a boss. My face was with the GAP hoodie I have and the boxer was with his gloves hanging in his neck but I don't really remember the face.

It could also be a result of me reading some books in the subject and my brain playing a trick on me. Who knows.



Dart12111
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

Some fat chick hitting on me.

tomime
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

I went to my aunt's home (pretty large/old house) with my 2 sisters 2 cousins. Saw my sis goes to use the restroom, saw her come out and called to her. Ignored I see my sis walks towards the living room and I followed. My sister then stops in front of the living room door and just as I was about to reach to touch her my cousin called to me from behind.

"Tomime why are you just standing there?"

I turned and replied "I am just calling to (sis) and she keeps ignoring me!"

turned back to my sis and nothing stands between me and the door. It was later then I realized the person whom I thought was my sis has hair down to her waist and wearing a night gown. My sister had short heir and a skirt that day, some reason I was lead to think she was my sister.

Additional info:

1. I never saw the front of the face, only the back
2. The living room was built in a later date as the entire house is made out of bricks (later to learn again the bricks were from a local prison) and the living room is small made out of wood... maybe something is buried under it?
3. There is a japanese doll in that living room which I always find rather creepy
4. Been to my aunt's house plenty of times, and this happened the last time I visited that house

TLDR: I got brainwashed by a ghost into thinking she's my sister

Reply Share

Prodscott
â€¢ 13y ago

Back when I used to produce morning shows, our most popular guest was a woman named Suzanne Northrop. Her "thing" was that she could talk to the dead. For example, the first time I brought her on, the main host (who wanted nothing to do with her), called his wife and Suzanne figured out that the wife lost a daughter (previous marriage) in a car accident. Once you get past the unusual of it all, it was really quite heartwarming stuff.

At the time, I shared an office with a guy who had lost his father and he asked me if he could have a word with Suzanne then next time we had her in town. I agreed to make an introduction on his behalf and wherever it goes from there...

A couple months later, Suzanne is back in studio doing her thing. She's live on the air in the middle of a call when my friend enters the studio. I instruct him to wait in the corner until a commercial and I'll introduce them. A minute later, Suzanne, while still doing something with the caller, looks at my friend and says "you need to take someone fishing" then goes back to dealing with the caller.

My friend turns pale and crumbles to the ground. Turns out his father's ashes were spread at his dad's favorite fishing spot.

Not an unsettling story, but there's no logic as to how she did that.

TL;DR: Woman ses dead people, sends friend to dad's ashes at fishing hole.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This is fairly "innocent" but to this day I have no explanation for it:

In my living room I have a set of blinds that has one of those turn-rods to tilt the blinds open and closed.

About 30 seconds after my wife left me home alone the rod shot out almost 90 degrees like someone swatted at it.

I figured "that's fucking odd" but assumed that the closing of the door when my wife left must have done it (despite being the slowest air in history if this was the case). I slammed my front door a few times and the thing didn't even flinch. I tried walking quickly by, no movement. I opened the window - nothing. I even took a book to see how much air would be required to get it to repeat that level of motion and NOTHING got it to do much more than wiggle around.

No idea what the hell could have caused this outburst of energy in my blind rod but it hasn't happened since.

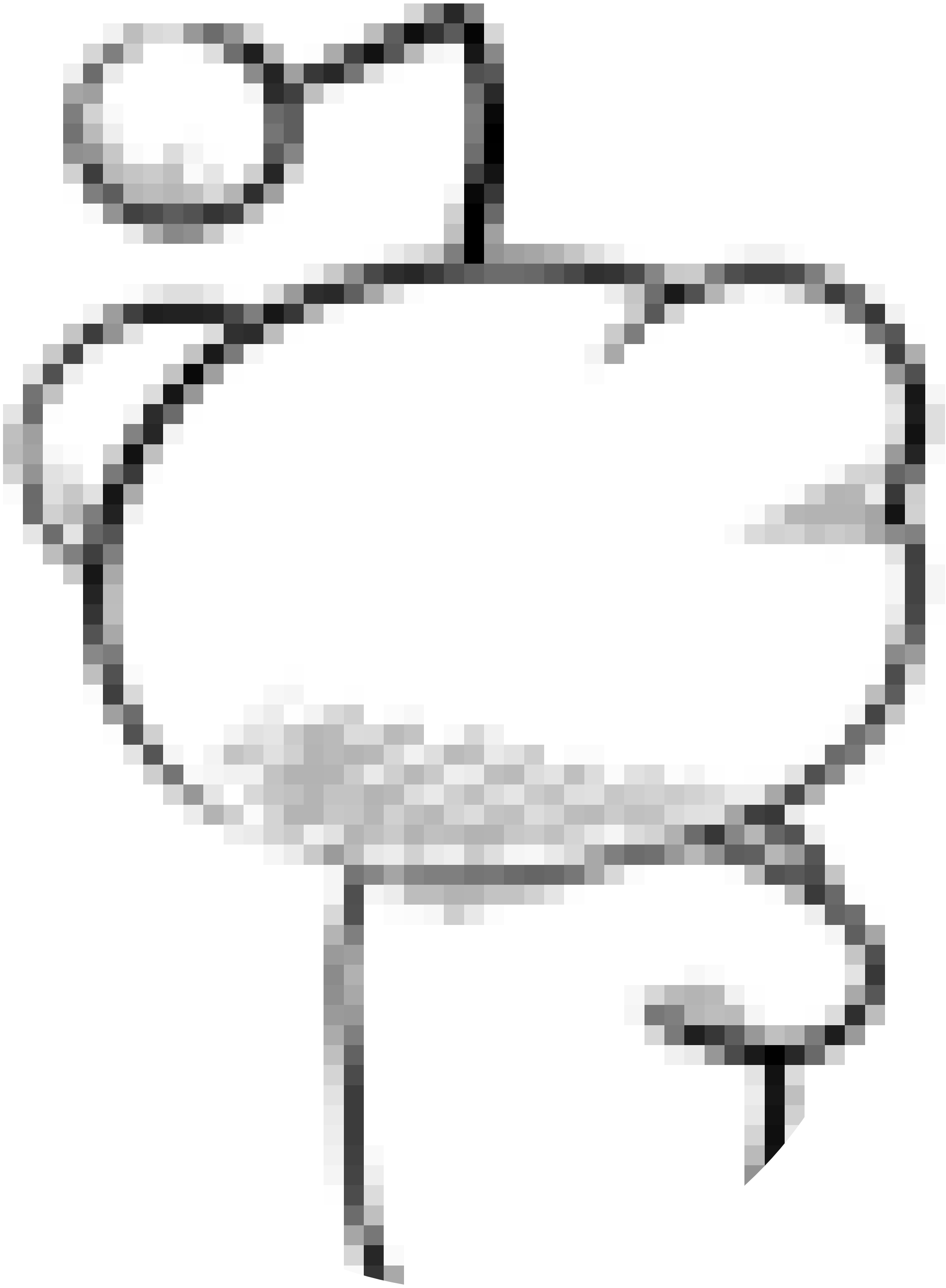
featherfooted
â€¢ 13y ago

I get bad dÃ©jÃ vu sometimes. When I sleep and dream, I see things happening which I can't understand but sometimes, months or years later, the exact same event will happen in real life and in exactly the same way as I dreamed it. This is things like predicting entire conversations with specific people in specific places.

I used to keep a dream journal and would check off whenever I got dÃ©jÃ vu but decided to stop after a while. The hardest part is remembering exactly what happened in the dream when I wake up from it, and when the dÃ©jÃ vu hits, it's a very scary feeling, as if I can't stop or prevent something from happening.

[SentryGunEngineer]
â€¢ [13y ago]

Yummy I love me some creepy weekend read every now and then on Reddit :)



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

One time, while trying to fall asleep, my mattress was flung up what felt like six inches off the bed frame. I was on a top bunk, too, so it was pretty startling.

TJB92
â€¢ 13y ago

My brother and I were crashing at a friends' house in the spare room. In the middle of the night, the door opens and a bald man walks in. He stands there a minute, looks around, smiles at us, and walks back out. We figured it was our friends' moms' boyfriend, as we'd never seen him before.

In the morning we asked our friend about it and he told us his moms' boyfriend isn't bald and he had no idea who that guy could've been. We still have no clue.

Jimbawb
â€¢ 13y ago

One night I was suddenly woken out of a deep sleep. My eyes were as wide as they could go and it took about two seconds before I could clearly see. Once my vision was clear I realized that it looked like there was a white sort of glowing lady about 50 cm's from my face leaning over staring into my eyes. At first I thort it was my mum so I sorta sat back and then up and said mum the lady stood upright turned around and then floated straight out my bedroom door (which was closed). I got out of bed and opened my door but there was no one out there.

papakaka
â€¢ 13y ago

I try to keep this as brief as possible... At night in my mom's house growing up I used to hear all the typical creaking floors, kitchen cabinet doors opening and glasses tinkling. The house is very small, I could tell exactly which creak came from which area of the house. While these noises used to happen I could often hear my mom snoring in her room, so I knew it couldn't be her. Also experienced the typical sleep paralysis events, like sensing presences, seeing balls of light floating in my room, the usual. So, the weird part... one morning I awoke in the locked house, hands folded under my pillow and head resting atop the pillow. Between my hands was a really old newspaper clipping of the St. Jude's Novena, which read in part "Pray for me, I am so helpless and alone. Intercede with God for me that He bring visible and speedy help where help is almost despaired of. Come to my assistance in this great need that I may receive the consolation and help of heaven in all my necessities, tribulations, and sufferings..." So, yeah, ran into my mom's room, mad at her because that was NOT a funny joke! She looked at me blankly and promised it wasn't her. So... now the really creepy part. My wife and I just had a baby and spent the first night with him at my mom's house on Christmas. My wife, who has never experienced sleep paralysis in her life, woke me up because she was desperately whispering over and over, "... help, help, help..." I woke her up and she had a vivid sleep paralysis dream/hallucination of an old man trying to pull our son out of bed from her...

Reply Share

[upsidedowncrossed](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Nope. nope. nope.

Reply Share

adamsworstnightmare

â€¢ 13y ago

Pretty lame but one night I was laying in bed and was starin out the window from the side. I then saw the silhouette of a hook slowly grow out of the window sill. The next morning I showed my parents and they insisted it had always been there but it was my room and I know it wasn't before.

Reply Share

ghostmoon
â€¢ 13y ago

Used to be part of a group that poked around in haunted buildings at night.

Never experienced much (that couldn't be put down to imagination playing tricks/corner-of-the-eye phenomenon) that really unsettled me that much until one night at an old stately home.

Now, this house was different from most of the properties we used to investigate. 75% of the time, the houses or castles or whatever were very creepy places - they were abandoned, ruined, or just unsettling. Very often they were dilapidated, so very cold. This place wasn't. It was warm, and cosy and very inviting. Every room had a big fireplace, every room was full of old, comfortable furniture, and the house just didn't feel threatening, not at all.

Anyhow, we got the property about 5pm, it was November so it was already dark. These kind of investigations tend to happen overnight, so we took a look around the house and prepared for the investigation.

About 11pm, we're all looking around the house in small groups. I was with one other guy, and at this point all the lights are still on in the house. We entered what I remember to be the main drawing room or parlour and there was a big, old-fashioned armchair next to the fireplace. I distinctly remember looking at this chair and seeing a pair of legs as if there was someone sitting there. No upper half, just the legs. It was SO weird. What made it weirder was that me and the other guy both went off immediately into separate rooms and wrote down what we'd seen, and we both had seen the exact same thing. It was really, really unsettling.

SirSiggy
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I've had such an instance when i was probably around 8 years old. I was lying in bed trying to sleep, eyes closed. When suddenly i felt this shadow looming over me. Like I could some how physically feel a shadow watching over me. A huge wave of fear rushed down my spine as I started to get the sensation that I was being lifted off of my bed, into the air. I remember I started crying hysterically and when I finally opened my eyes I saw my mother running up the stairs to see what was wrong.

For the longest time I thought I was being carried away by a ghost or just being abducted by a stranger. I have no reason to believe that to be the case but that memory has stuck with me like glue.

vieve033
â€¢ 13y ago

I live in an apartment and am friends with my upstairs neighbor who lives directly above me. She has mentioned frequently seeing an old man who appears at the end of her bed. She has come to terms with this ghost and calls him George. Here's the kicker. A month ago, she received phone calls saying someone was waiting for her in her apartment. She wasn't home and asked a male neighbor to check the apartment. He did, no one was home. Minutes later, I heard a heavy being get off her couch and take 3-4 steps. I heard him walking directly above me. I immediatly called the police. They swept the apartment with a police dog. Nothing. I'm still scared to go up there when she isn't home.

usagicookies
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a college freshman, the dormroom I lived in had a haunted light switch. The thing would flip on and off for five seconds randomly some nights. Like I would sit and watch the thing flip on and off. Needless to say, I switched rooms as soon as I could.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

The creepiest thing I can think of was when I was about thirteen or so. My family and I have lived in the same house for 20 years, and I never liked walking or standing underneath the hatch to the attic. I don't know WHY but I just get anxious whenever I stand there. Well one night I am in bed reading (i should mention my bed faced directly out of my room, and the hatch was about 3 steps away) and I keep thinking I see something coming down from the attic...however it's like 2am and I didn't have my glasses on so I just assumed my eyes were playing tricks on me. I eventually stop reading because I am just too creeped out and I find my glasses to check things out. I put them on, turn around to go out the door, and see this apparition/ghost of a woman hanging from the hole in the attic. I was stuck to the floor. I wasn't as scared as I was just in shock...she was wearing a long sleeved white dress with a high laced collar, had white Mary-Janes on, and had long hair up in a bun. I don't remember much about her face, it just looked sad and well..ghostly. I promptly slammed the door, tried to gather myself, and peeked out again. It was gone. Of course. I've never seen it again, and I never mentioned it to my family.

[DubyaBlue](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

This was probably 6 or 7 years ago now. My GF at the time was staying over at my parent's house with me. I am getting dressed and am about to head downstairs when all of a sudden the entire room lights up uber bright. This room does not face the sun, I did not hit the light switch and if I had they do not make it that bright. It was one of those brights where everything just goes white. It only lasted maybe 2 seconds then went away. My GF says did you turn on the light, I said nope and she was out of the room in 2 seconds. I never experienced it again. Will have to ask my brother someday as he grew up in that room.

[Food_Negotiator](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I have one that happened to me when I was really young. However I happened to be the freaky part. When I was a kid I use to sleep walk. I would either talk or sometimes even get up and walk around in my sleep, eyes open. I never remember any of it. My mom said it was something I would grow out of. Usually if I was doing this though she would find me and get me back to bed without ever waking me. One night I really freaked her out. It happened to be on the anniversary that her grandfather passed away. She use to tell me about him. Tall, slender guy, who was a cowboy and went by the name crazy man. Anyhow I happen to be sleep walking one night and my mom heard me and came into my room to try and get me back in bed. When I got in bed my eyes were still open and I kept staring in the corner of my room. When she tried to make me go back to a calm state of sleep I continued to point in the corrner of my room saying "crazy man, crazy man, can't you see him? he's the crazy man." My mom said she flipped out so bad she climbed in the bed. I don't remember any of it when I was told about it the next morning but I do remember having a dream that involved a tall man with a cowboy hat.

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[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

[Aliens] (http://www.daveware.co.uk/hannah/blog/files/aliens-meme.jpg)

Reply Share

mybustersword
â€¢ 13y ago

This one didn't happen to me, but I am involved. When I was 15 I moved across town, not a big deal about 10 minutes away from my old place. I lived next door(s?) to my 2 best friends so now we were a bit further away is all. One night, about 1030 pm I get a knock on my door and its my friend, we'll call him Charles.

Charles is out riding his bike to my house at 1030, for no apparent reason, which is odd in the first place. What's even odder is the fact that he looks like he's just seen a ghost. I ask him what's up, and he barely stammers out that he just saw the more fucked up, unsettling thing in his life and he shouldn't be alive. That he was bored, and just felt the impulse to ride up by my house and say hi. That on the way, he saw a figure walking down the road in the streetlights. That as he got close to this person, he was wearing a suit. That as he passed by this person, he looked back to see who they were and did not see a face. A faceless man, wearing a suit walking down the road at 1030 pm... and all he could say was *it looked at me*. So he tailed it out of there and to my place around the corner, begins story.

Normally I wouldn't beleive him, but his reaction. The look on his face, how white he was. How much fear I saw in his eyes. I believed that.

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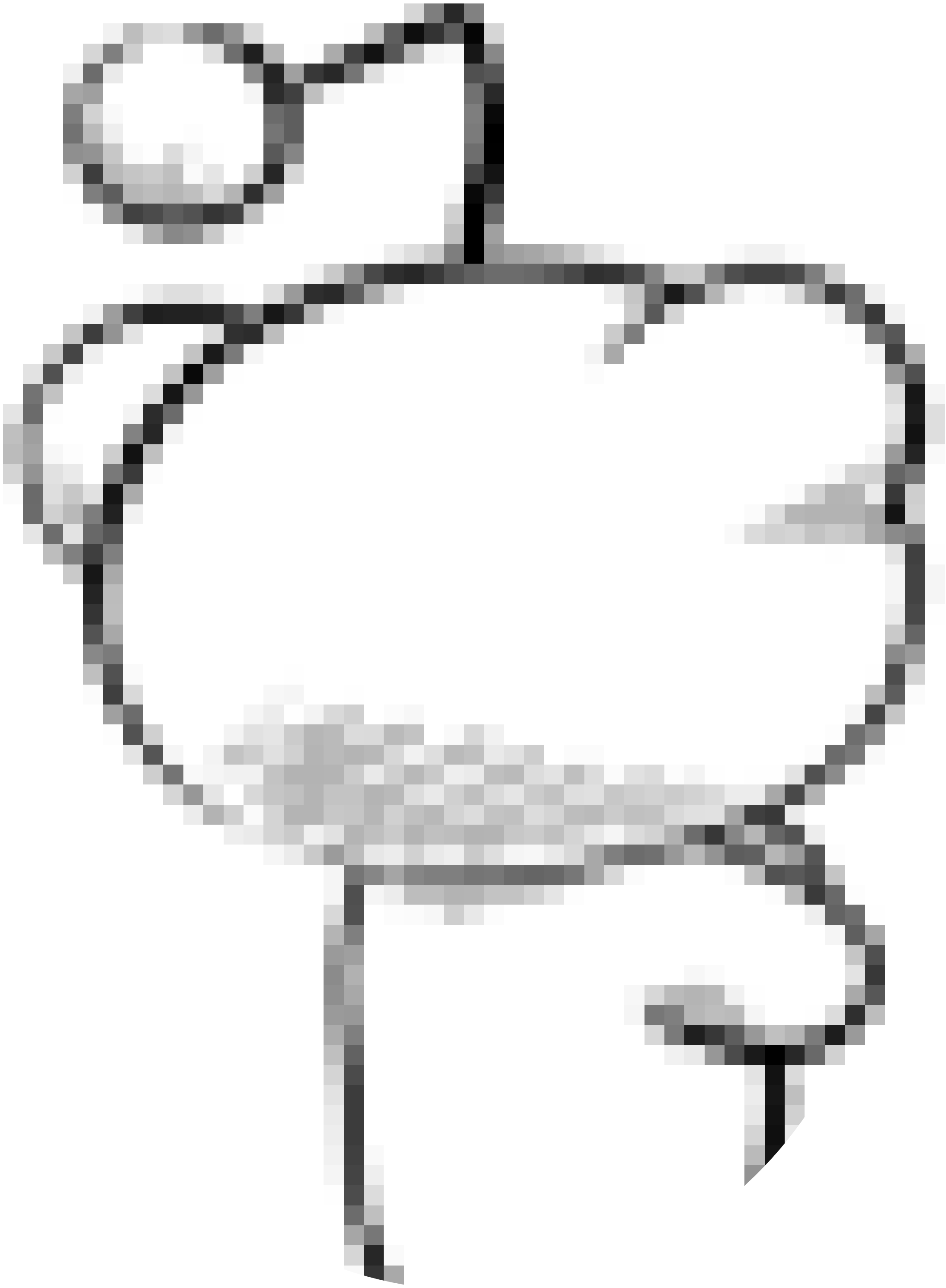

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â€¢ 13y ago

ITT: "This didn't happen to me, but this one time my friend..."

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[Palhinuk](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Okay, not necessarily paranormal/supernatural, but still unnerving as fuck.

One night about maybe a year ago or so, I was leaving a friend's house to head to a hookah lounge on the other side of town. I get a phone call. Naturally I think it's one of my friends asking about plans or whatnot, so I answer my phone without checking the ID (I'm in my car anyway so I don't want to take my eyes off the road).

The first thing I notice is a ton of static. I answer with a simple "Hello?" I get back a "Hello?" in return. It sounds like a guy doing an exaggerated impression of a little girl, which threw me off. I wait a few moments and repeat "Hello?" which they parrot back to me in the same voice. I respond back with a third "Hello?"

The noise they made back I would liken to a squeal of agony. The static grows a bit, before the call drops. I look at the ID, and the number is marked (Unknown).

I still, to this day, have no fucking clue as to what was up with that call. If it was a prank, it wasn't very funny but it disturbed the shit out of me so they got it in that aspect.

Reply Share

frankyb89
â€¢ 13y ago

I've had dreams come true as a child. Weirdest thing to ever happen to me. There was only one instance that I had written down my dream and was definitively able to prove it. It was usually just small things, like a few sentences of a conversation. But then I had a big one.

My sister's wedding reception. The entire god damn day. From the my morning at school until the moment I went to bed. When I had the dream I lived in the suburbs and had never been to that particular backwoods town in my life. I wrote down every detail that I remembered. The sign for the town that was in front of my house, the text on the sign, the houses I saw around me, what we did at school that day, how everything went at the reception. Years later on the day of her reception, I had a massive sense of deja rÃ©vÃ© the entire day. Finally, while running home to get something we forgot, I stopped dead in my tracks and everything around me looked super familiar. Like it finally clicked why everything felt familiar. Later that night I looked around and finally found my little journal. Everything that day went exactly as I had written down. Showed it to my mom to make sure I wasn't crazy. I wasn't. Now to make it so you'll never believe me, that journal has been lost over the years. I've moved multiple times since then and it happened at least 10-11 years ago.

I still get little conversations that I can "predict" now and then, either real conversations or conversations between characters in a tv show that I'm watching for the first time, but nothing has ever been as intense as that day. I have no idea what to think about it even now.

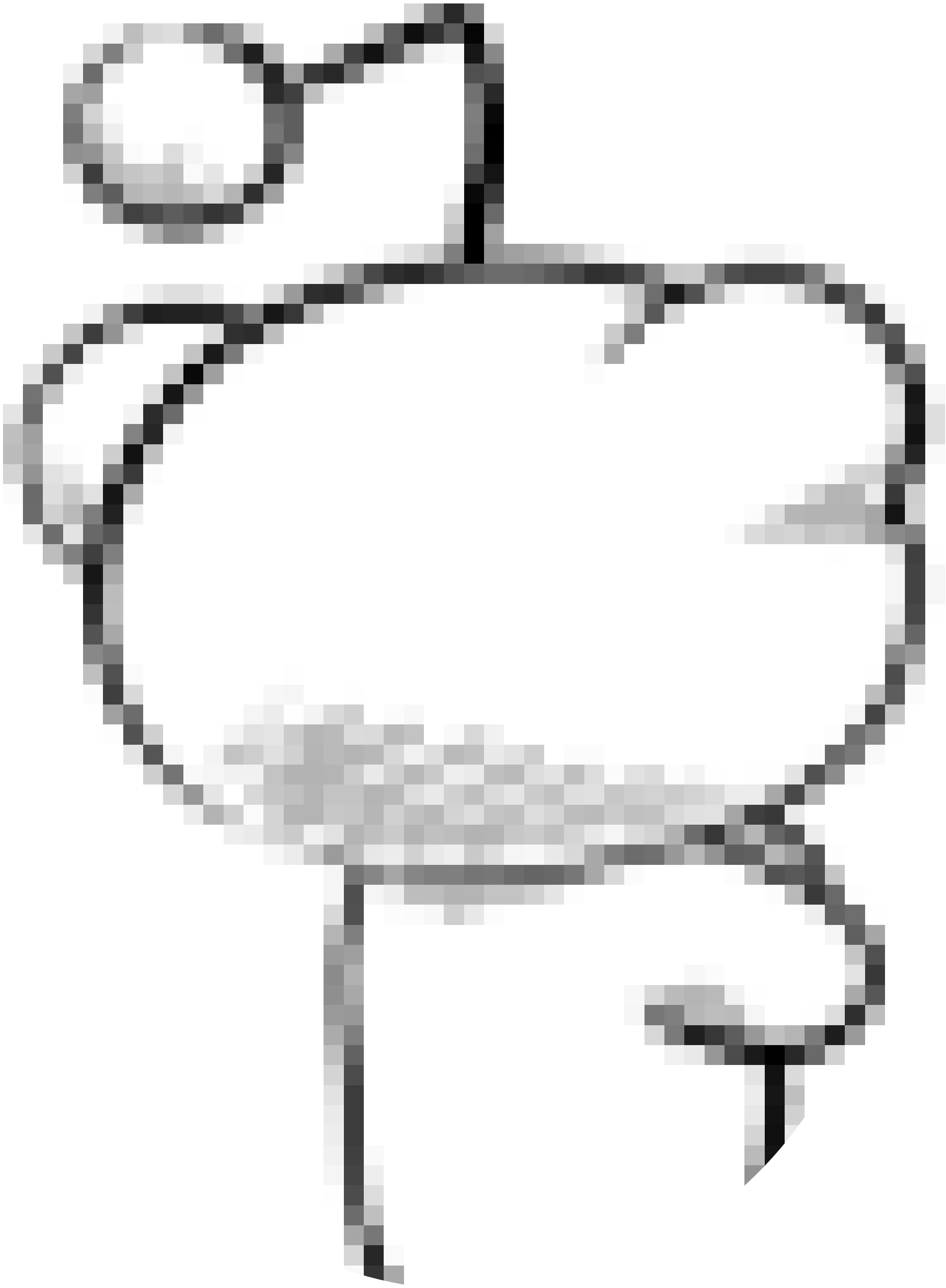
⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies

jebus01
â€¢ 13y ago

A deep male voice was coming loud and clear from my computer speakers once, they were turned off. I hadn't slept in more than a day so I'm pretty sure it was just hallucinations, which is what I settled with when it happened as well, so I wasn't freaked out at all (had been watching a lot of House as well, so my skepticism was at an all time high)



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â€¢ 13y ago

My first girlfriend see's spirits, no joke. We had the house to ourselves one evening and were watching a movie and talking, but she's distracted by something. She tells me that there's someone walking around upstairs; a man in a bowler hat and trench coat, and he's been going up and down the stairs for a few minutes already. We keep talking and later she says he's gone. Fast forward to after the movie; we're making out up stairs, when she stops looks at the doorway, looks back at me and tells me that he's back. As you can imagine, its a ~~bit of~~ big mood killer, even tho she's used to getting visited. Its a bad idea to give rouge spirits any attention, especially to confront them, so we just waited and talked. She figured it was her dad's friend who died when they were younger; come to check up on us and make sure we didn't get too *frisky*.

I'm sure this is about when you'll want to ask me if she's crazy or making shit up and I was just going along with it, and up to this point, there's no reason to suspect that, especially because she's the one who can see them and I can't. Then, after we start kissing for a couple minutes again, all of a sudden we hearing noises. With no notice, we hear boxes being moved around in the basement and a broom being knocked over. Then absolute silence. We checked the basement, and we were still home alone. We didn't kiss the rest of the night.

TLDR: My ex gf see's spirits, one of whom watched us and pulled poltergeist in the basement to upset our evening.

(I've posted this before, but its it's sill relevant)

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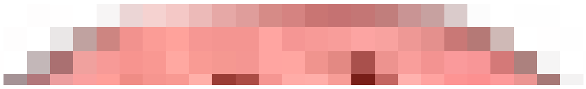


Dustdown
â€¢ 13y ago

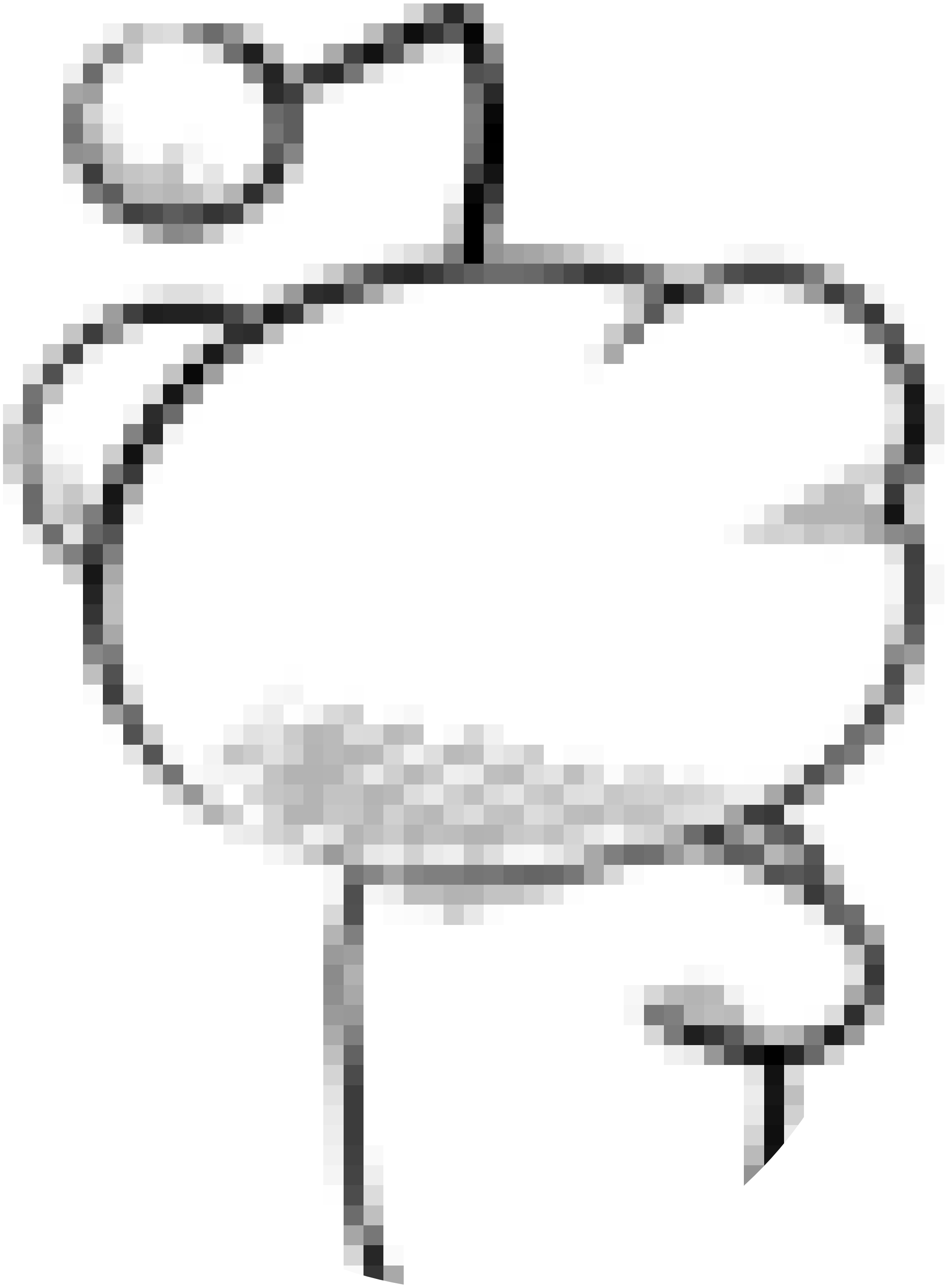
When I was just 12 I lived in Egypt (I'm originally from Norway) for a few months. There wasn't any TV to speak of, so at night I'd climb up on the roof of our little bungalow and watch the stars. Truthfully I did so because I could peek into the neighbour's family's windows and there was a really cute girl there. In my dreams she would one day look up and see me and we'd run off together...

More likely she'd see a creepy pale face and scream her lungs out.

Anyhow; one night when I was sitting there looking up, I suddenly see a really large red orb pass over me. It had a very small tale, if any and within it were three black lumps of... black?

Now, I've always imagined this must have been a meteroite or such. But it was the strange slowness it moved with that stuck with me. It only lasted for about 4 seconds before it disappeared, but the hairs stood up on my body as I watched it.

20 years later I still wonder what it was I saw on the roof that night.



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â€¢ 13y ago

When I was around 6-8 years old my family lived in an apartment that I'm still 100% convinced was haunted. My sisters and I constantly saw a large black shape walking down the hall way or into the bathroom. It wasn't that I this shape was scare, but the entire time I lived there I got massive headaches. The headaches were so bad I would end up on the floor screaming. The day we moved out the headaches stopped.

Bonus anecdote! My aunt used to have this green couch. It was one of the most comfortable couches I have ever sat upon in my entire life. However everyone who has ever slept on it had horrible nightmares. Not just one or two coincidental nightmares, but every time any person slept on the couch they had a nightmare.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I think I can explain this one... it probably had to do with the room being too hot and getting a bit dehydrated during my sleep. I think it caused me to kind of be in a half sleep/half awake state.

Anyways, it was trippy/creepy as fuck anyways. I was sleeping-ish and i remember opening my eyes and looking at my girlfriend's silhouette in the dark, except i was laying on my side and so everything went sideways (so right/left became up/down) and for some reason my vision abstracted her silhouette to be a door instead. From behind that door, I swear to god, I saw a creepy ass little girl peek out and stare at me. I closed my eyes and opened them again and now my gf was still there but this creepy ass girl popped up again and kind of stood over her, still looking me in the eyes. Basically I just closed my eyes wishing for it to go away and I finally got up and got water and turned the heat down in the room. Everything returned to normal. I'm not sure but is it possible to have hallucinations as a result of being kind of between sleeping and waking states?

Edit: Yes, yes it is possible to hallucinate between states and apparently it is a symptom of hypnagogia. okay, so this can be explained. Oh well, it was still creepy as fuck.

Reply Share

MrWeeBo
â€¢ 13y ago

This is something I think about all the time and still have no explanation of what it could be. The year was 2008 and I was living in a roommate situation with some high school friends. It was about 9 or 10 am and i was just rising and checking fb/ email at the computer. Out of no where I heard this super sonic WOOSH flying very low and fast over head. Sounded like it was traveling faster than i have ever hear a airplane move. (i have lived by air force bases and airports so i know how aircraft generally sound). I literally hit the deck thinking a missile or projectile was going to impact near my house. After a few seconds I jumped up and ran to my roommates room and I found him crouched with his hands in the ready position staring at the ceiling. We both said "WTF was that" and proceeded running out the front door. We looked outside and nothing but blue skies were out. I did look a few houses down the street and saw a old lady looking to the sky. We never figured out what it could be but for that split second I thought we were being bombed or attacked by some force. It was fucking nuts.

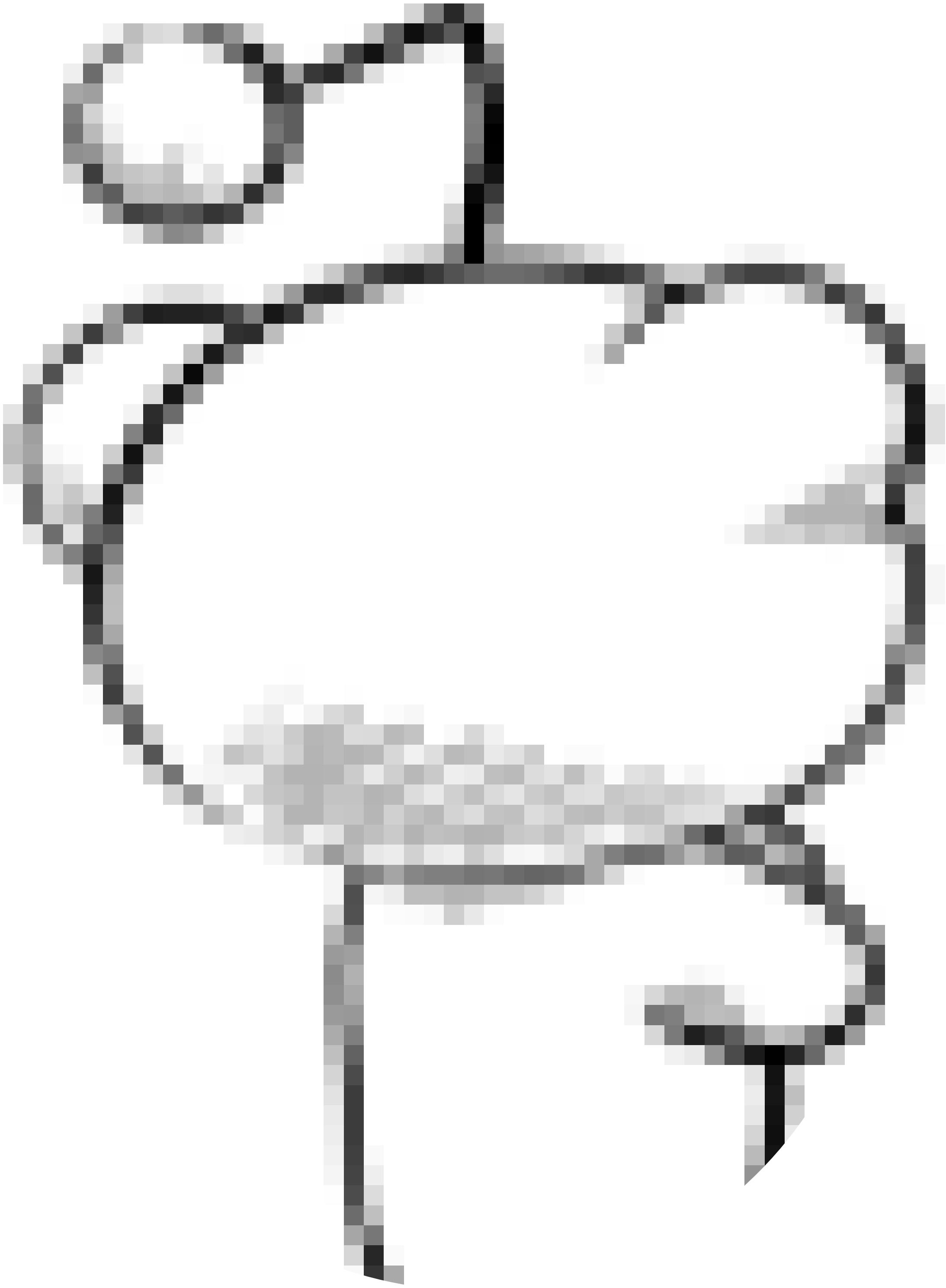
Pleiadian
â€¢ 13y ago

One time I was lying in bed sleeping and I open my eyes and see a plume of smoke entering my bedroom from around the corner. I look closer and I could see a face in the smoke looking at me with an angry expression. The smoke/face started moving towards me so my natural defense was to put my hand and feet up to kick it away, suddenly I feel something grab my foot and swing my leg high up off my bed until my foot smashed into my night stand. A glass of water flew off of the night stand and smashed into my bookshelf making a loud crash. Feeling frightened and full of adrenaline I quickly turn on my light and the smoke is gone. Now, normally I would've dismissed this as just a crazy dream or a night terror perhaps but when I looked at the distance between where I was my bed and the glass of water on the night stand(about 7-8ft) I realized it was much much further that I could ever possibly kick.. so it led me to believe that maybe something actually did grab me by the ankle and yank me out of my bed that night. I had trouble falling back asleep after and I couldn't stop thinking about it for nights to come..

mars_barbarbar
â€¢ 13y ago

A similar question was asked a few weeks ago and there was this guy who said that on a bright sunny day it suddenly went dark and stormy outside and he freaked out just to find it go back to clear skies sunny again. That I found to be pretty creepy.

Sorry about the exceptionally poor narration. Too lazy to find a link.



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â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 14 I was laying on my bed and meditating. I was interested in astral projection because I was 14.

So I'm laying there, probably 30 minutes into my meditating, when it feels like my body "dips" for a second, like being underwater. I'd had this happen before, and had slowly been learning to not let it startle me. The "dipping" feel had a small rushing sound to it, almost like "wah-wee."

I manage to not be startled, and after my next deep breath, another "wah-wee." I get into a rhythm of this, controlled by my breath. If anything, it felt interesting. So I keep going for a few minutes. The "wah-wee" moments start to sound more like cars rushing by. My body is very still and I totally locked into the experience.

"Wah-wee." ... "Wah-wee." ... "Wah-wee." ... ... An old man SUDDENLY appears in my mind. I *fucking feel* him grab my arms, and he screams right in my face: ***"CRAZY!"***

I sat bolt upright in the bed, covered in sweat. My hands wouldn't stop shaking. I almost threw up.

I tried to meditate again but couldn't get back "down" to that level. I think because subconsciously I think there's an old man waiting to grab me.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

During high school I worked as a janitor. Our biggest contract was the nightly cleaning of a rather large hospital in Erie pa. Hospitals are pretty creepy in general, but at night they're almost unbearable. Specifically the diagnostics floor of the cardiac center. One night while emptying the trash bins in a dark hallway of nothing but exam rooms I heard a noise behind me and turned around and saw what looked like one of my coworkers dart into the room across the hall with their hood up. Thinking they were screwing with me, I walked into the room to scold them for screwing around on the job. I turned on the lights and looked around but the room was empty. At this point my heart just about fell out my ass and I backed out of the room. As I fast-walked to go find my coworker I started to hear tapping that sounded like foot steps from behind me getting faster and faster. I broke into jog and found her before the sound caught up to me. Don't know what it was but it was scary as fuck, that hallway still flips me out whenever I go back to help clean.

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bretagne290
â€¢ 13y ago

Unexplainable here. I live on the campus of a large state university, but I am literally forced to study or sleep anywhere but in my residence. The staff basically brushes off the consistent noise issues that prevent me from leading a normal life in a space I pay for.

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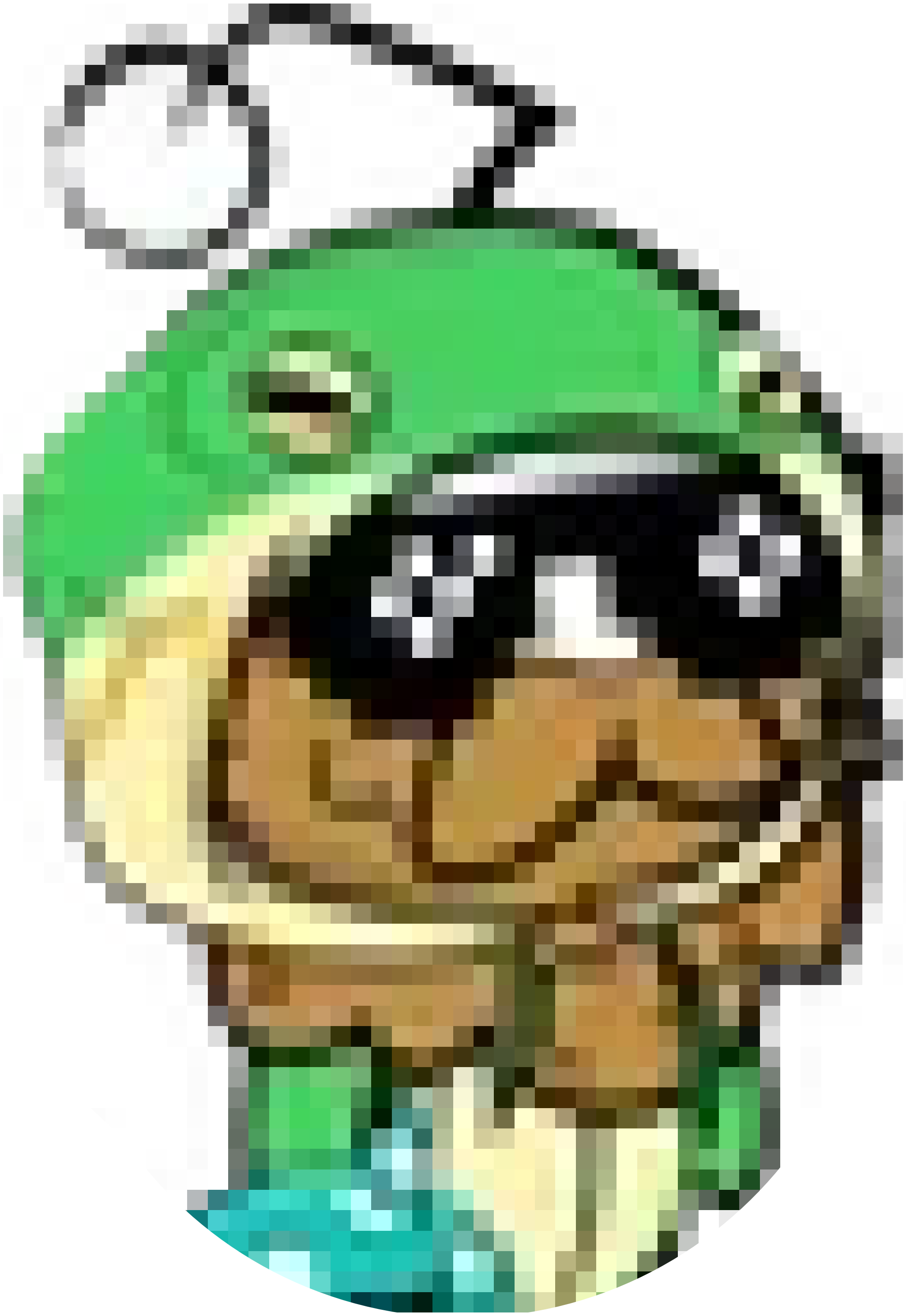

rastacola
â€¢ 13y ago

My Grandfather passed away when I was 16 from cancer. When he started to get very ill, he gave my parents the house. For weeks he joked about what things had to stay, including a clock my mother hated. "It's ugly! Just take it with you," she would joke. "Ha, alright ..I'll come back for it."

So he passes away and a few days later we go over to start packing things and cleaning... all the rough stuff you have to go through. Well, the clock was in a room of the house we weren't in and it slammed to the ground. It was NAILED in the wall, but I was staring at it on the carpet. So we try to see if it worked still and it's broken. We tried to get it fixed, but it just doesn't work. He took it with him.

hwholland
â€¢ 13y ago

I've got a couple small stories that were pretty creepy:

1. This is just about the earliest memory I have. It's a vague memory of being in my crib. My mom was having a dinner party in the living room and I was supposed to be going to sleep. All the lights were off in my room. I saw a man's figure in the corner of the room who started moving towards me. Just as his hand started reaching down towards me I screamed and my mom ran into the room and turned on the lights and nobody was there. I was very little so who knows what I really saw, but this one still haunts me today. I have trouble in the dark because I'm worried that someone or something will be there and I can barely see it.

2. When I was young I was in my crib playing with my mom's car keys. When she came in to check on me the car keys were missing. She looked everywhere in the house for the keys but couldn't find them. The only thing in the room with me other than my crib was a vacuum cleaner. For some reason she figured what the hell, and opened up the vacuum cleaner and there were the car keys inside. I had no way of getting out of my crib and the vacuum cleaner was never turned on that day. No idea how the keys got there. (I don't remember this, my mom tells me the story).

3. Laying in bed with wife arguing over who would get up and turn off the lights. After about 10 minutes of this the cat jumped up and switched off the lights.

tadv211
â€¢ 13y ago

Not exactly creepy, but right after my grandfather died, I was sitting in my living room, eating breakfast before work. My day planner (which I use religiously to keep track of life in general) was sitting on the coffee table in front of me, closed. I glanced down at it, and I remember doing so, as I thought about the bills I had to pay that day. I got up and left the room to put dishes away, and came back to the living room to find the planner wide open and laying on the floor. I definitely didn't knock it off, as it was on the opposite end of the table from where I was walking. The only other person home at the time was my boyfriend, and he was asleep in the bedroom. I glanced down at the planner and it was open to a date in the middle of May, 6 months or so from the date that this happened. For some reason I instantly knew that date was my grandfather's birthday, even though I didn't remember having firsthand knowledge of that before. I called my mother to check, and she confirmed my suspicions.

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Valendr0s
â€¢ 13y ago

Maybe a week before I was to be married... I had been shuffling cards as I often do. I had been shuffling for a while (I have a bit of a restless hands thing) - maybe an hour or so. So I get into a bit of a freak-out mood (as often happens before you get married) - I also was at the tail end of an existential crisis at that time (knowledge of death, questioning religious ideas, etc) and think to myself...

Am I supposed to be getting married? Is she the right person? I wonder if fate is real... I'll pick a random card - if it's the queen of hearts then that shows not only that she's the right person for me, but that some supernatural force is at work in the universe (or, of course, that 1/52 isn't all that low of odds).

I stopped shuffling, cut the deck and turn it over. There she sits, the Queen of Hearts is looking back at me.

Never happened since, stopped trying after a while. But I still think about that from time to time. I don't know if it meant anything or not - but I've been happily married for 8 years, and we're both better people for it I think.

JSA17

â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in high school we lived in an area that you had to drive up a long canyon to reach. Like steep walls, two lane road with a river on one side, a very cliche mountain road. Needless to say there were no streetlights or anything, so it was very dark at night.

One night when I was 16 or 17 I was driving home really late, and I had a Jeep Wrangler at the time. It was Summer, and a nice night, so I had the top down on my way home. All of a sudden my headlights just went out. No idea why. I was doing 30 mph up a windy canyon road and my headlights go dark. I personally have never believed in ghosts or anything like that, but at that moment I was fucking certain that there was someone sitting in the back seat of my car. I got freezing cold and scared as shit. I was fucking CERTAIN that there was someone there, and if I turned around there would be a face staring back at me. All while I'm speeding down the road.

Then my lights just flicked back on, everything felt normal, and I was warm. It probably only lasted a second, maybe two, but it felt like an eternity. I NEVER forgot that corner where it happened. I would get legitimately freaked out every time I would come up to it at night.

Just writing this and remembering that feeling from that night has given me chills. Over a decade later I'm sitting in my brightly lit office and the hairs on my legs are standing on end.

profroy101
â€¢ 13y ago

Some years ago(about 1997), I shared an apt with a friend. One late night, he'd already gone to bed, I stayed up watching TV. I was about to turn off to go to bed myself, so I had the lights off when something on TV had my attention. I intently watched so that just the light of the tube blinded me to the rest of the darkened room, when I suddenly had feeling of being watched. I turned and before my eyes could adjust, I saw a dog sitting next to me. This was weird, because we didn't have a dog! As my eyes adjusted, I realized it was an illusion. The next day, I told my roommate what had happened, adding in that it looked like a German shepherd. He got an pale for a sec and told me about a week earlier, also late night, he got up from bed to go pee, when he thought he saw a German shepherd as well. We were freaked to say the least, and just went on without much more thought on the matter. A month or so later, another friend was crashing on our living room floor for a bit. One morning, he asks us if we had a dog in over night. We explain to him our encounter and that just gives us all the heebie jeebies!
Wait, it's not over: we see our landlord later and ask about German shepherds, he gets silent and says that about 5 years earlier, an old man rented that apt, and owned a German shepherd. The dog died of old age, with the lonely man dying himself 2 days later. I kind of upset that the old man didn't haunt us with the dog!

Takatchi
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in high school, one weekend night I was alone in my room and watching Family Guy. I was stretched out on top of my bed but I was laying "backwards," with my head at the foot of the bed and feet at the head, so I could see the TV and all. It was late, maybe after midnight, and I was going to go to sleep at some point during the Adult Swim run. A commercial came on, so I put my head down on my pillow.

I remember turning my head, but felt a coldness starting to creep up from my feet, starting in the toes and working its way up. It reached the "level" where my hands would sit next to my hips, and then my hands started to get cold, too. It crept up my arms and over my back, and I realized I couldn't move no matter how hard I tried. I almost struggled to do so, but I couldn't move, couldn't shift even an inch.

Then, I stood up. Somehow, I managed to throw myself up to my feet in one motion. When I looked down, I realized why - I hadn't left the bed at all. I was still laying there, on the bed, but I was "watching" from the side of it, looking down at me. And protruding from my back was the shape of an arm, wrapped in a dark bandage material that led up to an odd robe-like sleeve. There was no hand; the limb was just emerging from my back as if the hand was completely "phased" through my shoulderblades.

Naturally I followed the line of the arm upwards to see a figure, hooded and dressed in a slightly off-black robe standing "next" to where I was perceiving from. It turned its hooded head, and from the darkness under it I could see the outline of a face, but also heavily bandaged. The only thing I could make out for certain was that it had a yellow eye, a sort of slitted pupil that focused on where I was "standing" and seemed surprised to see me.

In that instant I was back in my bed and had full control of my body, so the first thing I did was jerk the covers up over myself and sobbed until morning.

fedora718
â€¢ 13y ago

Not exactly creepy, but when I was in Cuba last November I was watching the Leonid meteor shower with my friend. I saw one meteor start falling straight, like they normally do, but then it started flying around almost like it was dogfighting.

I'm sure it was something like a firefly, but it was super wierd.

pineapple_nuggets
â€¢ 13y ago

Not sure if sleep paralysis or a dream within a dream, but really freaked me out.

Just a note, I grew up in a strict Catholic family and went to a Catholic school for about ten years, so it's safe to say that I had quite the fear of demons and the devil.

At this time I was around 18 or 19, and I lived on my college campus in a historic building modified into a dorm, which has been around since the late 1800's. The set up was odd, and the stairwell looked like an asylum. The rooms had one entrance from the hallway into a small room which then led into a larger room with a sink, so each person had the own room but with the same exit.

One particular night, I was having a typical nightmare with some scary guy chasing me down. It was on a dock so I ran past him and jumped in the water and immediately woke up. I looked around my room and could see all the faint details of furniture and such through the darkness, but when I turned to the clock to look at the time, I felt a huge rush of wind and a hand grabbed the back collar of my shirt, stretched it over my face and pushed me down on the bed suffocating me. I tried to scream but I could only let air out, and was unable to release the pressure. As fast as it happened, it was over, and I was laying in bed like I just woke up. Only I felt a draft coming from the windows which were all cracked open. I do open my windows occasionally but I always remember to close them.

I've had other experiences that I believed at the time to be demonic, but I really think I was just falling into a fear that I've had since childhood.

inteuniso
â€¢ 13y ago

One night, I was using my earphones. They had been acting up recently, and not transmitting right. I unplugged them.

I have them unplugged, and I'm sitting there, and I realize I can still talk through them. I can talk and listen through these headphones. And I'm using them without any issue.

These were wired headphones that were plugged into nothing, yet they were still forming a connection with my computer and I could still talk in VoIP and listen to what others were saying. Very bizarre experience.

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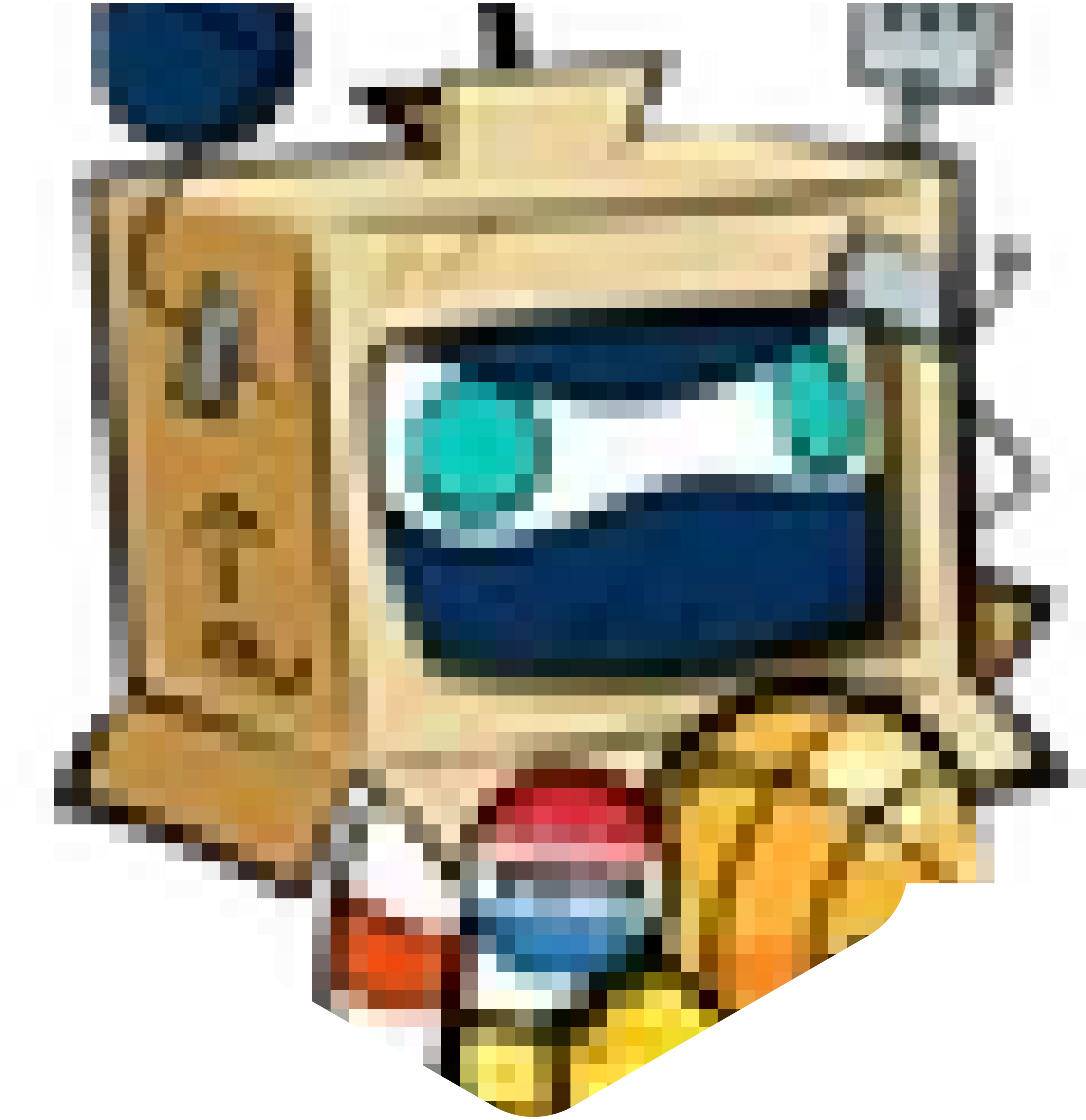


dtm9k
â€¢ 13y ago

The night my Uncle died I was on a vacation with a bunch of friends from school, we were down in Virgin Islands. At about 12:45 that night I had a minor freakout/knew something was wrong, I could just feel it, despite everything going well with my friends and I.

I found out 2 days later that this happened right at the time my Uncle passed

bbbbush
â€¢ 13y ago

There was a post like this once, and one of the comments was about a guy who drove from his parents house to a friends house. The drive was only about 20 minutes and he had done it hundreds of times, but the one time in his story he talks about losing 3 or 4 hours of time.

He says he left his house at like 8 and didnt get to his friends till like 12 or something, but he had remembered driving straight from his house to his friends. He couldn't explain where the time had gone, and honestly remembered leaving his parents house 20 minutes before he had arrived. His friends thought he was fucking with them, but the guy telling the story seemed so genuinely disturbed about it.. I can't find the story but it still sits with me, in the back of my head, as one of the creepiest stories i'd ever actually read. I can just imagine that happening.. FUCK that would mess with me..

thalab
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok, here goes. So I was stage managing a show in an old church that had widely been reported as haunted. All through the run we heard noises and felt an odd presence- when we first began rehearsing in the space, the boiler died. It was mid-October, so entirely plausible that the boiler might die in a 100+ year old church. The crazy thing was how cold it was. It was mid 60's outside and would literally get down into the 40's inside. Whatever, it's a stone building. I'm the stage manager- I have to make sure this thing still happens.

Anyway, fast forward to the run of the show and most of the spirits had decided to let us do the production. Heating system was fixed but very, VERY loud. In a weird way it kept us company. During the run, Some members of the production team decided that it would be a good idea to explore the interminably creepy basement. Awesome. Nothing I could do about it in the choir loft from which I was calling the show.

"Just don't break anything, kill yourselves, or anger the ghosts, please." Is all I told them.

So they're using a ghost radar app that picks up on words and walking around this basement that has the remnants of a rec hall that looks like it hadn't had consistent use since the 70's. it was dark and dirty and there were lots of locked doors and some doors with no handles.

In the meantime there's this window that is staring at me. Like staring at me. All the while they're sending me texts about what they're seeing. They had opened up a door that was clearly marked private (I yelled at them, but again, what could I do- I had I run the show)

Anyway this room was the room. Down in the basement was the creepiest room I have ever bore witness to.

In this room were tombstones of around 5 or 6 people whose graves now sit somewhere unmarked. There were headstones of a 14 year old boy who died in 1918, and others from roughly that period (all early 20th century). There was also a deed to some property somewhere in the city that had just been locked in that room and pretty much forgotten about.

So the people from this production are texting me about this room and I freak out. I tell them to get outI of that room, and what is wrong with them.

Then we decided to go back in after the show. That's when stuff got weird. So 4 of us are in this room and it is HOT. There's also a real bad musty odor (understandable). We're walking around and one of the people starts "asking questions" I tell them to make it real clear that we're not there to cause any trouble and that we're just being curious and will leave at any time.

Then there was a bang on a window above where were standing. Like someone hit the widow. We ALL looked up and saw a shadowy figure run away from the window.

We thought that was sufficient enough to leave. We went out to investigate the noise and found that there was nobody there. We accounted for everybody else who could have been around but nobody admitted it was them. We looked for angry squatters- there weren't any. No animals, either. To this day I don't know what mad that banging noise, whose tombstones those are, and what the deed is for.

The weirdest thing is that the room that we found was directly below this window that kept staring at me from the choir loft booth- the only window that lit up in the church at night, but there was no exterior light illuminating it.

If there are restless spirits in that church, I would like to help them find peace, but I have no idea how. I know it was a very poor parish, and many of the people who depended on the services of the church were definitely some of the most vulnerable. There was a rumor that a Walgreens had been built on top of what was used as a potter's field about a block from the church, but it would take some digging (no pun intended) to get to the bottom of it.

pinkpanthers
â€¢ 13y ago

Here is my story.

I was studying with my girlfriend at her house until late one evening. Around 1:30am I tell her that Im tired and will be heading home. It's about 20 minutes back to my house. I get in the car, decide not to turn on the radio (I was in one of those moods where I didn't feel like listening to anything), and drive off.

So a couple of minutes later Im driving along, thinking about all the things I had studied that night (I had an exam coming up), stop at a red light, light turns gree, head over a hill, and merge into the lane to take me onto the highway. All of a sudden out of the corner of my eye, standing on the side of the road, I see this 10 foot tall thing, all black, standing near a lamp post. I had such a bad feeling run through my body. I was in half shock.

About 6-7 seconds later, as I am halfway on the on-ramp, I come to my senses- curiosity gets the better of me. I stop the car on the on-ramp, look behind to see if a car is coming, no car (at this point it's almost 2am and Im out in the suburbs), so I back up the 100+ meters to the entrence of the on-ramp, to the lamp post where I saw this thing.

Nothing there.

I laugh to myself, still curious/slightly shocked about what I saw, but convince myself it was nothing. I decide to turn on the radio, and start heading home.

So Im travelling down the highway, about 10minutes have passed since I got on, and Ive already got my mind thinking about my exam, when all of a sudden I here this bang under my car, followed by alot of screaching. I know I didn't run over anything (I saw nothing infront of me), I immediately think something just broke in the engine, but the car seems to be driving fine. I pull over, get out of my car, and walk to the front. Kneel down to take a look under the car, and realize my splash shield (the hard plastic covering underneath my car) is all craked up , literally bearly haning on...almost as if something pulled it off from underneath. It was so badly damaged that I was able to pull off the entire thing with one could pull...Im really confused at this point because the car is in perfect condition and I never hit anything. I leave the plastic on the side of the highway, get back in my car, and drive off.

Less then 10 minutes later I get home. Looking for my wallet and cell phone, I notice that I had one missed call from my girlfriend from about 20 minutes ago. Weird, but I assume maybe I forgot something. So I phone her and I notice something in her voice is off and ask whats the matter? She asks me if I came back to her house after I left...I say no...

She says: "well, as soon as your car pulled out of the driveway and I closed the door, I started hearing some banging so I went back to the door but no one was there...so I went up stairs and as I was cleaning up the study, It sounded like someone was walking downstairs, making noise. So I went downstairs thinking my dad was awake but again nobody was downstair. So I phoned you but you didnt answer. I went straight to bed and have been waiting for you to phone me back since"...I didn't tell her what happend to me, I told her to go to bed, probably just some wind (it was not a windy night), and left it at that...

**

About a month later, we are parked in our remote spot, fooling around in the back seat like youngings in love fool around. The car is off, it's dark outside, and the windows are getting foggy. All of a sudden we hear a **bang** from under the car. We both stop doing whatever it is we are doing...dont say anything, just listen....about 20 seconds in anticipating silence and we here another **bang**. While our spot is quite remote, the only thing I could think of is someone playing a prank. This thought really pisses me off, so I angerly get my jeans on, slip on my shoes and get out of the car. I look around, no one is there. Check under car, nothing. Get back in the car, ensure my girlfriend that it was nothing, and try to pick off where we left..although the source of the sound is still forfront in my mind. About 30 seconds later we the **bang** again, ever louder than before. We both immediately get off eachother, I say "screw it we are out of here". We hope in the front and I drive off. A couple of kilometers down the road we stop at a red light, we havent said anything to eatchother since we left our spot because we don't know what to say...the light turns green, and just as we start to go forward, there is the loudest **bang** sound coming from ontop of the from...it was so loud the car shook. We jolted from the shock of the unexpected sound. It sounded like someone/something had fallen from the sky and landed on the car. I pause for a moment, light green, me sitting at intersection...decide to get out of the car, I take a quick look at the roof (its a small car, I just need to stand up to see over it) and there is nothing there....I get back in my car and drive like a bat out of hell to get to the highway.

Perhaps it doesn't sound like much, but it was freaky as hell to be there. This happened during a period of my life where I experience a few things like this...things that were actually verifiable, not just seeing a shadow out of the corner of my eye. Luckily that stuff has stopped, but I will never forget the few stories I have.

Reply Share

EasilyDelighted
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine just happened a short few hours ago. I was taking a nap and in the dream I had there was this doll sitting on the chair computer front of my desk, it didn't move, it just stayed there. Staring at me. Then all of the sudden disappears quickly appear right in my face and with the most horrible high pitch voice screams "DIE."

I woke up faster than you can imagine just to fund my mother sitting there using my computer with her hair down... Needless to say, pants were almost ruined...

Reply Share

Hard-blown-piper
â€¢ 13y ago

When my wife & I were house hunting, we looked at this one old Victorian townhouse. As soon as we walked in it, it felt like someone had just left the foyer. We didn't actually HEAR or SEE anything, it just felt like someone had just walked out of the room and we'd see them in the next room or something. So we walk all around the 1st floor, the whole time feeling like someone had just stepped out of the room we just walked into. This was a Victorian house, so there were quite a few smallish rooms on the 1st floor. By the time we got to the 3rd room, I mentioned to my wife that it felt like we were chasing the family through the house & she agreed. I kept feeling like I'd look into the next doorway and see the family peeking at us - maybe we came too early for them to leave and they were just hiding from us or something. The feeling was VERY STRONG. By the time we got to the 2nd floor, the hairs on the back of my neck were standing up and I was SURE we would see someone. Walked through all the bedrooms and saw nothing. Then we walked up to the 3rd level. The stairs came up into a finished bedroom space that was split longways down the middle with a wall and a door in the center of that wall. As we were coming up the stairs and our heads were just over the bannister, we heard and saw the door in the center of that long wall click shut. I looked at my wife and I said 'I told you the family was still here!' So I walked over to the door, preparing to talk to the family about the house, etc....there was no one behind the door - just empty storage space.

Auntfanny
â€¢ 13y ago

Some of the comments in the r/gonewild threads would be up there.

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

Henderman312
â€¢ 13y ago

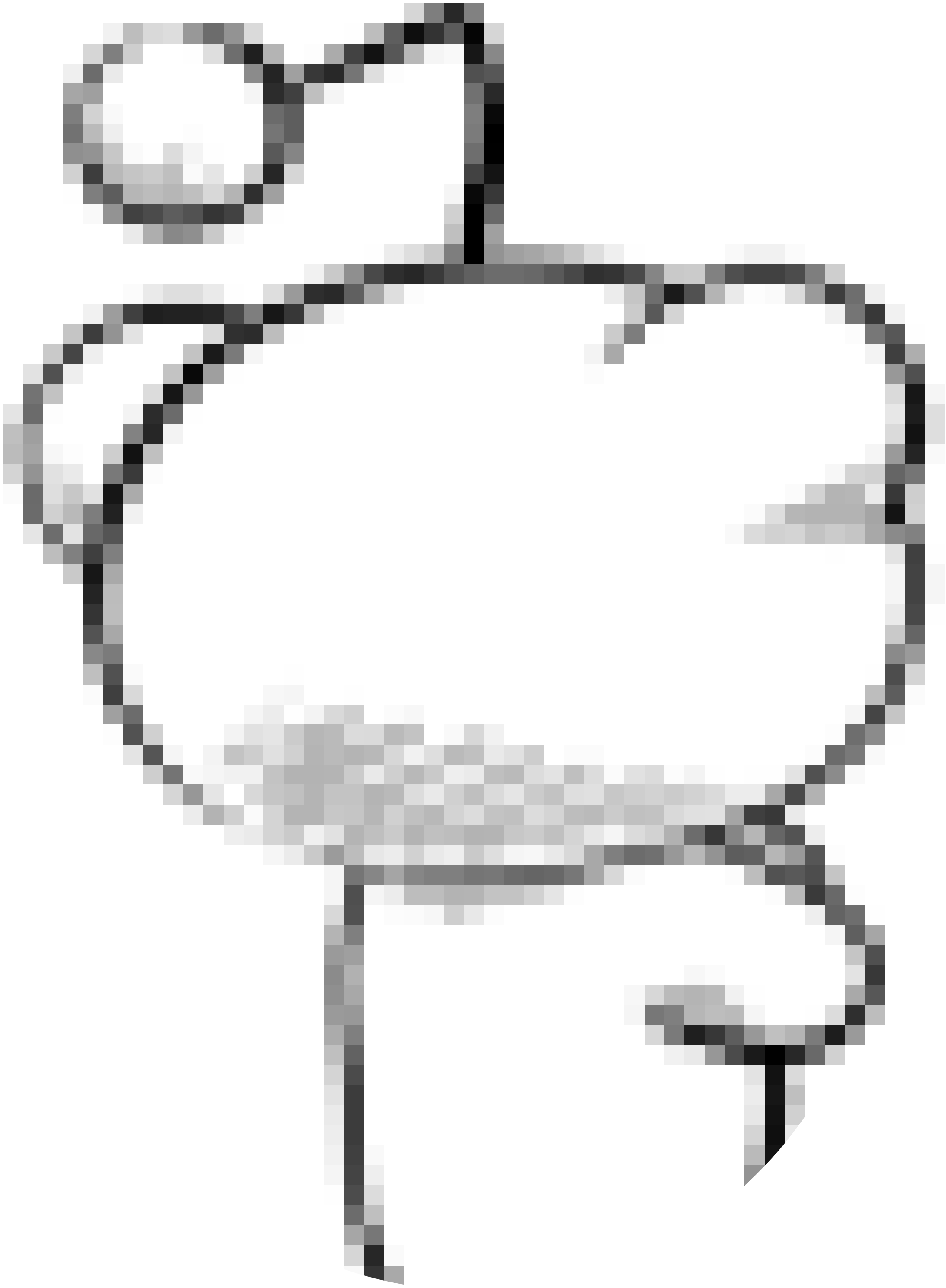
3 Stories:

When I was about 7ish I remember being sent to my room at night for an early bedtime as punishment. When I wouldnt stop crying, my parents would shut the door. In the complete dark, I saw two glowing green eyes appear that would shift left and right. I ran to the door to open it, but there was never anything there...This happened a couple times, and I can chalk it up to my imagination...the other two stories...not so...

When I was 11 or 12, I remember taking off my glasses to fall asleep. I had been in bed about a couple minutes when I saw a glowing blue orb outside my bedroom window on the street. It floated back and forth down the street (3 steps forward, 1 step back). I quickly put my glasses on and snuck up to the window. I watched it for about 15 seconds before it just disappeared...

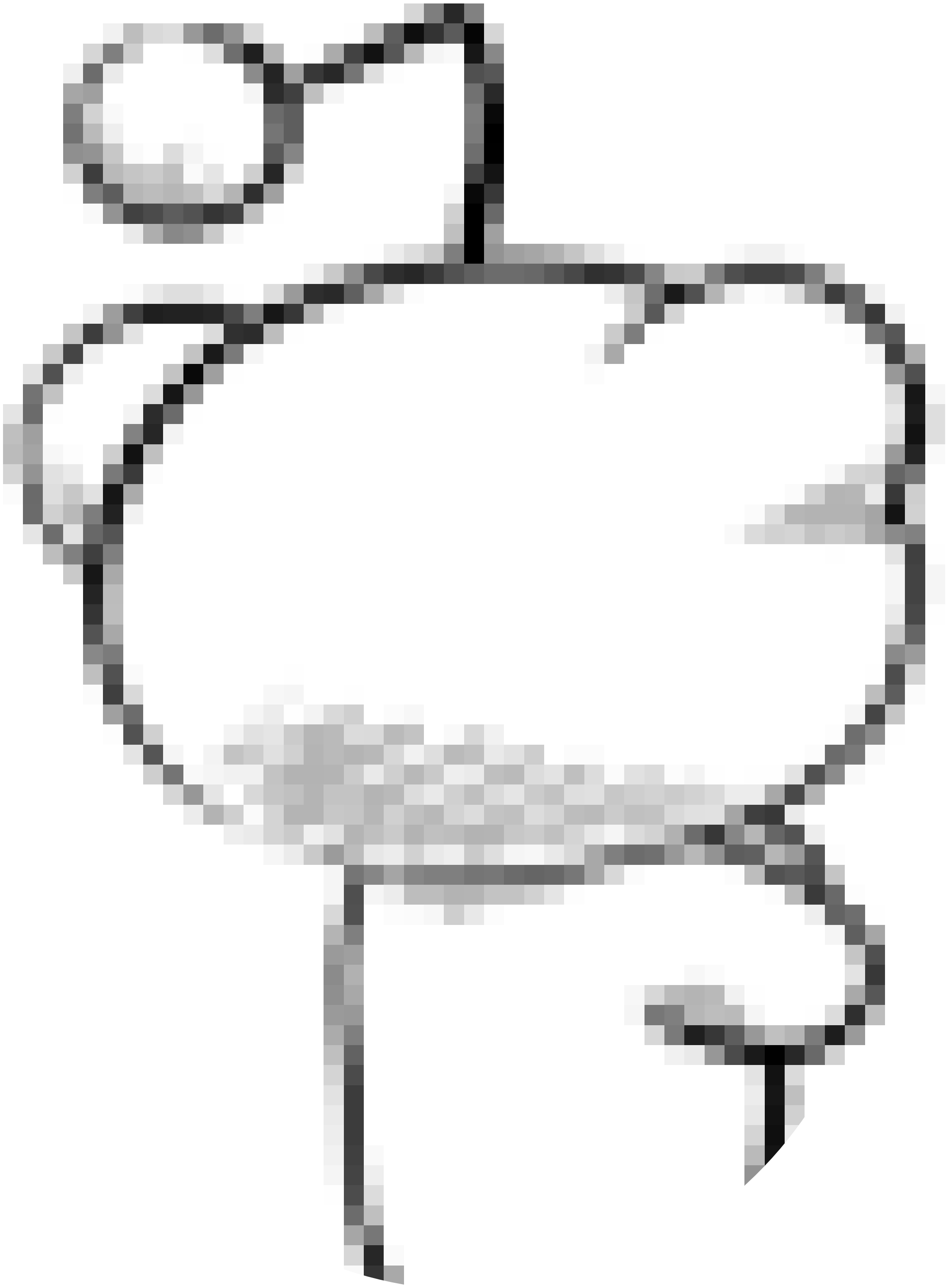
When I was 16, I was lying in a bed downstairs with my younger cousin (he was about 5). All of a sudden there was an ENORMOUS perfectly circular flash of light that lit up the blinds of our window. This is especially unexplainable because this window faces our back yard which is completely uninhabited forest... I asked him if he had seen it, and he confirmed it!

I tend not to believe in supernatural or alien interventions...Story 1 can be explained by my imagination...perhaps story 2 was ball lightning?....I can't think of an explanation for story 3...Really weird shit...



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Deja vu. Gives me an eerie sense every time I feel it.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't want to read this at 11:30 am, better wait for tonight

JGhockey22
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't know how creepy you all will find this but here is my paranormal experience: I was young probably around 7 or 8, in my bed late at night. I couldn't fall asleep, something just felt weird in my room. Now I was never afraid of the dark so I didn't have a night light or anything so there I am in bed in the dark with this strange feeling. I try to just keep my eyes closed and fall asleep to no avail. Then I hear my closet door open. Now I get a little freaked out, but I just laid there silent with my eyes in the direction of my closet. All of a sudden a light emerges from my closet and I see shadows on my wall, my closet doesn't have a light inside of it. It gets a little funny here because the shadows I'm seeing are of Marge, Homer, and Bart. I hear them talking in whispering voices, I can hear them asking each other if they think I can hear them and if I see them, I just laid there silent until the door started opening, at which point I jumped out of bed and slammed the closet door shut, stood there for a few minutes with my back to the door and eyes shut tight. When I finally gathered the courage I opened the door and there was nothing there. I don't know how creepy you all find this but as a young kid it scared the shit out of me. I still blame this occurrence on a highly active imagination but I remember the details like it happened yesterday.

TL;DR: Marge Homer and Bart Simpson haunted my closet as a child.

[LeDerangedPikachu](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

This is my second earliest memory, i was about 1 years old and i was in my crib just lying there, then i felt really cold and a rush of paranoia came over me, there was like this hooded black figure at the end of the room, i blinked, next thing i knew it was morning, crazy shit

[Jumpn_shoot_man](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Incest

[irascib1e](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

This one isn't mine but a friend's. One time when he was five years old he was playing with a plastic dinosaur in his front yard. He threw it up in the air and it never came back down.

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies

power2bill
â€¢ 13y ago

So like 16 years ago my mom was getting depressed and a ton of shit happened between the family. She felt alone and just didn't want to do anything. One night the phone the house phone rang and the caller ID posted a number that was only 6 numbers being 10-16-57 she answered it thinking something goofy was going on with the phone. She said, "hello?" And at the other end she heard someone breathing then a click. She looked at the number again and realized it was her birthday and so she tried calling again but had that voice message saying number is not valid please hang up and try again. This probably happened to her three more times. One being a house phone the other being her cell phones. One a flip phone and the other iPhone.

Jorgenwe
â€¢ 13y ago

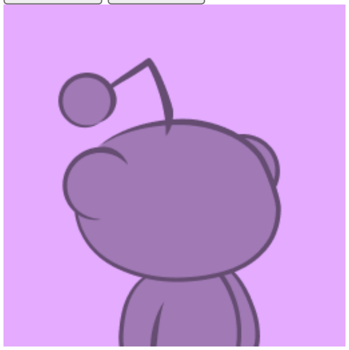
Not too scary, but I experienced something strange a few years ago. I was on leave from the airforce and my girlfriend picked me up at the trainstation that friday afternoon. We made dinner at her place, lit candles and so forth. We were going to stay the weekend at my parents house, so after doing the dishes and so on we were getting ready to go. My girlfriend made me do two rounds going trough the apartment to make sure that all the candles had been put out, which they were. When we got back on sunday, we found that two candles on the dining tables were lit and that one of the bowls we had used for cooking was balanced perefctly up-side-down on the midle of the kitchen floor, far away from the bench where I had done the dishes. The strange thing was that even if I had forgotten to blow out one of the candles, it would have burned out during the day and a half that we were away.

Never experienced anything else, other than that the landlords dog refused to enter the apartment.

Still has me puzzled to this day..

Edit for clarity: The bowl was cheap ceramic, and if it had fallen from the bench it would have most certainly shattered.

Reply Share



Bogey_Kingston
â€¢ 13y ago

By far, my experience with DMT was a serious eye opener. To this day I'm not sure if it was real or if it was just drugs bet it felt very real. Basically I left my body, flew through my roof and went warp speed into deep space where I entered and planet or ord like a sperm. The orb was half male and half female, if that makes any sense. It spoke to me but not in words and basically told me that all the worldly things we worry about are meaningless. We should not be worried, and we should not be concerned with the material things on earth. Humans are greater than we know. I was terrified and the woman half comforted me, telling me it was okay and I would be back to see then again but when I do, I should be ready to accept their knowledge without fear or doubt. I haven't done many drugs since then besides weed, because I feel like I really broke through to a new level of consciousness. Again, I don't know if it was drugs or if I really left my body. I'm not religious but that experience alone have me a new heightened acknolodgement of the potential of a human spirit and existing beings beyond the world.

lazlounderhill
â€¢ 13y ago

An image caught in my former apartment in the upper floors of a centennial house on a cheap digital camera using timershot on my pc, while I was at work in 2006. I was living alone at the time, second floor apartment, and this is NOT my landlord. Nothing stolen, nothing disturbed, all doors and windows locked and intact.

[aptghost] (http://imgur.com/4SGWDH2)

kayriss
â€¢ 13y ago

I would have to say mine is The Old Hag. That experience took a (teenage) me - who considered himself a grounded, rational humanist - and made me question my entire reality. It wasn't until I found references to it on Reddit and elsewhere that I finally understood what I had been through.

Reply Share

AmnesiaCane
â€¢ 13y ago

At home, probably sophomore year, after class, all alone. My brother had one of those "singing bass" fish up in his room. I'm watching TV, when suddenly it goes off.

I flip my shit. I quickly run in to the next room, find a golf club, and sit at the bottom of the stair for a good 10 minutes, listening. I start to SLOWLY go up my creaky stairs, waiting for more noise. I finally get in to his room, look around, nothing. Look in other rooms, nothing. I finally give up, and go back in to his room one more time. Literally as I turn my back, it goes off again.

I took the batteries out and left the house until my dad got home.

Reply Share

bonertron5000
â€¢ 13y ago

I was outside at 3 AM one summer night, just hanging out with two friends, when we suddenly heard a grown man screaming bloody murder. It was so loud, my friend who lived three blocks away heard it, too. I can't say for sure, but he sounded like he was begging for his life. Then all of the neighborhood dogs started barking for a solid 5 minutes. All of them. It was unbearably loud. It woke up several of the neighbors and they came outside, I was too spooked to say anything though.

Reply Share

teh_gwungie
â€¢ 13y ago

I was staying at my friend's house one time, first time sleeping over (I was gonna drink beers, smoke pot n' play video games so couldn't drive home) and I got there after the sun went down, but early in the evening. Anyways, he told me I could use the guest room upstairs and as I went there to put some of my stuff, the moment I opened the pitch black room I got hit by this pair of horrible red eyes. In a split second we locked vision, it sent sheer utter terror into me, almost like a laser. I froze right then, and my lungs felt paralyzed and I had to struggle for a minute, forcing myself to breathe again. As I regained myself, the eyes were gone and nothing out of the ordinary was in the room. Slept fine in it also. Still havn't figured out what it was but goddamn it, can still easily recall this feeling of being instantly paralyzed by fear....

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Not exactly supernatural but what I saw one night left me completely baffled. It's actually hard to explain but I'll try.

I was on my porch and something way up in the night sky caught my eye. I saw a short, orange beam of light shrink into itself. From my perspective it was about 1/4" thick and 2" long and only lasted about a second before it was gone.

I'm not really into UFOs and such but it did happen in stepheville, TX a few months after all the sightings.

Reply Share

tmayn
â€¢ 13y ago

My family doesn't believe in the supernatural although we are religious. We've had 1 "creepy" experience which had to do with the death of my grandfather.

My grandfather used to call my mother every night at 10'clock on the dot just to check in and say goodnight. He did this for as long as I can remember. Well, my grandfather passed away a few years back and on the day of his funeral, all the family came back to our house from the cemetery for dinner. Well the night went late with stories reminiscing about my grandfather and finally 10'o'clock rolls around. Just then, the phone rings. The phone had been ringing a bunch during the day and half the time we answered it and the other half, let the answering machine pick up. This time we let it go to the answering machine. Everyone was continuing their conversations, not paying much attention to the phone until *my grandfather started speaking*. We don't know how or what cause it, but somehow my grandfather's phone number had called our house and his answering machine was playing it's message to our answering machine as we all stood there with our eyes wide and mouths open.

It was pretty creepy at the time, but my mother took it in stride. She said, "every night he'd call and let me know he was ok. Tonight he knew I wouldn't let him off the hook so he called to let me know he made it to heaven ok".

SecretToEverybody
â€¢ 13y ago

Magnets.

werewolfmask
â€¢ 13y ago

This one time i woke up and some crazy assed ghost had drawn a beard on my face!!!!!!!!!!

AnthonyMerkin
â€¢ 13y ago

During the 90s one of the characters of the Austrailian soap Neighbors was killed off when he fell into the sea after having a heart attack. "Don't worry", my friend told me, "he floats all the way to Tasmania and then they bring him back in about 10 years". 10 years later the character is written back into the soap after having been washed up in Tasmania and suffering memory loss. Spooky eh?

Reply Share

[jordanlund](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was about 4 or 5 and had a dream about a man with a hole in his throat. He talked weird because of it but told me not to be scared, I told him I wasn't. He wanted to know about different people in the family and how everyone was doing so I told him. When I woke up I asked my grandmother if she knew a man with a hole in his throat. She turned white and showed me some old family pictures, I found the guy almost immediately.

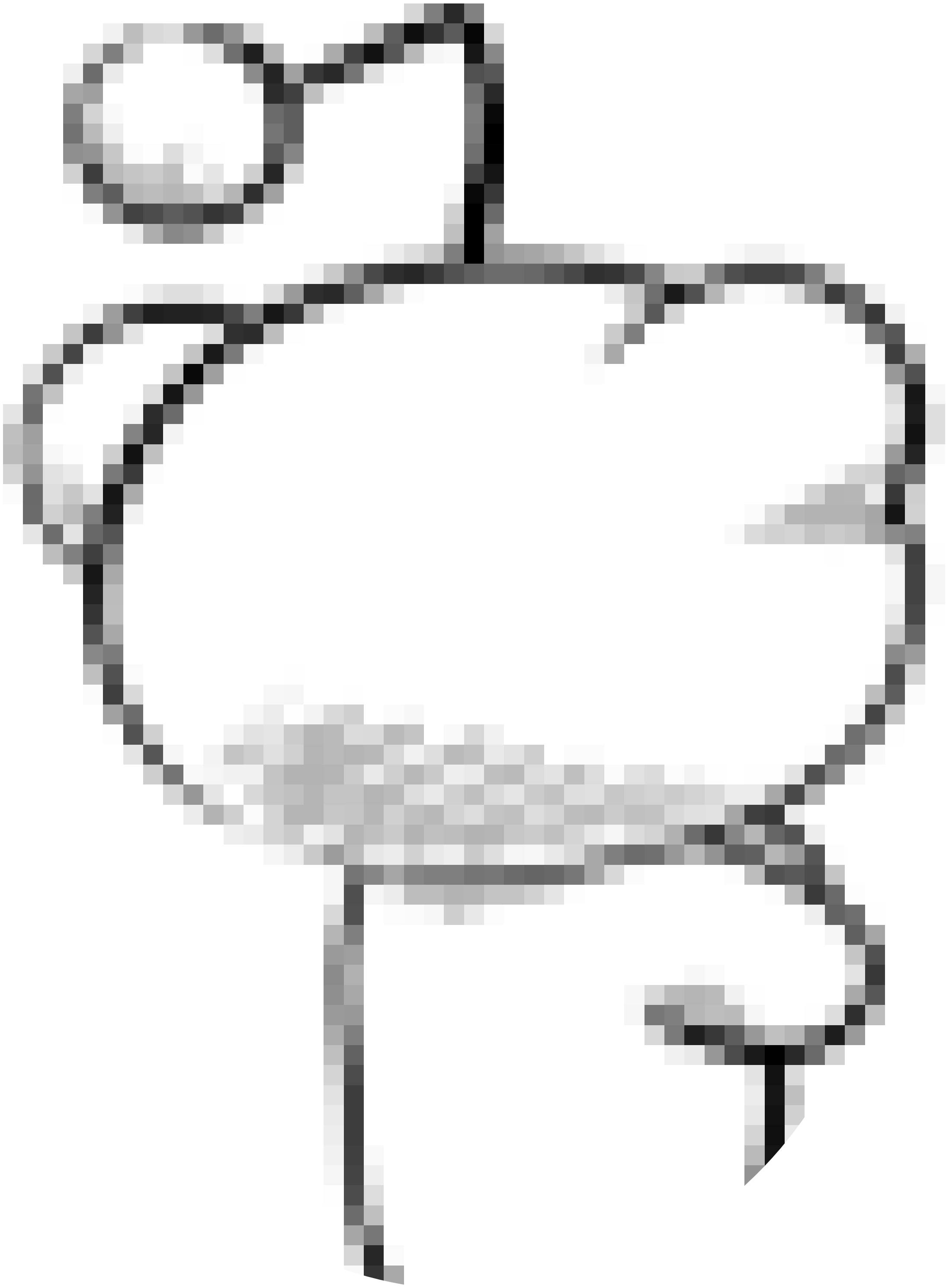
It was my great grandfather who had died 2 years before I was born. He had smoked for years, got cancer and had a tracheotomy.

Reply Share

zeeeeera
â€¢ 13y ago

I was on a ghost tour. I don't believe in the stuff but the guide was selling it alright so everyone was a bit creeped. We walked into this one room and there was blood, real blood just everywhere over the floor. A couple of people started to get really freaked before the guide came in and said "Oh, a possum must have got in." Totally ruined it but for a couple of seconds there it was really freaky.

Reply Share



ateamballer2005
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

(May be a bit wordy but here it goes)

My friend (Beester) and I were watching one of those cheesy ghost hunting shows on tv with my friend's mom, Betty. It was Betty's favorite show and she was displeased about our constant mocking, so she called us out by saying that we would never have the guts to do what the ghost hunters do. She took it a step further and dared us to go to this old church about 20 miles away from us. We thought she was just pulling our leg, but after some conversing back and forth we established that there was a story behind this church and it was worth going to check out.

We picked up Beester's girlfriend (Mary) and told her what had just occurred with his mom. Mary was a bit hesitant about going to check out a "haunted" church, but she obliged. We pile up in my wrecked 2 door Chevy Cavalier (this is important later) to seek out an adventure.

We get to the church and it is basically out in the woods off this dirt road with not a whole lot going on for a few miles. There is a graveyard in the back and all the doors are locked. It was one of those old white churches with the main double door entrance in the front, and about the size of a typical single story house. We check out the graveyard with some flashlights to see if there are any ghosts wandering the grounds. Nothing. We attempt to force our way into the front doors of the church to look inside, but the doors are locked pretty well. I didn't feel right about damaging any of the property to get inside of this church so I just decided to take a flashlight and peek into each of the windows.

I start my peeking in one of the back windows and cant really see much. I go to the front/side window on the same side of the church and look in. Nothing. I make my way across the front of the church to go to the other side where the other windows were. I go to shine my flashlight again in this window, but as soon as my light touches the window... a bright flash happens in the window and I felt this sharp pain in my eyes/head like I just attempted to look directly into the sun.

Of course I made a bit of a noise from discomfort and surprise from what had just happened and Beester comes over to check me out. I explain to him what happened as we are walking back to the car where Mary is just sitting and playing on her phone. I go around to the driver side of the car and open my door to get my jacket. I left the door open and came back to the other side of the car to converse about what had just happened with Mary and Beester. My car had recently been in an accident and the front quarter panel was dented pretty bad. Whenever the driver door is opened or shut, a popping noise is made because the metal of the quarter panel interferes with the door. My door is easy to open but much harder to close because of how the damage molded the quarter panel.

My car is sitting on the side of the dirt road on a slight embankment to where the passenger side is slightly higher than the driver side. As we were discussing the chain of events that had just taken place and attempting to laugh them off as me being paranoid and crazy.. then we heard a sound that we could only relate to a gun shot. We all looked around frantically and tried to figure out what had just happened. I peered over the roof of my car and saw that my driver door was shut. I announced that fact to Beester and Mary, and we just had a moment where we looked at each other's faces and realized that we needed to get the fuck out of where we were as fast as possible. Something closed my door with force and we were not going to stick around to see what it was.

TL:DR Mocked a ghost hunter show. Got dared by friend's mom to go check out a semi local haunted church. Went to church. Got punked by the church, (bright flash and broken car door slammed) and will no longer question the spirit world.

EDIT: spelling errors and I missed inputting a couple words that were needed for complete sentences. Sorry I had to rush through the story telling bc Im at work

tlrhmltn
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a teenager I was vacuuming the front room and my mom was downstairs when I heard three extremely loud bangs. I have no idea what a gun sounds like but that's what I would imagine a gun to sound. I turned off the vacuum and my mom came running upstairs and asked me what all the banging was about. I told her I thought it was her and she told me she thought it was me, so we both walked around the house to see if we could find out where the noise came from. Now, we had recently moved into this house, and had a painter paint everything. He didn't really do a good job on the windows and a lot of them had been painted shut. This house was built in the 50s and was the shape of a square, with the front room in the front (obviously har har) left, kitchen in the back left, dining room between the two and two bedrooms on the right side. Basically, you can do laps in the house as if it were a tiny track, sorry if that's a bad description. Anyways, both of us didn't see anything that was obviously askew until I was walking in the hallway from one of the bedrooms to the kitchen. The attic door had swung wide open and banged on the wall, which seemed probable of making the noise since we couldn't find anything else. Now, since moving into the house and having it painted, none of us had been into the attic and it appeared as though it had been painted in the same fashion as the windows. My mom got a chair and closed the attic door when we saw black, unmistakable finger prints all over the attic door and surrounding moulding. We have no idea how they got there or whose they were but I avoided that hallway for a very long time.

guxlightyear
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid I was sleeping on my side, facing the wall. At some point during the night I woke up suddenly with a shiver, with a sense of danger, and with the sensation that someone was behind me.

I turned on the light, and sure enough, I couldn't see anyone in my room. To this day I'm convinced that what I felt was real.

Reply Share

agoddamnlion
â€¢ 13y ago

Snooki.

Reply Share

CALEBthehun
â€¢ 13y ago

Now my high school is fairly old itself AND there have been a few deaths in my school so the janitors have a fair amount of ghost stories to tell.
I work as the sound man in my high school, so I spend a lot of time in our big creepy auditorium.

I have been alone in the sound booth and see mysterious figures on stage and also back stage, some disappear and some walk away without responding.

Could be nothing, but it always scared the shit out of me.

Reply Share

Wired_Wrong
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

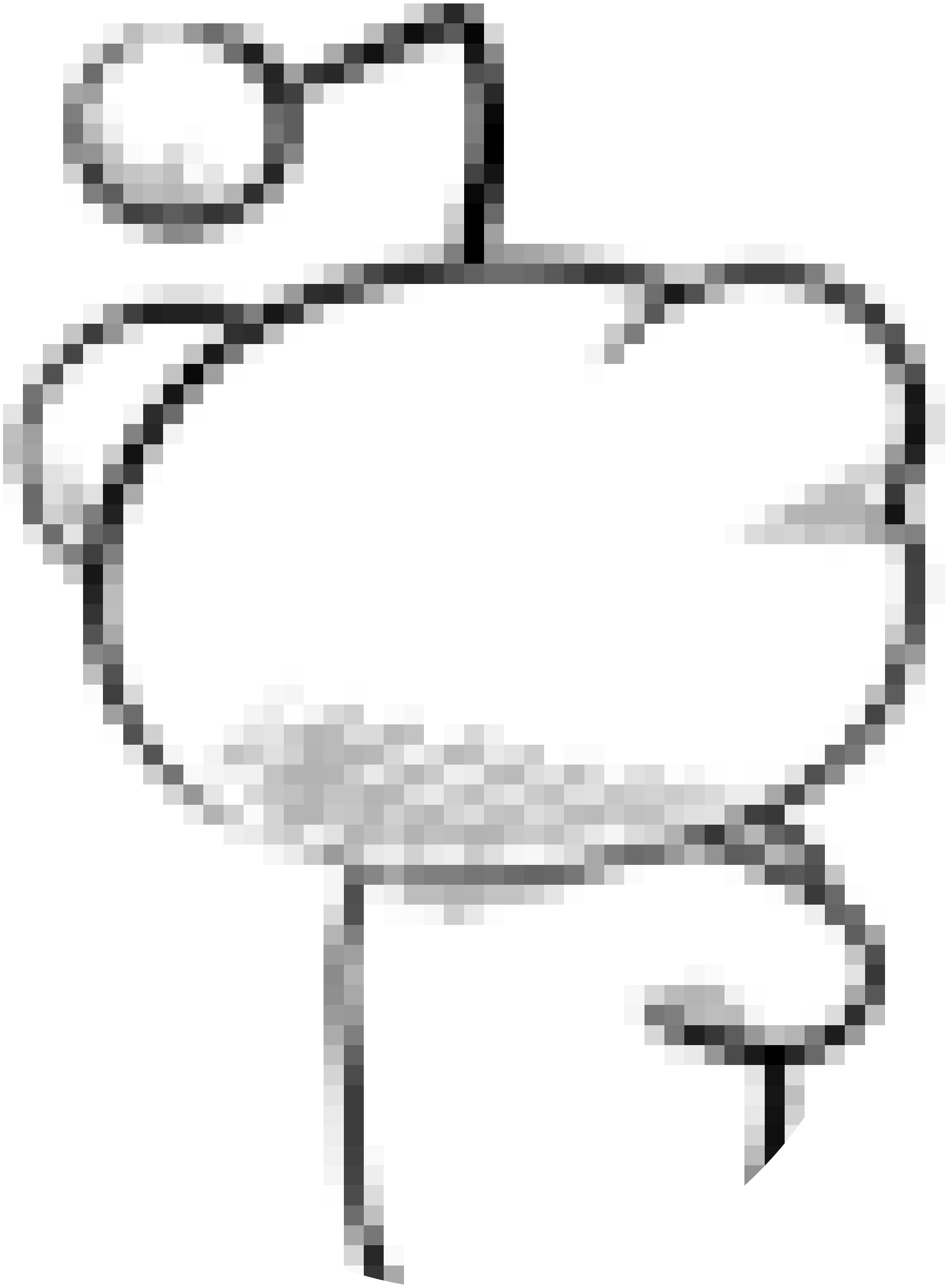
When I was working at a local nightclub, each and every one of the long term staff members had a story.. and at the time I systematically called BS on every single one of them. Until this happened.

I was looking for a single gang cover plate for an electrical box, and not wanting to head to the store I decided to rip one off the wall in a back hallway upstairs. As I'm turning the screwdriver to take this thing off, I'm looking over my right shoulder at a pack of players smokes sitting on the ground in the middle of the hallway about 25 feet away from me. Without any noise, the pack slid - as if someone kicked it.. and hit the wall about 6 feet away. Now there's no air movement up there, and to this day I can't explain what did that.

Same club I was djing at during that time. I was one of the few with keys and codes to get into that place, and if you have ever worked at a club you know the porters are always broke and would always snag smokes off of me. So I came in about 1pm in the afternoon to do some online music hunting and just generally get ready for the night, and I locked the doors behind me so the next person through would be a manager (and thus not steal my smokes). Now the DJ booth was on top of the stage, and being an old theatre - we had extended the original concrete screen stage by about 5 feet using steel stud construction - so the front of it is hollow. So I'm chillin on the computer when I hear someone in boots walk onto the stage. And thinking nothing of it, Im waiting for that person to walk up the stairs on the DJ booth to say HI. Needless to say, I walked out of the booth to find the doors still locked and nobody in the club. Being hollow that stage echo's like crazy and those were boots... clear as day, and whatever it was - it never walked off that stage.

[tommy_two_beers](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Yup, no sleeping tonight.



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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Back in my very amateurish days of ghost hunting (2003), my friend and I snuck into an abandoned mental institution in Tallahassee, Florida named "Sunnyland." It's a giant, cavernous and totally dilapidated building with broken windows, a children's ward and a mortuary in the basement.

My friend saw a little boy standing at the far end of a hallway. She said he was naked and facing one of the corners with his back towards her. I was in another part of the ward exploring.

When we went to check out the basement, all of our electrical equipment i.e flashlights, camcorders and digital cameras suddenly, inexplicably stopped working. My glow in the dark compass was spinning madly. Suffice it to say, we immediately bolted like screaming kids leaving a cloud of cartoon dust where we were.

There's another time when we were drunk and foolishly went to a cemetery in Orlando and camped out in the middle of the gravestones and started screwing around with a Ouija board. I remember trying to invoke spirits to come possess my body. At the time, I was willing to do anything to get my own personal proof.

I had bloodcurdling nightmares that night of my family dying, me dying, just complete and utter visions of vile, dark, demonic shit. My friend tried waking me up as I was kicking her during my night terror.

I truly believe I took something home with me from the cemetery that night.

Another time (2004) was when I was having sleep paralysis (very familiar with this phenomenon) and I could clearly see my neon clock display. I could not move at all except for my eyes which is consistent with most reports. But I felt like dog paws walking (no pets in the apartment at all) all over my body and red eyes moving closer. I actually felt it bite my frozen, clenched fist. It felt like little needles clamping down my knuckles. I could see my clock. I willed myself out of my paralysis and swung at it. Then, at the foot of my bed, I saw a wispy, thin spectral figure of a man materialize and then vanish.

I haven't had any other weird experiences since.

TL;DR Saw a ghost boy in an abandoned mental institution and got bit by ghost dogs while experiencing sleep paralysis after screwing around with a Ouija board at the cemetery.

Jmillerdude
â€¢ 13y ago

Check out r/Glitch_In_The_Matrix it's full of these kinds of stories.

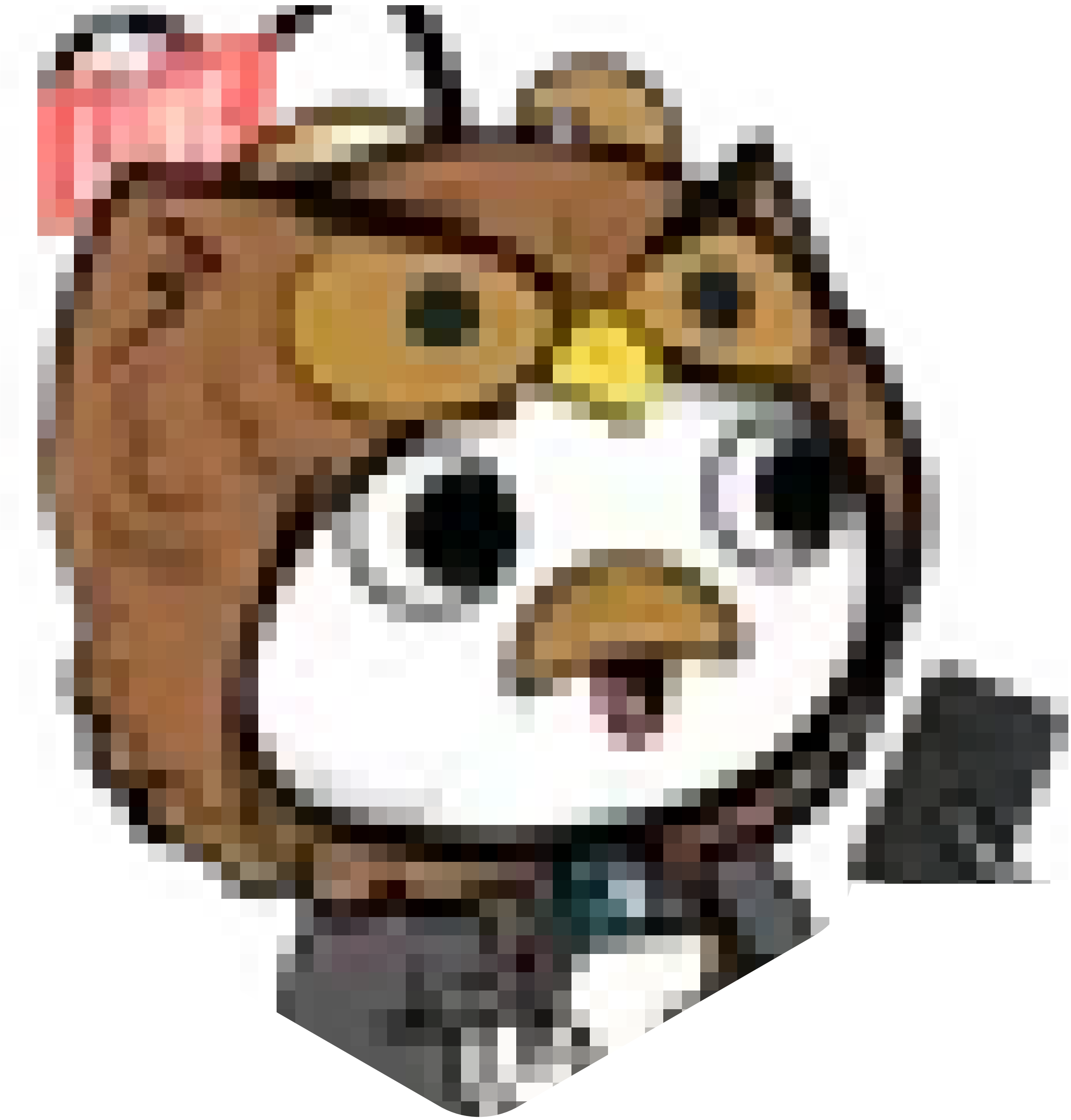
metalsheep714
â€¢ 13y ago

When was a little guy (5-6 years old), we lived at a camp in central Texas that part of my family owned and operated. I was lying in bed reading my little kiddo book when I noticed that my door was open. My mother was currently at work outside the house (we lived over a workshop area), and having the closed the door before getting in bed, I was a shade unnerved. I went back to my book, but in short order movement caught my attention. I looked up to see a figure, transluscent at best, mostly naked except for a simple covering over his nethers. He was so tall that his entire head was hidden by the door frame. You know how children can sometimes be pretty damned perceptive when it comes to emotions? Mine went into overdrive, and I could feel rage...sheer and unadulterated hatred pouring from this man. So I, little feller that I was, screamed the very bloodiest murder I could muster. No help came. In fact, it seemed to draw his attention. So I did it again. Eventully he seemed to lose interest and walked away from the doorway, and I hid my little self under the covers and waited for my mother to come back. When she did, with not a wink of sleep by yours truly, mind you, I explained my experience. She looked worried and pensieve, but said nothing accept simple pacification...I didn't sleep much that night.

I later asked around, and discovered that the camp had been built on an old native hunting ground, wherein their dead were interred. Further, my incident was not the first, nor the last. In fact, one particular cabin was never occupied unless it was abolutely necessary because nearly everyone who stayed there woke up experiencing extreme difficulty in breathing and/or an overwhelming feeling of dread. Think night terror, but it happened regardless of whether the person had ever experienced one before, or if they knew the story behind the cabin. To this day, if its night and I'm walked by that particulr cabin...I run. And I feel the fear I felt that night.

MushyBean
â€¢ 13y ago

puberty.



Thehealthygamer
â€¢ 13y ago

I lived in an old old row house in St. Louis when I had an internship there. Looking back now I can see that from the second I moved in my mood had shifted toward depression, but at the time I didn't think much of it because it was January and cold and cloudy all the time.

While living in that house I slowly grew more depressed every day. This lead to me and my girlfriend at the time breaking up, which lead to even more depression. This depression spilled over into the internship so that I absolutely dreaded going into work and made literally zero social contacts there. That winter was the only time in my life that I've seriously contemplated suicide.

About two and a half months into living there I was tired and laid down on my bed to get a little rest. My intent was not to fall asleep but just to rest for five or ten minutes. Well I ended up falling into sleep paralysis. I think this was because my body was super tired yet my intent was to stay awake, so I retained control over my consciousness.

I've been in sleep paralysis before, and this experience was night and day DIFFERENT. Previous sleep paralysis experiences I've just freaked out because I couldn't move, had difficulty breathing, and struggled with all my might until I eventually started moving again. I never had a sense of a presence or entity ... until this experience.

So there I was laying on the bed in sleep paralysis. My eyes half open trying to wake myself up. And my bedroom door slowly starts to open. FUCK.

In that moment I intuitively knew that there is some sort of evil entity on the other side of the door(getting goose bumps writing this). So I'm struggling as hard as I can to wake myself up and grab my gun(because I honestly felt threatened) but of course in sleep paralysis you can't move.

My door slowly opened all the way and in that instant I saw the most terrifying thing I've ever experienced in my whole life. There was an entity hovering there at the threshold of my door. It looked exactly like the girl from the grudge. The only way I can reconcile this with how absurd it sounds is that there must have been an intense negative energy that I was sensing in this altered state of half asleep/half awake, and my brain interpreted it the best way that it could and in my memory the grudge girl is about the most evil/scary entity that I can conceive of.

So, of course, this make me FREAK THE FUCK OUT. I remember trying to scream as hard as I could, and that's the last thing I remember. The next thing I know I'm waking up on my bed with the cold terror of what had just happened rushing through me. Oh, the door was fully closed when I woke up.

So yeah, I got the fuck outta there as soon as the internship was over, and almost magically my life fell right back into place. Depression disappeared, no more thoughts of suicide, felt happy and hopeful with life.

Hope. That was the biggest thing missing in that house. I spent three months literally without any hope for the future. Well if anyone sees this and has had similar experiences I'd love to hear it. Even though this one was so real and vivid for me, I still find myself questioning whether it actually happened or was just some sort of vivid imagining.

Waxford
â€¢ 13y ago

Back when I was living with my folks in the basement, I had an intense dream (I forget what it was) where I shouted so loudly in my sleep that it woke me up. When I woke up, I could barely move but I saw my mother standing in front of me looking concerned. I was trying to tell her just to shake me and I would snap out of it, but my words were so jumbled and slurred from the post-sleep-paralysis that it just came out as gibberish, which made her look even more concerned.

After about 45 seconds it felt like I got slapped in the face, and in an instant I got full control of myself back.

My mother wasn't even home.

Zallarion

â€¢ 13y ago

Once, I was watching TV. While I heard the faucet running.(It might have still been on) Then while I was walking to turn it off, I noticed the tv was changing channels. (I might have accidentally pressed the remote) Later that night, my brother yells in the middle of the night, because his TV went on, which is impossible because he always turns it off with the button on the TV itself so it isn't on standby, and the remote was on the other side of the room. (Electrical malfunction?)

I write it off as coincedence, but I can't really explain it.

punkrocksamurai
â€¢ 13y ago

Dont know how paranormal but mh friend died last week and it happend a few hours before i recieved the call. During the few hours before the call i had a hard time breafhing like some one was sitting on my chest. (typed on phone)

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

any_name_left
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I went to a boarding school that was a renovated hospital. My first year I lived on the floor that was the heart attach ward. The bathroom door would always open on its own, I just thought it was the old building. One night I was trying to sleep. I woke up to my room mate saying "Turn your light on." I said "no" then I heard a child's voice say "turn your light on." I sat up and turned my light on and no one was there, not even my roomie. It freaked me the F out!

I grew up in a house where an old lady passed away. My dad always said her ghost was still there. Whenever doors would open or we'd hear noises he'd say "it' Mrs. X's ghost."

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]() â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Fairly rarely, I will be lying in bed trying to fall asleep, and a young girl will whisper my name right into my ear, scaring the shit out of me. The first time it happened, I thought it was my girlfriend, so I said "what?" in response. No one answered, so I said "what?" again. I then got a weird feeling and rolled over and saw that my girlfriend wasn't even there. I proceeded to get the willys. It's happened pretty rarely since, but does happen, and I get scared shitless every single time. It's not an urgent whisper, it is a soothing, matter-of-fact whispering of my name. It has never happened at any other place I've lived.

Edit: Another experience: I was sleeping at my old apartment, and suddenly I was slammed awake by the loudest explosion I've ever heard. I thought the world was ending. It shook the entire building. I was so slammed awake that I nearly fell out of my bed. This was near the air base, so I figured maybe it was something with that. A sonic boom, perhaps? I went back to sleep eventually but was pretty rattled and unsure of what was happening. I looked around for news on it the next day but there wasn't anything. I asked a Indian neighbor couple if they had heard anything like a loud explosion (never had spoken to them before) and I thought the girl said yes, but wasn't really sure because I don't think they really spoke English and they kind of quickly went into their apartment like they thought I was going to attack them or something.

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[Arve](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was a kid, sometime in the early 80's, my cousin was visiting one weekend.

In the afternoon, we decided we wanted to watch a movie. Now this was in a day and age when the VCR was still somewhat novel, and we had taped Poltergeist a few weeks prior to this. The one national TV channel we had even had announcers prior to the movie (that at times did not understand the meaning of "spoiler"), and since VCR timed recordings weren't an exact science, we had also taped the announcer. She had a horrible throat infection, that coupled with the less than perfect recording medium made her sound like she had ascended from the pits of hell to tell us that Poltergeist was on next. It was sort of appropriate for the movie. It gave the movie that creepy vibe it deserved.

What happened next though, took it over the top. As I was passing the TV on my way back from the kitchen, flowers, candles and everything else that was sitting on top of the TV came flying, and right after it followed the TV itself, as it fell off the shelf, and I was barely able to prevent it from smashing on to the floor.

While I don't believe in the supernatural, the TV fell off the shelf at exactly the right moment to make watching Poltergeist extra creepy for all of us, considering the theme of the movie. To this day, it remains perhaps my favorite horror flick.

some_body_else
â€¢ 13y ago

This seems lame compared to what else I read in this thread, but here's my contribution. I had a psychic roommate about 13-14 years ago. His psychic ability is sporadic and unpredictable. There were a couple times I specifically remember. I was watching Jeopardy one day(new episode), roommate was outside. He doesn't watch tv other than sports. He walks into the house to use the restroom, as he's passing the tv, he turns to me and said "Milwaukee." and kept going. The very next thing I heard and read on the screen was "I'll take U.S. Cities for 400 Alex", Then "This Wisconsin city..." and of course the contestant responded with "What is Milwaukee?" I was floored. Another instance of his ability. One day, watching a football game, sitting around drinking a few beers, he turns to me and said "Answer the phone." I looked at the phone, which was not ringing, and told him "But, it's not ringing." He responded "Yes it is." Then it started to ring. Once again it gave me the willies.

tl;dr I had a psychic roommate.

Oh, and my tv turns itself off and my xbox turns itself on. They have done so in the last 3 apartments I've lived in. Also, my old, since been replaced tv would shut itself off randomly, too. I think I have a poltergeist.

EvinLt
â€¢ 13y ago

Super late to the party, but when I was like in 11th grade I was forced to move in with my parents. I was sleeping on the couch and next thing you know I was watching myself in third person kind of like a out of body. I see this huge demon/black shadow staying over my body and he started draining life out of me or like my soul. Idk but I could feel it I was slipping away I tried to scream right before he gets away with it I wake. A few weeks later I decided to sleep in my moms room like I didn't feel the same for weeks and it happened again but it was like an angel/bright light figure instead. Still scared the shit out of me. Pure fear. And my mom is super Christian and said that demons will come as a form of light to trick you to give in. Although I I still don't know where I stand in everything. By far the scariest shit every.

Reply Share

spoilersweetie
â€¢ 13y ago

Not creepy as such, but a few months after my grandmother died, when I was particularly stresses or something I would feel a hand resting on my head at night when I'd breifly wake up, but no one there. This happened a few times I did'nt tell anyone , then one day I overheard my sister ask my mum "who's been coming into my room at night and patting my head?". This was'nt only happening at our house, but also my aunts to my cousin, the same thing was also happening to her and my aunt I think, however my aunt described also as seeing and outline of someone in he room.

This is odd for me because I scare easily , esp at night, but this incidence just really calmed me down, which is odd.

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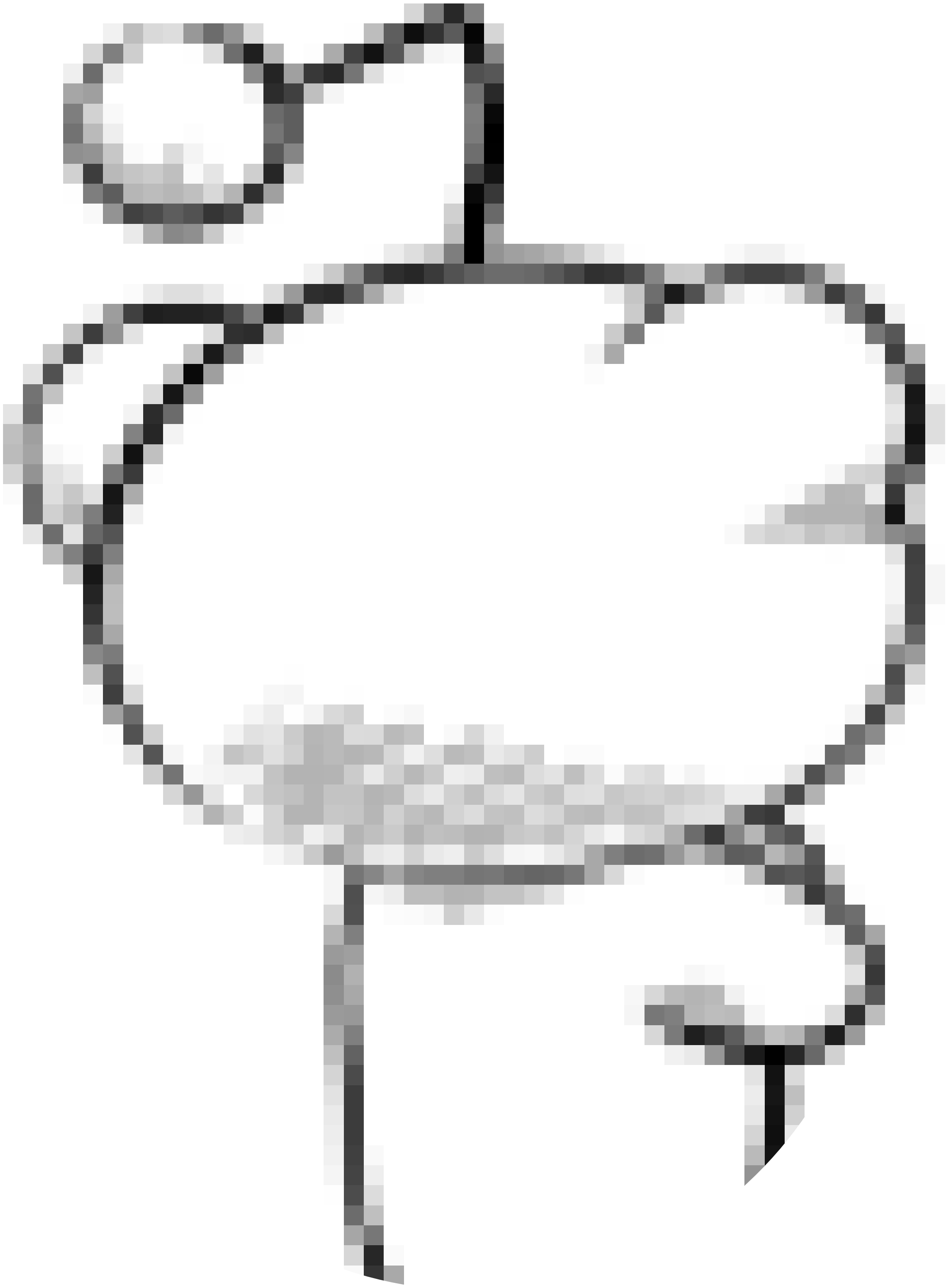

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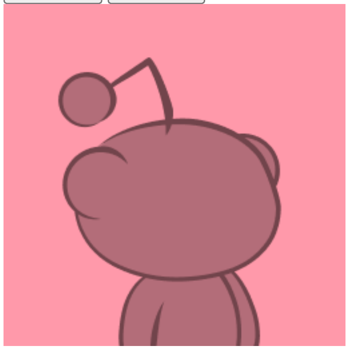
â€¢ [13y ago]

I got through this entire thread and no Lochness monster? Was disappoint.

Reply Share



SkarloMarx
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

There's a large nature preserve near my parents house out in the boondocks, right on the edge of hick territory. At the center of one half was a massive field that was only accessible through a trail cut through a tunnel of thick woods. My friends and I often went there during the day to hang out and enjoy nature, play acoustic, or smoke weed. One night however a group of 3-4 or my friends and I decided we should go hang out in this field at like midnight. We had been there before at night, so I thought no big deal.

This was a particularly dark night though, and as we start walking through the tree tunnel we realize just how pitch black it is. I can barely see the path ten feet in front of me. All of sudden, when we were already pretty far down the trail, I hear footsteps making their way through the trees to my right. I look to my friends and their faces give away that they hear it too. We all kind of give each other a knowing nod and stop walking. The footsteps stop too, but a few seconds after ours. The trail we're on is soft grass, so we didn't make too much noise while we walked, but there was enough of us to kind of muffle the crunch of the leaves and snapping of twigs that was distinct to the footsteps between the trees. We look to each other and confirm what we've heard. We're freaked out, but the car is farther away than the field now, so we start walking again. (At this point still unsure if we're not just imagining things or not.)

The footsteps start again. We stop walking further than the road, much more quickly this time. The steps in the woods stop again, but not quick enough, and we hear the crunches again after we stopped. After repeating this a couple of times, it becomes absolutely clear that something is following us, and it sounds bipedal.

We're freaked out now, and start talking shit, all of us yelling out (Mind you there's like five of us, all 18-20 year old young men at this time.) about how we'll fuck up anything that gets near us. This doesn't deter the steps a bit. Eventually we make it out to the field and hang out in the center. The field is full of tall grass, and the tree line is very far away so we can't see anything near the trees, and anything in the trees shouldn't be able to see us at this point. However we have a very clear view of anything that would have gotten close to us at all. We're there for two or three hours, maybe even more, but we realize that dawn isn't coming anytime soon and decide that it might be safe to head back now.

We're walking down the trail again, when not a fourth of the way back into the tree tunnel the footsteps start again. Same side of the woods, still starting and stopping when we do except when we fake them out a couple times and they distinctly continue on. This is no echo. This is a thing. We're all quiet on this trip, and there was an unspoken decision to stop testing the sound and to just get back to the car as fast as possible. The footsteps follow us the whole way until we're a couple of yards away from the car, then disappear. We get in the car and booked it immediately. I've never been back at night since.

The worst part is, before the incident we used to go there often, and sometimes I would run up far ahead of the group and hide in the bushes to wait to scare some of my friends. Out there. In the darkness. Only a yard away from where those steps hunted me that night. Fuck that.

itisnotatumor
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

i was in my room and my sister was in hers not saying a word. i get the sudden urge to look up and when i do i see a white face with black eyes and black smile like kind of pop its head in too check on me or something then it went away. five seconds later my sis comes out of her room freaked to shit and says did you just see a white face with black eyes and a black smile. i told her what i saw then she tells me it was looking at her in her mirror from the same spot i saw it. only thing is there is only a wall where we saw it and nothing else. also i drew a pic of the face i saw later on with out telling my sister i was drawing it and then showed her and she started screaming "that's the face that's the face". And i dream of places and events before they happen.

edit: spelling

6ksuit
â€¢ 13y ago

Used to be married. As a wedding present, we got two sets of matching flatware. After a few months, one of the spoons went missing. We scoured the house, every nook and cranny, racked our brains to figure out if we ever took this spoon out of our home, and couldn't think up anything. It was just gone. No explanation. Never saw it again.

Years later, divorced, move across the country and into a studio apartment. Buy a set of flatware. Less then a week later, a spoon is gone. Missing. The apartment is too tiny for it to be hidden somewhere, and I KNOW that I never took it out of the apartment. It's just gone. Never saw it again.

What the fuck happened to those damn spoons?!?

TL;DR: I'm haunted by a spoon-stealing ghost.

shoogshoog
â€¢ 13y ago

I was out on a boat fishing early early one morning. All of the sudden the battery cables shorted them selves out some how and were glowing red, nearly starting a fire. At that exact moment I saw the most insane meteor burn I have ever seen. It was glowing all sorts of crazy colors. I then proceeded to have one of the weirdest mornings ever as well.

squishyliquid
â€¢ 13y ago

Me and two other people decided to sleep in the tent in my backyard. It was late and we were laying down, smoking a joint in there. Shortly after we were done, we all saw the image of Jesus's face on the ceiling of the tent. We were all blown away, but one person (the girlfriend of third person). Freaked the f out and went inside screaming. He followed suit, then so did I because I wasn't sleeping in the Jesus tent alone. It took an hour for us to realize that it was actually a reflection off the boyfriends Jesus piece.

I guess it doesn't fit here, but that's the closest I've come to the experience you're looking for, and it was hilarious.

Reply Share

[delux_724](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Went to Gettysburg a few years ago. It was early spring and still pretty chilly out (no open windows that I could see). My wife and I took a walk around town. While walking down a sidewalk on a sidestreet (sidewalk was a good 20 yards away from buildings) we noticed a heavy smell of pipe smoke. We walked a few more steps and the smell was gone. We were puzzled as no one was around. I walked back and could smell it again and my wife did the same. We thought nothing more of it.

That night we took a Ghost Tour. At one point in the tour the guide explained that the Union army had sent the supply wagons away prior to the battle as they didnt want the South to raid them. After the battle, there were many thousands of dead and dying men and at least the same if not more dead and dying animals. And it was hot (July). The supply wagons had the shovels on them (among other things) so there was quite a delay in burying the dead. The smell apparently became unbearable. Women started baking bread to drive the smell out of the houses. When the women walked the street they carried handkerchielfs with rose water or lilac water to cover their nose with. The men smoked, copiously to drive away the smell of the dead. The guide then said that is the number one thing people report in Gettysburg...smells of perfume/bread/tobacco where there is seemingly no source.

We were like "whoa."

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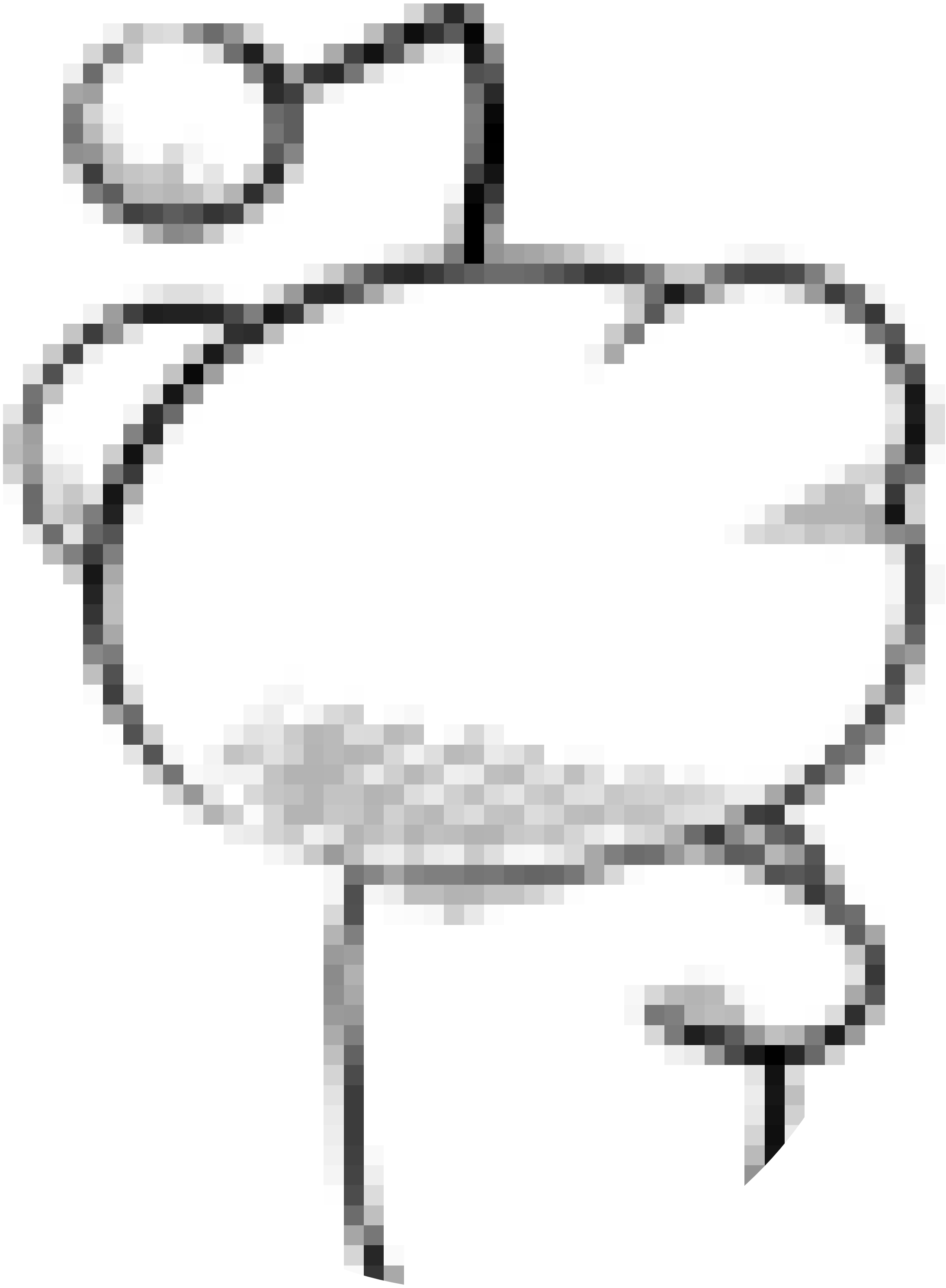

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â€¢ 13y ago

Nothing...not a single damn thing in my 37 years! I've never seen or experianced anything to make me belive there is anything "supernatural".

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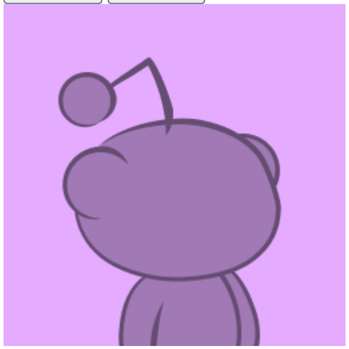

krazeegerbil
â€¢ 13y ago

I live sort of by the Belleview Builtmore Hotel in Clearwater, FL. I've gone in there even though its closed down (Yeah, I'm a rebel. What you got!) There's a website called Clearwater Ghost Hunter, or something like that, and they have a whole page dedicated to the Belleview Builtmore. If you read through some of those stories about children running and giggling around the main stairwell and the forbidden and fucking haunted ass fourth floor, it's fucking true. I never got to go 4th floor without doing some vandalism but its like the 1408 of that hotel, basically.

Walking through the halls and hearing people talking in the rooms even though you know there's no one there, watching random doors creek open even without a draft is insanely creepy. I mean coming up to the fourth floor alone without going in is probably the scariest part because it gets cold, the hairs on your arms and neck stand at attention and if you're lucky the batteries in your flashlight will shoot to shit even if they're brand new. Holding my ear up to the door and hearing this like...knock on the door consumed me with fear and then all the voices on the other side of the door started. Loud enough to hear them, but not loud enough to understand what they're saying.

It's like whoever was there in that hotel just didn't want to leave. No one was menacing there, they weren't out to hurt me but they didn't want to leave that hotel. There's one little boy who died in the pool (supposedly) and going to that area was one of the creepiest because you can hear the pitter pattering of a little kid running around the pool. It makes me wonder how he died, I asked but he went silent afterwards. He has so much fun there.

The worst though was walking around outside, and other people have claimed witness to this too, trying to calm my nerves and looked up at the 4th floor windows a tall, skinny shadowy figure in the window and for me he was knocking on it. Shit is creepy. I wanna go back in there though and get on that 4th floor because there is *nothing* like the rush of any encounter like that whether you believe in the paranormal or not.

links: http://clearwaterghosthunter.com/?tag=belleview-biltmore-hotel

http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/2/26/Clearwater_B-B_hotel01.jpg

http://si.wsj.net/public/resources/images/MI-BR713_BILTMO_G_20121009183437.jpg

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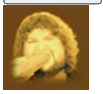

Teledildonic
â€¢ 13y ago

Being woken up in the middle of the night by the loudest crack of thunder I have ever heard in my life.

There was no storm, it was a clear night. No one less in the house heard anything.

Reply Share

dexemplu
â€¢ 13y ago

A friend of a friend's father woke up, for no reason, in the middle of the night next to his wife. He woke her up as well and calmly told her to come with him. They went outside in their pajamas and about a minute later the house's roof collapsed. He could never explain how he knew it was going to happen, and barely talks about it.

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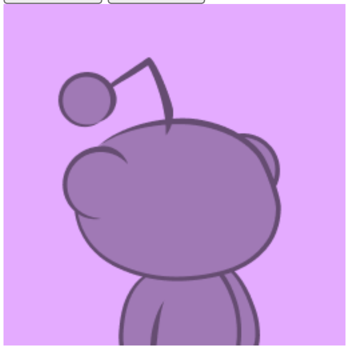


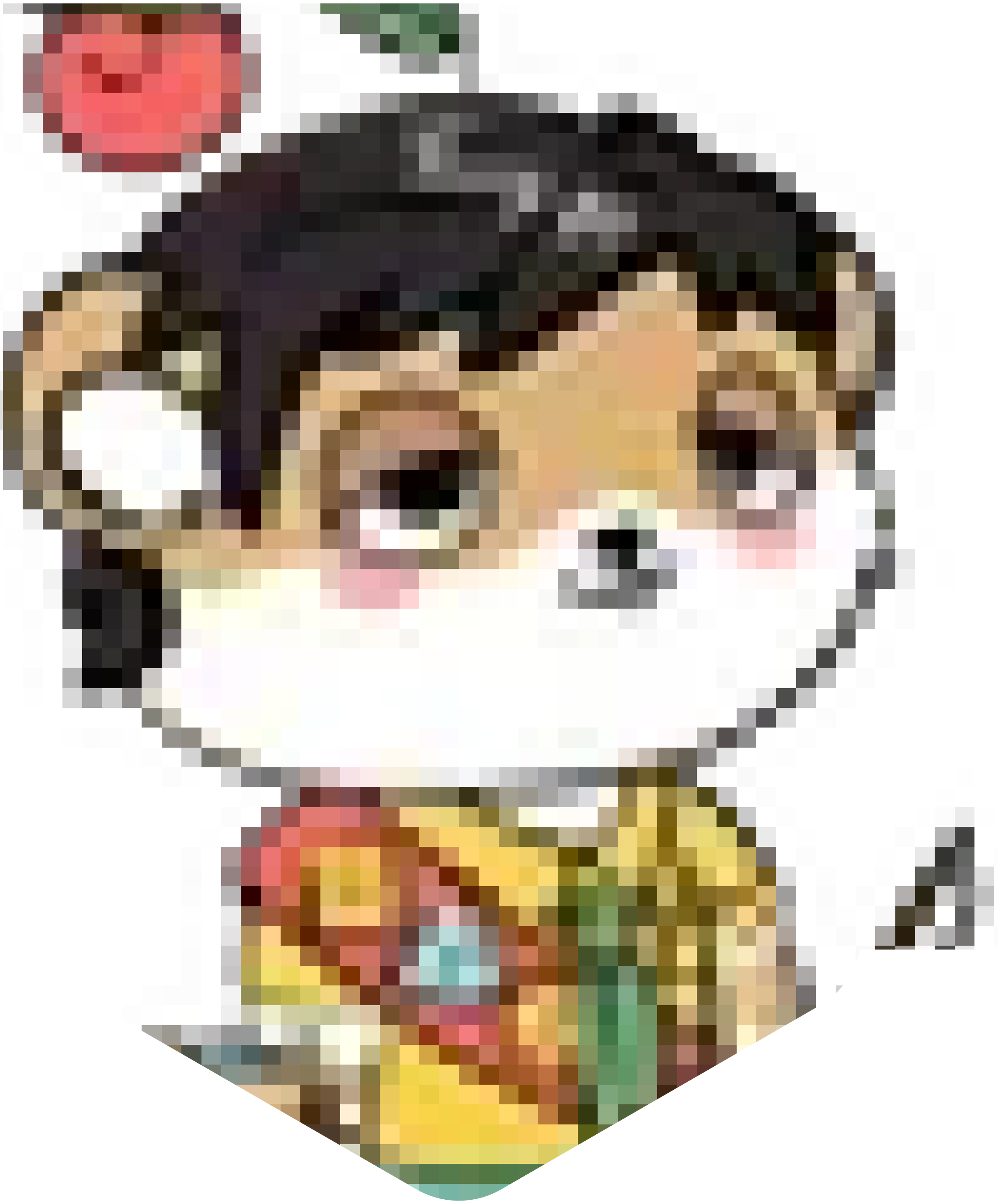
doesntgeddit

â€¢ 13y ago

Picture Matrixing

shaggorama
â€¢ 13y ago

ITT: bored teenagers tell each other ghost stories and take turns taking each other seriously.



fietsvrouw
â€¢ 13y ago

I was seeing a massage therapist for help with my TMJ who also did energy work, but never claimed that she was psychic. As she was working on me, she said that my grandmother was there and wanted to talk with me. She then proceeded to tell me a list of things that my grandmother was saying about a conflict I was having with my sociopathic mother including problems my grandmother had had when my mother was a child.

The things the massage therapist was telling me were very specific (how my grandmother had reacted when she found out that my mother was torturing and killing animals, the fact that my mother was angry that my gran and I both had the same color eyes, etc.) that no one who was faking it would ever float as plausible.

Not only that, all of the things she said were things my grandmother had said time in our last conversation several years earlier right before she died in the same order, as far as I can recall. (There is no way this woman could have been privy to that conversation.)

christiandb
â€¢ 13y ago

Background: I've worked in hospices, nursing homes and with the elderly from 17 to 23. Up until a few month ago I would have said that there really isn't nothing remarkable about dying. Didn't really believe in ghosts either considering in the places I worked, during night shift I never saw anything out of the ordinary.

Then one night about last month a fuse blows and I have to head to the basement. Turn on the light start descending, now it's an apartment basement so it's fairly big, almost looks like human trafficking takes place there, just dirty, undone..shit everywhere..catacombs. About halfway in I see my cat followed me down there, I chase her up stairs and the lights turn off.

Must have bumped it. Start my decent with the lights on...they turn back off. No one is awake, no way the lights are going out because it's a flick, the switch keeps moving to off. This happens literally five times, making super sure I am not bumping, flicking it on all the way up..just keeps turning off.

I run upstairs and get my roommate to stand near the switch, of course nothing happens and of course I look like a lunatic.

Didn't freak me out as much as it should be though.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I lived in a group home for a bit when I was younger. The person who was in my room before me was into witchcraft, and had supposedly left their mark on the room. Couple of crazy unexplained things happened.

A dresser which was up against a wall was pushed over from behind

I was lying in my bed one night trying to go to sleep and this blackness came over me and was a weight on my chest. I couldn't breathe for several seconds and then it just went away.

One night again while lying in bed, the bed began to shake. It was not an earthquake

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

It's not really "opinion"; the occult and supernatural do not exist.

Reply Share

captain_racoon
â€¢ 13y ago

Not sure if this even belongs here since its not really supernatural. I honestly dont know what the hell to call it. So Here goes. I woke up that day feeling out of it but somewhat good, like coming off a great night of sleep. I decided to visit my parents early in the morning and went on my way. During the commute I stared to have, I dont want to call them, visions, but images flash in my head of getting into a car accident, driver side impact. It continued for quit some time until, for some reason, i felt like slowing down while coming to a red light. A few feet away from the crosswalk the light turns green for me but I instinctively wait a good minute. In that minute, a truck out of nowhere comes flying by. Running through its now red light. At this point I was floored. Im 100% sure I would have gotten hit by the car that ran the red light. Since then I've tried to find other cases of people having this type of experience. glitch in the matrix?

itendtoolie
â€¢ 13y ago

Well a couple years back me and my friend where hanging out. We ended up getting bored and walked to a nearby bridge where we would hang out at. Normally we get greated by a neighbor dog who like to bark ï»¿the whole time that we are walking by. That day he didn't bark and we didn't see him but we did hear some odd noises.

We didn't think much of it and processed to go to ï»¿the bridge. After only being down there for a few minutes things started to seem creepy. It was almost like we where being watched. So we decided to go back to his place. On our walk back we both felt as if whatever had made us feel odd wasn't staying at ï»¿the bridge.

We hung out playing video games till we got bored. It was a little before midnight and we decided to go outside and hang out. This is when things got scary.

We had gone around to ï»¿the side of my friends place near his ten foot barn where we saw a large shadow standing up straight with ï»¿the top of them shadow near ï»¿the top of them barn. I grab my friends arm and pulled him inside. When then got his dad up and his dad got out a spot light. We showed him where we saw ï»¿the shadow but ofcourse it was gone. All that was left were two foot prints where we had seen ï»¿the shadow.

To this day we don't go to that bridge and we rarely speak of what happened. All I know is something had seen us at ï»¿the bridge and was waiting by my friends barn.

altoidsyn
â€¢ 13y ago

My whole life I've experienced bizarre things that I cannot explain. For a lot of my childhood, I chalked it up to an over active imagination. Until my family moved into a house in Oregon.

As a child, I was regularly told by my catholic grandmother stories of the things that would happen when she and my aunts would use a Ouija board. Her most adamant story was of the time she 'made contact' with her father, who called her by a childhood nickname that had long since been forgotten. But I dismissed them until I was in my teens and had some if the most terrifying experiences first hand.

My family and I moved into a large suburban home in Oregon in 2001. It was a massive house with 4 bedrooms, 3 bonus rooms, etc. We had a fair share of creaks and groans from the house. The weirdest being a single spot in the kitchen where any music would instantly turn to static when someone stood there. We attributed it to bad wiring.

To say I felt strange in that house is an understatement. I always thought someone was watching me, unless I was in my room, which was built as an extension in the 80s and required trekking through the backyard to get to. My room felt like a safe place.

Our first experience was my mothers. She was sitting in the laundry room, where her crafting supplies were when a man walked in soaking wet from the backyard. He smiled and she ran to get my father and called me. There was no one there by the time we got there and no footprints from the heavy rain.

Over the next few years, we had all the doors in the house slam shut at the same time, cupboards all opening at the same time. Mom stopped closing her closet door because it would just open again.

My first experience was the mildest. I was using the bathroom, finished up and walked out, turning right and bumping into someone. I saw someone, but really is was more a dark brown shadow. It was a full foot shorter than me and lasted long enough for me to apologize before vanishing.

I immediately told Mom.

My second experience was significantly less tame and will be one of the scariest things ever to happen to me. Because I had work, when the family would go on vacation, I would stay home and pet sit. I had to sleep in the living room, which was no big deal. I was sitting on the couch watching tv at 1am, when out of nowhere, I heard our back door open. It had a heavy screendoor that screamed when opened and the back door rattled unmistakeably. I ran, locking myself in the bathroom, just in time to hear the door from the laundry open and someone walk into the living room. Being as quiet as possible, I listened at the door, when someone on the other side of it screams at me 'I know you're in there, you can't hide from me!' I begin silently crying in fear as I hear footsteps start up the stairs and I hear the door to our patio open. I say in the dark for probably an hour, too scared to move. After an hour, I ran into the living room, grabbed a fireplace poker, and marched through the house making as much noise as possible. I went upstairs, turning in every light as I went and when I got to the patio was shocked to see it locked, just like I'd left it. The same was true for both the back screen door and the back door, both locked and bolted. It was terrifying and when I told my parents, they dismissed it.

It would come to a point where I became familiar with the presences in the house. There was Tammi, her little sister, her Mom, and then there was 'Henry' who can be best described as a big ball if cold anger that would walk to and fro in the living room. Tammi was extremely kind and her mom and sister were both shy.

Naturally my dad remained a skeptic fir the most part until they were getting the house ready to sell, and had to sleep downstairs and all night the whole family was kept awake by footsteps and children laughing.

They don't live there anymore, but a part of me wants to go and ask the new owners if they've experienced anything.

caesarj
â€¢ 13y ago

Even as an atheist, agnostic at the time of occurrence, this scares me to this day.

Talking on the phone with a friend of mine, forget the exact conversation from years ago. But, something prompted me to say, "Fuck Jesus!" Right after the words left my mouth, there was a huge lightening strike, loud thunder, and the lights in the house went out and came back on....it was a sunny day without hardly a cloud in the sky.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay, so i work in an office in London, its fairly modern inside but the place itself was built in the 50's.

I sit at my desk and I can hear people whispering my name, for about 3 minutes then it fades away. Sometimes i can hear someone shouting my name in my ear and cold breath down my neck. No-one else has these problems, and I don't have any strange goings on at home. I am genuinely thinking of quitting my job, I tried to talk to my manager about it, but he thinks I'm bat-shit insane now !

[Computer-Blue](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I eventually figured this out but I questioned my sanity very very seriously for a year or so until the same situation occurred and it dawned on me...

I was at a bus stop around 9pm with nobody in sight (clear vantage point for a good mile in any direction). Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a silhouette of a man running on the side of the bus shelter, almost exactly the same size as that side of the shelter. I looked hard, and was surprised that they had put a video advertising display in such a shoddy neighborhood... Until I realized that it wasn't a video at all, but an actual shadow of a man running. Looking around, all I could see we're cars. For what felt like several minutes but was probably only a minute or so, I stared at the image of a running man, not changing size, not moving around... Just a silhouette running in place. And I started to fucking lose my mind. NOBODY was running in my vicinity, and there were clearly no electronics at play (it was an ad space with no ad in it).

My bus arrived, the silhouette disappeared, and it bothered me every day for a year.

What was it? I finally saw a similar effect with a cyclist, but not in such a mesmerizing way. A cyclist was roughly matching the speed of a bus, and the headlamps from the bus kept a nearly static silhouette superimposed on a nearby building. There must have been a jogger who kept a perfect relative distance to my bus such that the projected image just happened to perfectly fit the bus shelter.

Or ghosts.

Reply Share

[doonhijoe](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was about 6 at the time, but this is the creepiest thing that ever happened to me.

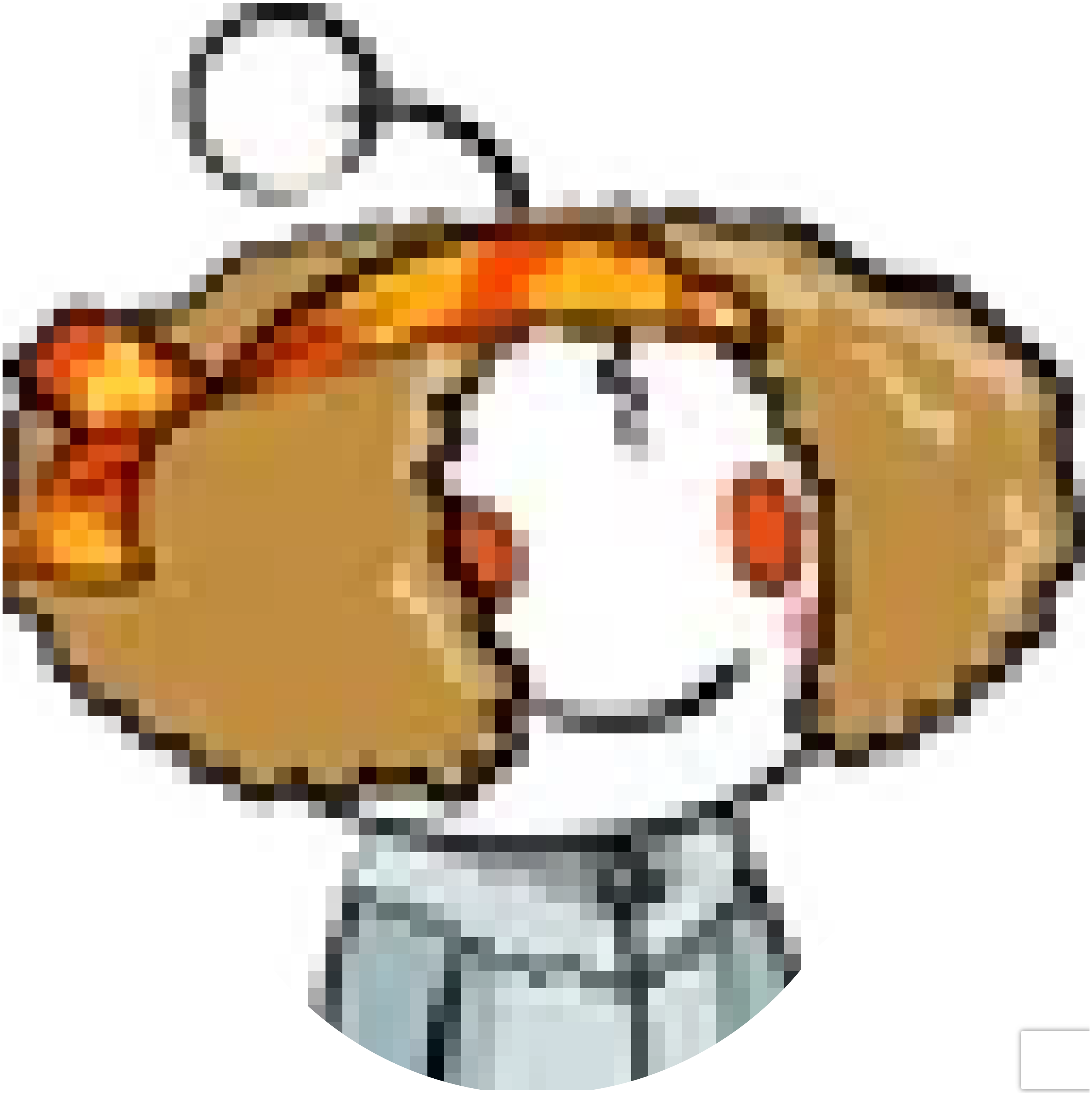
Me and my brother were just playing in the gardens at our apartment complex, and we saw a floating mask not too far from us. Like, a really, really fucking creepy mask.

The thing is that I'm honestly not sure what I saw. In fact I am pretty sure that it is a lie, but at the time I convinced myself that the lie I told was true.

Then, when I realized that it was a lie I convinced myself it wasn't ever true and I lied to myself. Then I started questioning all my memories and what I had made up and what was a real memory. It was a confusing time for a 6 year old.

shoogshoog
â€¢ 13y ago

Also, I think of something randomly and it magically appears in my life. Seriously though, wtf is that?



hairyfluff
â€¢ 13y ago

My cousin lived in an old farmhouse and the inside doors were thick, old wooden doors with the old latch door handles that you have to press down with your thumb to open. One afternoon as we were playing Road Rash in his room the latch started frantically rattling up and down really quickly for a few seconds then flew wide open. I looked at my cousin who didn't bat an eyelid and asked him what the hell that was. His reply? "Oh yeah it does that sometimes so you have to make sure to slide the bolt across to lock it." There was no one else in the house, I checked because I thought my uncle was messing about but there was no one there. I slid the bolt across and later the latch did rattle again but the door stayed shut. Very odd.

Melachiah
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid, I had my bed by the second story window. One night I wake up to the sound of loud music. It sounded like a marching band. I look out the window and I see nothing... But it's really fucking loud.

I open my bedroom door to go downstairs and see if anyone else heard it. As I open the door, the music stops. I continue to head downstairs to find out no one else heard it.

I go back upstairs, crawl in bed... And the music starts up again. I open my bedroom door again, and the music stops... so I leave my door open, and crawl back in bed.

Laying there, I hear a tapping on my window. I open the blinds to look outside and I see this guy standing there, the left side of his face looked like it was melting. It had fused to his shoulder. I want to think he was trying to find help. But all I know is I was scared shitless.

I ran out of my room screaming, told me Mom, and her and my uncle went outside with baseball bats to figure out what the fuck I just saw.

They never found anything. I refused to sleep in my room. Finally, my uncle put some book cases in front of the window, and I was willing to sleep in there again.

I figure I had to have been dreaming. I was on the second story, no one else heard the music. No evidence of a ladder or anyone being outside. Even still... I can't sleep by a window any more. And until my girlfriend moved in, the bedroom windows were always boarded up.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I guess I'll start. Back in 2000 (I was 21) I was walking home around midnight from my job at a food warehouse. Part of my journey took me over a narrow foot bridge over a narrow part of the river. The bridge was not wide enough for two people to walk abreast. It was kind of an eerie location as there was a single light at either end and nothing but a foot path and forest on both banks. As I approached the bridge I see a figure sitting on a log near the street light on my side.

This was odd because in all the time I was taking the route I've never seen anyone there before. Anyway as I got closer I saw it was a woman in a white dress that was crying. I asked if she was ok and she just said she was too afraid to cross. I offered to walk with her over the bridge and to the main road and she accepted. So I lead the way and she starts to follow behind. I'm just making small talk as shes following and when I get to the other side I go to actually introduce myself and there is no one there.

Now being a science graduate I have no doubt in my mind that she probably took off running into the forest (probably a prank) soon after I started walking on the bridge. I don't think it was supernatural in any way. I don't recall hearing any foot steps when she walked on the bridge (it was wooden) but it was rather windy in that area so the wind in my ears may have obscured the sounds.

Reply Share

JoesShittyOs
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm convinced I was abducted by aliens. One moment it was 5 o'clock in the afternoon and I was playing Xbox. The last thing I remember was that the light coming in from outside was a weird orange color. Not the typical "5 o'clock sunset orange", but just a really unnatural vivid orange color.

Next thing I know, wake up in my bed at 9 (as in 4 hours later) at night. My little brother was the only one home, and there was no way in hell he dragged me there. He'd been in his room the entire time, and just assumed I'd been out playing Xbox.

In all seriousness, I doubt anything actually paranormal happened to me. But I know that I'm not a) Narcoleptic and/or b) a sleepwalker. And I also know that this was during the time when I was grounded from playing video games, so I'd relish any time my parents were away and I got to play my games. So there's no way I would have taken a nap during that time.

Just a really weird instance that I've never been able to explain.

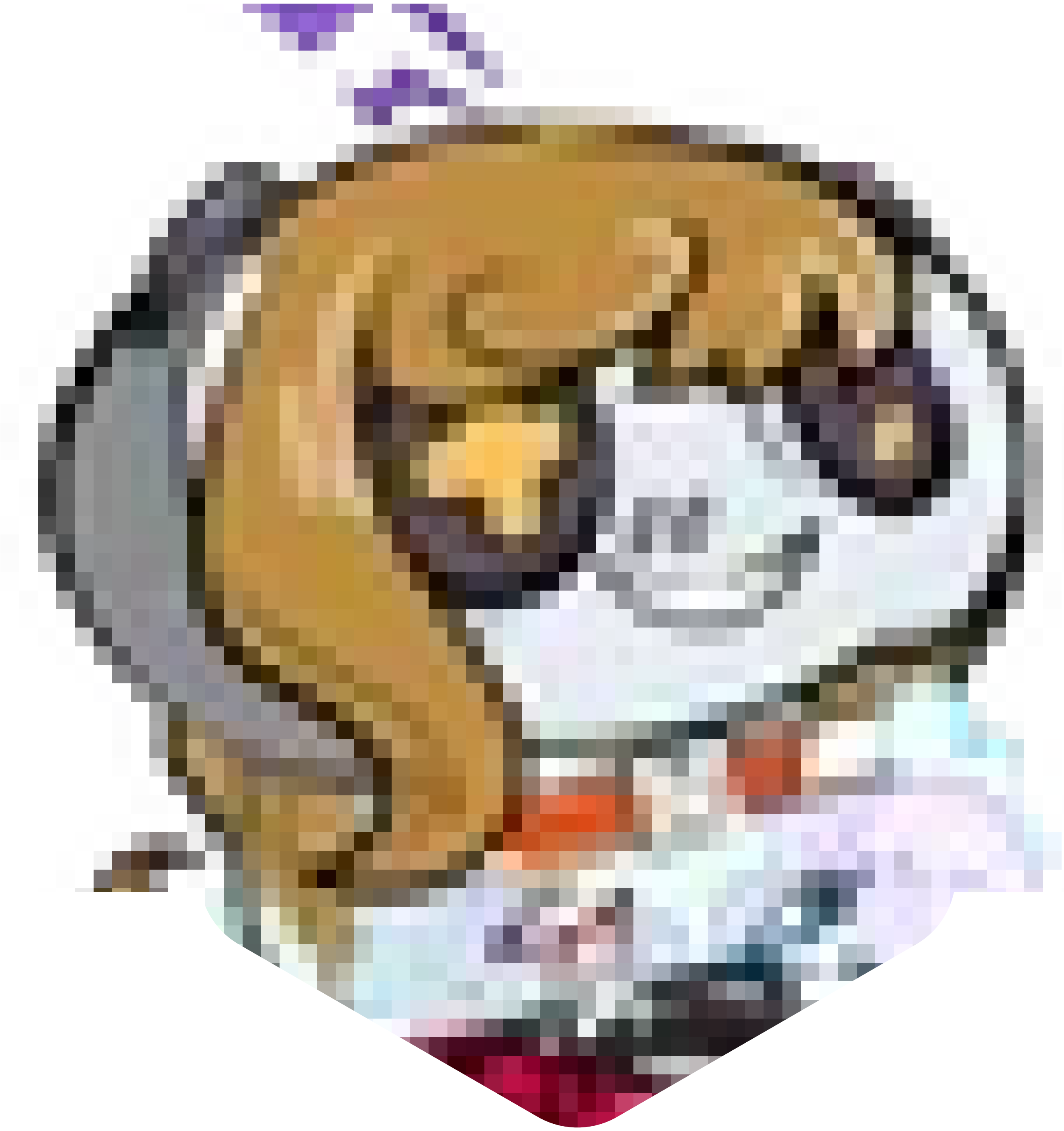
Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

One night, I was alone babysitting my little brother. It was about ten or so at night. I was listening to some music and my brother was practicing his guitar with an amp, so both of us couldn't hear well. I went downstairs, and from the top of the stairs I could see the door was wide open. All the lights downstairs were turned off too, so it added to my panic. When I went to close the door I noticed heavy footprints leading right up to the door and just stopping. They didn't carry down the hallway in my house, they just stopped.

I freaked out for almost an hour and tore apart my house searching. I kept on expecting someone to pop out of my shower or closet when I wasn't looking.

Reply Share



Snarlezz
â€¢ 13y ago

I still live in the room that this took place in. I grew increasingly paranoid that while sleeping something was in the room with me. This grew to the point where I would sleep with the overhead light on and my bedroom door open. My family always told me they'd hear slamming noises come from my room when no one was home. One night I randomly wake up. I looked around the room as I always did at night because I felt genuinely uncomfortable. While glancing around a whole shelf of dvds falls. Not the shelf itself, but the dvds. I instantly started to rationalize this as just something that happens. About 5 seconds after they fell a cat runs out os f the darkness and into my room and hisses in the direction of the shelf. I got up and left the room quickly repeating no no no. I went into the living room and turned the light on and just stood for a while working out what happened in my head.

[Kanel0728](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Well, me and a friend were at his cabin put in the mountains and we decided to go and walk up to the top of a hill at night. We didn't even take any flashlights because the moon was out. We started talking about the Blair Witch Project (I forget why) when we got up there. We stayed there for a little while, then started to walk back down on the dirt road. There were no other people for miles around. All of the sudden, we see this light starting to follow us down the road. We both called out and asked who it was, but we got no answer. Because we were talking about the movie, we were both crapping our pants by now. We started to haul arse out of that place.

My friend slipped on a patch of mud and fell tithe ground (it was night. We could see nothing).

Turns out, it was his dad who came up a different way. That's why we didn't see him go up. He came to check on us and didn't see us, so decided to take the road down.

[sunballz](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was in high school, my mom's cat committed suicide (a story for another time). We only had one other pet, my cat, and I never let her sleep in my room because she had a tendency to piddle in the corner during the night.

So, one night a few weeks after my mom's cat died, I'm trying to go to sleep; eyes closed, wrapped in blanket, half way asleep. I feel a cat jump on the foot of the bed and feel it walking up the side towards my pillow. The initial movement startled me awake, but I didn't think anything of it because I've felt the cat jump up there a thousand times. Now, as I feel the mattress depress slightly with each step, I become more awake and more aware that I make sure my cat is not in my room when I go to sleep, and that we don't have any other pets right now.

The weight of *something* is now depressing the mattress inches from my face on it's way to the pillow. I freak out, yell, and throw my arms out to push it off the bed and away from me, but there was nothing there.

This happened twice. Just as scary the second time.

TL;DR Cat Ghost

[jamsjordn](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Back when I was really young my family lived in a flat. My dad always said that there was a presence. Not the kind that throws things and speaks to you but just an odd feeling. He also said that my sister and I would look past him quite often whilst he was feeling this presence and we would often be silent when he would feel it. Then one night both him and my mum shared a similar dream of someone coming and getting rid of the presence. My dad interpreted it as his granddad and I think my mum thought it was hers but im not too sure.
However it doesn't stop there. I apparently also told him about a lot of dreams where I saw people trying to get into the flat and then failing and falling from the balcony. Even though I would have been ~4 at the time I wasn't ever worried about these people trying to get in. To bring it all together my parents say that i used to share a lot of

each granddad's characteristics and taste which I think was just wishful thinking but they have a feeling that either their spirits were there both protecting the house whilst influencing me or that they were kind of living through me.

TLDR: when I was young I may have been possessed by two of my great grandads and formed a super team to protect my family from evil.

wraithstrike
â€¢ 13y ago

About ten years ago, I was working in public access tv with my family, and like any public access station, they occasionally had paintings by local artists for a showcase.

I walked into the building that summer day, in high spirits and fine health, and as soon as I crossed the threshold, I was hit with a wave of nausea and dizziness. These things never happened to me before when going in. It seemed to get worse as I walked through, past all these paintings.

I had to get out of there. Once I went back outside, the feeling passed. I asked the woman behind the desk who the artists was and went online to look her up.

The paintings in the studio came from a period in the artist's life when she was trying to cope with her rape through drugs and thoughts of suicide. Somehow, that feeling of sickness and hopelessness passed to me, and seven other people who felt the same sensations around the paintings.

cjelrey
â€¢ 13y ago

Something mildly interesting, I don't know what to make of it. This is a story of my dads that happened a few months ago. My sister had just moved out of my dads house. My sister loved the smells of herbs and other natural things so she would burn sage and walk around the house, not because of any religious or supernatural reasons just the smell. When she moved out it was the first time my dad had lived there without her. One night a few days after she moved, my dad was sitting in the living room on the computer. All of a sudden my dad hears the microwave turn on. This was odd because it was unplugged. When he went to go check it out there was a bowl full of water in the microwave. My dad then unplugged the microwave and proceeded to tell the "ghost" that he wasn't alllowing this and threw the microwave out. After that night my dads black cat would not enter the house. Before this the cat was an indoor only cat. If the cat ever did enter the house it would puff up its tail, try to sneak around, and randomly hiss at thin air. There were many other occurences after that too. After my dad moved the cat finally moved back indoors. My dad and I both felt random coldness in that house.

Sweetsnowdemon
â€¢ 13y ago

Well this is the most unexplainable thing I have seen. When my cousin was really little she was really close to my grandmother. One day before visiting my grandmother at the hospital my uncle was taping my cousin playing with a puzzle. All of a sudden from the tape there is a two second gap where my cousin disappears and reappears from the videotape. A few minutes later my uncle gets a call that my grandmother had passed away from a stroke. The time of death is the same as the time when my cousin disappears from the video. We just call it the haunted video.

Reply Share

StephSC
â€¢ 13y ago

This one happened when I was in high school (so a while ago):

After my parents separated, my dad moved in with my grandparents to save money and help them out around their house. My grandparents traveled a lot (took full advantage of any senior discount), and whenever they were out of town, dad would take us for the weekend.

When we did sleep over, my brother and I would sleep in a room with two twin beds (we called it the yellow room). It was directly under my grandfather's office. This is important later.

The last time we ever slept over there was this huge storm outside. There was lightening, thunder, and high winds. There was even the requisite tree outside scratching against the window. In the middle of the night I woke up and at first I thought it was the storm. I laid there for a few minutes trying to go back to sleep, but I realized there was a lot of noise coming from the office, directly above me. The only way that I can describe it is that it sounded like someone was moving furniture across the floor.

I remember that moment as one of the scariest in my life. I thought someone had broken in and was searching the office. My brother was still asleep and my father was down the hall. I was too afraid to leave the bed. I remember praying that it was just a burglar trying to get away with some expensive lightweight stuff and they wouldn't come downstairs. To make matters worse, our bedroom door was open and I could see the foot of the stairs from where I slept. Eventually, I fell back asleep. I have no idea how.

The next morning at breakfast I told my dad about it. He has a weird sense of humor and he asked me why I didn't go upstairs to check it out. Well, we all know that's how you die in horror movies and I said as much. We all just brushed it off. Come to find out later that day, my grandfather had a brain aneurysm and died in the airport in Trinidad the day before. It took so long for us to find out because in my grandmother's shock she didn't want to call and bother anyone. The airline called my dad to let him know.

I know that it could be just a coincidence and I could have imagined the noises or they could have been caused by the storm. Regardless, I will never forget being paralyzed from fear in my bed waiting for the big bad ugly to come and get me.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I have to admit, I know exactly how to explain this, but it was so damn scary when it happened.
See, I woke up with sleep paralysis. I'd never experienced it before, so all I knew is that I was awake and couldn't move. My bed was against a wall, and of all the positions to wake up paralyzed in I was facing the wall, my nose an inch away from it. Suddenly the paranoia part set in. I couldn't tell what, I could only sense that *something* was definitely behind me, and it was a matter of life and death that I turn and face it, but I couldn't, all I could do was stare at this wall an inch from my face while whatever it was just stood behind me, waiting, basking in the horror of its immobilized, helpless prey. This went way longer than it should have, maybe 3-5 minutes of my brain hopelessly pleading to my body to move without any sort of response. Sleep paralysis is a common explanation for many supernatural stories, and my God once you've had it you can see why.

[FeliciaHardy](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

Got kicked out of an apartment due to conflicts we had with the landlord, moved in a cheap, dirty, creepy old house as a last resort. Several things happened in the year we stayed there.

Go to get water cut on and after giving the address the guy asks what happened to Eustice, apparently an older guy who lived there before us. We told him we didn't know him.

There was one room we only used as storage. The room felt weird(the best way I can put it), so we rarely went in there. We would hear the floorboards creaking in that room and the kitchen like someone was walking, and the house was so old it would rattle the dishes in the kitchen. My room was connected to this room via bathroom(like a suite, almost), and between 3am and 7am I could hear the walking in my room as well. It was like soft footsteps pacing the room.

Keep ignoring it as old house making old house noises.

Friend is over in my room and the bathroom door is open with the light on. We're playing video games and friend sees the silhouette of an older man walk from the mirror to the back of the bathroom and out of sight. Friend goes into the bathroom, but sees nothing and no evidence of someone being in there.

Ignore it as imagination.

Friends are over in the living room, where nothing creepy has ever happened(only in the back of the house with the creepy room and mine). We're watching a movie and talking, we get loud for a while and when we start watching again the volume on the TV is down, but the remote was sitting on my lap. While turning the TV up, the rather large and heavy candle holder that's been sitting in the same place for months falls off the cabinet by the TV and rolls to the middle of the room and stops. Friend who says he sees ghosts says the room looks red, leaves, doesn't visit my house again.

Don't know if it was our imagination or not, but it was creepy nonetheless.

Reply Share

karadan100
â€¢ 13y ago

My sisters second oldest (now almost 12) used to have an imaginary friend when she was about 3 or 4. The friend was called Peter and she used to bring him to the dinner table. My sister would lay a place for him to keep my niece happy.

Then one day my sis was doing some chores and heard my niece talking to someone upstairs. Naturally, she thought she was talking to peter. Then she heard adult footsteps walking about upstairs and the sound of a door shutting loudly. She ran upstairs to find my niece rather upset (but not scared). She said peter had gone away and wouldn't be coming back. My sister, being a rational person, put it down to her daughter playing about and must have been stamping on the floor, only to realise the sound of footsteps had come from the master bedroom, which was shut. My niece was too short to open it by herself...

It freaked the fuck out of my sister for a long time. My niece never spoke of Peter again.

Reply Share

DonkeyFieldMouse
â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't much but it still weirds me out a little.

For a week in high school I felt totally miserable. For no explicable reason. My friends and teachers asked if I was alright because they could notice I was off. I had no explanation. They could see it in my eyes, hear it in my voice. I wasn't myself but everything in my life was going well. There was just something wrong.

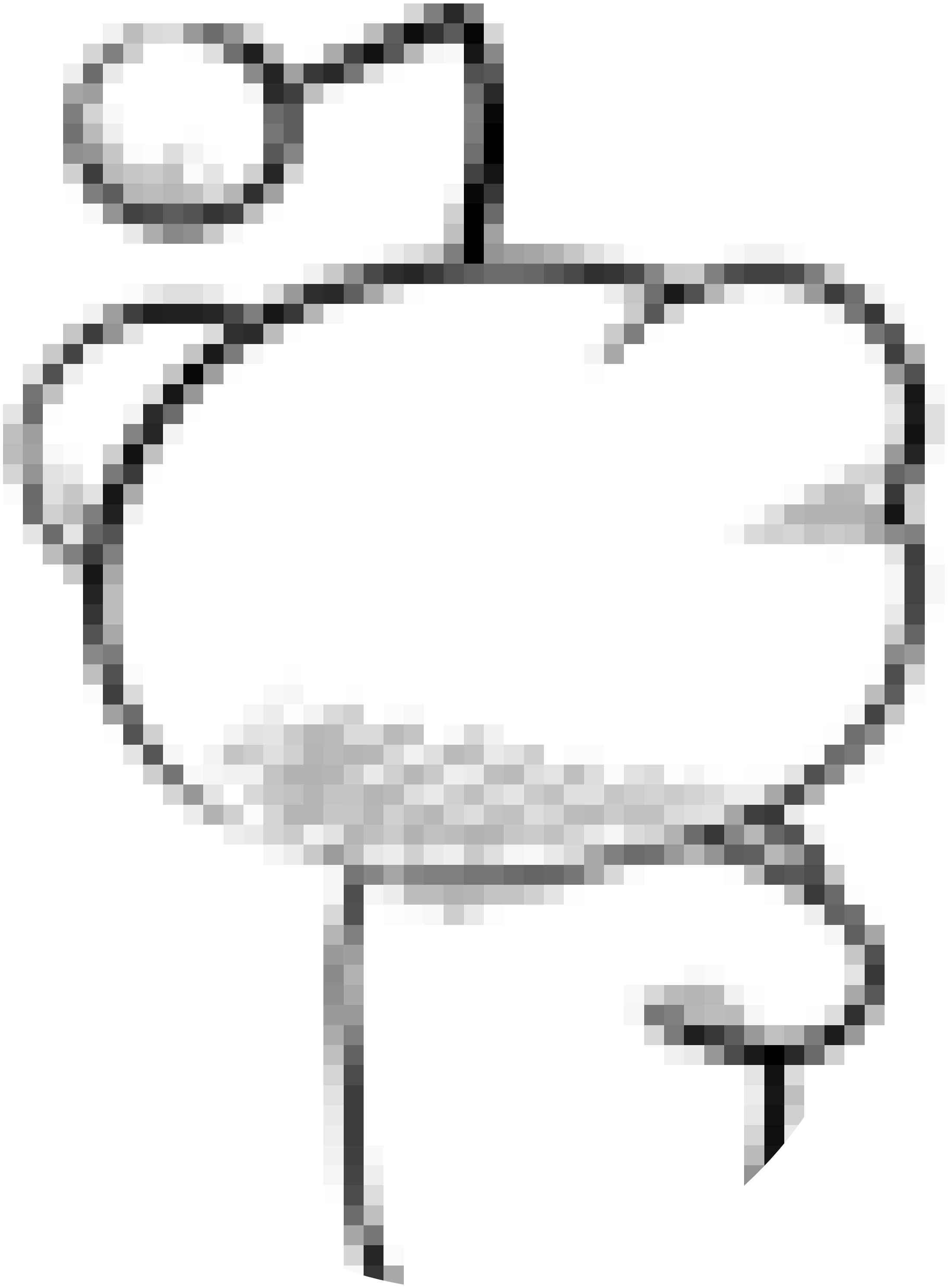
I found out that weekend that my friend had died.

Somehow I knew.

Seyris
â€¢ 13y ago

I was staying aboard the USS Hornet as a volunteer Docent, A buddy and I were walking around the bottom floor accessible by the public, I Saw a light on down a level below us, where no one should be. I hopped the rail and went down the stairs, to turn off the light with my buddy following behind me. We got to the bottom of the stairs and it felt really cold, I knew this area wasn't heated like the rest of the ship so I chalked it up to that, my skin started to crawl and I heard someone whisper in my ear "GET OUT!" and my friend was on the other side of the room at this point. I jumped and he said "Whats the matter?" then he Jumped and I said "lets get outta here!" so we ran up to the main deck, and I asked him "what did you hear?" he said "someone whispered in my ear "get out"". I asked him because I didn't believe in ghosts and I didn't want him to mess with me. The weird thing was neither of us heard the other get their ear whispered in.

TLDR: Ghost whispered in my ear



Adake
â€¢ 13y ago

OH GOD IT'S 2:30 AM WHY CAN'T I STOP READING THIIISSSSSS

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

Adori22
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't believe in ghosts and I have found that almost everything has a reasonable explanation. That being said, there are a couple of experiences that I still haven't been able to suss out.

I was seventeen and hanging out with a couple of friends. One believed strongly in Ouija boards (we'll call her "B") and the paranormal, the other ("D") was skeptical. D and I were open-minded though, and agreed to use B's board with her. It started out well enough... We set the spooky mood by killing the lights and using candles. To maintain the "atmosphere" B also convinced us to power off our cell phones.

Using the board did wield some fun and scary experiences. Even as a non-believer, I was... affected by some of the things our subconscious minds spelled out. *(In fact, there's a pretty funny and inexplicable story involving a Ouija board and the name of my vibrator, but that's neither here nor there)*.

During a particularly unsettling session where we "spoke" to the spirit of a five-year old girl with spelling problems, something happened that I still can't understand. I mentioned that we completely turned our phones off, right? B even double-checked to make sure we didn't just activate silent mode. She was super into this stuff and refused to allow a phone call or text to ruin the mood and scare off the ghosts.

(I also want to mention that being a seventeen-year old girl with nothing but time on her hands, I had literally set a personalized ringtone to every single one of my contacts. I even had a specific tone for other calls that weren't programmed into my phone.)

Anyway, my phone rings. All three of us jumped and shrieked initially, followed by the stranger realization that our phones are completely shut off. We shouldn't be getting a phone call. The "spirit-friendly atmosphere" may have been shattered by a ringtone that I had never heard my phone play before, but the mood was still very tense as we walked over to the mantle our phones had been set upon.

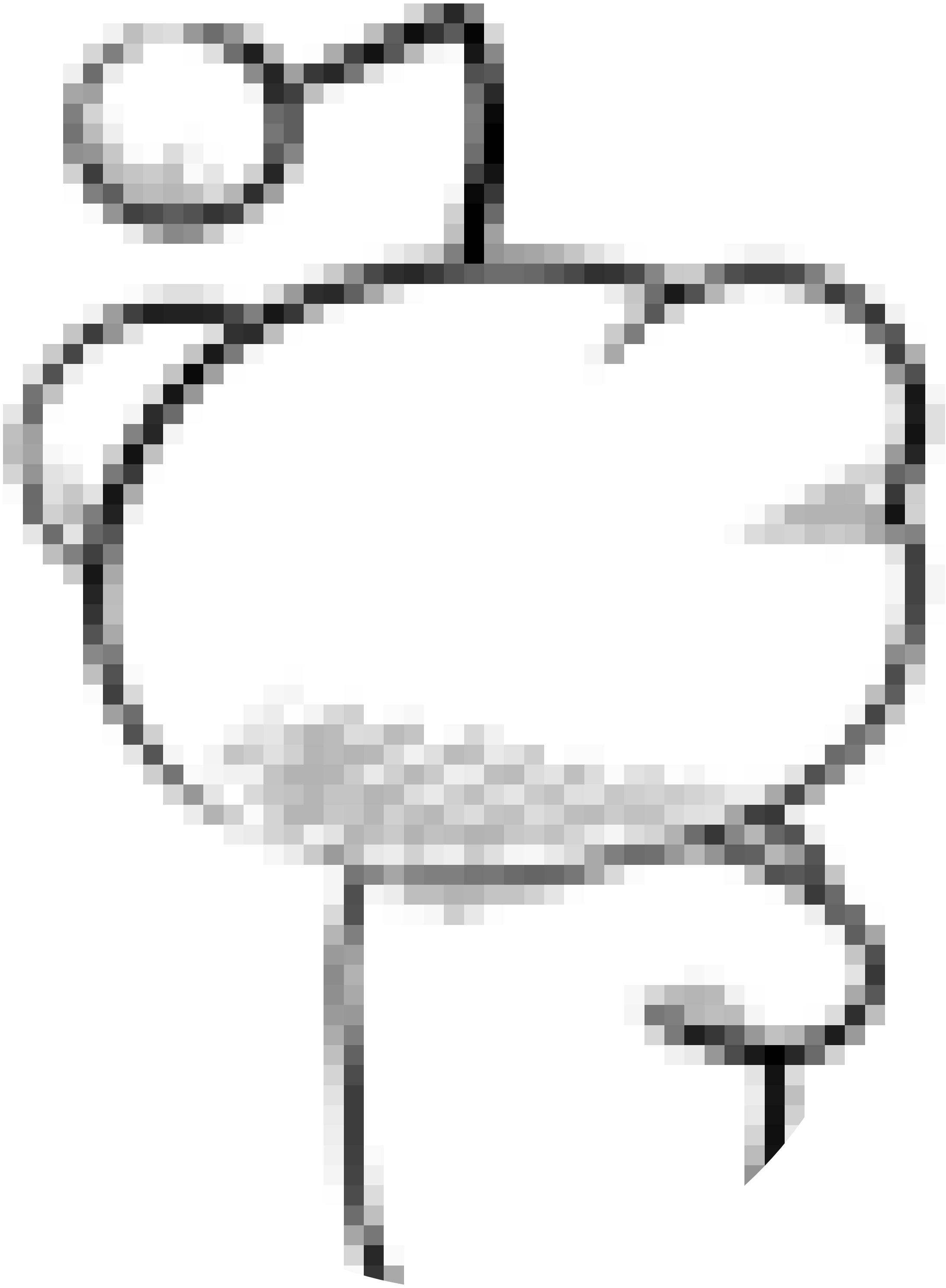
I didn't recognize the number. I didn't even recognize the format. Most calls come in as (123) 456-7890 or something similar, but this one was all one string of letters and there were not ten digits. There were only five or six. My friends and I stared at the screen, frozen and speechless. The call went to voicemail, but the caller didn't leave a voicemail, they simply called back again. Same number, same format.

I answered. There was the strangest laughter in the background. A group prank call? No... These were cold laughs. No pleasure, no warmth. A shaky "Hello?" finds its way past my lips. All of the laughing stops at once. A deep, gruff male voice speaks in a language I don't recognize. It wasn't Spanish, didn't sound like French, Italian, German, or anything I've heard before, but it didn't seem like gibberish either. Angry at my fear and the possibility of a prank call, I interrupt, demanding to know the identity of the caller. This time, just the caller laughs. It's an angry laugh. A hateful one. He's still laughing when I hang up. I closed the phone and relayed what had happened to B and D who had been standing close by my side. They could hear the caller's voice, but they couldn't make out the words.

They pressed me for answers I didn't have. No, I didn't recognize the voice; no it wasn't a friend; no they didn't say they had the wrong number, and if they had, I didn't speak the language they were using.

D takes the phone from my hand and flips it open, determined to call them back. She looks confused, and B asks why. D turns to me, her confused expression mixing with one of fear... "Adori, your phone is still turned off."

TLDR: Is it possible to get a phone call when your phone is powered off?



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't believe in anything supernatural. So, realistic things scared me. When I lived in a shitty apartment complex, my low life neighbors would fight and argue in the middle of the night. They would scream the nastiest cruelest things to each other. Then they would slam doors and threaten each other. We would hit the ground just in case. Then the police would arrive. Nightmare over.

Ken_Thomas
â€¢ 13y ago

About 15 years ago, my sister-in-law died of pancreatic cancer. She was 33 years old at the time, with one son who was 6, and an infant son - in fact, complications following the delivery was what led them to discover the cancer. Long story, but suffice it to say it was a very bad, very tragic scene for everybody involved. She only lasted 6 months after the diagnosis, and her condition was so bad by the end that I think most of us were just relieved it was over, as cold as that sounds now.

She died at home in the evening, and after the ambulance had left and everything had calmed down, we were sitting in the living room with her husband and the rest of the family talking about the funeral arrangements, and the lights started flickering. After a few minutes, it started to feel like every time someone would say her name, there would be a little flicker in the electricity. Everybody got uncomfortable pretty quickly, and we ended up leaving the room and finishing our conversation outside in the yard.

That pattern happened often enough in the weeks that followed that going outside to discuss anything about her became a subconscious habit. If I pulled up and there were people sitting on the front porch, I knew exactly what they were talking about. I'm an asshole, and an atheist and a skeptic, but I'll freely admit it even freaked me out a little bit.

It bothered my brother-in-law more than anyone else. He ended up buying a new house about 6 months later, but he refused to sell the old one. He burned it to the ground after they moved out, and he always looked to me like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders when the old place was gone.

Reply Share

LITTLE_RED_SWAGON
â€¢ 13y ago

I swear I saw the boogyman grab some kid and pull him into the bushes once, I was like 11 and its still the most vivid memory I have.

Reply Share

thecarlos87
â€¢ 13y ago

Don't blame the reefer but one time my friend and I had smoke a bit and I had to take a major pee and I guess we were too paranoid to be left alone so we both went at the grocery store Safeway. We were laughing making dumb jokes he was by the door and I was at the urinal. The door opens up and someone walks between us so we immediately shut up embarrassed because of how loud we were being. I do my business, wash my hands, we whisper to each other where's that guy? We notice its really quiet and look for feet under the stall from a distance, no one there, we go closer, open the stall and no one was there!! Somebody def walked between us to a stall, there are rumors of the back of that store being haunted and the bathroom is back there.

dilberry
â€¢ 13y ago

I'll start by saying I have no belief in the supernatural at all, but....

One night I was sleeping, and I woke randomly around 3 AM. I have a rack that houses all my sweaters/jackets on coathangers against my wall in my room in the unfinished (mostly) basement. When I woke up, the clothing in the middle of the rack was moving around violently like someone saw me wake up and was trying to get into them to hide. Normally I'm a huge pansy ass when it comes to the dark (I sleep with my tv on), but I leapt out of bed, dove my arms in, and spread the clothes wide!

Nothing!

I dunno how I got back to sleep, or if I imagined it, but it seemed very real and definitely creeped me out. Never had anything like that happen since and I rarely have nightmares about that sort of thing (mostly about my girlfriend having sex with other men).

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Estarrol
â€¢ 13y ago

Reading this, I'm glad that I have yet to encounter these things.....Off to play Amnesia Dark Descent, IB/Mad Father.......

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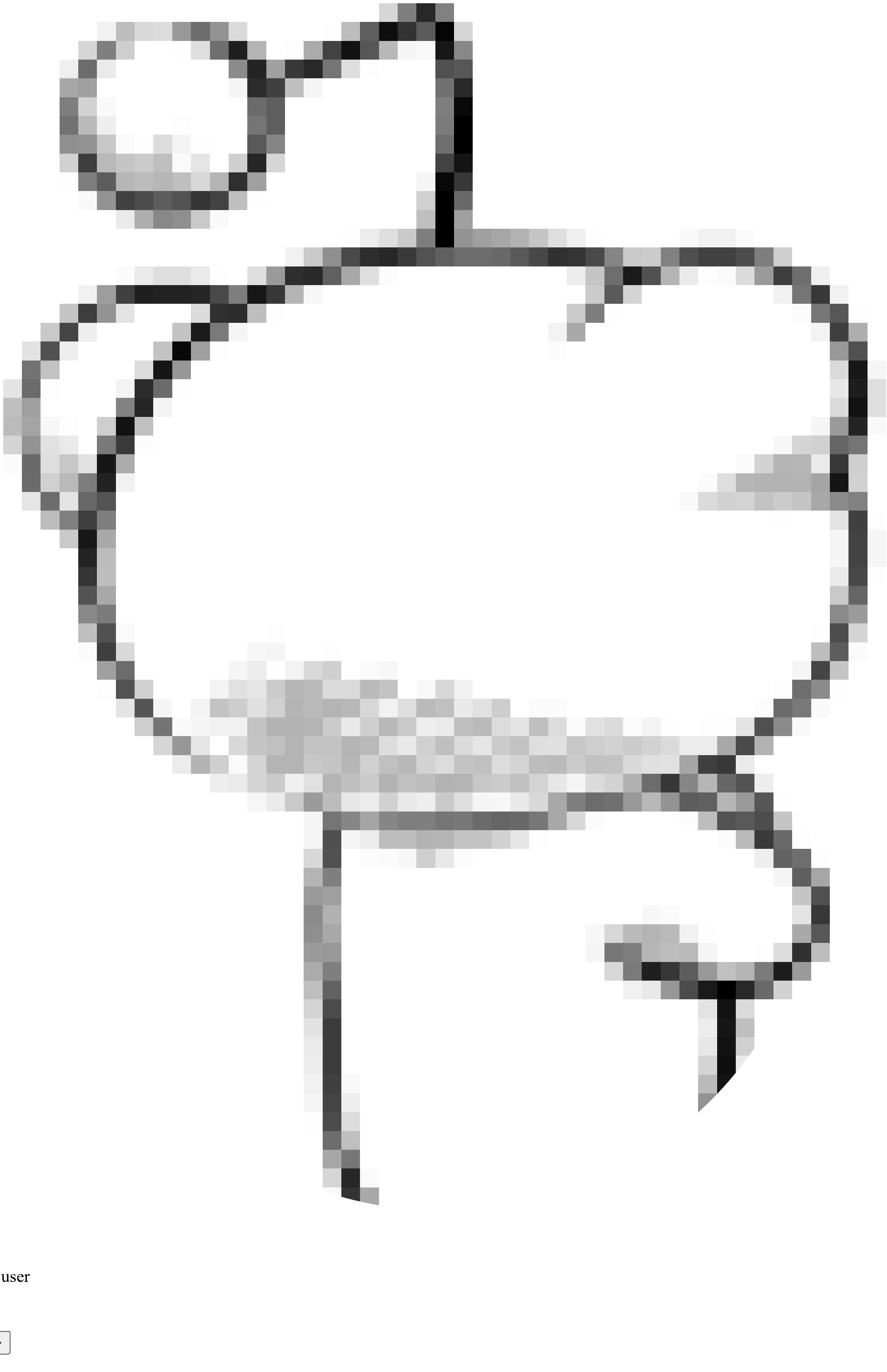

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â€¢ 13y ago

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brokenstrings7
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a child I had an experience at my old house in my bedroom. I shared a bunk bed with my older sister above me and my brother slept next to me since he was young as I was too and scared to be by himself. I woke up in the middle of the night and saw a translucent man standing just at my door looking into my bathroom. I couldnt move I was too scared he might notice I was awake. I was scared and just stared at him for what felt like hours and then he was gone. I told my parents but no one believed me although I still swear to this story. I know what I saw and I used to call him Goerge Washington becuase he had that era look. Although I could see somewhat through him. In my house I would always have the feeling of being watched and other smaller occurences happened. Yet no one in my house experienced what I did I still know what happened to me.

Reply Share

Pugovitz
â€¢ 13y ago

As a child, when I was home alone (single mother worked, older brother was in school later) I would often hear a kid jumping on my mother's bed. Whenever it started, I would play the Beatles (usually Revolver) and it would calm down and stop.

It didn't help that my mom and brother would always "joke" that we had a ghost that followed my family and that they had named Tony. Whenever things seemed to be in the wrong place or fall mysteriously, it was Tony's fault. It wasn't until years later that I learned my mom had a miscarriage between my brother and me, and they had named him Anthony.

Reply Share

lll111lll
â€¢ 13y ago

so a few days ago my girlfriend orders pizza from Dominos with HER phone. She orders a pizza for carryout and used JUST my first name. I get there and they have my FULL name on the pizza. I have no idea how they got my last name since my gf called from her phone. I get goosebumps just writing this!

Reply Share

snythare
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a pretty paranormal family. But it doesn't feel too good talking about it. Anyway, as a kid I could see and talk to people. But as an adult I usually have A LOT of dejavu dreams, and I see cats and dogs walking around in the house. I am very sure that it's our old pets. Luckily I live in an old church building, we've only had an old priest that was walking around in the basement. And I believe a friend came to say goodbye when she passed. What really creeps me out are my dejavus..

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Gjack
â€¢ 13y ago

A little background. I am from New Jersey and we have this weird state legend about this being called The Jersey Devil. It's like a horse goat bat demon. It's pretty much a joke.

Anyway, one night I was hanging it at a friends house in the pines, where this thing is supposed to live. It was getting late and my friend and I were getting tired. My friend had drive so we hopped in his car and started home.

A mile or so down the street I looked up and saw this huge figure. It looked to be about seven feet tall and had glowing eyes and a wingspan about the length of a car. In its right hand it was gripping a deer by the throat carrying it effortlessly. I played it off because I was really tired at the time and thought my mind was playing tricks on me.

A few more miles down the road my friend abruptly stopped the car and pull over. He looked at me and said "Dis you fucking see that?" To this day I can call him and ask him about it and we both believe we saw The Jersey Devil. Before that I used to use the tale to scare girl I liked, but since then I really think it might be out there.

STOPRAPE
â€¢ 13y ago

One night I was sitting in my room talking on the phone and I watched my desk chair slowly start to rotate on its own. I hadnt touched this chair in like two hours and it just turned to face directly towards me.

Person on the other end of the line started to freak out as well cause apparently I murmured "what the shit... " and fell silent for a couple minutes.

That didn't scare me too much, but I definitely got the chills

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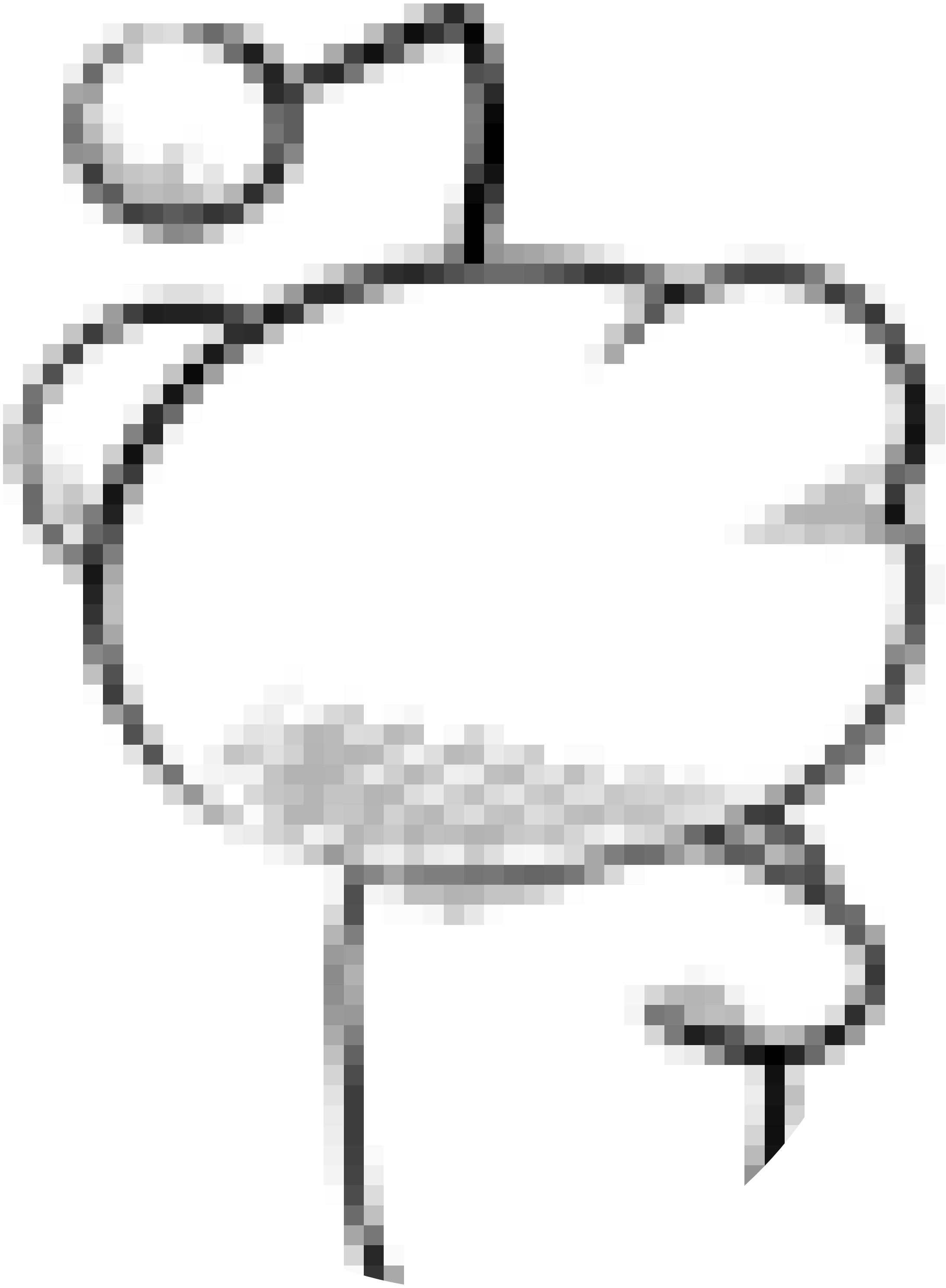
[enjoyyoself](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

I was still sharing a room with my brother. It was the middle of the night. I randomly woke up, looked up, and there was a tall, shadowy figure standing at the end of my bed. I frantically jumped out of my bed and on to my brother. Startled at first, he calmly got up and turned on the lights. No one was there. Till this day, it still freaks me out. It is the most scared I've been in my life.



IaTeBrEaKfEsT
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened at my friends house which was built back in the early 1900's. I was in a very small bathroom and if you're taking a piss looking left would be a mirror. It was around 230am or 3am and I was the only person awake. I look at the mirror and stare at my reflection. I then start turning my head back towards the toliet and out of the corner of my eye I see my face staring right at me. I ran so fast out of there and my friend said I looked really pale. This was one of the many weird encounters I've had.

cleanbongwater
â€¢ 13y ago

I'll share a paranormal experience I had, two actually.

Well, the first one is quite ironic. I was watching paranormal activity 2 with my mother around 2am at night, it was just us. All of the windows were shut except 1 that has been stuck since we moved in.

So we're watching the movie, and we're really into it. Then it starts to get towards the end, and you know when the demon goes around attacking everybody at 3:00am in the morning? Well it's 2:59am at my house, and the timestamp on the movie also says 2:59am... it changes to 3:00am, as does our own clock. At this point we're like ok this movie needs to go off that's way too fucked up. Right after we state that our stuck shutter window slams shut, and we hear banging in the kitchen. At this point my mother is screaming shut the fucking movie off as I rush and just unplug the TV.

Another time in the same house, I decided to fuck with a Ouija board with a friend who was staying over. We build our own, ask it stupid questions, and of course the game doesn't work. Nothings moving, etc. We go at it for about another 30 minutes and give up.

My friend eventually goes to sleep next to my bed on the floor, and I fall asleep. Sometime in the morning I wake up and someone is standing over my bed. I look over, feeling the presence, and see someone standing over my bed with a knife. My friend, well, she's covered in stab wounds and blood all over my floor. The man proceeds to stab me. I wake up again, and this time go to the bathroom. I come out and see my friend on the floor, stabbed and bloody again. The man now rushes and stabs me, I bleed out and wake up again. I proceed to the bathroom once more.

"Finally awake, nobody's dead."

I walk back in my room, there she is, bloody and covered in stab wounds. This time my mother runs upstairs and gets stabbed repeatedly also, and shortly thereafter I'm murdered.

After that I finally, really, woke up.

I believe that this was a form of sleep paralysis, as I've experienced it one more time but it was not as severe the second time, I just saw a figure walking towards me and closed my eyes again.

Coincidence or did the Ouija board cause it? I'll never know.

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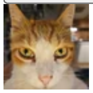

danmodernblacksmith
â€¢ 13y ago

when I first moved out to the country we heard these noises in the night and they sound like a woman being murdered they can vary quite a bit but always sound like a woman screaming it's sends a chill right through you and it's very disconcerting to hear the first time http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Az80KVbVUSs

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blaze413
â€¢ 13y ago

Its 11:30 in the afternoon.. Middle of the day and I'm bugged out by some of this thread.. Guess maybe I'm chicken shit? Anyhow, I minus well share with the group..

Working on some new tracks in my studio area than I hear footsteps (like loud as fuck) so I go check what the deal is and my ex is standing in the hallway (she doesn't have keys to my apartment). I ask her how she got in and she Says "I just needed you" than she turns and walks into the bathroom closes the door and thats it.. I go to check the door and make sure I have my keys and everything is good, door locked, windows closed. When I come back shes not there so I call her phone and she says shes out with her parents at dinner and she never came over.

Creepy shits been going on with me ever since.. The door to my second floor patio opens by itself all the time, I'm chalking it up to wind just to keep myself sane..

Reply Share

Wilx
â€¢ 13y ago

40 years ago, when the movie The Exorcist first came out, it freaked out a lot of people. We recommended my 15 year old sister never see the film, since all she had to do was read about a disease and she would actually start to develop the symptoms. She never saw the movie, but I am sure she heard some people talk about it, lots did.

I was at a party when I get a call from my sister who is home alone, saying she is hearing noises in the attic like someone is there. A lot of my friends had crushes on my hot sister and came with me to "recue" her.

When we get to my house, one of my friends notes that my house looks different, very creepy and almost scary. It never seemed like that to any of us before. It was just a feeling and we could have been affected by some sort of subliminal suggestion, to explain it. We get inside and search the house, the attic the basement and find no intruders.

My sister swears she heard not only noises but someone talking to her. Again a scared 15 year old girl home alone, the mind can play tricks on you.

Now for the part we couldn't explain: One of the guys notice there is frost on her bedroom window. It is the middle of the summer and warm to hot outside. This wasn't just a little frost, there was a lot of it. There was no frost on any other windows in the house and no equipment that could create frost like that. While it is possible someone created an elaborate hoax, I do not believe my sister had the know how or any interest in something like that. She had not left her bedroom and had not seen anyone at her window.

Now for the surreal part: I decided to stay home and make sure my sister is alright rather than going back to the party. I am watching TV, when I hear what sounds like chanting coming from my front yard. I open the curtains to see a Priest chanting and throwing Holy water on my house to bless it. One of my friends had talked him into it. I can only imagine how that conversation went.

There was no repeat of this phenomenon.

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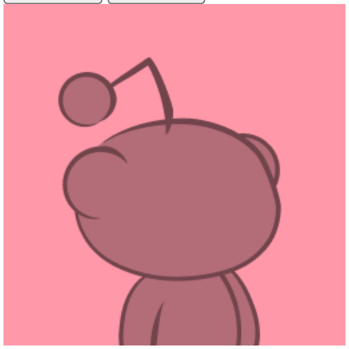

ChinaskiH
â€¢ 13y ago

Spoiler Alert: I see bullshit

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

I was trying to sleep one night and I kept hearing this tapping on the door of my closet. Tap Tap Tap... Tap Tap *Tappy* After about five minutes of this, I finally get the courage to investigate this sound. *Please be the cat... please be the cat trapped in my closet.* I opened the door slowly... peered in... and a big spooky skeleton fell out! Never going back there anymore.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Reading this thread, several stories in, starting to wonder how many are true, reading about mysterious bangs and doorslams etc... when something in my kitchen goes thump and I nearly bite through my tongue in sudden shock

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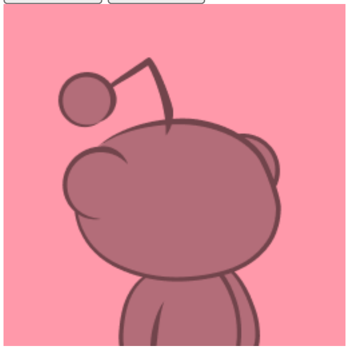

alan2500
â€¢ 13y ago

Me and my friend were going to take the train. We saw an lady with an baby push chair(i think thats what its called?) she took the elevator and we went up the stairs. We saw the train so we started running. We got in and we saw the elevator wasnt even up yet. We went further in the train and then we saw the lady with the push chair staring at us. We just went past her even though i was freaking out on the inside

spottydodgy
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to live out in the woods in a scary old house that me and my room mates all thought was haunted. I was in a band at the time and we would all practice in the garage - we had no neighbors so we could really crank it up. One time this completely unexplained thing happened.

Our guitarist had driven down to jam with us and when he went to leave his Jeep Cherokee wouldn't start - wouldn't even try to start, just dead. We popped the hood and somehow the battery cables had been completely taken off the terminals and folded back so that they were nowhere near the battery... We were practicing with the garage door open and his jeep was in plain view the entire time. He was able to start his car to drive down here so they weren't that way when he arrived. The doors were locked... how could anyone have done this without us noticing?

The jeep was parked right up against the bushes that skirted a large forest around our house. Me and one of my band mates were standing over the engine trying figure it out when we both suddenly looked to our left and into the woods. We both swear to holy God in heaven there was a shadow standing in the woods about 4 feet from us. The second we saw it, it just like feel back into the leaves and was gone. Goosebumps for days.

We talk about it all the time. Lots of other very creepy stuff happened in that house, none of it malicious though. Just friendly ghost stuff. What sticks with me though is that I swear that on the last night we were living in that house the spirit or whatever sat on my bed for about 2 minutes. I heard my pen holder get knocked over on my desk and that woke me up. I sat up in my bed and my heart was racing. Then I could feel its weight on the bed. Just sitting there. I felt this overwhelming calm come over me and I went back to sleep. It was like it was saying "nice scaring you all this time. Take care"

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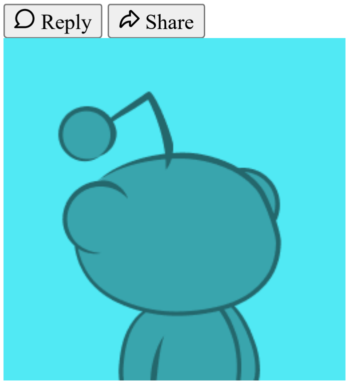

rancidsauce
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to manage a small telecommunications business in my early 20's. I also used to smoke. On this particular day I adjourned outside to breathe in some cancer. I was joined by a friend and co-worker and we were already starting in on a conversation regarding film.

When we got outside, there was already another person there. While I can't recall her name, I can recall everything else about her. She was this gorgeous dance major from Australia. Beautiful blonde and one of the nicest personalities. She was enjoying her break outside and didn't seem to pay much notice to our arrival.

As stated, my co-worker and I had been lightly discussing cinema. He is the personality type who seems eager to belittle any opinion or comment you have. He considered himself very cultured and an expert on all things. As the conversation continued he asked me "What's your favorite movie?" I knew he would condescend on whatever I said, so I decided to offer him the first opportunity to answer his own question. "What's your favorite movie?" I retorted with a enough expression so he knew I wouldn't answer until he did.

"Oh, absolutely it's Apocalypse Now!" He went into great detail why it was the greatest creation of American cinema. After he finished his monologue, he turned the question back to me again.

While I was silent, I can remember I felt like I was thinking "very loudly". I don't really know how to express it in a more detailed manner, other than I can remember my thoughts being very "loud". I kept thinking, "Well, I really love David Lynch's Dune. If I say that, he will mock me and tell me why I'm wrong and I don't want to have to explain to him why the movie has so much impact with me. It's Dune, but I don't want to say 'Dune'." I thought the word 'Dune' quite a few times sprinkled throughout my conundrum driven thoughts.

And then, before I had a chance to speak, the cute Australian girl, who I had forgotten all about, looked up and said "What's Dune?"

I turned to her with a look of shock. I asked "What did you say?" "What's Dune?"

I couldn't believe it. I said "It's a movie. Why did you ask that? I was just about to say that it was my favorite film..."

My co-worker looked just as shocked and said "Wow. I was thinking you were going to say Dune."

We were silent after that and just smoked our cigarettes. The girl never answered why she thought or felt prompted to ask. She said she had never heard of the movie.

I'm as skeptical as one can be. I have run that event over in my mind many times and have even gone back and asked my co-worker if he remembered the event and had him describe it to me in his own words, just so I knew I hadn't remembered it "differently".

For me, it's one of those events that when I get too skeptical, I remember the gorgeous Australian psychic mind-reading witch girl. It keeps me thinking that while I don't have an explanation for it all yet, it doesn't mean it didn't happen. I fully anticipate that some day we will have a logical scientific explanation for events like this.

Reply Share

FellTheCommonTroll
â€¢ 13y ago

So, a little backing to this: I was in the house on my own, because my mum had gone away for a week. Our house makes a lot of noise as it is: Pipes creaking, floor creaking, doors creaking, etc.

Now, it's about midnight, and I'm walking into my room. Already, a few weird things have happened, like things not being where I remember them being when I go into a room, or lights being on/off where they used to be off/on, so as you might imagine I was a little jumpy.

As I open the door to my room, I think it was either the door, the floor, or both creaking, but it sounded *exactly* like someone down the hall saying my name. I whipped my head around to look down the rather dimly lit hall, and saw no-one. Then, suddenly, a loud bang came from behind me (which was at that point the inside of my room).

Naturally, I shit myself, and slept in the guest room. I looked out my bedroom window the next day, and there was a dead bird there, which I'm guessing flew into the window. I'm not sure why, seeing as it was dark and wouldn't have been able to see enough inside to mistake glass for air, but I've had plenty of experience of birds being dumbasses.

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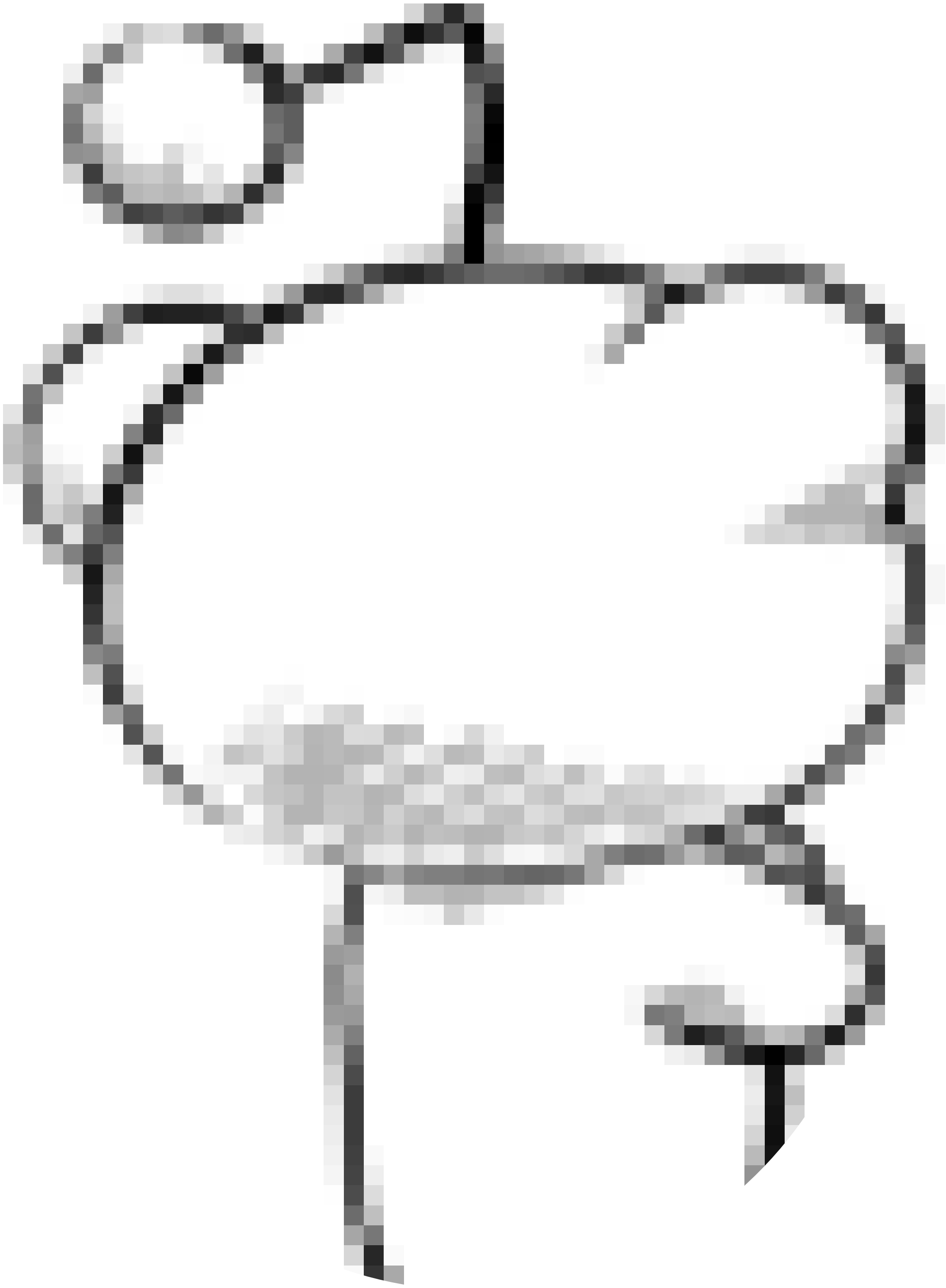

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â€¢ 13y ago

A few years ago my lamp just randomly fell on me while I was asleep. Woke me up and scared the shit out of me. In hindsight I probably just knocked it over in my sleep but at the time I was pretty spooked.

Reply Share

The_Mad_Pencil
â€¢ 13y ago

As i was falling asleep, the shelf above my bed decided to throw a book at me. Well, the book didn't fly off the shelf, it just fell on me a freaked me the fuck out for a bit. Never happened ever again though, so i've come to the conclusion it must have already been tipped enough for a slight vibration of the room to cause it to fall down.

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â€¢ 13y ago

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[djwin42](#)

â€¢ 13y ago

Me and my friends were hanging out at one of my friend's houses. Me and a friend showed up late and as we walked in there was a weird flash of light but we just shrugged it off. We all hung out, we had a fire, smoked a cigar and then we let the fire die down some before we dumped a bucket of water on it.

We head back inside and decide to ouija and we do so for quite some time until my friends farts really loudly and the "ghost" just ends the session. A few min later, we see another flash outside, kinda freaky but whatever we keep going on. I get up to go grab my phone charger out of my bag and look outside, what do i see, the fucking fire is roaring in the fire pit outside. We go back and put it out again, real freaked out now we head back inside.

We're chillin watchin a movie when a fuckin ballon, a helium one with one of those little anchor things on it, comes flying down the fuckin staircase and hits right into the couch we're on. Me and my friend get the hell outta there after this happens, at like 3 am and we go to my house.

Overall shit was freaky, my friend that lives in that house we ouija'd at says weird shit still happens to him all the time, like his shades falling down and shit, just real weird man

[eagerbeaverlover](#)

â€¢ 13y ago

I was asleep at my then girlfriend's house. I was startled awake and looked in the direction of her closet. There was a man standing there in a yellow rain slicker and hat like you would see sailors wear. It was clear as day. He had a beard and was wearing rain boots. He was just standing there looking at us. I was in the motion of jumping out of bed to attack the intruder when I blinked and he was gone. Freaked. Me. The. Fuck. Out. I found out later that she always felt like her house was haunted and was afraid to go down in the basement alone at night.

Reply Share

[geoffnolan](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was about 6 years old, I had a vivid dream where I looked down at the parking lot from the 3rd floor of an apartment building, and saw three people. One of them looked up at me, and his mouth dropped, and his face went pure ghostly white. I woke up, freaking out.

Flash forward 18 years, I move into an apartment complex with a couple roommates, and as I walk up to our building, I realize that it looked EXACTLY like the layout of the parking lot/building that was in my dream. Dare I say it, it was the same. Only, I lived on the bottom floor of it, not on the third floor, and over the course of that year, saw nothing alarming.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Man, where do I begin? I don't believe in ghosts, aliens, afterlife etc. I believe once you die you die, and regards to aliens I believe there is life in the universe, but little green men with huge eyes in shiny space ships? no.

Although I'm currently at work, I'll save the post so I remember to do a small write up of the things I've experienced/can remember tonight. I've seen numerous UFO's and had many strange things happen in my spooky parents house (big antique collectors)

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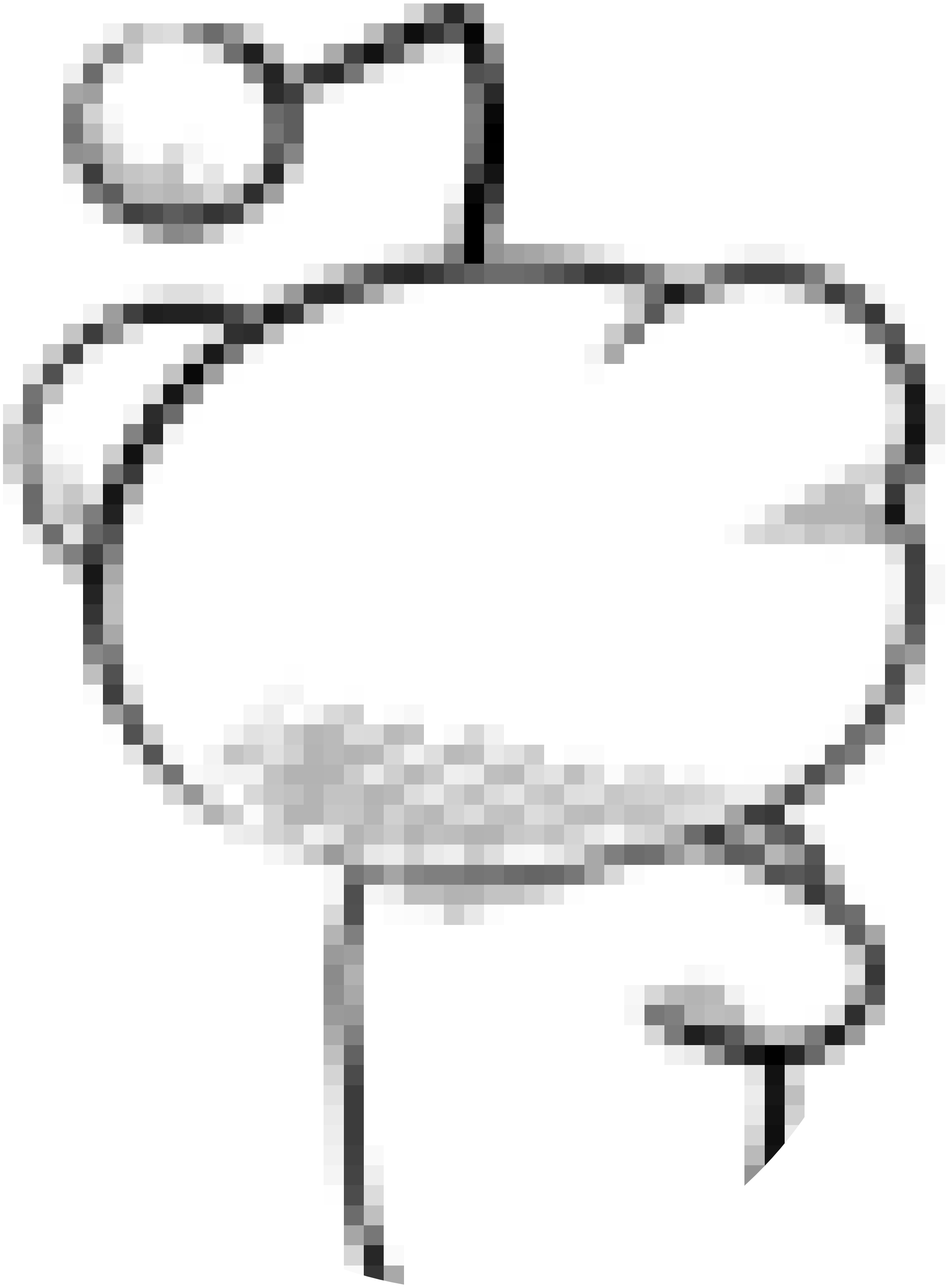

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â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Well this story isn't exactly scary, but it still makes my mom wonder. I used to live on a farm with only one neighbor across the street in south Texas. My parents were in their room and I was crawling around the house at about 1 year old. My mom couldn't find me in my room, so she looks around the house until she sees me down the end of the dark hall that we used the closet for storage. She told me that the door was open (even though they didn't remember opening it) and I was crawling backwards with my eyes wide open. In the same house when my older cousin was young, his first time at that house gave him shivers and he said "cucuy," a Spanish legend.

TL;DR weird baby syndrome runs in the family

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Insanity_
â€¢ 13y ago

It was a couple or so years ago and I had recently watched the first Paranormal Activity film. Now normally I'm quite a rational person, I study physics and hold no beliefs in anything paranormal. However I have quite an active imagination so horror films scare the crap out of me.

Paranormal Activity really got to me and I couldn't help noticing the quite normal house sounds as something more sinister. One night I was having trouble getting to sleep, I kept hearing creaks and bangs but I told myself it was the pipes and eventually fell asleep, but not for long.

I was awoken by a huge bang and which shook my bed, I was frozen with fear and I truly believed in that moment I was being attacked by a malevolent spirit. I weighed up my options in my head, do I run outside? Alert my family? After a bit I calmed down and started thinking rationally again, I realised there must be a logical explanation and I switched on my lamp and there was the cause.

My lamp clipped onto by bed using a sort of clamp made of plastic, well, one side of the clamp had snapped off causing my to swing down and crash into my wooden headboard. I was glad I hadn't been attacked by a demon but also oddly dissapointed.

It's not paranormal but it's still not pleasent being woken up by a loud miscellaneous noise and jolt in the middle of the night.

⊕ 2 more replies

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i_inhale_repellents
â€¢ 13y ago

My brother's brand new iPhone 5 already had him saved as one of his contacts... who died 6 months ago. Was calling him by the guy's name.

FalafelWaffel
â€¢ 13y ago

I posted this a week ago, but I don't think anyone saw it.

TL;DR: I may have seen the ghost of my grandfather, and my dad spent a scary summer in our old lake house.

My paternal grandfather was a very athletic man, his greatest accomplishment being the ability to do that thing that's like a pushup but your hands are down by your hips. Anyway, he died the summer before I turned 8. My parents both worked all day every day, so we had a babysitter who basically was our second mother. My grandfather had been dead about a month, and I was home during the day because school hadn't quite started yet. We had a very creepy basement, cement walls and old stuff everywhere. There was a second room that belonged to my dad, with a workbench and his weight sets. One of the components of his weight set was one of those benches with the bench press at the top and the leg lift at the bottom. I really liked to explore the basement in my free time because it was full of all kinds of untold knickknacks and whatnot. On this particular day, I decided I was going to explore my dad's room. When I opened the door, the light from the room I was standing in cast the shadow of a person sitting on the weight bench on the back wall. The shadow was doing leg lifts. I immediately assumed it was my dad, but that would be weird because he was supposed to be at work and I didn't see/hear him come home. But I called out his name anyway. The shadow stopped moving, but there was no answer. Now to actually see this bench you have to peer around the doorway a bit, and when I did that I saw that the bench was empty. I flipped my shit and sprinted up the stairs to tell the babysitter what I had just seen. As I recall her reaction was that I was full of shit and trying to get attention, so why don't I go outside and burn off some steam. My dad believes me though.

Because... He has a few ghost stories of his own. Back in the 70's my grandfather, having just retired, bought a lakehouse in northern Indiana, about an hour from Fort Wayne where my parents grew up. My grandfather was still living in Fort Wayne, but my dad stayed in the lakehouse this one summer as he was working in a factory nearby at the time. The first thing that happened was the banging. At around 3 in the morning my dad would hear this banging on the doors, starting at the front door, then the basement door (one of those crawl space doors that kinda lays on the ground at an angle, makes a very particular sound) and finally the back door. He called the cops twice, but nothing was found.

Then, one day he was sitting in the living room watching tv. He hears the back door open and slam shut (it was a screen door on a spring, again a very particular sound) and then the porch door open and shut, then footsteps coming through the kitchen and then the dining room. My dad assumed it was his dad, but when he looked there was no one around. He freaked out a little and searched the whole house, but no one was there. A couple nights after that, he was sleeping upstairs. He woke up suddenly, but didn't open his eyes right away because he immediately knew what had woken him up. He'd heard the light flick on (old light switches that make a really loud click when you flip them) and a weight on the side of his bed like someone had sat down. He was sure he was going to open his eyes and see a crazy man holding a knife or something. He opened his eyes and no one was there, but his door (which he was careful to keep shut and locked after all the creepy shit that had been happening) was standing wide open and the light switch was up. Again, these are old heavy light switches that you have to push kinda hard to flip.

The last creepy thing that happened was when he was sitting in the dining room, eating lunch and reading a magazine. There was a writing desk in the corner with a bookshelf on the top that had a pair of glass doors that closed in front of it. He heard the latch make a click and the doors slowly swing open. This piece of furniture is an antique, so he at first assumed a faulty latch. He was about to get up to close the doors when suddenly a book comes flying off the shelf and lands across the room. The title of the book was "Life After Death." My father later learned that that was the same day the man who had designed and built the house had died. And it was that day that the creepy events stopped forever.

I know my dad pretty well and I can tell when he's bullshitting, and as far as I can tell these are true stories. Also I've heard him recount these stories numerous times and none of the details ever change.

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Robism
â€¢ 13y ago

Nick Fury turning into Samuel L. Jackson..

Reply Share

Maggiemayday
â€¢ 13y ago

As a teenager, I would have very precise precognitive dreams about objects I'd not seen before. Nothing dramatic, but I would dream of getting a letter on specific stationary from a friend I hadn't heard from in ages, have flowers flowing over my hands when I opened it, and then get that letter the next day... on stationary with a print of a trellis of flowers, the same type in the dream. Or purses. Nothing of note, just weird.

I did have a lucid dream as an adult, walking around my home. I knew I was dreaming, so I checked the clock in the kitchen, couldn't read it. I startled awake and read the bedside digital clock. 4:11. Okay, I'm awake, but my Aunt Kay was standing beside the bed. "I have to leave now. Do you think the family will be alright with that?" she asked. "Yes, sure," I mumbled. Confused as to why she was in my bedroom when I knew she was in a nursing home about six blocks east of my home. So I went back to sleep. In the morning, mom called to let me know my aunt had passed away at 4:30 that morning. My home was physically the closest to the nursing home, where she did NOT want to be.

[berserker204](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Not sure if I would consider this to be creepy, but I definitely couldn't explain it. Maybe you guys could help.
It was probably about a year ago, I woke up in the middle of the night and happened to be staring at my TV (it was off). As soon as I opened my eyes I saw what looked like thin wisps of smoke pouring out of the back. I freaked out and turn the light on but nothing was there. It didn't smell like it anything was burning either

Reply Share

[Solid1967](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Small town arkansas - rumors of haunted tv - whole senior class is at this girls trailer - talking to an old console tv - uses channel indicator to "answer" questions -ASK what my football # is - answers correctly - girl ask how many people she's slept with - answers correctly - what year did random persons grandma die - correctamundo - dozens of personal questions from dozens of fairly random people - always answers correct -

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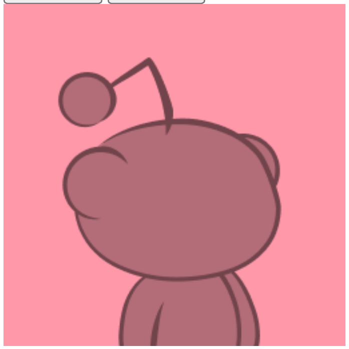


[emilym0803](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I used to date a guy who loved the supernatural, and one night as we were driving through my neighborhood we were talking about ghosts or something and we both felt the strangest feeling at the same time right outside of my house. It was like the feeling you get when you know someone is looking at you multiplied by 100. I started having weird back spasms that I hadn't had before and haven't felt since and he had the most goosebumps that I have ever seen all over his body. The next morning I woke up feeling good that I got a great night sleep, but he said that I got up at least 5 times during the night, I didn't remember any of them.

Reply Share

Legit_Zurg
â€¢ 13y ago

My best friend's house has me 100% convinced that ghosts/spirits do exist. In middle school, I was peeing in his bathroom and behind me, all the bath products around the tub suddenly fell into it. Another time, a pillow got tossed behind his entrainment center. A couple minutes or so later, the pillow was straight up *launched* back out from behind it. It shook us all up so much that we slept outside and the kid who lives there had trouble sleeping for a long time after that. Probably the scariest moment was when I was really young, elementary school age. I was sleeping on the floor in his room and I watched as the door slowly *opened and closed* by itself. Not all the way, but enough to see that no one was doing it. It did it over and over, I just sat and watched it, I couldn't do anything because I was so terrified. I was just frozen there. Eventually when this went on for a *really* long time, I finally was able to wake up my friend to see if I was seeing things. He saw it too, and was just as scared. Finally it just slammed hard and didn't reopen. Obviously, this is Reddit so I don't expect anyone to believe these stories, but dude. It's so fucking real. I'm still scared of that shit.

Reply Share

BDesh04
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I was visiting some friends in Georgia and one of them had this bright idea to go drink and mess around in an old civil war graveyard. So we pull up and and one friend goes to take a wizz and the rest of us start grabbing the alcohol. Now we've only had a couple beers so its not like I'm making this up I remember it perfectly. Anyways the friend that went to take a wizz goes up to some random dudes grave and just starts to soak it. Then the rest of us heard him scream and he starts to running at us telling us to get in the car. So we all pile in and he starts explaining to us that he was just standing there and it got really windy then he felt like he got slapped real hard or a bunch of bees had stung him on the neck. I turn the light on and there was a circle if "X"s on the back of his neck. We all flipped out and hauled ass back home.

Nothing really happened after that except we drank and talked about it. But the next morning the scar was completely gone.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

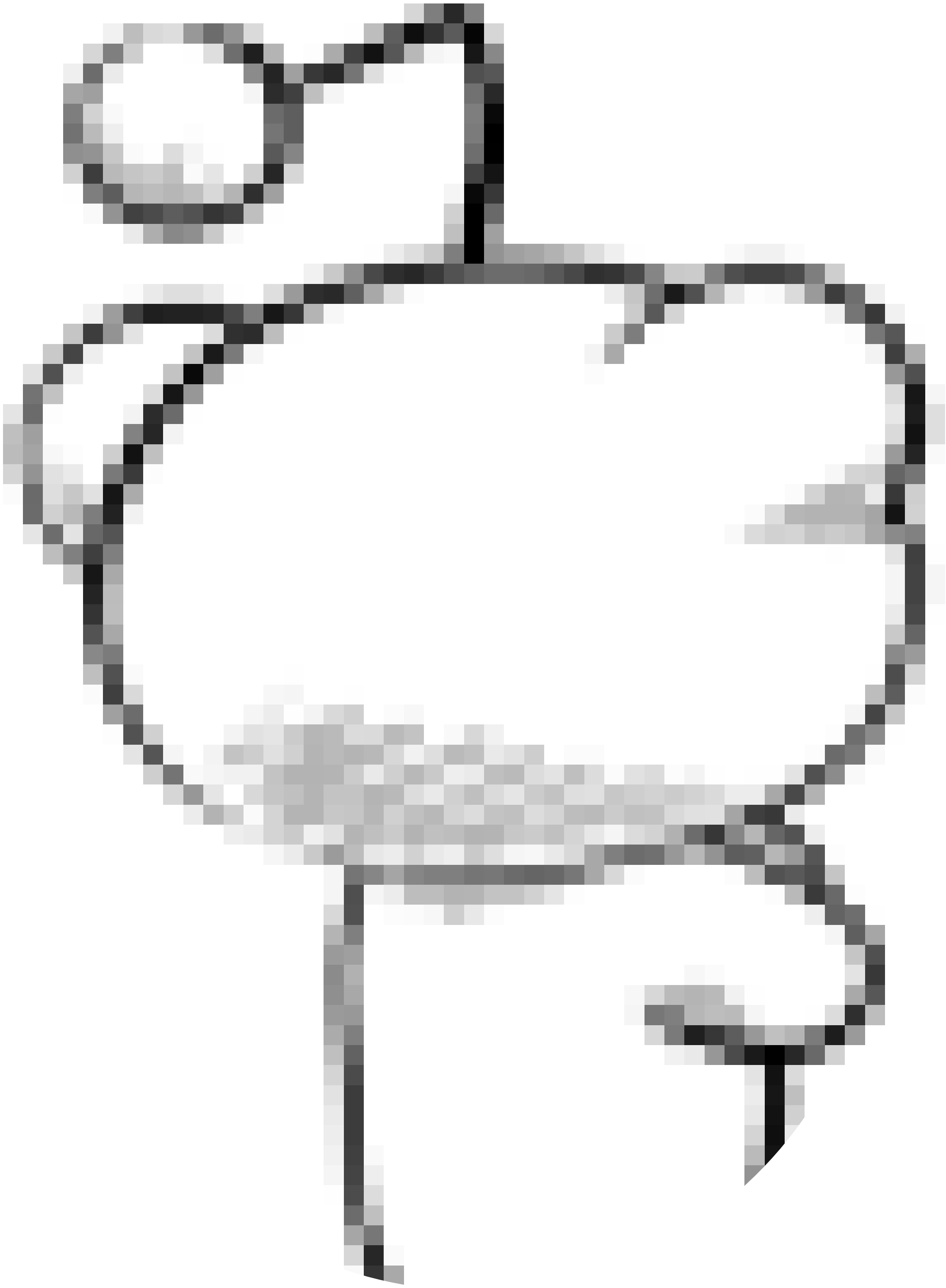
This is definitely not supernatural, but it is on of my worst experiences ever.

I was with my friends one summer. We where smoking weed, it was apparently some new crazy strong shit (they always says that). Though, this weed was strong, so I got completely fucked up. Now this is when the scary creepy stuff started to happen.

I was sitting in a sofa from where I could see the door. We where talking and having fun, but then suddenly I saw the door move. Since I noticed it I started staring at it, but then suddenly it opened completely, though no one was there. Then I blinked, and there was suddenly a pale white girl crawling on the floor with black hair and eyes. Just like the grudge girl. I was so fucking scared I couldn't move. The grudge girl gradually started crawling towards me while opening her mouth and staring right into my eyes. She came all the way over to me, and then she slowly put her hands on my knees and raised her face up so our eyes stared straight into each other. This moment seemed to last for ever and I was so fucking scared I still couldn't move and I really wanted to cry. Luckily, one of my friends nudged my shoulder and then I snapped out of it.

Obviously I was just hallucinating, and I suspect the super special crazy shit was lazed with something. My friends had noticed that I was staring at something and that I looked freaked out, which is why one of them nudged me out of it.

Though, regardless of it was real or not, the experience was fucking scary.



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â€¢ 13y ago

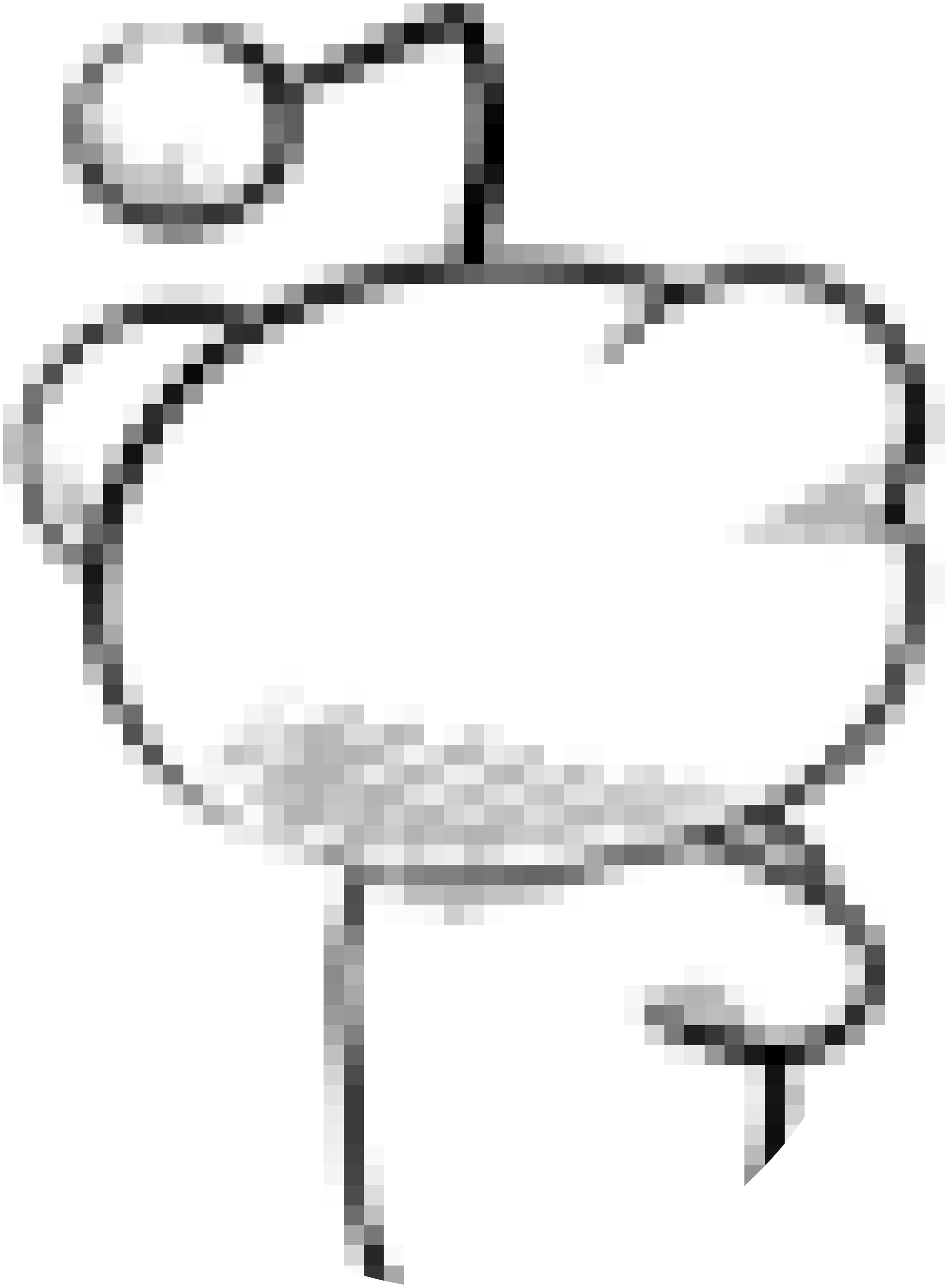
One night died I had this sudden feeling of shock and pain in my stomach, kind of like heart break. The next day I found out my uncle had died.

roastbeeftacohat
â€¢ 13y ago

massive green fireball that hung in the sky, and then shot out like a bat out of hell.

TCoop
â€¢ 13y ago

The only graduate school that accepted me was the one I thought I would never get accepted to.



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â€¢ 13y ago

I once saw someone guess their own postnumber on 4chan

It was life changing

bonzo48280
â€¢ 13y ago

This got buried in a different thread because I posted it pretty late. Let's see if it makes it here:

I just got chills thinking about what I'm going to type. I went up to Michigan one summer about 5 years ago for a week with 2 of my buddies, and one my buddies parents. The 3 of us all slept in one room. Me and my one buddy slept against the far wall by the window in a bunk bed, my buddy whose lakehouse this was slept in a bed in the middle of the room, and past him was a long hallway that led to the door to the main hallway leading to the rest of the house. So it's 3 in the morning on the last night we are there. We were all going away to college, very soon most of us, so me and the guy sleeping below me are up talking. My other buddy is passed out in the middle bed, because he was wasted, the rest of us were not. Me and this guy sitting below me never got along too well, we were just sort of friends through other people, but we really connected on this trip. We were sitting up talking about life, growing up, all that stuff that sounds sort of lame, but everyone has conversations like this at big turning points in our lives. We were laying in our beds in the dark talking for a couple hours, when we hear in the other bed that our friend is sleeping in, he begins to rustle around in the bed, making these guttural, almost demonic noises. These sounds we were both hearing him make were straight out of a horror movie. We hear him sit up in bed, making these noises, and we hear his feet rest on the hard wood floor. He gets out of bed, and we hear his foots steps as he walks down the hallway, ECHOING THROUGHOUT THE HALLWAY, and the door SLAMS, all while making these horrific sounds that give me chills thinking about. My buddy and I sit there in silence, pretty creeped out, because these sounds were intensely terrifying. I roll over in bed and shine a flashlight I had on my phone towards his bed and down the hallway, and my buddy SITS UP IN THE BED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. He had never even woken up. My friend and I SWEAR to this day we know exactly what we heard, and we have absolutely no way of explaining it. Our other friend has no recollection of it.

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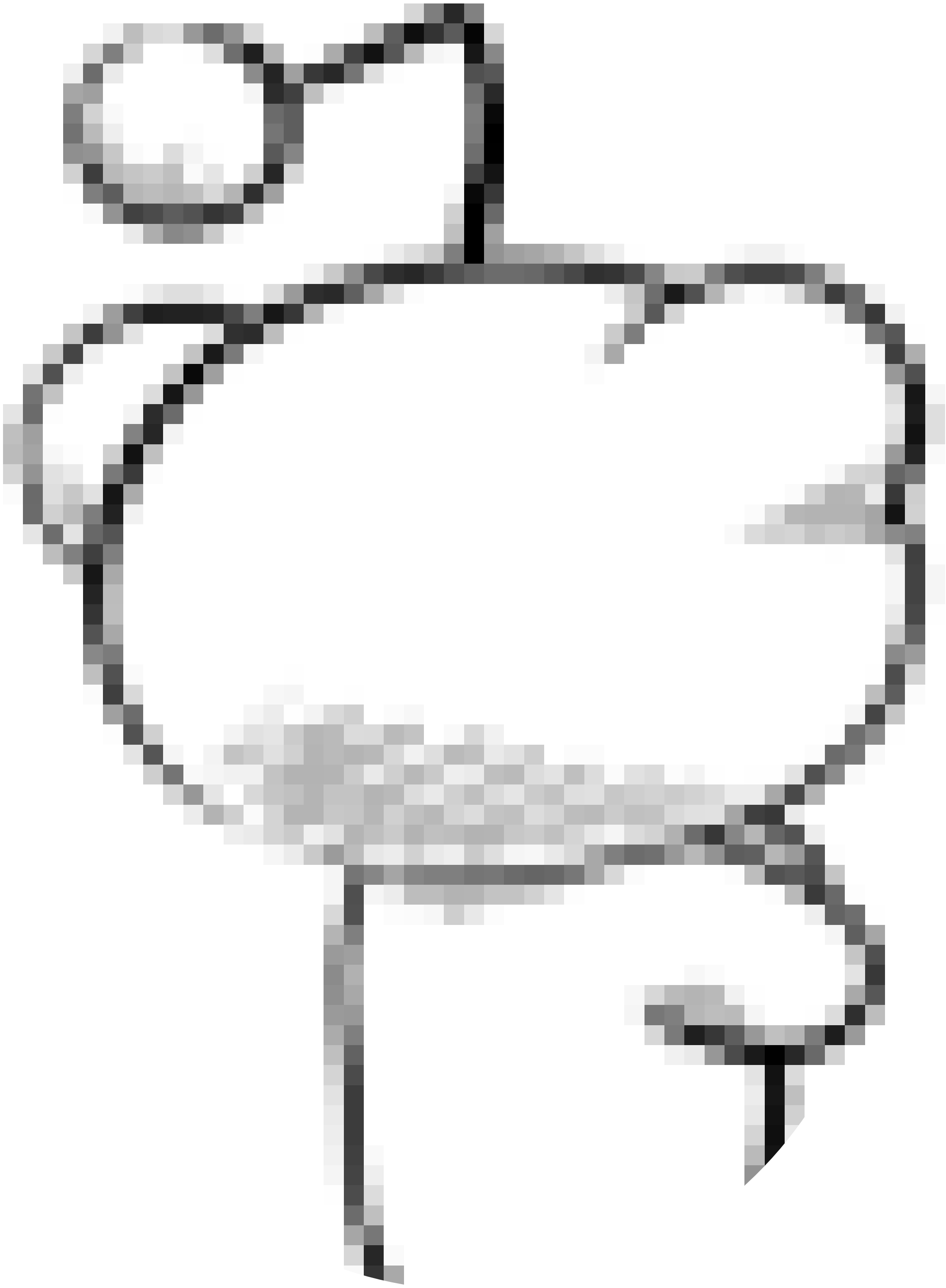

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â€¢ 13y ago

This happened before I was born but someone left a doll on my parent's doorstep addressed to my mom. My older brother picked it up. The next day he turned charcoal black. For weeks my doctors couldn't find what was wrong with him. Then my grandmother showed up and told my uncles to pee in a pattern. They sprinkled him with a little bit of it. Lo and behold my brother is better.

The picture of him as a voodoo'd out baby still gives me chills.

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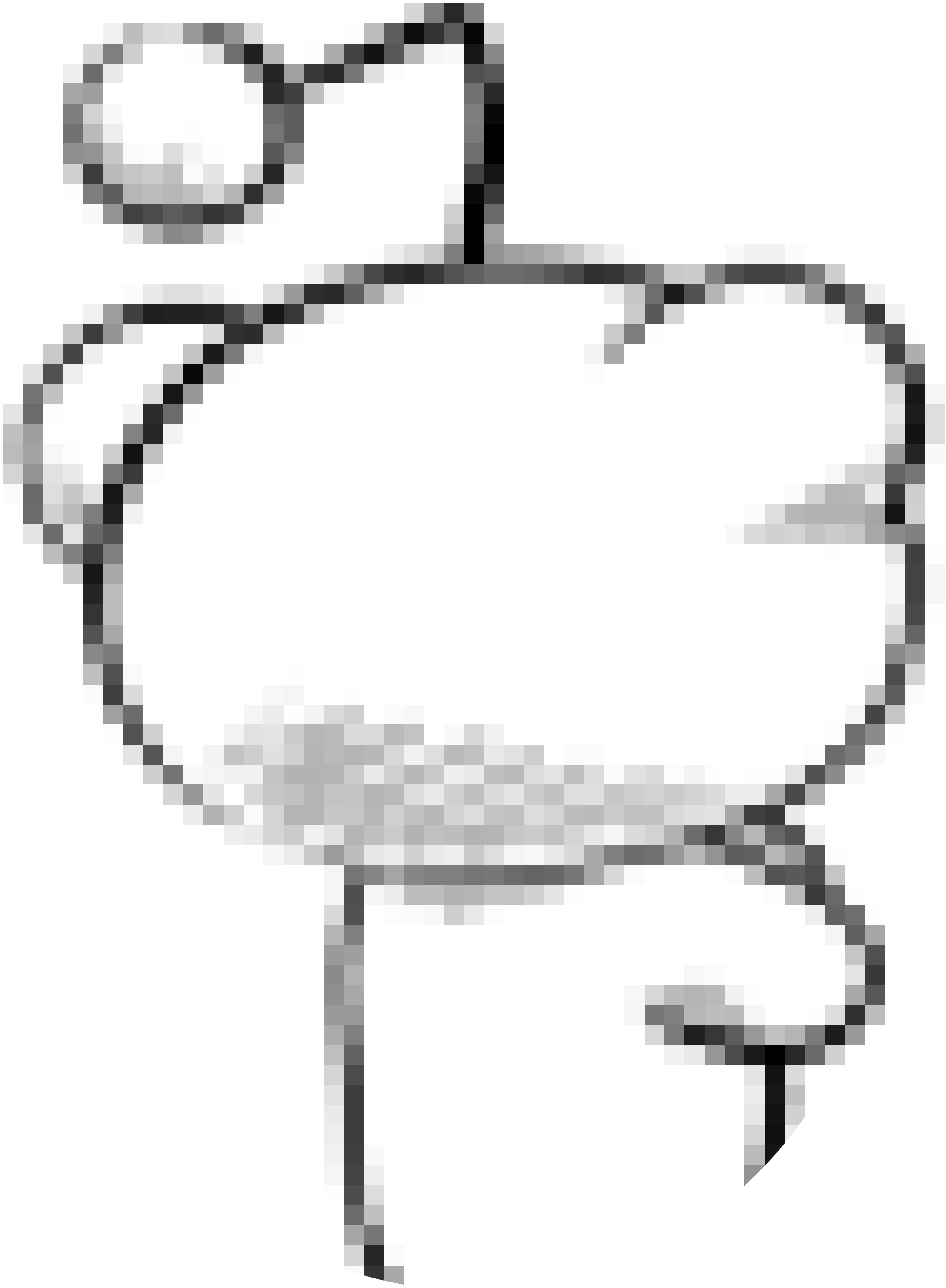
EikG
â€¢ 13y ago

My parents have this friend, and he's a guy that jokes with everything and makes fun of everyone. But he does this to such an extent that when he's serious, you know he is really serious. And he was really serious while telling this: He and some friends went for a drive to a supposedly haunted house. They parked the car outside and went in. They looked around basically the whole house, and there was nothing and nobody in there. It was a rather old house, so there was no electricity or anything. But then suddenly an alarm goes off, and a red light starts flashing. They obviously are scared to death and run outside to the car. As they get in, they see this old, gray woman - about 80-90 years old - running out the door, and towards the car at near superhuman speed. They barely get the car going before she hits them, and they drive off.



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â€¢ 13y ago

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⊕ 1 more reply
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oxyi
â€¢ 13y ago

eh.. scariest shit happened to me when I was living an in apt. only one floor. I have a windows, which I have a curtain covering it, since outside is just the common walkway. From time to time , I'd wake up at 4:44 exact, then I usually just glance at the window and for some reason, one time, I saw a fuckin human head figure , on the left side of my windows, since curtain is blocking the view, it is like seeing a dark shadow imprinted onto it. I was like wtf, then the head proceeded to move from one side to the other. Ever since that, when I wake up randomly during the night, I'd check for that, and every fuking time, the head appeared. One of the night, I woke up , thinking to myself, fuck, I am awake again.. damnit.. then I thought to myself ..."are you there..." right away I hear this fucking cat go "Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeow" this sending the chillest feeling down my spine... I almost jumped out of my bed, being a fucking pussy I am.. I went hiding under my blanket. Mind you, prior this, I never seen a fucking cat in my apt complex, it just happened that night a cat was outside my windows when I was thinking to myself... then I told my dad about it all this shits.. he just laughing it off and see it is like a newspaper boy or something, then I was like, ya that's right, it should be, and he said why don't you just go check it out when that happened and see for yourself. So one of the night, I woke up, and see the head, I was liked motherfuker, fuck you, I gonna find out about this bullshit. I saw the head at the corner of my window, I jumped out of my bed, rushed to the door, and went outside. Check on my right side - long walkway - nada, check on my left, long walkway, nada. I fucking bailed right on the spot.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I stayed at a haunted farm in Ohio when I was 12-13. Shit was freaky to say the least. Even the dog knew it was haunted.

Reply Share

SamIffy
â€¢ 13y ago

A couple of my friends stayed round my house when we were around 13 and we decided to be rebels and sneak out of my house in the middle of the night, we were walking down the street not making any noise and I looked up at the house on the right to see what looked like an old woman in a white dress staring at us through a bedroom window, the curtains were wide open and this was like 3 in the morning, both me and my friends shit ourselves (not literally thank god) and ran back to my house. The day after I realized I had never seen an woman at that house, I know an old man lives there because I've seen him mowing his lawn every now and again, I asked my Dad if the man has a wife and he told me that she passed away a few years back, I never ever look at that house when I walk down my street and I'm now 19 years old.

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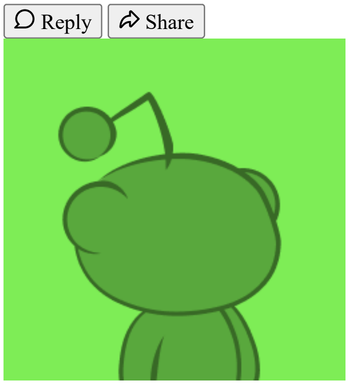

chumisfum
â€¢ 13y ago

It's the fact that this type of question keeps repeating in r/Askreddit about once a week.. completely mystifying

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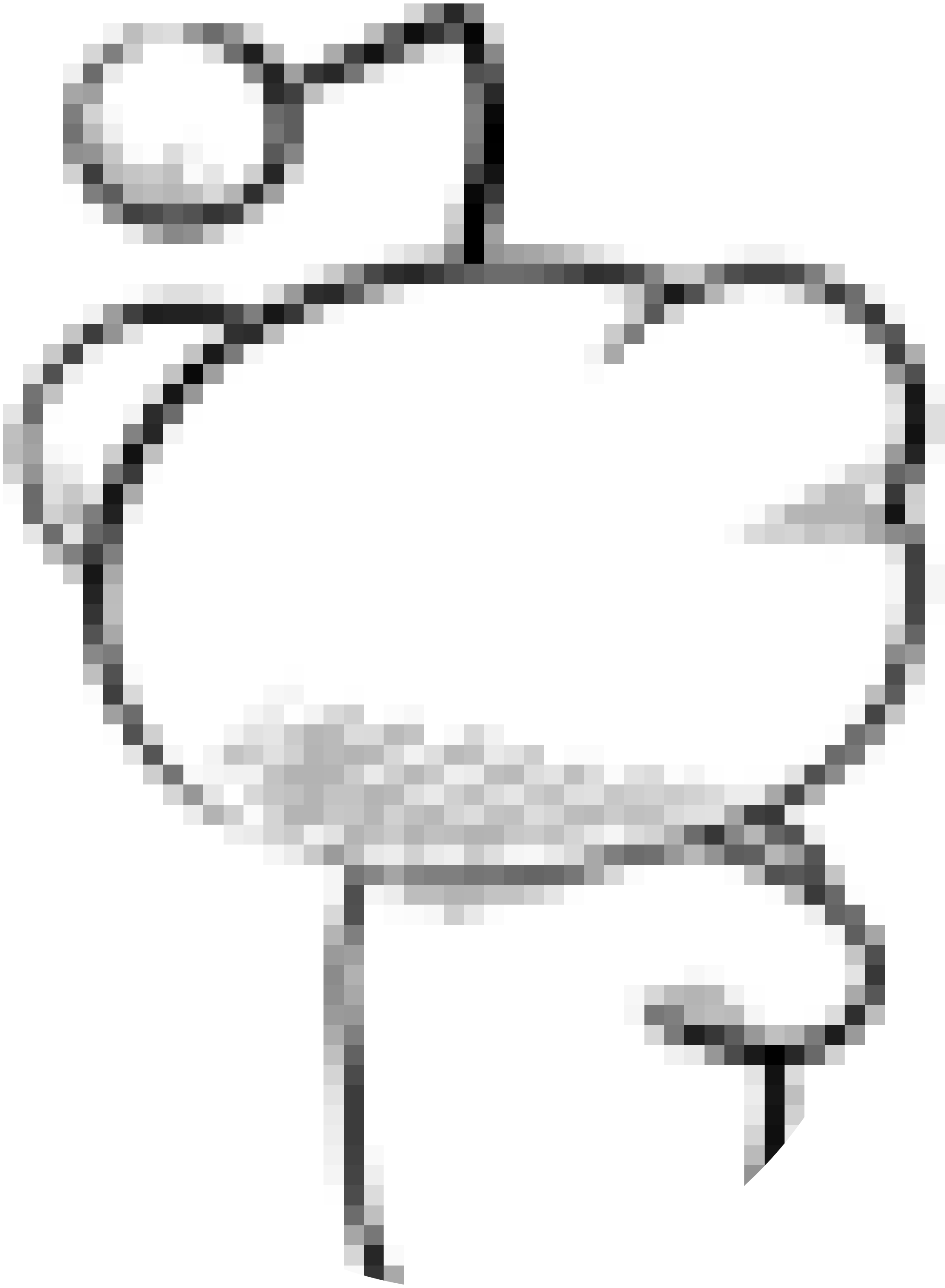
[draivaden](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

reddit.



[The_Mad_Pencil](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

If anyone is really having trouble falling asleep, just remember that going without a night's sleep for just a night or two, has never harmed anyone. Sure, you might not be as sharp the next day, but you won't be so impaired that you can't function. You're more likely to make mistakes at the job by having your attention divided, than if you were simply a bit sleep deprived.

You can also drink warm milk or herbal tea to help relax.

stereocenter
â€¢ 13y ago

Getting pulled over for speeding as my trip odometer hit 666.0 miles.

Simply a coincidence, but it's always stuck with me. I don't believe in anything supernatural.

WollyGog
â€¢ 13y ago

A couple for me that stand out, both when I was young.

One time I was fixing myself something to eat in the kitchen and looking around the cupboards. All doors and windows were closed (which doesn't matter as there was no discernable wind that day) and sitting on the worktop was an empty 2L black Orange Tango bottle (the description is important to me as I can remember the event clear as day). As I sidestep to the cupboard diagonally above it; it violently rotates on its base until it comes to a complete stop. I noped the fuck out of the kitchen and didn't even finish what I was making myself.

Another one:

There used to be an abandoned house on the terraced street that I lived on as a kid across the road from our house; that myself, my older brother and some of our friends took upon ourselves to use as base (as kids do). The only way to access it was via a small rectangular window frame that sat above a toilet in its own room off the kitchen. As you climb in you'd put your foot on top of the toilet cistern, hop down and walk through the door that connected it to the kitchen. This door was of a flimsy design that was offset from the frame by a good few millimetres all round, so it flapped back and forth easily, requiring no effort whatsoever to move out of the way.

Over the next couple of weeks we'd got so used to going back and forth into the house that we'd flow through window frame into the kitchen one after the other.

On one particular day however, as the first few of us had got into the small toilet room, the door slammed shut in front of us, and wouldn't budge for a good minute. By this point there was 3 or 4 of us cramped in this tiny room pushing against the door to no avail. It eventually gave way, and as the rest of the group moved in, we searched the house top to bottom (which was creepy enough,especially being 9 myself at the time with a big imagination) while one stood guard at the "main" entrance. We found nothing. After that we set up traps in the house just in case.

One more while I'm on the subject of that house, at the front there was a small circular window off to the left side that some of us looked in one day and saw to the right inside the room some steps going down to what looked like a cellar. Having never spotted that before we got excited at this new discovery and entered the house from our usual rear entry point to check out this "new" room. On getting to the little side room the circular window faced into, we saw nothing but bare panelled wall; which left us entirely perplexed and a little freaked out.

The thing is, to this day people that were there I still talk to about this and we can't offer up anything in terms of an explanation. Before I stopped talking to my older brother (who is a no-nonsense, supernatural phenomena doesn't exist kind of guy), even he insisted he experienced stuff he can't put rational thought to.

Brandalionn
â€¢ 13y ago

Content to read later. Don't mind me.

⊕ 1 more reply
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â€¢ 13y ago

Here's mine:

Some background: I'm a hardcore atheist. I've never believed in occult, supernatural, or otherwise crazy shit. But, this I can't explain. If it helps validate my sanity, I'll have you know I'm a computer engineer.

Some years ago my cousin gave my dad a car. She was in a hurry to get rid of it for some reason, but wouldn't really say why. It was an ok car, in decent shape, so my dad took it. Later on, while talking with my aunt, she reveals that the reason my cousin wanted to get rid of the car was because the 'witch grandmother' of her ex-bf had 'put a curse' on the car after she left him. Naturally I called bullshit but since my parents already had 2 cars, this would most likely end up being mine alone. Free car, I didn't complain. Anyway, in the following 6 months that we had this car, it tried to kill all of my family members and 3 of my friends. The first incident was my dad. He was driving it, and on a turn coming off the highway, somehow the steering wheel stopped working (I don't know much about cars, so bear with my dumbed down teminology). The wheels got stuck to the left and the steering wheel wouldn't move. Luckily the area where the car rolled into was empty and my dad was able to stop there and wait. We fixed the car, I took it as just a bizarre incident. The second incident was my mom. She and my brothers were on the way to pick me up from school for the weekend. This particular highway has a left-bearing long turn and you can't see the area after the turn because there are trees blocking the view. When my mom was coming off the turn, the rear axle broke. And she got stranded at the end of the turn with no one being able to see her as they came into the turn. A truck driver was coming out of the turn and was able to stop just in time before rear ending the shit out of the car. He put his hazard lights on was nice enough to wait there until the car was towed. That probably saved my mom's and bro's lives. Again, car was fixed. I took it as yet another bizarre incident. Last was me. Again, on the highway. This particular highway has some small hills and dips so that you speed up on the way down the hills, and can't see past the next small hill. Kind of like a roller coaster. Anyway, I was with my friends, the car engine just gave out mid hill. My one friend when to the top of the Hill to signal cars while my other 2 friends and I pushed the car to the side lane and wait for the tow truck.

At that point we said fuck that car. To those wondering why we kept fixing the car: the mechanic kept telling us he literally had no explanation for the random failures other than 'bad luck and timing'. The car was fairly new, it shouldn't have had so many problems. All this happened on 3 high traffic New Jersey highways: GSP, RT 3, RT 17 respectively. The car was a mercury sable from 97. To this day that is the most 'supernatural' experience I've ever had.

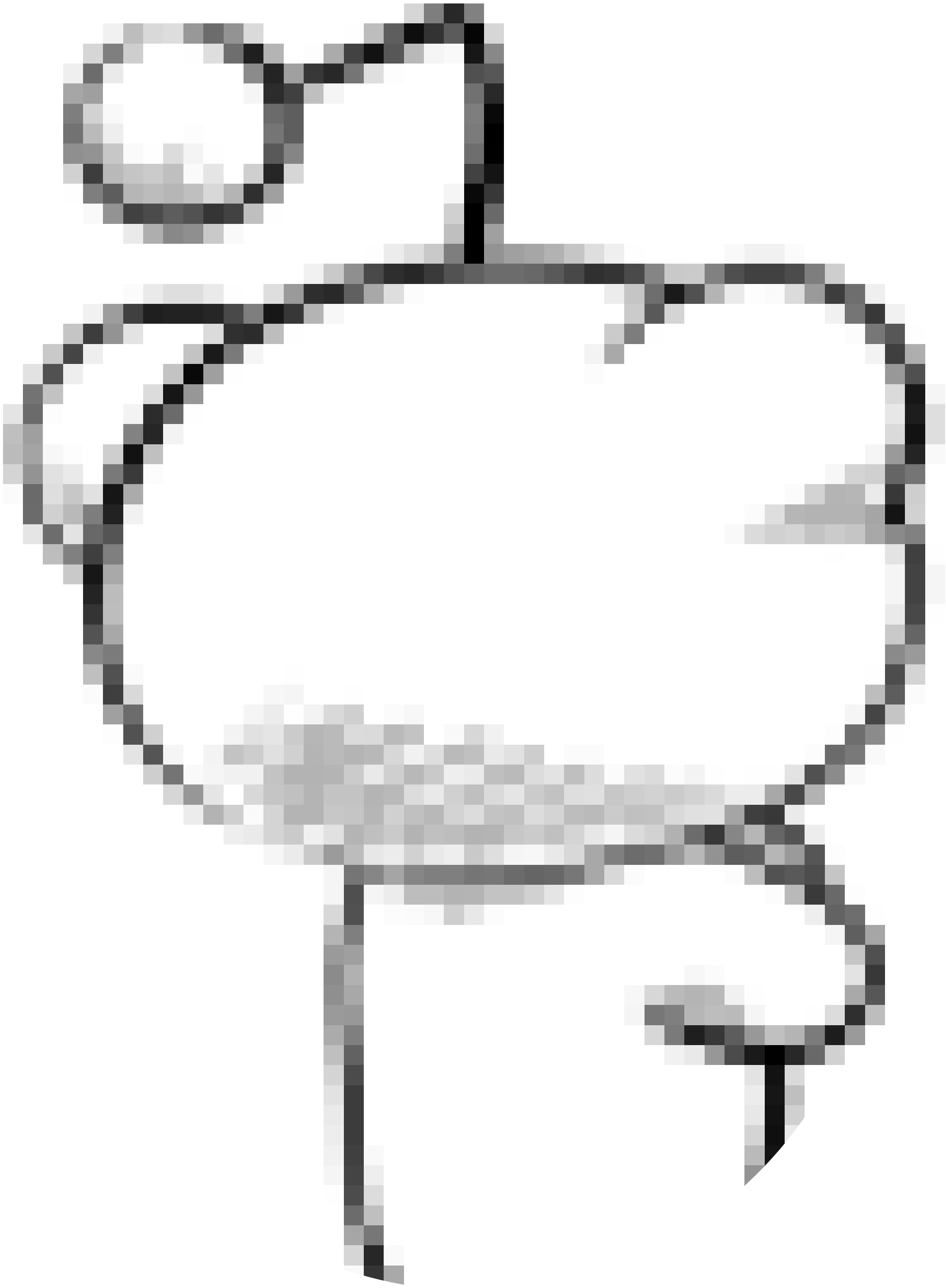
tl;dr: 'cursed' car nearly killed each person in my family and 3 of my friends in bizarre incidents.

MrStabbers
â€¢ 13y ago

Before I moved from my old house there was alot of creepy stuff that would go on such as hearing people walk up and down the stairs hearing an old man cough, and one of the rooms was always so cold and when you were in it it felt like someone was watching you. About 2 years after we moved my grandma did some research and found out the guy that lived there shot his wife and then stuck his he'd the the oven about 30 years before we moved in. Also his 2 kids came home after school and found both of them dead. Not to mention the first day we were there my dad found a 6 foot long bullsnake in the basement. Needless to say I didn't like that house. A few days ago I drove by it and only the master bedroom light was on and it's still a vacant house.

Joxxill
â€¢ 13y ago

I was role playing with my 2 friends. As i stand upon a rock i where like in trance for ca five seconds where i " dream" that i will be pushed and hit a bambo and get big scratch down the side of my hand. The moment i exit trance the exact thing happens



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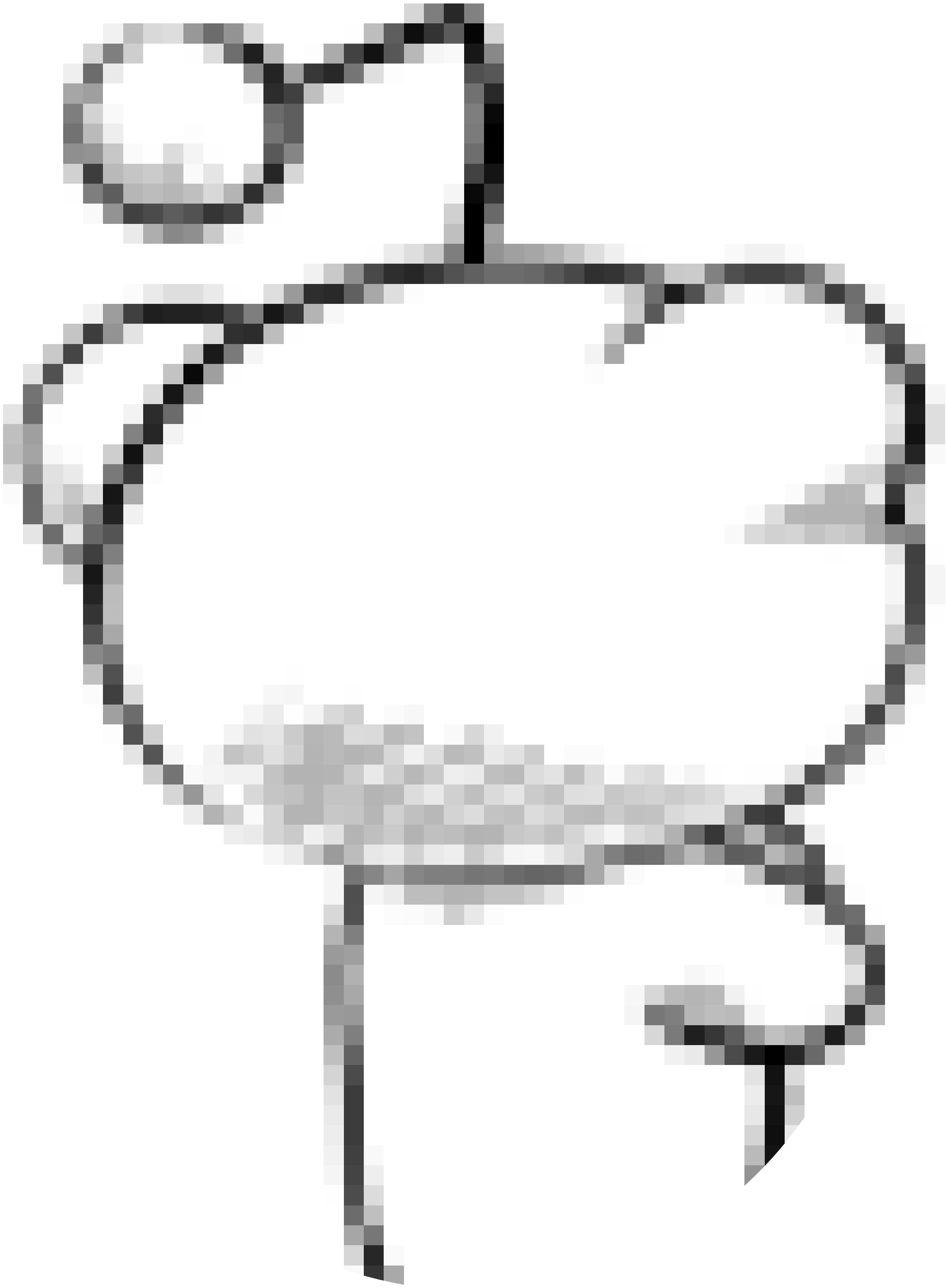
â€¢ 13y ago

It was about 2am and i was walking back home from a Batman marathon at a friends. My route took me through a quiet country lane that was lit intermittently with street lamps. The last time I had taken this route home I had a bit of an altercation with a badger so I was being more observant than usual. I was walking through a dark spot and as i looked ahead at the next patch of light from the street lamp I saw something that instantly stopped me. It looked like a plastic bag floating in the wind, only it wasn't travelling anywhere. There was something about the way it was moving that didn't look or feel right. It was kind of hovering at about waist height and slowly flailing with the slight wind. Telling myself to stop being pathetic, I started to walk towards it imagining how stupid I would feel when i found out it was just a piece of rubbish or something. However as i got right up to it i realised that it wasn't a bag or some plastic sheet, it was liquid? As i went to touch it seemed to be disturbed by my movement and it instantly began to precipitate into droplets that spread out before falling to the ground. It had a sort of pearlescent quality to it. The only thing i can liken it to is "magic mirror' from Grant Morrison's comic "The Invisibles". Really freaked me out.



b10hzard
â€¢ 13y ago

I live in San Francisco. At the time, my friend had an apartment in the marina district. There was a rooftop that overlooked the golden gate and Alcatraz. We were both out having a cigarette or whatever when from the west (somewhere over the ocean) three green objects began to move across the sky. I watched them as they moved towards us thinking it was the lights on a plane. Well planes approach SFO from the south and would never come from the west over downtown. We keep watching them, as they get closer they seem to just be made of pale green light, formless but just made of light. These things were moving fast, but the strangest thing was their flight pattern - the one in the center was headed east but the two flanking it were moving in and out, they would get near the middle one then move away, over and over.

Like I said the rooftop had a pretty good view of most of the north bay. The lights pass over us with no sound headed straight for berkeley, but they moved so fast, they went from the pacific ocean, over san Francisco and disappeard over the bay in about 5 seconds... So just about one mile per second.

Tl;dr: not sure if UFO

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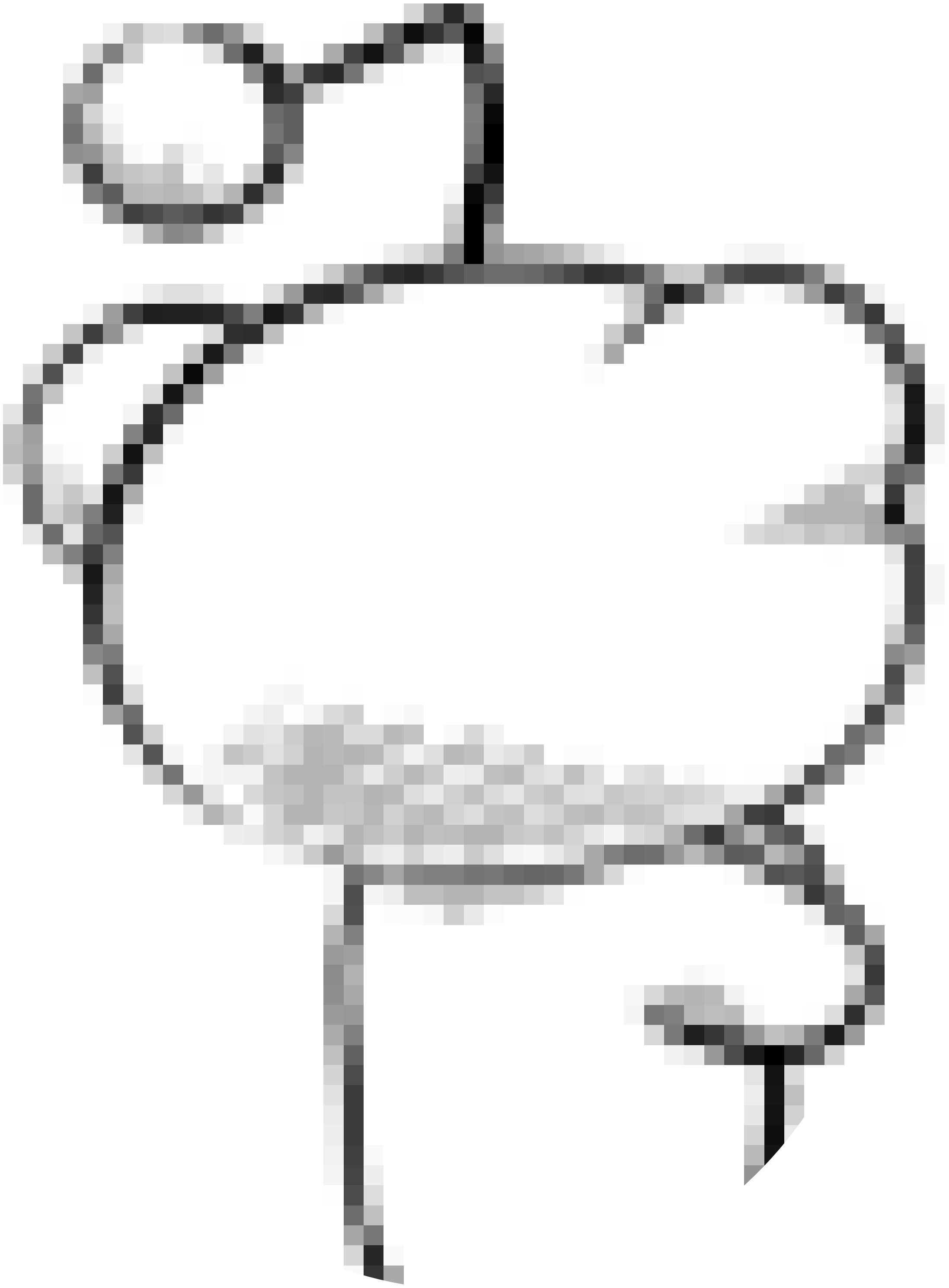


shmeeandsquee
â€¢ 13y ago

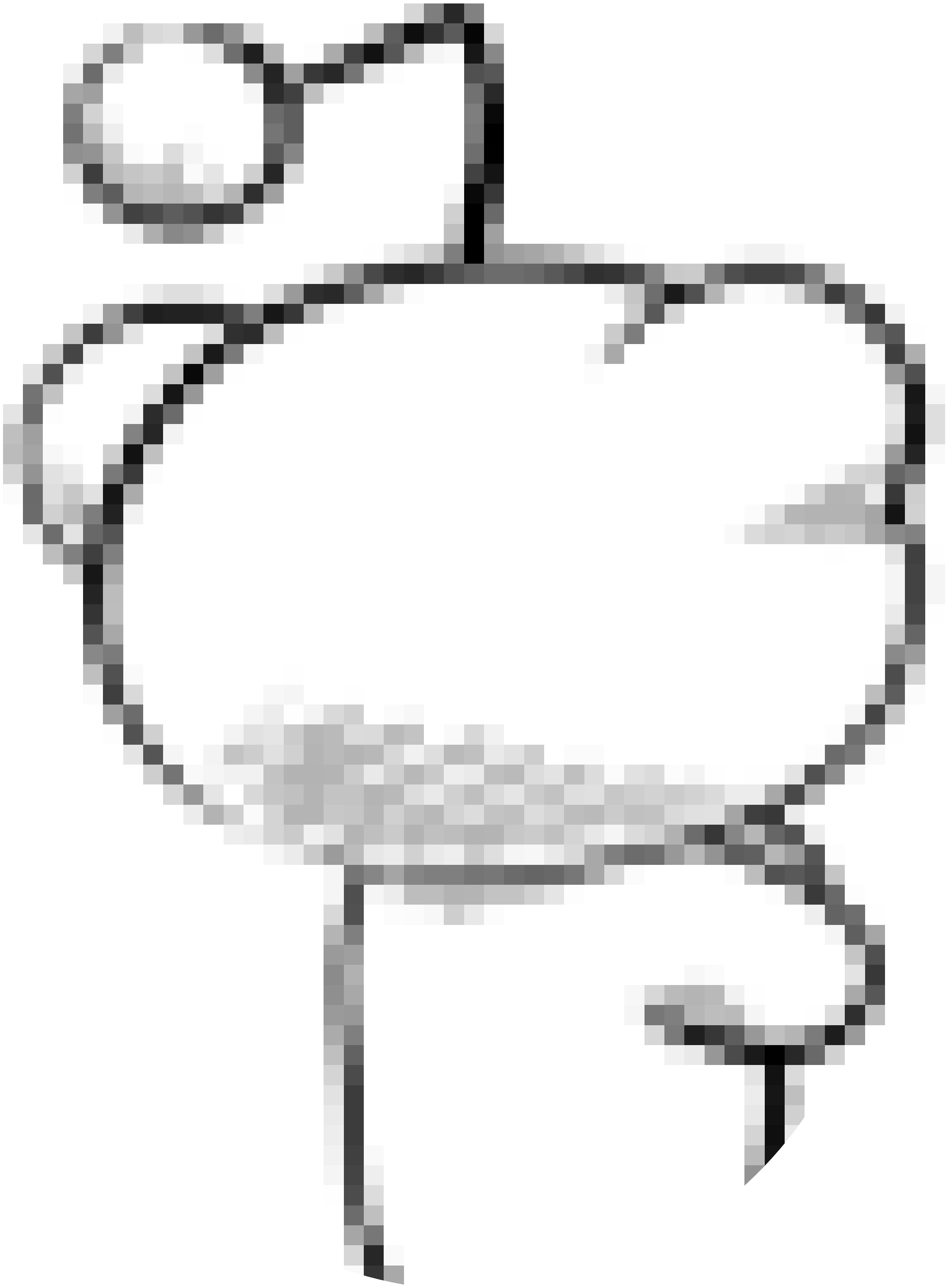
at my grandparents in their garage there's a stairway that leads to the basement. I was walking down there when suddenly i saw a ghost that looked like the virgin mary float through the basement door and straight through the wall without acknowledging me. There was another incident at the house when my uncle got up in the middle of the night and saw all cars (about 10)parked on the farm field instead of the driveway and took a picture of it, in the morning, they were all back. the house was built on top of an older where another one of my uncles reported seeing ghosts many times before. my grandparents are very religous which might explain the virgin mary ghost.

[ChinaskiH](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

Spoiler Alert: I see bullshit

NumberFang
â€¢ 13y ago

Half a year or so ago, I was counting out the drawers at work when I got a phone call. It started out like a text to land-line call, with a pre-recorded woman telling me exactly that. After she finished, though, the phone made an awful screeching sound, then a few other odd noises, and then a strangely warped computerized voice said, "Only God can forgive me now." There was probably more, but I hung up after that, and finished counting as quickly as possible. I started shaking on the car ride home. Certainly not as ghostly as many of these posts, but it got my goat, at the time.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

So way back in the summer when I was 16, my dad and my uncle owned some houses throughout the small town my dad lived in. They rented the houses out to people. Well my uncle asked me to clean this one house for 100$. I was like hell yeah ill do it...well the house was in a creepy wooded off area (it's in central texas) on about 15 acres. It had a basement and a first floor. Well I unlocked the house and unloaded the cleaning supplies. I checked around the house and started to clean. Vacuuming, cleaning the bathroom etc. Well nothing strange was happening until I went down to the basement. There was just some random objects in a box. And next to the box was an old pair of Tennis shoes. So I take the box outside to the truck in the back that I can take to the dumpster when I leave. So I go back into the house and finish cleaning the kitchen which was the last area. The last thing I did was mop the floor. Well I finish mopping and take the cleaning supplies back to the truck and turn back to the house to go do one final sweep and lock up. However when I got to the backdoor where the kitchen was...there were muddy footprints the lead from the back door to the basement door. This scared the hell out of me because I consider myself a sane person and I knew I was alone on the land...but I had no idea where they came from. They weren't my shoe prints, but I turn back to the truck and look at the shoes that I got from the basement...it was the EXACT same shoe size and print...I threw the shoes back into the truck, locked the house and hauled ass away. It's not as creepy as some other stories but it scared the hell out of me.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

Some girls I worked with when I was in college told me they went driving to this very rural area nearby one night and that it's creepy as all hell to see these old farm houses with rusted equipment out front at night. They said there was always some weird stuff going on. Since I have little to no belief in the supernatural and the like, I thought it was just a bunch of girls that watched too many scary movies getting just looking for things to be scared about.

They told me I should go with them some night. I thought it'd be a big waste of time, but I was a young nerd, they were hot, and it totally sounded like a way to get up on them.

So we go out some boring Friday night around 10 or so. It was pitch dark, and like a bad horror movie there were storms and lightning off in the distance. Some light rain where we were, but it was enough to make things a little unsettling.

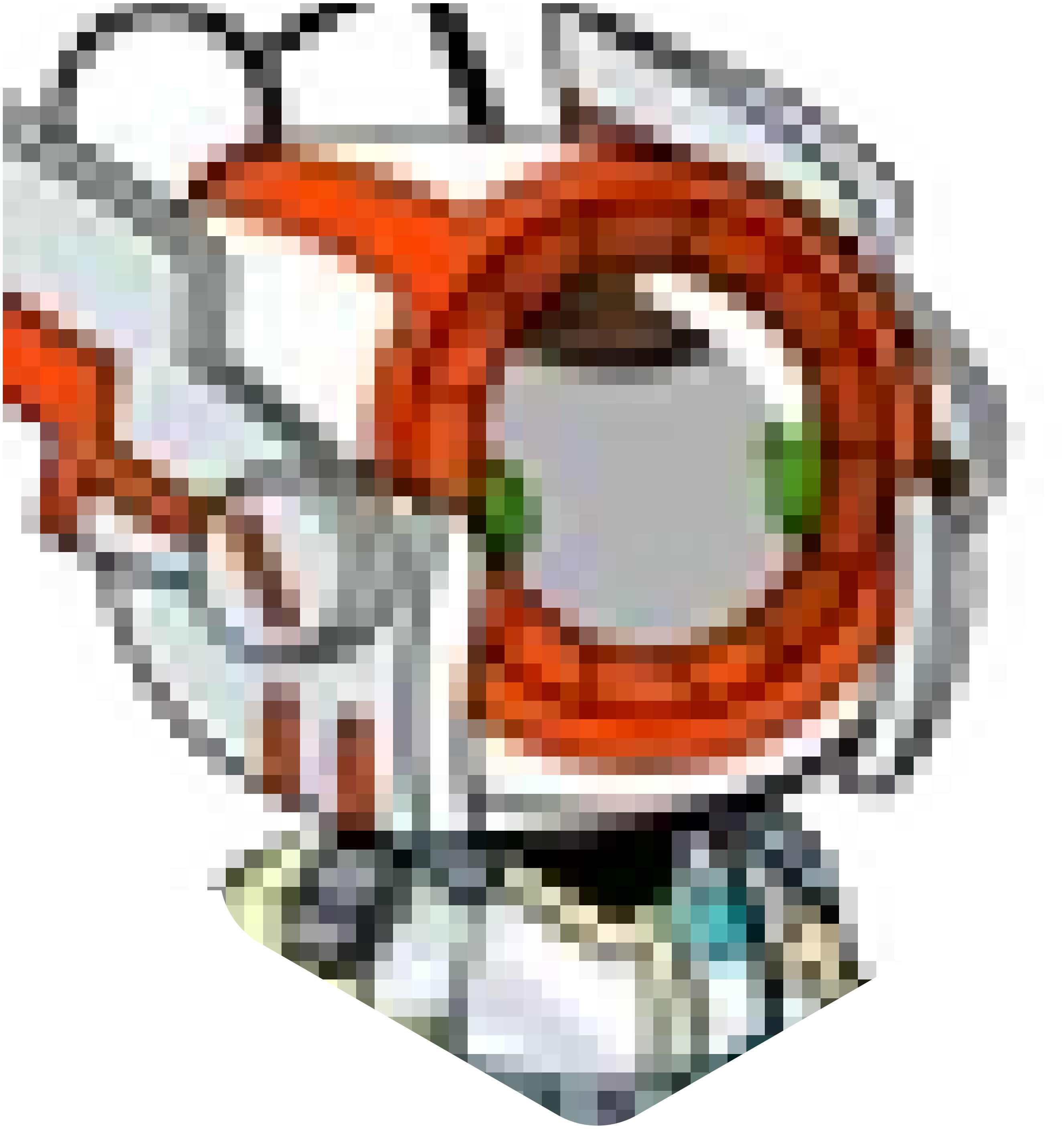
We drive for a bit. Just a bunch of fields and old houses, barns, nothing out of the ordinary. We turn down a road wide enough for our car and enough room on the shoulder for two cars to pass. The road was in crappy shape. No potholes or anything, but it was clear it hadn't be repaved in a few decades or more. The sides of the road go from fields to trees... eventually the trees formed a canopy over the road and we could only get glimmers of the the lightning through the trees. We come across a farm houses, the front yard poorly maintained... rusted cars parked in the yard, tools hanging from the porch, and there were actually a couple of shitty old lanterns hung up outside that were lit and a soft light on inside the house. We see things hanging from the trees but couldn't quite tell what they were until the lightning flashed. They were baby doll heads.

Hundreds of them. Hanging like they were Christmas ornaments or something. The lightning flashes again and we see that someone has written all over the house and barn in paint, spray paint, carving, or whatever they may have had in their hand. The same two words over and over.

"DATRAM DAFETUS"

We got the fuck out of there.

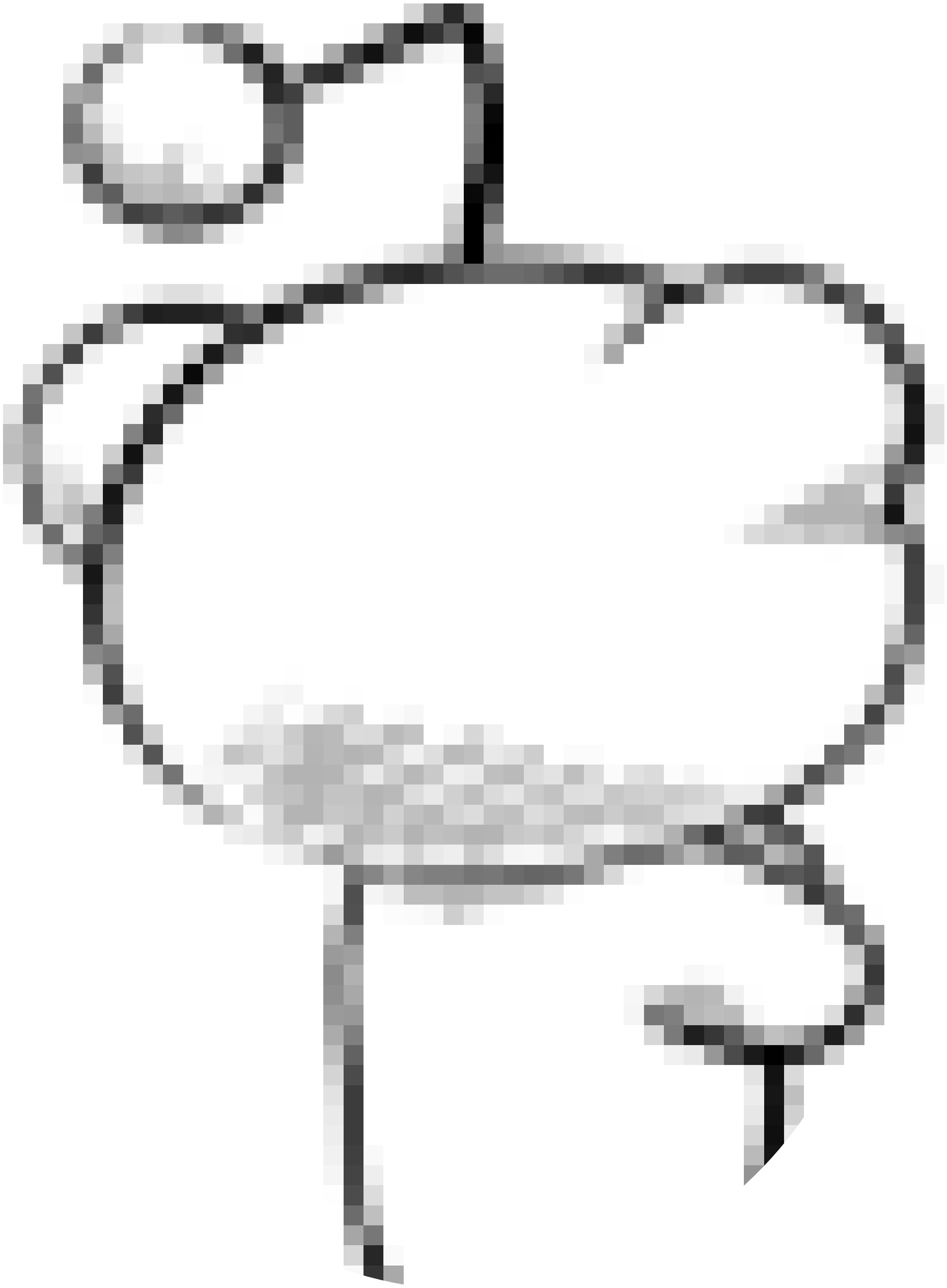
PS: Didn't get laid.



attemptedactor
â€¢ 13y ago

Not creepy, but my father passed away early this month from pancreatic cancer. As one would expect I was beside myself, I had never cried so much in my life. Nothing seemed to help though my aunt tried to comfort me. Then it just... stopped. I can't explain it but it suddenly felt as if I had a firm hand on my shoulder. Comforting. Like I wasn't alone. Up to that point I had been shaking but all of the sudden I was relaxed and calm. I stopped crying. Everything would be ok.

I'm not really religious but at the time it made me glad to think that my father's spirit was with me.



dangerknife
â€¢ 13y ago

So when i was a freshman in high school, I was spending the night at a friends place. It was getting to be late, and we began to try to creep each other our like boys do, so my friend started to tell me that a fugitive had been killed in a maintenance room in his basement by the police, and ever since the lights haven't worked in that room despite any attempt to get them fixed. Trying to be courageous, i go into the room, and try turning on some lights, doesn't work. As I'm about to leave the door slams shut. As I'm trying to open it, a feel a hand grab on to my shoulder and spin me around, hard. The door the swings open letting in enough light to let me see that there was no one there. I was left with a line of bruising where i felt the hand grab me

oniony
â€¢ 13y ago

Read *The Ghost in the Machine* (PDF) by Vic Tandy.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When we first moved into the house we're living in right now, my husband was at work and my daughter came out of her room and told me there was a lady sitting on her bed. My daughter was 2.5 at the time, and there were several other instances right after we moved in that she would talk about the lady. Then, she just stopped. The things she said were beyond what her imagination seemed to be capable of at that time, and it freaked me out.

Occasionally I feel like I see a person or movement out of the corner of my eye but nothing is ever there when I look straight on.

There was another instance when my husband was home, both of our kids had been in bed and he and I were watching TV. There was a scream, like a shriek-high and very alarming. We both jumped up and...both kids were sound asleep. We just...don't talk about that.

Our house was built in the '70s and I'm fairly certain it is not on top of an old cemetery or something. If I start getting really freaked out, I just tell myself that it is my grandparents who died before they could have met my kids coming to say hello.

TheMediocreGentleman
â€¢ 13y ago

I've got a couple of stories. I don't remember the second one, but I've had it told to me by my parents/grandparents several times. In December 2011, I went camping with a few of my friends. After spending the first few nights getting drunk, one friend and I decided to spend the last two evenings watching the stars and inventing our own constellations, as the sky was so much clearer in the country. We made up some stupid constellations on the first night, and tried to find them again on the second night. While we were looking for them, one of the stars flared up and grew really bright. The light was probably about 4-5 times the size of a regular star in the sky, and faded out after a couple of seconds, leaving behind a yellow star. The yellow star then started moving across the sky. At first it was close to Orion's Belt, and it ended up near one of our made up constellations that we'd named "the backwards question mark". We both looked at each other to make sure we weren't imagining things, and spent the rest of the night talking about aliens/watching that star. The second story is from when I was about 5. I was at my grandma's house, and apparently I used to talk to someone while in empty rooms. They probably assumed it was an imaginary friend or something, and for all I know it could've been. This happened several times, and one day when my grandma asked "would you like to come shopping?" I replied with "can the lady come too?" This confused her, because it was only us and my brother in the house, so she naturally asked "what lady?" As I've been told, this is the part that really freaked her out. I pointed to the wall next to me and said "that lady". I'm not sure if I want to jump to the conclusion of ghosts for this story myself, but it really creeped a few of my family members out.

DonnieDoNot
â€¢ 13y ago

I experience deja vu at least once every few years. I've had some experiences where I had no idea where the feeling of familiarity originated, but a few where I had clear memories of dreaming about the situation. I figure a couple of hundred years ago, this might have convinced me that I had "The Shinning," but for now I just chalk it up to my brain filling in the gaps between two similar places or situations so that they seem identical or at least eerily similar. It's mostly useless stuff, even if it did turn out to be some kind of psychic phenomenon; my clearest experience was an evening when I sat in the top row of the bleachers at a college basketball game over ten years ago and had a clear memory of dreaming it (it was the only basketball game I went to during college, so it stood out as unusual.)

To be clear, I know this is not very creepy and it's not unexplainable at all . . . and I'm not suggesting that the memories of the matching dreams are correct, only that I do have the memories and they're clear to me. I think it's very likely that the details that make these experiences seem so vivid and clear are being added each time I call the memory up, but of course I can't prove that, either.

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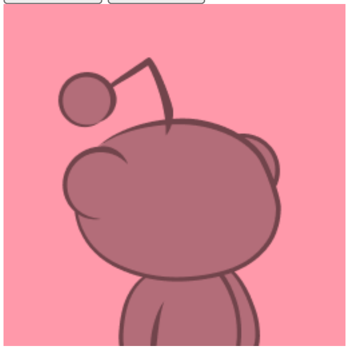


zim_zim_zala_bim

â€¢ 13y ago

One summer a few years ago I was home from college. I was up late one night playing WoW (2 years sober now) when all of a sudden I caught a strong scent. It smelled exactly like the perfume my great-grandmother use to wear. She passed away when I was 10, but as soon as I smelled that I knew EXACTLY what it was. I hadn't smelled it since she passed. Oh, and did I mention we live in her old house? I wasn't scared, but it was really strange. I had the feeling she was just checking in on me.

Reply Share

teddywanthug
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I don't know where on the creep factor this falls, but I can definitely say it's unexplainable:

Back when I was in middle school I had a friend who moved several states away. This was before Skype, MSN messenger, all that jazz, but we still kept in touch. So one night we were going to have a sleepover, him coming and visiting for the weekend while his dad does some work. We're all excited, planning out games, seeing if we can snag any of my parents' tapes and watch, etc. We put our minds on it for a couple weeks.

Then comes the week of his trip down. His parents are extra busy so we don't really talk, in fact I don't think we talked at all until the day he was supposed to come down. Now he was a bit of a crazy kid, a little more obsessed with watching wrestling than I was, but it was the right amount of weird to be fun around, you know? Anyway, the night before we are supposed to get together, I have this dream.

Now I'm not one for really interpreting dreams. If I dream that I'm riding an elephant while bitchslapping Batman, I usually chalk it up to some show I was watching, not that I'm an exotic super villain. But this dream was particularly odd for a couple reasons: 1) I wasn't in it 2)It was incredibly vivid enough that I noted the clothes, scents, sounds of what was happening and 3)It involved a car that I didn't recognize (important later). So in this dream, I see my friend and his dad driving on a two-lane enjoying themselves. They then hit this apparent wall of fog and quickly lose track, careen off the road, and die. I was convinced that I felt the impact of the tree myself, and it jarred me awake.

I was so shaken up, I told my mom and she just said it was a dream, that I watched some horror movie (which I didn't) and it lingered. But I wasn't sold, I demanded to talk to my friend. So she calls him and as soon as I get him on the phone, without saying hello, he just blurts out "teddy, I think I dreamed I died last night." *He had the exact same dream that I had.* I was petrified, I couldn't think of any words. It's just a coincedence, right? I put him on speakerphone and had my mom listen, maybe she could explain.

But it gets even weirder: After he's done telling the story, I asked him why his dad was driving a red 'Jeep looking thing' instead of his dad's usual brown 'smooth little car' and there was just a pause on the phone. He asks me how I knew that his dad just bought a new car that week, a red Trooper. Now everybody's freaked. My mom tells him to get his dad on the phone, no one's able to really make sense of any of it, we agree that it's not a good idea for them to drive down.

Later that day they had a weather advisory for some of the roads outside of their town. Heavy fog, limited visibility.

TL;DR Both I and my middle school friend predicted a car accident with a shared dream 3 states apart.

Ceeni
â€¢ 13y ago

It was late, I had just gone to bed. I had just gotten a new phone a few days earlier. Then i heard a woman screaming, and it was coming from my phone. I was so freaked out i just lied in bed and stared at the phone for a while.

Turns out my mom texted me from her bed instead of going to my room. I have absolutely no idea how that became my sms sound, and when went to change it it said it was using the standard sound, which was not a scream at all.

myselfalex
â€¢ 13y ago

Preface: I don't believe in occult/ghosts/alien abduction stuff: One night while delivering newspapers with someone, we see a weird orange/white type light in the sky (kind of like an old incandescent bulb dimmed), it was moving in weird random movements at times (not really fast but not straight lines), but then sometimes just being still in a spot. We stopped to keep watching it as it was quite weird, some people came out of their houses to look at it as well and were confused. It just kept doing the same thing, but we got bored and moved on. Never saw anything on the news, in the newspaper, or on the internet about it. Probably was some kind of air vehicle.

[GinjaNinger](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Walking in the woods at night.

WEARING CORDUROY PANTS.

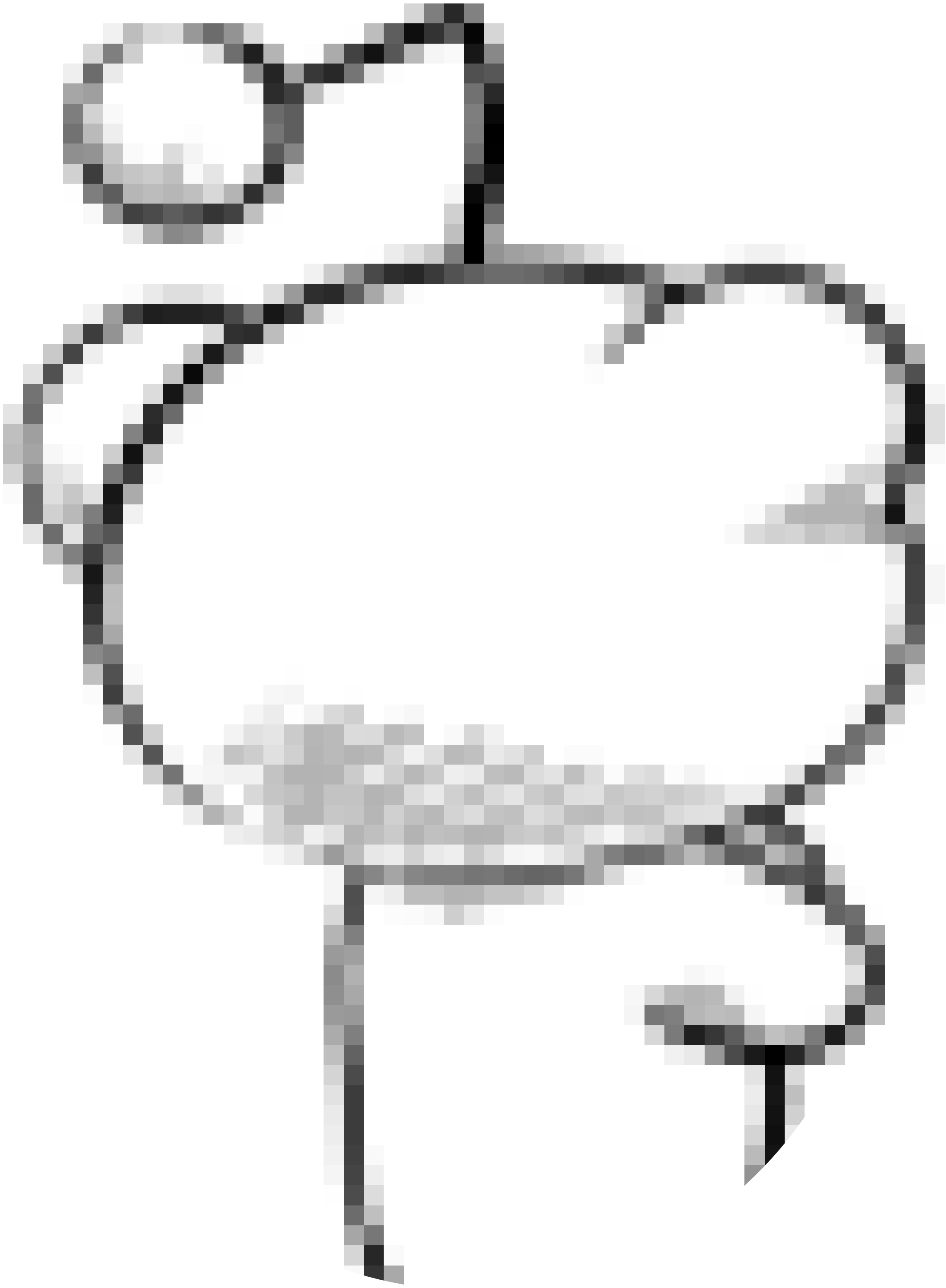
orchdork323
â€¢ 13y ago

I was at my cabin alone one weekend (which is relatively in the middle of nowhere in the woods), and I checked my iPhone when I woke up one morning. It said there was an alarm activated, so I went to turn it off.

It was an alarm set for 3:33 with a description that said "Keep an eye out." That was when I started to become superstitious.

[BeingSeriousHere](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

That thing where you're just about to fall asleep and all of a sudden you hear a scream in one of your ears. Fucks you up. I've had it twice after parties so it might have something to do with loud Tinnitus, just conjecture though.



Jambba
â€¢ 13y ago

Driving cross country with my Dad we pulled over to sleep for a few hours in the middle of the night. I laid across the back seat of the car and went to sleep. When I woke up, my T-shirt had 3 slashes through it diagonally across my chest, and the cars clock was off by about an hour.

Any thoughts on WTH it could have been?

Doors were locked, windows were closed, there was nothing sharp around, and the time had been right when we went to sleep.

Reply Share

zippidyboobapbzow
â€¢ 13y ago

A beautiful girl came up to talk to me after class.

Reply Share

BrownEyedBean
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I've never shared this online before, and never found any similar stories so please let me know if you know of any. It's more weird than creepy, but it's quite unexplainable.

I'm about 10 years old I think, my friend and I were in my room looking out of the front window when my Dad's car pulls in. We looked at each other a bit puzzled, seeing as we didn't remember the car being away and Dad was downstairs with friends. At first we thought we could see a figure in the driving seat, but a moment later it was obviously empty. I attempted to rationalise it by saying maybe it was back from the garage (it had been in for some work recently and our local mechanic often just drives it back once he's done).

We go downstairs and I cheerily tell my Dad that the car is back. He looks at me puzzled, looks out the window and says he didn't know it was gone. The living room window looked out in the same direction as my room but nobody noticed anything. At this point my friend and I freaked out a bit. The adults offer a few possibilities such as a similar car driving past and our brains tricking us, but we dismiss them all; our house is on a corner so any cars would be turning away the house, not towards. What we saw was very clearly the car pulling in.

We wanted to investigate further but didn't want to go outside, so we looked out the front door to see if there was anyone in the car. I used a telescope for a closer look, my view was blocked for a moment as if somebody walked past close to the lens, but there was nothing there.
I'm short sighted but wasn't wearing my glasses that day as I hated them, I'm still kicking myself for it as I couldn't see any features of the figure in the car properly.

A couple of weeks later I was at the house of that same friend. His brother and a few other friends came barreling in from playing up the street, they were freaking out. They'd seen another friend's Dad's car pulling in but he was at work, and the car had nobody in it when they ran up to greet him. His parents brushed it off as kids getting cars mixed up, overexcited imagination, etc, but we believed them. I never found out what happened when their Dad actually came home, we didn't investigate further and kids have short memories.

My other story could at least be explained by my mind playing tricks. I woke up in the night from a nightmare as a teenager, looked up at my door and in the corner of the room was a tall very dark shadow. That corner is never dark and the shadow somehow seemed taller than the room. As soon as I noticed it it seemed to jump out of the wall at me at dizzying speed, I ducked back under the covers and stayed there until daylight.

Edit: Just remembered another small story. My and 5 friends staying over in my room (different house). I feel a pressure in my ear and ask my friends to be quiet for a minute, we all sit there in silence as this low pitched buzzing gets louder and louder until you can't hear your own thoughts, then it faded away just as quickly. Dad downstairs, brother in his room, both noticed nothing unusual.

Robobb
â€¢ 13y ago

Ive had two occurences in two seperate houses where i woke up and all the cupboards in my kitchen were wide open. The first time i was in the house alone and the 2nd time i lived with my girlfriend but i never told her about it and she was just as freaked as i was.

D_Adelier
â€¢ 13y ago

My family recently put down our 19 year-old cat, Susie. Since then, my parents keep hearing what they think is the cat, either quietly meowing or running up and down the stairs. We figured it was just our imaginations, but it's been a week and we're still hearing them.

I wouldn't be all that freaked out, but I've starting seeing flashes of black out of the corner of my eye (The cat was mostly black, with white markings). Sometimes I'll look and it'll be a pair of gloves or a scarf on the floor, which is unusual in itself since my family hates messes, but sometimes there won't be anything there.

We treated the cat really well and loved her, and we used to always joke that she would live as long as we would keep feeding her table scraps. Perhaps she still wants those scraps?

Reply Share

[Olclops](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I've had too many to share them all. Here's one at random. Right after Prometheus came out, I got a little obsessed with it, found that one thread here on hidden meanings in it, etc. It took up at least 80% of my brain space for a few days.

Anyway, a night or two after I saw it, I'm reading a book out loud to my kids, Rick Riordan's "Percy Jackson and the Olympians", which, while about greek gods and mythology, contains no mention of Prometheus. Anyway, we're reading about Zeus and Poseidon, and my son, age 5 at the time, crawls up on my lap and whispers in my ear, "Brave Prometheus, brave prometheus, brave prometheus."

I dropped the book at looked at him. Asked him what he was talking about. He looked as baffled as me. Asked him where he heard "prometheus". He had no clue.

Freaked me the hell out.

Reply Share

[iralisegendary](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

There's a haunted covered bridge near my hometown where a small girl named Edna Collins was supposed to have died years ago. The story goes that her parents would leave her to play by the creek when they went out, then when they came for her, they would stop on the bridge and honk three times. One time, she didn't come when they honked, and they found that she had drowned. Later, her mom hung herself from the third rafter inside the bridge.

My friends and I went one day, and decided to just talk as if there were ghosts there, inside the bridge. It almost felt like there was something near us, and between two of us in the back seat, we felt someone sit between us.

All of us just had a bad feeling inside the bridge. We moved the car down to the road, then the boys walked up to the bridge while my friend and I sat in the car. We said aloud for the supposed ghosts, if there was something they wanted us to know, to go up to the tape recorder and say it.

We ended up wandering for a while longer, then turned the car around and sat on the bridge one more time. At this point, I looked in one of the side mirrors and saw a huge black shadow wearing a white mask perched in the corner of the bridge. I shouted "drive!" and we high tailed it out of there. It felt like these "ghosts" had a reach of about a mile and a half down the road. When we passed one specific house, I felt a hand grasp at the back of my head and according to my friends, my hair flew backward for a second (there was no wind). Then, we couldn't feel anything anymore.

Later, the friend that had the tape recorder told us he had the overwhelming feeling that if he didn't delete the last recording, we wouldn't have gotten out alive. He had deleted it directly after a ghost would have said something into it. We talked about all of the creepy shit that had just happened and one name came to mind for all of us: Emily.

A few months later, I wanted to go again. Another group of friends wanted to see a haunted place, and on the way there (within the "reach" I talked about before) they really wanted to hear the story of my last experience. So I began to tell them, and as soon as I said the name Emily, we hit a wall of fog and drove off the road into a cornfield. The driver said his mind and sight went completely blank and he couldn't see at all. After we got back on the road two or three minutes later, there was no fog and very high visibility the entire way.

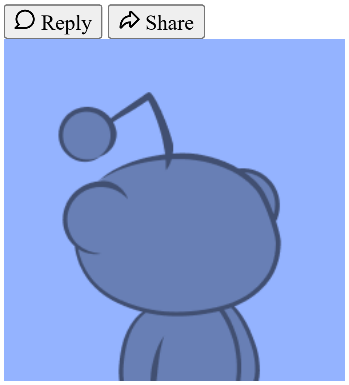
Tl;dr creepy bridge is fucking creepy.

Reply Share

[Cannedbeans](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

The house I currently live in (last ten years) has a place in the corner between two rooms at the end of the hall where I see shadows move, knee and shoulder high. It's during the night, day...when ever. Sometimes 10 times a day, sometimes not for a week. But i'm ALWAYS compelled to say 'I see you, now quit it.' like you would to a child acting silly. I've said other things, and always, I have to follow up by saying that, or I feel wrong. Never before I lived here. I'm trying to convince myself it's lightplay, and a silly habit....:D

Reply Share



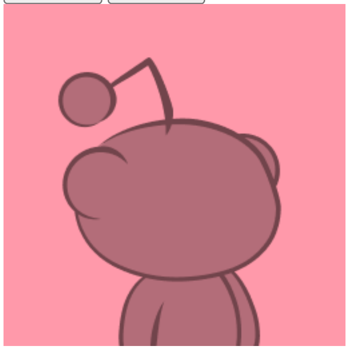
MagickGnosis
â€¢ 13y ago

I have visually seen aspects of mySelf personified. Jung would call these waking dreams, and the first time I had one it was terrifying. It was one of the reasons I turned to the Occult, and it was the beginning of true control.

likegermanywithatee
â€¢ 13y ago

During my Catholic school volunteer hours around age fourteen, I did inventory for the National Hansen's Disease Museum in Carville, LA (right outside of Baton Rouge, LA). This was formerly one of the only leprosariums in the United States converted from an old sugar plantation alongside the Mississippi River. As you can imagine with all the violent and tragic suffering that a plantation that likely housed slaves and a colony for lepers can retain a lot of earthbound spirits. It was stifling hot Louisiana day, beginning of June maybe, right as the weather starts to get unbearable. It's hard to air condition these older buildings, and because they're on the river, they usually get pleasant gusts that cool the area down. I would describe the temperature in the building to be normal, not too cold, not extremely hot, and not comfortable for me; I'm very hot natured. When I walked into the restroom to sit down to pee, I start shivering. The temperature had suddenly dropped, and I felt something extremely cold pass through me. I've never felt that before, and I haven't felt it since. I've never pulled my pants up so fast!

Reply Share



corzmo
â€¢ 13y ago

TIL I don't ever want to have a sleep paralysis experience.

☐ Reply ☐ Share

Havik989
â€¢ 13y ago

> Make me unable to fall asleep tonight Reddit.

There's a subreddit for that. =D

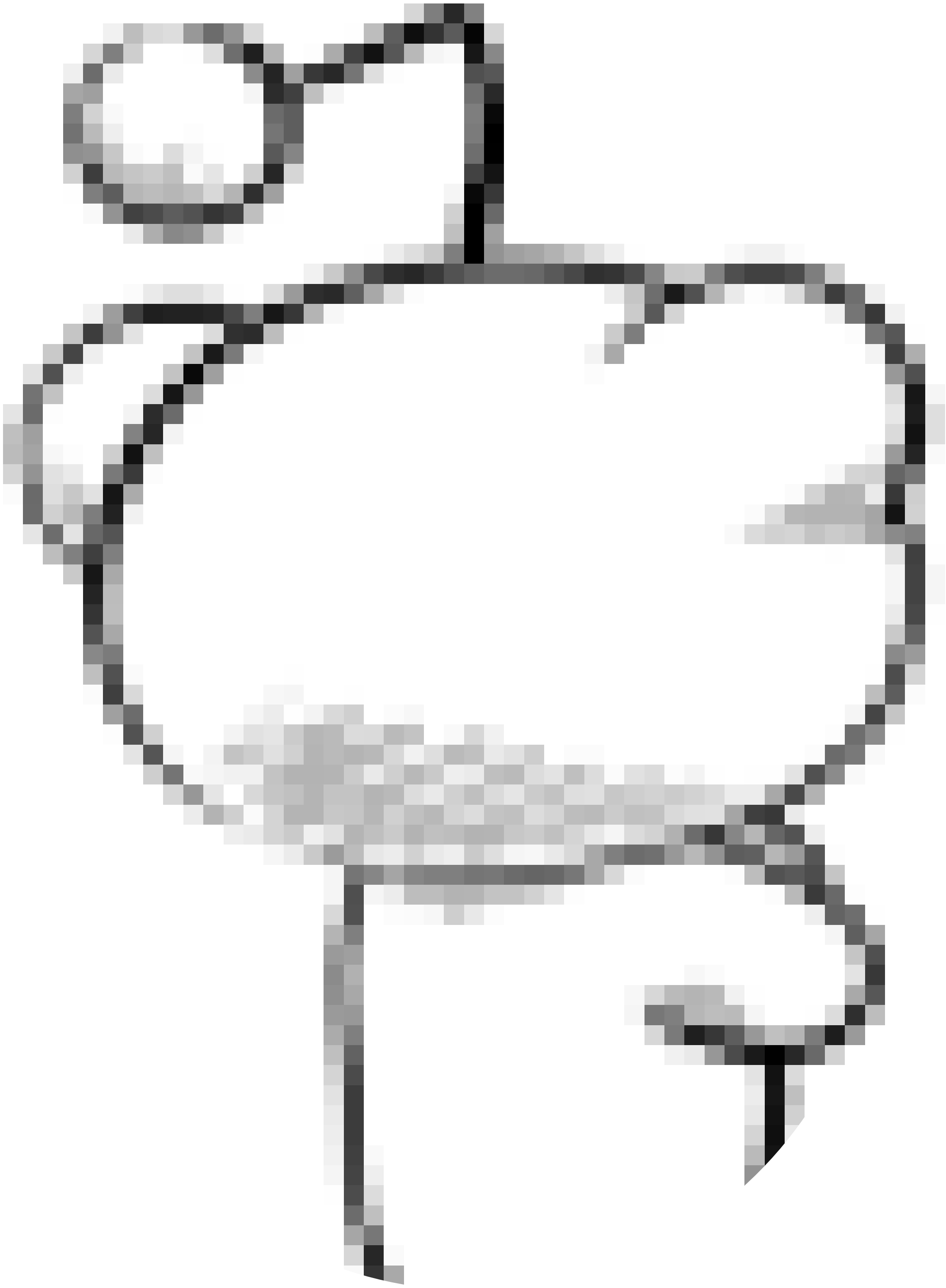
Reply Share

DougChron

â€¢ 13y ago

I was off to my dealers to get my fix. I knew I shouldnt and I should quit. I kept going over the pros and cons. As I was walking there, all the street lights went out right as I walked under them on one block. It was weird. When Im almost at my destination I convinced myself to turn back and when I get back to the same spot all the street lights turn on.

Reply Share

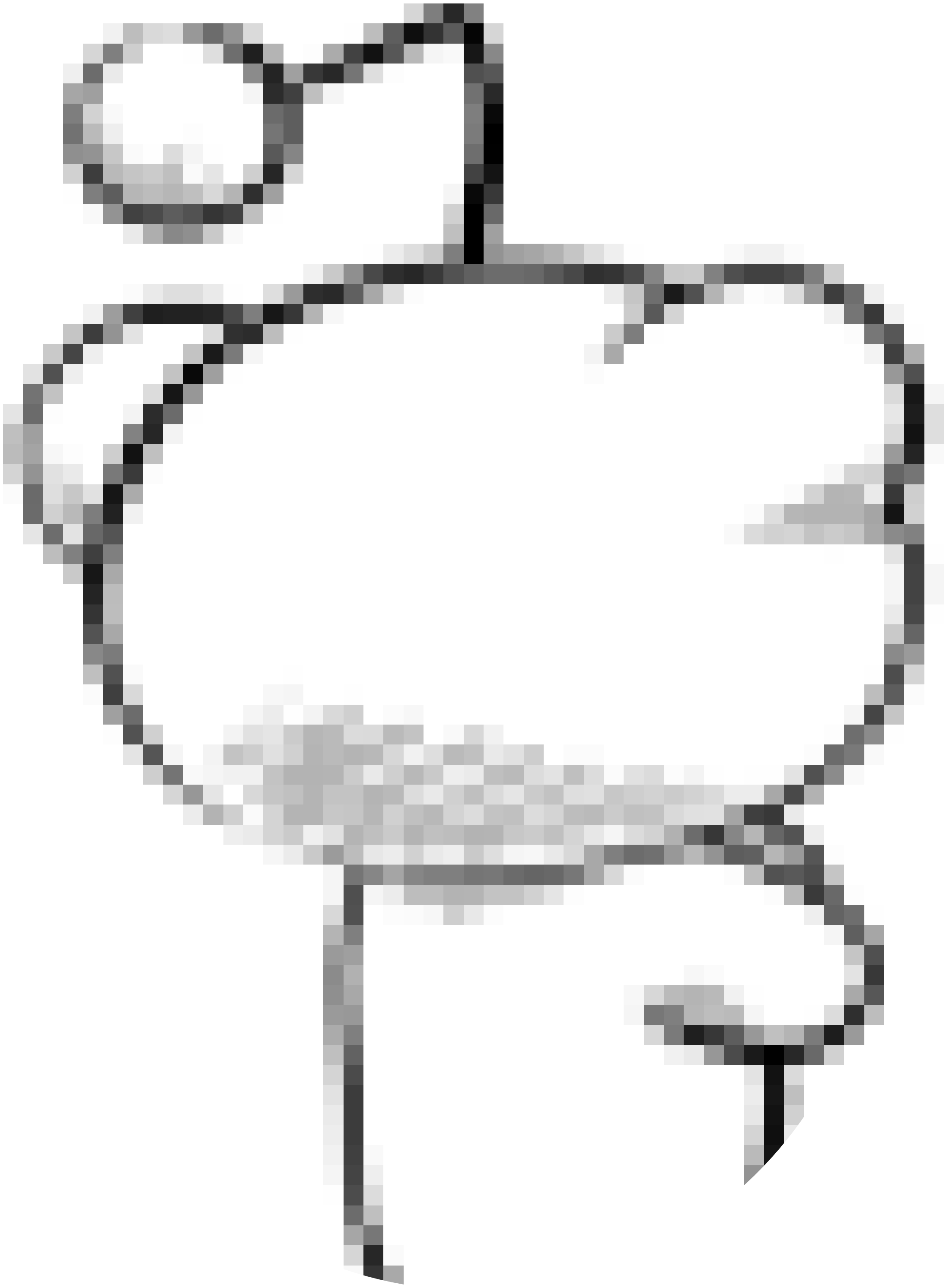


[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I watched a documentary on Constantine(Byzantine emperor) and it showed the importance of the symbol chi-rho. It means Christ and Constantine had his men paint this symbol on their shields.

Next day at Christmas dinner, i look over to one of the children at the part and there's these plastic pearls arranged in the exact same shape as the symbol. Not like badly shaped or anything. EXACTLY like the symbol Chi-Rho.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 13y ago

Lots of these posts seem to be related to sleep paralysis (which can be scary as fuck, but isn't really "supernatural"). So, here's my story, which i doubt involves sleep paralysis.

When i was 9 or 10, my family went on vacation for 2 weeks, and left our cat at home to be fed by a neighbor. On our way home, we stopped at my grandparents' house and i decided to stay with them for a week. When my parents got home, the neighbor told them that our cat had gone into liver failure and she euthanized him because she couldn't contact us (this was before we all had cell phones) to authorize treatment. When my dad called to tell me about it, i was pretty distraught, and wanted to go home, but that wasn't an option because i was a 4 hour drive from home.

When i did get to go home a week later, that night there was this ovalish indentation on the foot of my bed right where the cat used to sleep every night. It was gone in the morning. This continued every night for a couple weeks, then suddenly stopped. It didn't freak me out, really, but i have no logical explanation for why this would happen, and i'm probably 85% sure i wasn't dreaming it.

Reply Share

Saucer-Like
â€¢ 13y ago

not me, but my great grandpa use to tell me stories about the supernatural when i was little. His stories used to scare the shit out of me. one story that sticks with me was one where it was late at night and he went outside to use the restroom.anyways he went outside and he says that he saw a small creature, he called it a goblin like creature, scratching away at the neighbors door and making weird noises. he said he tried to scare it off and the creature just stared at him and then vanished. i've had other people tell me similar stories as well. anyway, he believed in that sort of thing. i remember he use to "cleanse" me when i was little with an egg and some rosemary. once he even waved a black cat over me.

italianradio
â€¢ 13y ago

I was putting my daughter to sleep, laying next to her... and before I could hardly register that feeling of someone rushing up behind you, I heard "Hey!" Like a guy was literally 2 inches from my ear.. I flipped around and fell out of the bed, but no one was there. I wanted to cry.

baboone_2011
â€¢ 13y ago

In our home we have a "ghost" of a little boy. It started when I was alone in the house. My husband had some plants in a covered planter on the kitchen counter, and every time I went to the kitchen for any reason, the cover had been lifted and set askew, always at the same angle. the third time it happened i muttered "stop it!" under my breath. It stopped. A few months later I was going into the kitchen after dark, and just before I switched on the light, i saw a small opaque figure running before me into the kitchen. It happened again several times, and once, the figure appeared to toss a ball to me. Without thinking, I raised my hand to catch the ball.

About six months after we moved in, my mother in law came to visit us. She brought her dogs, who were extremely uncomfortable being in our house, and seemed wary of something. My mother in law, it must be noted, has a felony child abuse conviction, and during the time she was here felt extremely uncomfortable and though we had never mentioned what I had experienced to her, she asked us if we had a ghost, and when we told her what had happened to me, she said, this ghost doesn't like me. Also, my son was feeling very scared and uneasy about something he couldn't put into words. We are religious, and my husband said a prayer to ask for calm and peace on my sons behalf. After my mother in law left, everything returned to normal, without the negative feelings, and as I thought about it, it occurred to me that naturally a child spirit would feel restless and uneasy around someone who had been a child abuser.

When we went on vacation, and left out house in the care of my teenage brother, he called us the first evening, and said "your house is haunted." He was using the bathroom in the middle of the night, and said he had heard a childs laughter and the sounds of child's play.

Its weird, and the "ghost" has never made us feel uneasy about his presence, with the exception of the thing with my mother in law. In fact, we like having his presence around, and this house has always felt like a home to us, and we have never felt threatened, so its nicer than otherwise.

Reply Share

mandragara
â€¢ 13y ago

I was once walking home drunk and really hungry. I said out loud "I really need something to eat" and then I found a packet of mini Bounty chocolate bars on the ground about 5 minutes later. Does that count?

Reply Share

Bizarrobeater
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 13-14 years old, making it about a decade ago, I worked in a small supermarket sweeping the floors after closing time a couple of nights a week. The guy who washed the floors after I had swept them was usually in the store with me, cleaning the bakery before starting on the general store floor.

The day where I had my creepy (but apparently not unexplainable) experience was a day where the cleaning guy hadn't arrived.

So first some other information - I swept the floor after closing time and it took about 2-3 hours depending on the amount of grime. The day with the experience was in the middle of winter so the amount of grime was high and it really dark outside. And here I was a slightly paranoid and easily scared (still not a fan of any kind of horror) 13-14 year old kid sweeping the floor in a otherwise completely abandoned store (people trust each other where I'm from).

My creepy experience was when I reached the kiosk area of the store at the end of my sweeping. The kiosk area had it's own type of floor and was pretty much walled off, for reasons that escapes me, but as soon as I was walking in that area I felt like I was having chills and I felt very down. It passed when I walked away from the kiosk area, but the floors had to be swept. This is of course where I nearly crapped my pants when I was passing the register and saw a person standing behind it. When I looked directly at it - Nothing. When I was passing and out of the corner of my vision - someone was definitely there. It scared the crap out of me, and I all but ran out of the store (after I filled out my time schedule of course - no ghost is going to take my money).

Couple of years later I ran into this article while browsing through cracked. It described what I was seeing and feeling and came with a, in my mind, reasonable explanation.

DeadMansHandA8
â€¢ 13y ago

This was about 10 years ago, me and some friends decided to walk out into the woods and snowboard and sled down this big hill. One of my friends as he hits the bottom of the hill suddenly goes flying like he snagged something. He ends up with a broken ankle and keeps insisting the whole time someone grabbed his leg. We look around to see if there was a branch in the snow or a tree root but nothing turns up. So we joke about it every once and a while but don't think much of it. Fast forward 6 years and one of the guys that was with us is now a cop. He goes to a call and apparently they found the remains of 3 dead hookers, thought to be serial murders in the area. He gets there and almost shits a brick, the spot they pulled the bodies from if right where our friend was "grabbed" and broke his ankle. Still find it kinda freaky to this day.

I7Goblins

â€¢ 13y ago

I was driving home late one night, it was about 1AM, listening to NPR (national public radio). It was 1AM so NPR was playing some random segment from earlier that day. All of a sudden the radio starts to go static and then goes completely silent. I think nothing of it and patiently wait for the radio to come back on, probably some kind of technical hiccup. So after 10 seconds or so, I hear the static come back and then go away. Then there is there is this voice of a man (not the NPR guy who i was listening to), the man sounded sad but assertive as well. This is what he said:

"I dont enjoy killing people, but I am getting good at it."

The radio then went static again and then silent. Ten seconds later NPR came back on. I was very freaked out and confused. It was very dark and I was alone on the road, I kept getting the feeling that someone was sitting in my back seat.

I called NPR the next day to try and find an explanation but they had no answers and said they would look into it and get back to me. Never heard back from them. I first thought it was a prank by whoever was controling the station at that point, but then again it was just a pre-recorded segment and there was no live host or anything running the show...who knows.

I'll never forget the sound of the mans voice and what he said.

TLDR At 1AM in the morning, radio goes static, then silent . A strange male voice then says "I dont enjoy killing people, but I am getting good at it."

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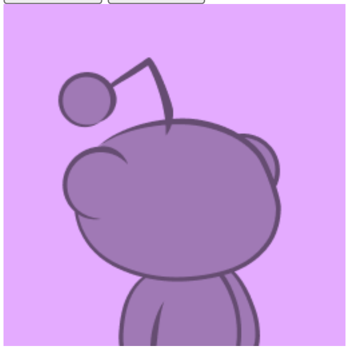


Bronkko

â€¢ 13y ago

no one will probably read this since theres already 2000 posts.. ill preface by saying im agnostic atheist.. but my son's mothers family lived in a very old house in linwood nj (house has since been demo'd) i would occasionally stay at this house when visiting my son while I was living at college. several times i experienced unexplainable things.. I would be completely alone in the house and hear children running and laughing.. water faucets being turned on and off.. and people laughing.. others in the home experienced these things too.

Reply Share

Penguin619
â€¢ 13y ago

The creepiest thing I can think of is that I was sleeping one night while my parents were out of town, so I was home alone, and in my sleep I remember feeling someone punch me right in the center of my chest and I woke up gasping for air and when I looked around I saw a shadowy silhouette near me and I got terrified and went straight back to sleep. I woke up the following morning with a bruise on my chest

Reply Share

Tahir2907
â€¢ 13y ago

Location: Hyde Park, London Date: August 2006 Time: around 2 am

Me and about 10 friends had been out that night. We were in out early twenties (20-24). We decided to play "Hyde" & Seek.

I stupidly decided to be the one to count and they all ran off into the dimly lit park. FYI it is a massive park and was pitch black in certain parts.

When I finished counting I started looking and couldn't find them (obviously) plus when I told them I'd had enough they still wouldn't come out.

It had been a while and I was in an open patch of grass. It was dimly lit but still dark. I noticed near me the was a completely solid black shadow on the grass. It looked out of place because I could see the grass around it. I walked closer to it and it was as of I was looking at emptiness. Litterally complete blackness. It was the shape of a large tombstone (so kind of like a 3d shadow and not just flat on the ground). The part of the tombstone that was standing upright was still but sides were moving. Like a wave upwards to the top of the tombstone. I was shocked because it was so obviously something paranormal and I stepped back and ran to one of the trees screaming at my friends to come out and look. They eventually did and I took them back to where I saw the 3d shadow tombstone. It was gone. Just grass like every other piece of grass. They didn't believe me obviously and still don't.

Crazy huh

Reply Share

Nightly1029
â€¢ 13y ago

I was sitting in my computer chair, average day, and my back started to burn. I took my shirt off and checked the mirror and I had 15 scratches across my back that I didn't have an hour earlier. I don't believe in supernaturals, so I searched Google til I found something that said allergies can present themselves as scratches. I don't know if it's true or not, but that's what I'm sticking with.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Oh, why not...

When I was 13ish I had my first ever dream within a dream. In the first dream I was being chased by a creepy looking dude with shoulder length, black hair. I was not sure why he was chasing me, only that he was and I was frightened to the point of believing my life depended on getting away.

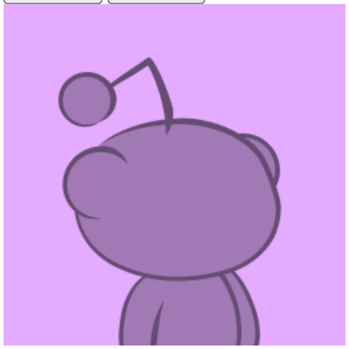
I "awake" from that dream and I'm in my bed but for some reason I cannot move. I struggled and looked down at my feet and see that same guy just looking at me grinning and he starts laughing this incredibly creepy laugh.

When I finally really woke up, I was too scared to even think about looking around for what seemed like hours (obviously it was merely minutes). Finally looked around and all was well. I had never seen anyone resembling him before and chalked it up to simply a nightmare.

Two weeks later I am walking through the local mall and hear someone laughing kind of strangely. I look across the mall and it was the guy from my dream and the laugh was identical. Obviously, he had no clue who I was and did not even notice me. Still scared the shit out of me.

TL;DR: Bumped into creepy laugh guy from nightmare at the mall and almost had to change pants.

Reply Share



mrschivers
â€¢ 13y ago

I've had night terrors for as long as I can remember. When I was four it was small stuff like my favorite doll became evil (though at the time that was terrifying). There was a brief period of drug and alcohol abuse in my teen years when the night terrors stopped, and in my haze I thought they were just gone finally. When I finally got sober, they immediately started again. For a while it was pretty normal, random creepy dude in the shadows stuff. But then this one happened, this one I will never forget. I'll tell it how I perceived it as it happened. As far as I can remember, I went to bed at a normal time after my normal routine. I fell asleep after a relatively short amount of time (also always struggled with insomnia). At about three a.m. I woke up to the phone ringing. Thinking it must be something important, I answered. At first there was just clicking. I was still laying down trying not to fall back asleep, and after a while of nobody answering my "hello"s, I decided to hang up. Just before I pressed the button, a young girl's voice came over the phone asking "Do you want to know what your father told me?" For some reason I panicked, said no, begged her not to tell me. She whispered something I still can't remember and I just remember feeling completely helpless and terrified. And then the laugh started. I wish I could convey the sound of this laugh. It was a horrible cackling and kept getting louder. I woke up and was in sleep paralysis, and the laugh was still there, growing. I kept trying to scream but nothing came out. And I was very aware of a tall, suited man in my peripheral sitting, taking notes. After the hallucinations stopped and I could move, I called my boyfriend (now husband) and just sobbed for about an hour before I could calm down enough to tell him what was wrong. Maybe I'm a pussy, but this was the most terrifying night of my life.

Reply Share

[nolimbs](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was working in a very expensive home in West Vancouver. The house itself was pretty creepy, a very old bungalow style thing that was gutted and turned into a multi-million dollar home. It had a wierd cement face in the wall by the front door, which I always found really odd.

A series of odd things happened in this house.

We were painting the baseboards and, as you would, we taped them off. When we went to pull the tape off the lower portion of the baseboard where it meets the floorboard... the tape we pulled off was literally CAKED in woodbugs. This wasn't just in one part of the house, it was the entire house. Weird thing is, there were very few bugs in the home itself. So that was for sure one of the creepiest things I've seen, but it gets weirder.

Painting walls. Whats this... the paint is bubbling off the wall? So we start investigating, usually that's a sign of water damage. Well, we pull the paint off the wall down to bare drywall and found something I still can't really put into words. As a painter for the last 5 years, it was hard for me to see something on a wall and not be able to pin it. But this was a strange black substance. Not ink, not mold, not paint. Neither myself nor the journeyman painter I was with could figure it out. This shit was all over the wall, in very weird patterns. Almost looked like someone smeared it on the drywall with their hands. Kinda looked like writing or symbols. Still gives me the chills to think about.

I'm working upstairs one day by myself and I hear the sound of a paint can crash to the ground downstairs. I had my dog with me. We both heard it. I go down there, nothing. None of my cans were moved. Dog is on edge, crouched as if he's stalking something. I hear footsteps above me. Hands down the most supernatural experience I've ever had.

I talked to the owners about it later and I shit you not, they were moving because they believed the house was haunted. I had no idea, but they also had some weird occurrences like radios turning on and off, and phantom noises. At one point a CD player turned on and started playing "I'll be watching you" by Sting even though it wasn't in the deck.

I honestly still get the chills thinking about that house.

bmoney17
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a couple. I'll try to keep them brief.

My grandpa owns a cattle farm in Northeastern Oklahoma. His aunt owned it, left it to him in her will. She was a hoarder, and eventually had so much crap that she had to move out of the farm house and into a trailer home on the property. After she passes away, I always felt like someone was watching us from the old farm house. Once I thought I saw someone in window, but did a double take and there was no one there. Another time we were inside the house going through old boxes and what not. Opened a cabinet built into the bedroom wall, and heard a loud thud. Grandpa said he didnt' hear it, but he was standing across the room from me.

Another time, when I was about 11 or 12 I was sleeping over at my uncles house. Everyone slept upstairs. I was sleeping on the couch downstairs. I woke up in the middle of the night and saw a man in a red and white striped suit standing at the end of the couch. He turned, smiled at me, put on a red top hat, and walked through the wall into the back yard. I was scared, but went back to sleep. When I told everyone the next day, no one believed me and laughed it off.

One__upper__
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a freaky occurrence that gives me chills every time I tell it.

When I was about seventeen I was at a small wooded hiking area that also had some fairly large hills. My friends and I went there quite often to smoke weed. Well, on one of these excursions we were on a large hill/rock face that overlooks one of the trails below it. Right as we were about to light up I went to the edge of the hill and saw someone walking the trail towards us and told my friend to hold up on lighting the joint. I turn back around to see if the person was still walking our way, the trail split near where he was, and there was no person to be seen. Where I was located I could see all the trails around and there was no way the person could have walked away without me seeing him. I was only turned around for at most three seconds. Also, we had not yet smoked that day so I was in no way under the influence of drugs at that point.

Another strange thing about that person was that even though it was the summer and quite warm, the person was fully clothed and appeared to be wearing some sort of large jacket.

Other people have witnessed strange events in the same place and I'm convinced it is haunted. I am also very skeptical of supernatural things to this day, but there is no rational explanation for what I saw.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

One time my phone disappeared. I distinctly remember setting it on a table next to my bed and plugging it into my charger, but when I woke up in the morning it was gone. I searched my entire house for two days looking for it and it was nowhere to be found. I lived with my parents at the time, but there is no way one of them would have taken it.

I seriously think someone broke into my house and stole nothing but my phone just to fuck with me.

Reply Share

ThePseudomancer
â€¢ 13y ago

One day my neighbor was at my house. I always liked pranking my friends, so I was trying to convince him my house was haunted. I really had no idea where I was going with this, but I thought I'd tell him some creepy story about the house.

We were in my kitchen and it was really breezy because the window was open.

"That's the spirit now," I said. He looked unconvinced.

"It's just the wind..."

Suddenly the window slammed shut. He took off running out of the house screaming like a girl.

Of course, from experience I knew it was just because the window was loose. This often happened when we put the window up, but my friend was scared shitless and even I was a bit unnerved by the timing of the whole thing.

Still, being the young skeptic that I was, I chalked it up to coincidence.

Reply Share

TheOregonian
â€¢ 13y ago

Walking through the park at midnight, full moon, with my cousins and brother. Halfway through we see a ghostly figure dash through the park at inhuman speed. Not so fast we couldn't recognize it, but not slow enough to get closer to it. It was a slightly glowing figure making it very visible with the moonlight and transparent with a perfect and undistorted human shape. I've never thrown out the possibility of ghosts but since then I certainly know they exist. It was either definitely a ghost or someone using some crazy Scooby-Doo style projection machine.

Reply Share

Zanizelli
â€¢ 13y ago

I lived in Oregon with my family when I was 10-12. We lived in a two story house, near town. I had my bedroom down in the basement, with my bed against the wall parallel to the stairway upstairs, so you could see the hallway leading up to them, but not the right turn up them. One night I was sitting in my bed, drawing and listening to music. I suddenly felt like someone was watching me.. I took my headphones off, and looked around the room. I didnt see anything, so I went back to drawing. After a few minutes of drawing, I felt it again, but I also heard someone on the stairs, like they were pacing back and forth. I got up to look up the stairs, but no one was there. Feeling pretty creeped out, I went back to bed. After pulling my blankets up to get comfy, I looked down the hallway one more time.. I saw a face peeking out at me from the stairs.

It had no emotion, no features, just... eyes, staring at me. I felt a jolt go down my spine. I freaked the fuck out, and kinda yelped. I blinked once or twice before it finally vanished. I never had any other problems in that house before we moved, but I'll never forget that feeling of being watched, and seeing that fucking face looking at me. :/

Reply Share

NessyMonster
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about nine my family went to stay with my step-mothers parents for Christmas. The first night there at about midnight, while I'm lying in bed trying to sleep, I hear a baby start crying in the next room. There is not a single baby in the house, but earlier in the day my step-mom had told me that one of her nephews had died in that room when he was just a baby. Scared the shit out of me. I still can't decide if I actually heard a ghost or if my step-mom and dad were just fucking with me.

EDIT: I also heard noises like people walking around during the night, but I wrote that off as old house creaks.

Reply Share

[ethnicallyambiguous](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I canâ€™t remember exactly when this happened. Iâ€™d say somewhere around 1994-1996. My cousinâ€™s bedroom was in the attic. On the wall at the top of the stairs was a light fixture common to basements and attics; nothing but a naked light bulb with a short pull chain. We were watching TV at around 9pm with the only lights being the large TV and the light bulb sticking out from the wall. The TV went to static suddenly, as if the signal was lost. Then the bulb in the light fixture wentâ€¦ down. Not out completely, but became dim. It was still enough light to see by, barely, but it was so dim that I could see the filament glowing, more red than orange.

The TV was all static, including white noise. Then over the white noise, but still coming from the TV, we heard a voice. A deep, foreboding voice that was perfectly clear despite the static in the background. It spoke, calmlyâ€¦

â€œHe is the magic man.â€

A second or two went by and the TV went back to normal. Then the light at the top of the stairs went back to normal. We looked at each other, unsure of what happened, and just started laughing. Not that it was funny, but I think thatâ€™s just how we dealt with the, â€œWhat the fuck just happened?â€ feeling. I thought maybe there was a power surge or brown-out and maybe a neighboring channelâ€™s audio bled through, but we surfed surrounding channels and even checked the TV guide. We found nothing we thought would have accounted for what we heard. We also learned that no one else in the house experienced any power surges or TV interruption.

We continued to watch TV. About 10 minutes later, a large jar candle (unlit) sitting on top of the TV fell to the floor. It was nowhere near the edge and was rather heavy, so as much as I would like to believe it was simply vibrations from the TV that led it to slide off, I canâ€™t quite convince myself.

Iâ€™ve never been able to explain it, and about once a year Iâ€™ll ask the Google machine about it, but to no avail. Itâ€™s the only paranormal experience Iâ€™ve ever had that I canâ€™t explain away. I still wonder who The Magic Man is.

Reply Share

r0ckstead
â€¢ 13y ago

I've posted this in the past, but I think it's worth retelling here.

I was having an intense lucid nightmare in which I became convinced that my parents were in danger and I had to contact them. Aware that I was dreaming I was desperately trying to find a way to wake up or contact them from within my dream. I was completely distraught, convinced that they would die, when some sort of spirit guided me to this ridiculous machine through which I could call the waking world. It was a mess of levers, dials, buttons and switches and I had to wind it up to get it to start working. I frantically pressed, wound and jabbed at the thing until suddenly it sparked into life and i could hear a crackled faint ring tone. Suddenly it went through and i heard my mother say 'hello' before I abruptly woke up. I was lying in bed for just a few minutes calming down from the intensity of the dream before my mum called me. She asked why I had called her from the house phone and hung up just moments before... the only house phone is three floors away from mine, I have never sleep walked in my life and I woke up in bed just after she received the call...

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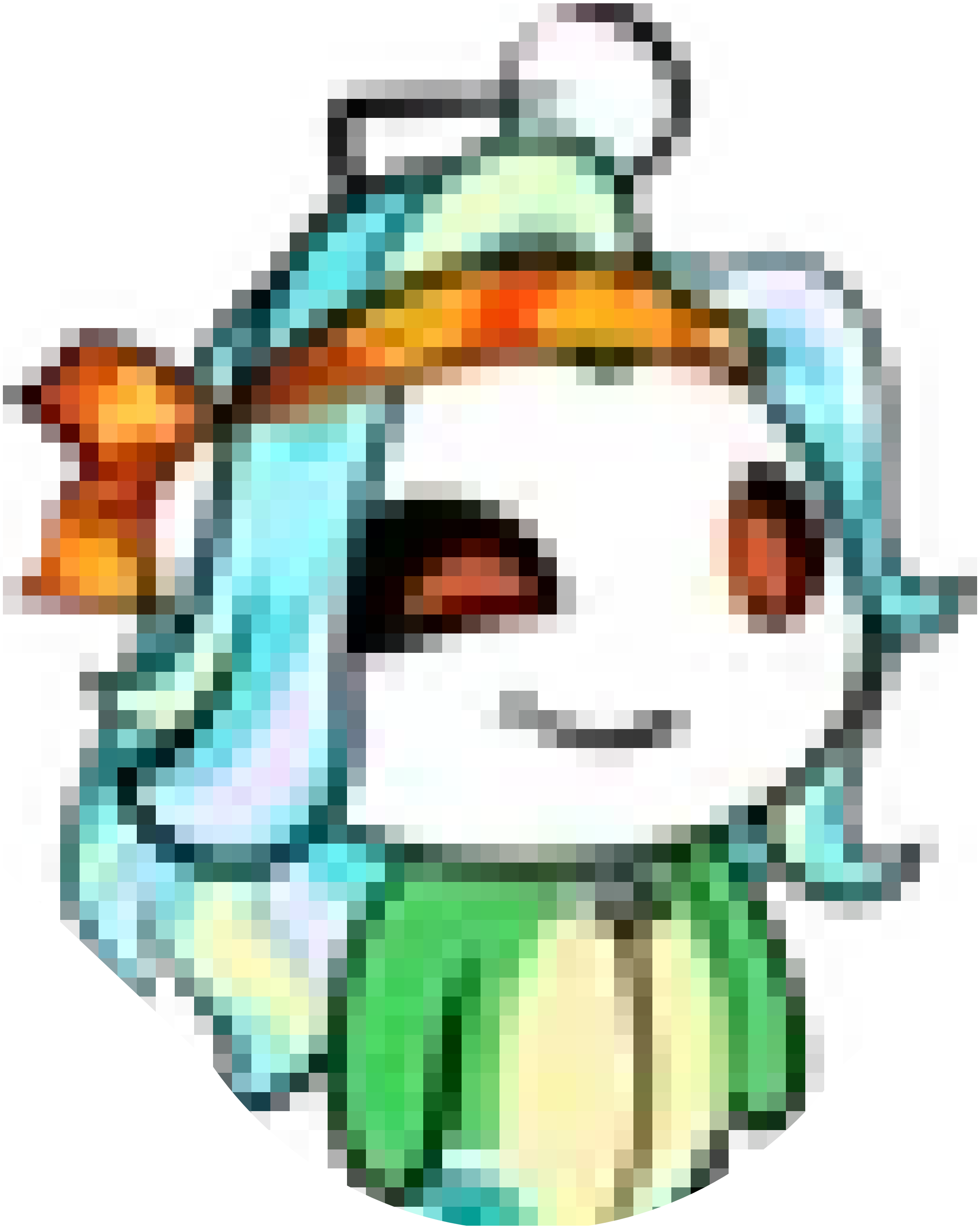
foslforever
â€¢ 13y ago

re-directed from r/skeptic haha

Reply Share



[pmchiu](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

4Chan

AndersonOllie
â€¢ 13y ago

My mums best friend has all kinds of stuff happen to her, like all the time. Plenty of her friends and boyfriends had weird stuff happen at the house, although strangely i did some babysitting there quite often and never experienced anything at all, ever, maybe im not susceptible to that kinda stuff which is lucky because i would lose my shit.

Anywho, i could list her stories for hours, but here are two different stories that are quite weird -

1. She gets the new (at the time) Coldplay album on her new ipod and sets off to work as normal. She listens to a few tracks, not bad, then this sample starts playing. "This is interesting, quite weird for Coldplay but ok", after a minute or so she checks the ipod and the song name is as it should be and playing fine. Eventually it stopped and went on to the next track. "Well that was a weird track". She tells my mum about it at work and asks if she'd heard the album, she hadn't so they put it on. She attempts to play the track which was only a strange sample, but it is a song this time. She has no idea whats going on, so plays the rest of the songs to try to find the sample track. Nothing. It never played again. What she heard was an audio recording of what sounded like a kids playground, lots of kids playing and screaming all usual stuff, but she could hear a young kid sobbing amongst the noise.

2. Like i said, shed experienced things almost every day in this house (as had her friends and family) but her husband was always giving explanations for the events and brushing them off. I'm a sceptic too, but i'll relay the story. One night they're watching tv, sat at the back of a small room which faced a door which opened out to the hall way by the front door to the house. They're sat there all relaxed watching tv when a figure passes the door slowly (from the front door to the house up the hallway) they get a good few seconds of this figure walking passed the doorway until it is out of view. They both saw it. At the same time. Nobody said a word. He is full-blown sceptic but to this day is obviously shitting himself when he recounts the experience, and cannot explain it.

Plenty more stories about this woman but these two stuck in my mind.

kingofallwildthings
â€¢ 13y ago

Not me, but my mom--

When she was 19, she awoke in the middle of the night to see a small boy crouched beside her bed, fiddling with his hands and smiling. She blinked a few times to ensure that she was not just seeing things, and bit her lip so she knew she was awake. After a few minutes, the boy looked up, saw my mom, and drifted up towards the ceiling, and fizzled out.

[robodrew](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Back in 2000, I was on a trip to Israel. The final night of our trip we were in Jerusalem and it happened to be during the height of Ramadan. I was staying with my group in a youth hostel that happened to have no roof, and while we were settling in for the night I looked out towards the Dome of the Rock and saw what appeared to me to be a large black line, as if made of shadow, coming out from the very top of the dome and going straight up into the clouds in the sky. I walked around the hostel asking people what that was all about, and no one would answer me. Some people would even look away from me once I asked. So I took out my camera and began taking pictures.

About a month later I finally got the pictures developed (this was before digital cameras became popular). As I was looking through the pictures, I got to the section from our last night in Jerusalem. When I got to the pictures of the Dome, it was just black. I thought "ah, crap, they didn't come out, must have been too dark." But then I took a look at the negative - and it hadn't been developed at all. Even more than that, it looked to have not even been *exposed*.

Now, I'm not a religious person anymore or superstitious in the least, but that freaked me the fuck out and, to this day, I have never gotten a decent explanation.

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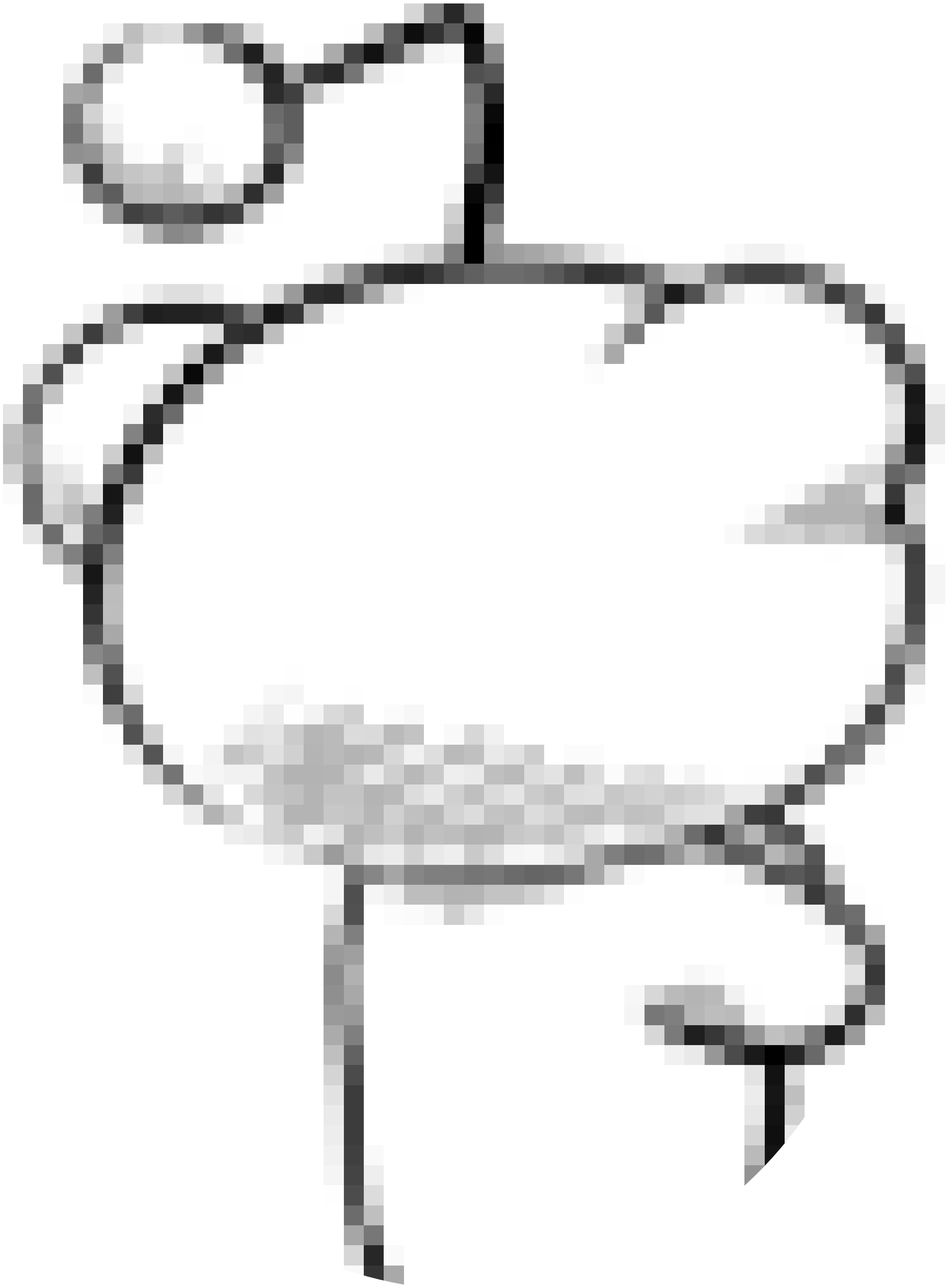


docwilson
â€¢ 13y ago

The night before my dad died I woke up with a strange sense of certainty that my dad would die the next day. It was so compelling that I didn't bring a lunch to work, I just knew they'd be calling me off the job before lunch. About 10:00 AM, one of my supervisors rolled up on the jobsite. I knew this was it, I went and got in his jeep before he could even call me over. He looked at me and said "your mom needs you, son." I said, "I know". Sure enough, when I got home all my relatives were there trying to comfort my grieving mother.

taywick
â€¢ 13y ago

You know that feeling you get when you're dreaming about walking down the stairs and you miss a step and jolt awake? I get that feeling too, but it's right before I fall asleep, and I hear someone urgently whisper my name. It's always a different voice, but it always freaks me out enough that I can't sleep very well after that.

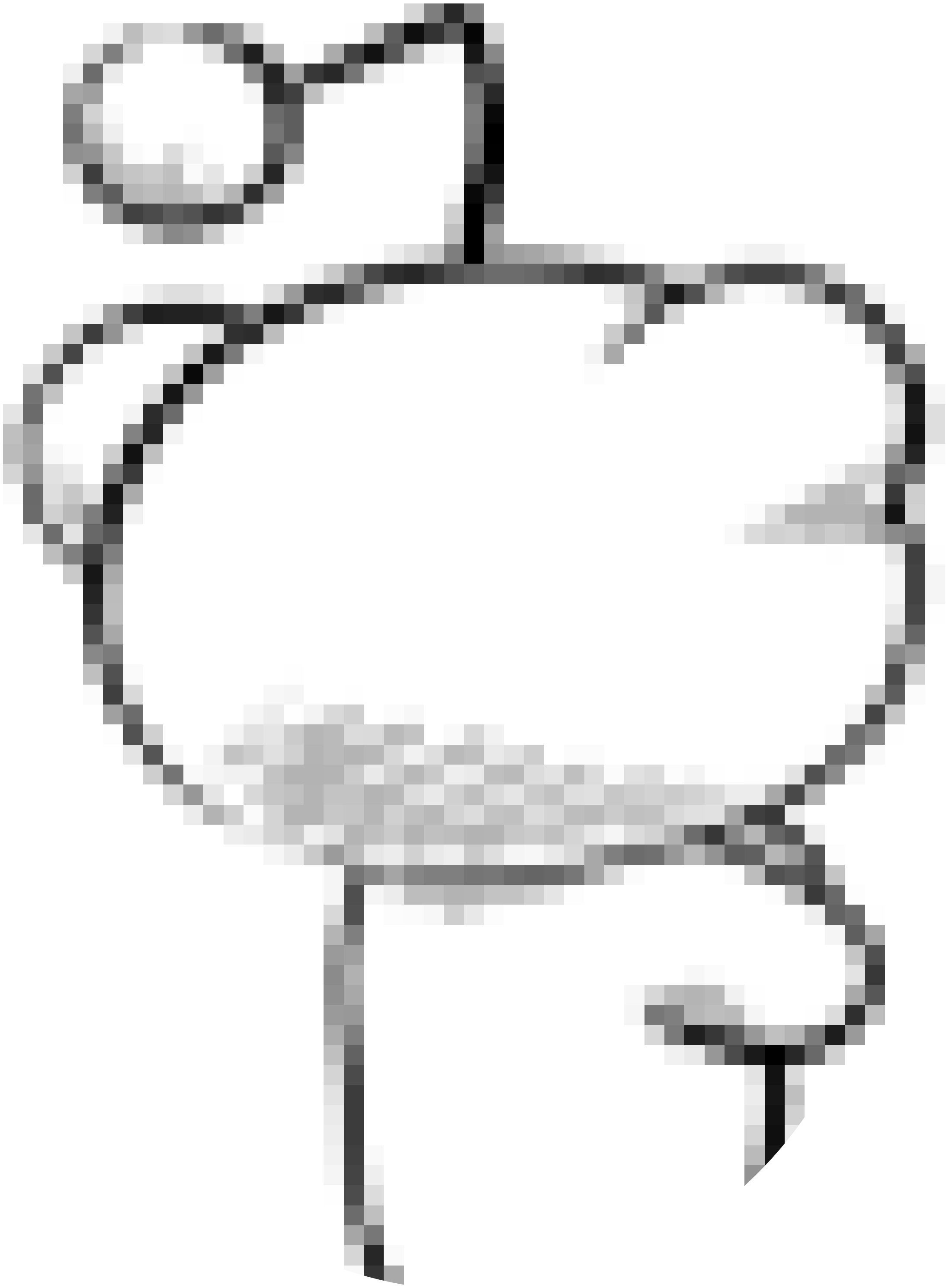
TheMoldyBread
â€¢ 13y ago

Me and my family (Mom and brother) loved to go skiing in the NE on one such particular trip after skiing and staying at a hotel my mom decides to visit an old friend who lives out in the woods. This was before gps was a thing so we're out there checking on houses and addresses when we get to one of those old farm houses. Now if you've been to the backwoods of New England you know what kind of house im talking about, one of those old houses where instead of taking down the old house everyone would just build onto it another room giving it a sort of frankenstien house kind of appearance where the upstairs and downstairs don' t match and the exterior is made of different colors. Anyways we pull up to this old house and some old lady out in the front yard walks into the house through the front door. We figured we were at the wrong house and drove around some more.

Turns out that we had it right the first time, and after driving up and down some old roads we make it back to the house. My mom brings us all up to the door which is covered in those bells that sound like a wind chime every time you open it, knocks and lo and behold her friend appears and invitees us inside. Now if I had thought the exterior f the place was a little creepy the interior downright gave me goosebumps. This place was empty like spooky empty everything seemed dusty and dimly lit. Being my young self i tried not to be alone in any room. Anyways small talk is made beverages are served house is toured and my mom gets to the question of who was the woman in front of the house. The guy explains there was no woman, he lives alone and he's had no other guest today.

Then we see it. A picture of an old woman on one of those dusty desks. Looks just like her. It was a picture of his mother. Who had passed away.

Needless to say i was happy when we left.



Sundogx2
â€¢ 13y ago

Chaaaarlie.

affan077
â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't as creepy as some of the other posts, but I scared the crap out of my friends and I. It was when Paranormal Activity 2 came out. I absolutely hate scary movies about paranormal stuff. It just creeps me out. My friends convinced me to go to a late showing, and then we were going to walk in the woods by friends house because we thought it would be fun/scary. Well we get tonhis house stand at the tree line, and decide that this is stupid and its to late to walk in the woods. So we went back to my friends house to watch a comedy or something to lighten the mood. We are all sitting in his basement talking about how the movie wasn't scary, and how we should have gone into the woods when suddenly this glass dolphin falls off a shelf and shatters. We all stop talking and look at the glass dolphin. I think we were dead silent for a few minutes because it scared us so much. I don't know how it fell. We were all on the other side of the room sitting down. Still gives me chills just thinking about it.

rella333
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandpa, whose name was Ernie, passed away rather suddenly when I was a teenager. He was driving through a mountain pass, felt strange, pulled over at a rest stop and died on the side of the road of a heart attack. That night, (before we knew he was dead) my then two year old brother woke up sobbing. My mom went down to his bedroom and asked him what was wrong and he said "Ernie's crying". At the time we thought he meant the Sesame Street Ernie...

peon47
â€¢ 13y ago

This one is perfectly explainable, but was still creepy.

Got up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. Came back, and there was someone asleep in my bed. The weird thing was that, for some reason, I wasn't surprised. Just annoyed. So I bent down to shake them awake and get them out of my bed, and then I woke up and I *swear* I felt a hand on my shoulder.

cconrad0825
â€¢ 13y ago

After living with my grandparents, mom, and brother for 2 years following my parents divorce, my mother remarried. My stepfather a widower, had 3 kids, two of who were grown and a daughter my brothers age. Being that there were two boys, my new sister changed to the smaller bedroom so my brother and I could have the larger room. One evening, I woke up in the middle of the night at 3am and once my eyes adjusted to the dark I saw a woman standing at the foot of my bed. I called out "mom, mom is that you?" When she didn't answer I assumed it was my grandmother and once she didn't respond to that I ran out of the room, and woke my parents. I was given the usual schpeel that it was a nightmare and go back to bed.

Fast forward 12 years. Right before I went to university, I was watching Donnie Darko with my step-sister. We got on a subject similar to this and I told her of this experience from years before. As I told her the story, her face became pale and she quietly asked me, "What was she wearing?" I replied it seemed to be a white gown, sort of like what you'd wear for formal times but in the modern fashion. When I described the details of the gown, she became even more shaken. She replied finally, "That is what my mother was burried in..."

pehatu
â€¢ 13y ago

Playing as kids at a friend house when we started playing with an old battery powered electronic keyboard, just hitting creepy sounding music on it. We start telling scary stories and the piano makes a noise on its own. We freak out and run around the house and hide downstairs. We hear the piano play some more.

We run back upstairs and pull the batteries out of it and throw it into his parents room before running back downstairs. It STILL makes some noises.

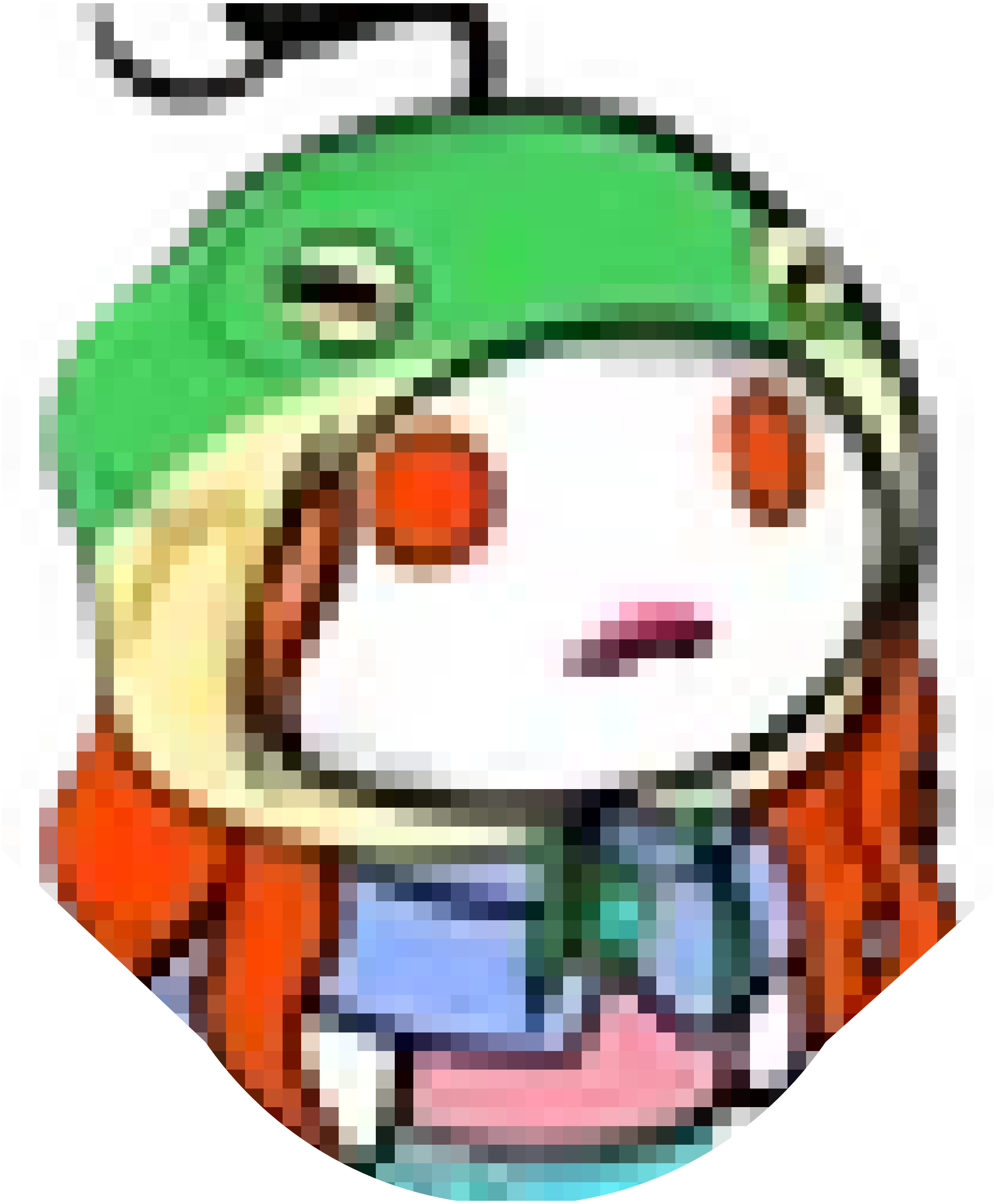
We were laughing so much at how weird it was, but even as an adult I can't explain how it would've worked. The batteries were out of it for too long to be residual charge.

Reply Share

Kiriev
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened a few years ago. I was about to go outside when suddenly, I heard the TV turn on. I went into the living room. No one was there. Then, as I was about to grab the remote to turn it off, the channel switched to #2. Then it went back to #1 as I watched it, and the remote was lying perfectly still. This was an old CRT TV, and someone later told me it happened because of spikes in the electrical current. Can someone confirm or deny that this can happen? It is hands down the creepiest thing I ever experienced.

Reply Share



indecentdeer
â€¢ 13y ago

It's not really a ghost story, but still freaks me. I often experience sleep paralysis, particularly if I fall asleep on my back. When this occurs, my brain will wake up, but my entire body cannot move. It's only happened maybe five or six times, but the first time it occurred was a week after my aunt's funeral. Here's a little back story. Before my aunt's funeral, my mother, father, and later I all experienced dreams about her, telling us how wonderful it was where she was. My mother, her sister, continued to have these dreams. A few days after my aunt's funeral, her ex husband died from tooth decay. Anyway, the first time I experienced sleep paralysis that I remember was a little while after their deaths. I remember waking up, and being able to see the room I was in, which was my brain recalling it as my eyes were closed. Suddenly, I felt a weight on my chest, and I couldn't breathe. I didn't see anything, or hear anything, but my aunt was the first person I thought of. I fought to breathe, and to move my body, but I attributed it to the weight in my chest. Somehow, I was finally able to either wake up, or my mind was able to fall back to sleep. As I got older, and the sleep paralysis occurred more, I didn't think my aunt was trying to kill me. I still feel the weight, and my heart will race as an overwhelming feeling that someone is trying to kill me. I'll fight to scream, to wake up, but I have eventually learned to relax my body and fall back asleep. To this day, though, my mother still has dreams. She attempted suicide once, but is more stable as time goes by.

Reply Share

kdf317
â€¢ 13y ago

So here's mine for what it's worth. Not really a believer in this sort of stuff but can't argue with my senses on this one. I was in my early 20's and in the house I grew up in. I remember the night stood out cause it was just me and my brothers dog Wilson, home alone. It got late so I shut off all the lights downstairs and retired up to my room, Wilson in tow. We started to hear unmistakable sounds from downstairs. It was as if someone was moving pots and pans around frantically. I knew it wasn't in my head cause of the look on Wilsons face, very still, very intent on listening. We stood there for about 15minutes frozen - the noises slowly tapered. After a while of silence we both went down stairs and found nothing. No clue what it was, but it was loud and persistent.

qwerty1312
â€¢ 13y ago

Im sure this isnt going to be very believable to some ney sayers but I may as well share it. I recently moved into my new house with my sister and mom. Its a pretty big house, and it always feels kind of empty and mysterious, but its usually very bright and content, if that makes any sense. Anyways, we have this back room with a long hallway that goes to it. My mom uses it for her crafting room and it is very colorful and bright inside. Not scary or gloomy at all. To get to my room, I have to walk past it everynight and because its usually not a place to be afraid of, im never on edge to be by it at night. Well one night, I was xboxing it up until like 9 or so. My mom and sister were sleeping and I was getting off to go to sleep. I walk past it once to go to my room to get a towel, and as im walking past it this tall open mouthed man was walking out. I was just seeing this out of the corner of my eye and thought little of it, though it did startle me. Im walking out of my room with my towel and guess who I see out of the corner of my eye? You guessed it. At this point i was just assuming I was tired, but i normally stay up pretty late, so this should not be the case. I figure a shower will clear my mind, so I take a hot one, and begin walking back. Dont ask me what possessed me to look strait into the hallway and walk into it, because I regret it now. He just speed walked right up to me and looked like he was screaming, but I didn't hear anything. I was about to go into cardiac arrest when my sister came through and turned on the light. I told her, she told me I was a dope, and to clean up my nose and lips. I had no clue what she was talking about until I checked in the mirror. My lips and nose were bleeding very rapidly and there was blood dripping from my chin. Needless to say I swapped rooms with the guest room downstairs...

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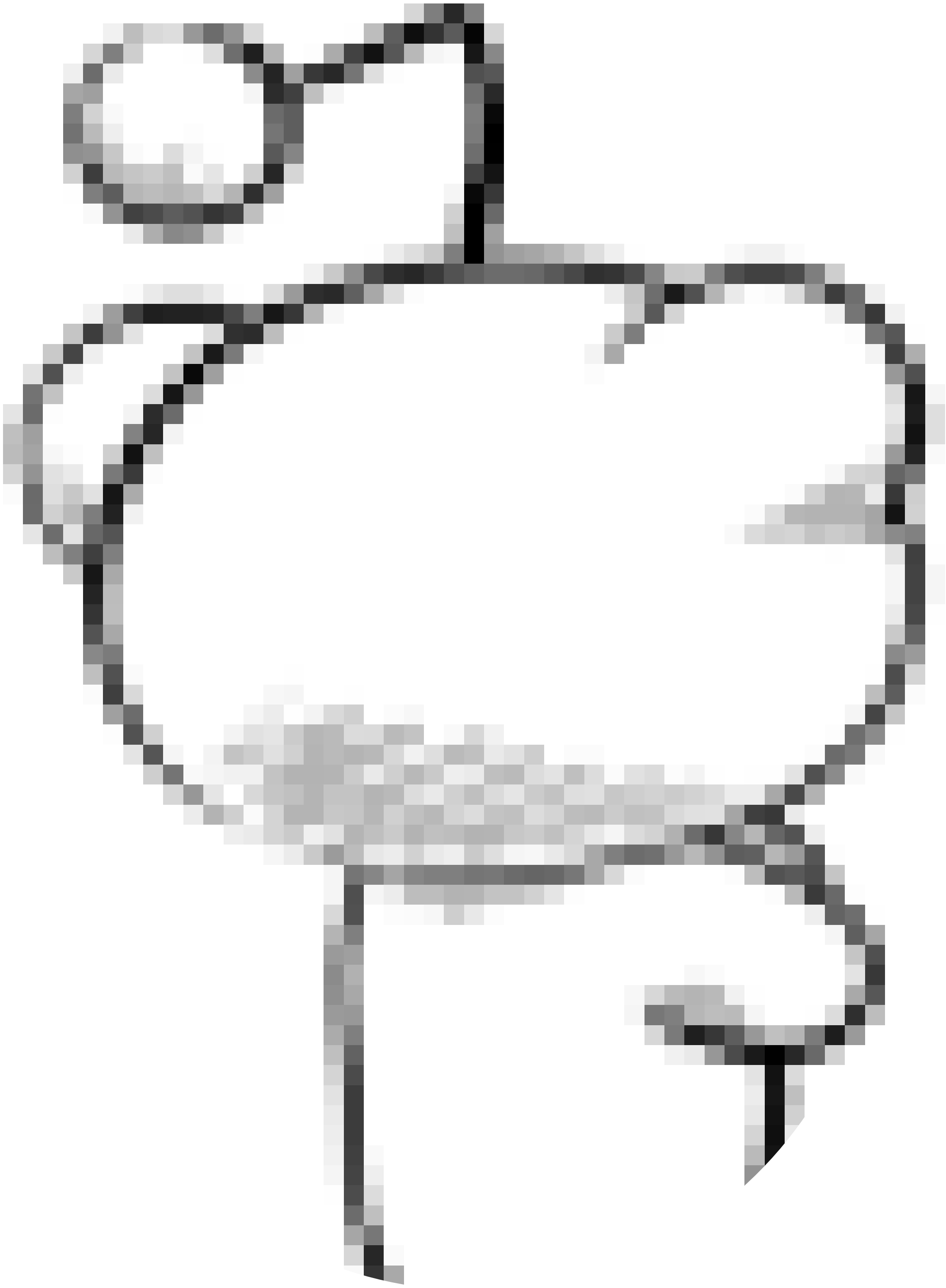

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â€¢ 13y ago

I'm probably late to this party, but hey;

In my house, it's relatively small, I hear footsteps coming from upstairs. Naturally, I check, and I can hear voices coming from my brothers room. I go in, check every possible place, nothing.

Watching TV a couple of hours later, there are stomping sounds coming from upstairs. My brother notices them too, so we each grab a knife and go up. When we got to the landing, there were to people shouting at each-other in tongues - unrecognisable, but they were obviously communicating. We went in and turned on the light, and these shadow-like figures disappeared before us. As they do this, my dog starts barking like he never has before. We run downstairs as he's barking out the window, so we let him out and he chases something to the back of the garden then growls for a good ten minutes. We call our parents, no reply, so we go back to the TV.

About ten minutes later, there were massive crashing noises and all the lights dim. There's a high pitched whine like one that comes out of an old TV. I go up, the lights come back up and everything from the walls had fallen off. I ran out of the house, and called until my parents picked up. We stayed at my friends that night, and I have never been as scared.

This was a couple of weeks before Christmas and when we came back the next day the house felt normal, and all I've seen since are shadows in my room which were present well before that incident.

TL;DR - voices, stomping, dog barking and all of the shit from my walls fell down.

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â€¢ [13y ago](#)

The behavior of my ex-wife. Period.

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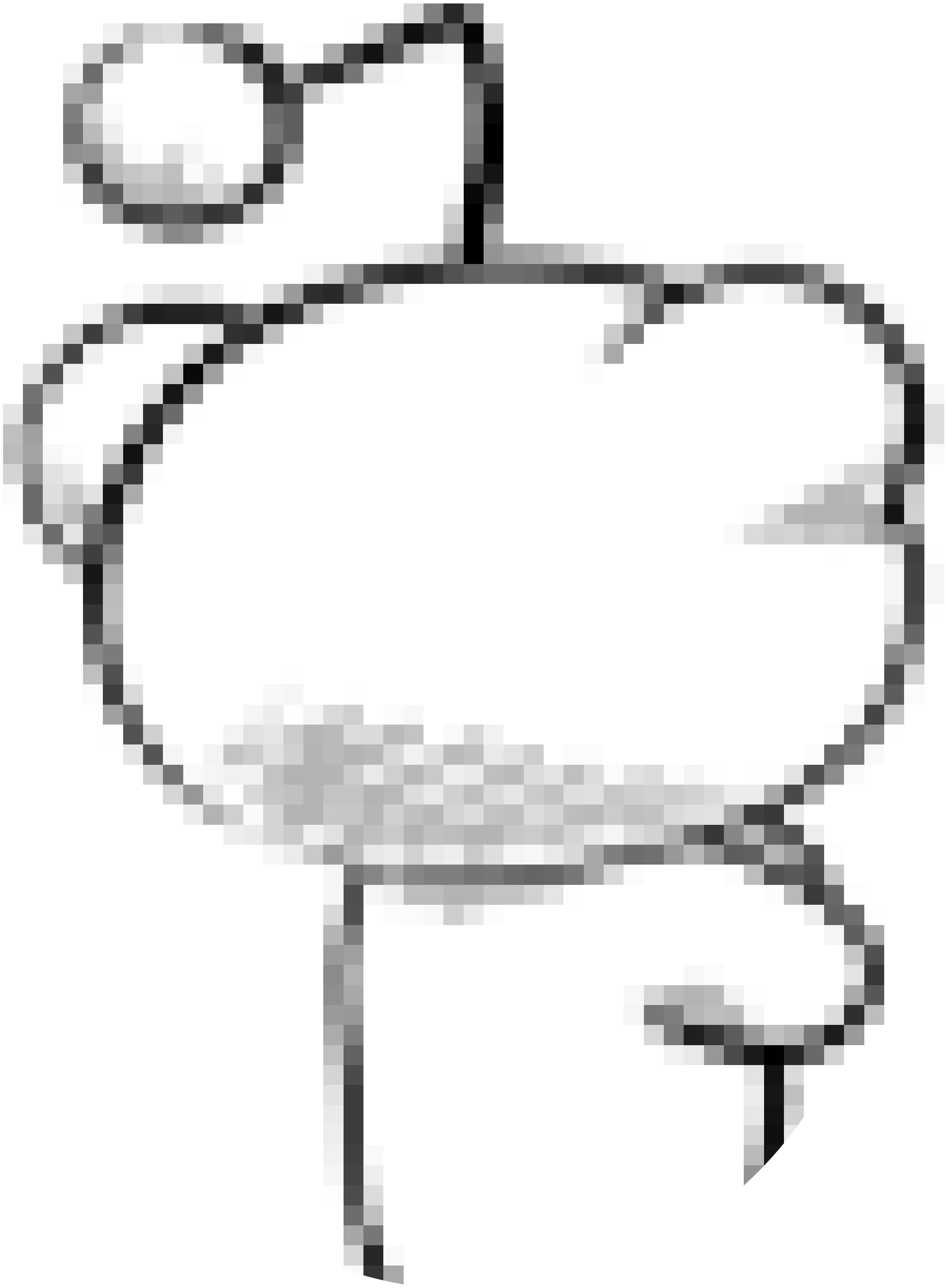

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â€¢ 13y ago

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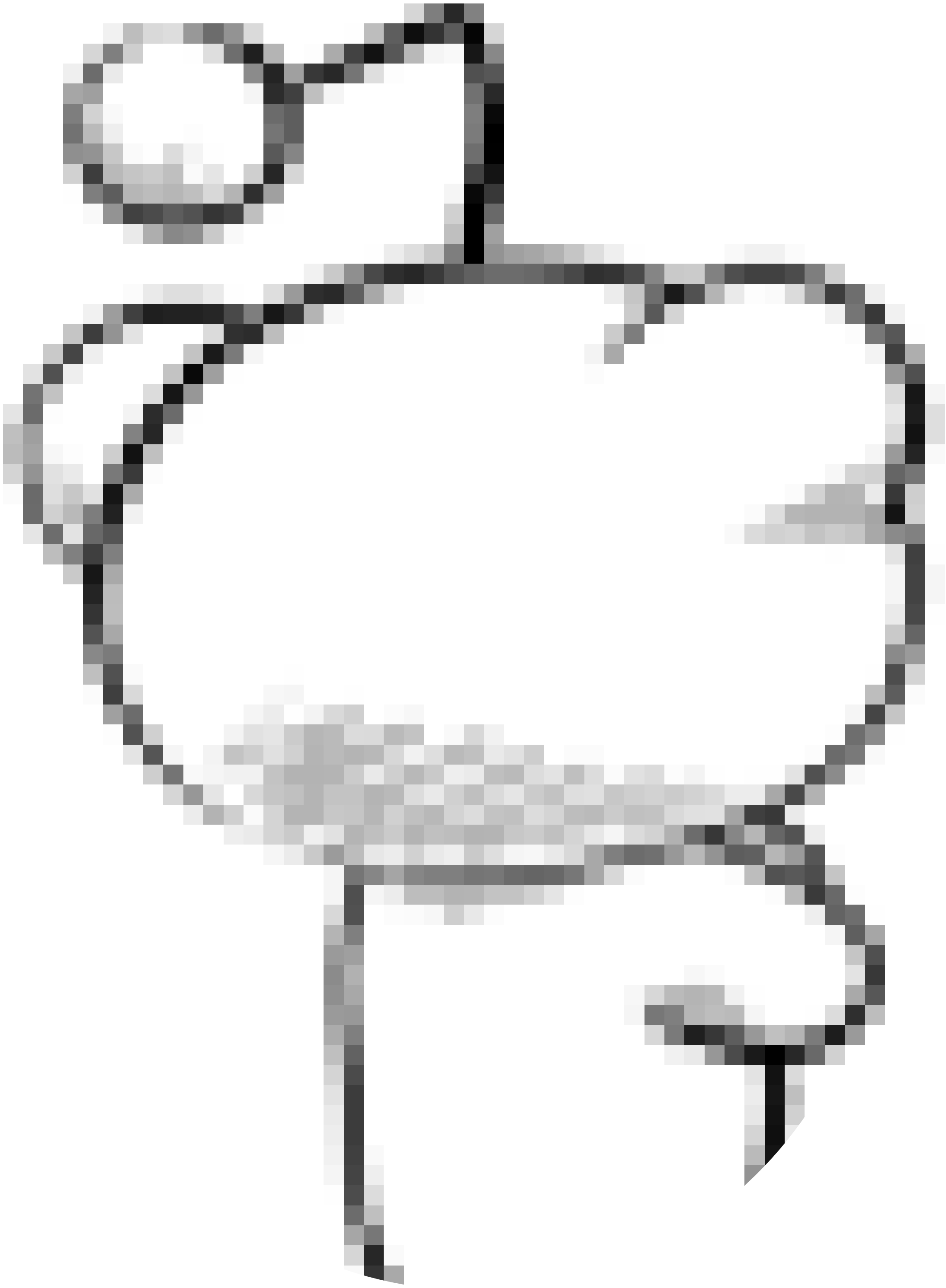

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â€¢ [13y ago]

Mine scared the bajeezus out of me last month while I was visiting my parents. I was lying in bed with my eyes closed when I got an irresistible compulsion to open my eyes.

At the bottom of the bed, a shadow moved the slightest bit (I recall it was as though perspective had shifted, even though I hadn't moved and the lights were off). I stared at the spot for what felt like minutes, (but was more likely a couple of seconds) before pulling out my phone and using the screen as a torch.

There was nothing there. However, I couldn't get the shadows to look like they did immediately after I opened my eyes.

iMayorMaynothave
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened to my sister. My grandfather owned several houses in northern Indiana. The entire family used to live in the area, but almost everyone moved to bigger cities. When my family moved we left behind our dog to keep my grandpa company. He and the dog both passed away in 2000 (separately) a few months before my nephew was born, and my grandmother had passed several years earlier. My family kept the houses and the one that my grandparents had lived in served as a safe haven for family members who fell on hard times. They could come and live rent free for awhile and get back on their own two feet. When my nephew was about 2 yrs old, my sister moved into said house. One afternoon she realizes the house is a little too quiet and wonders what my nephew has gotten up to. She searches for him and finds him in a corner of the living room to himself. She asks him what he's up to and he says "talking to the man with the dog" and smiles. He explains that he talks to him all the time. When asked what the man looks like, he gives a perfect description of my grandpa, a man he had never met. He had never even seen him in picture form. My sister calls us in a panic and all of us get incredibly creeped out. Whenever I visit the house this is all I can think about.

After writing this, I was thinking about my dog (the one mentioned above). He was our first dog, and I've just realized we named him "AJ". Those initials stand for nothing. Just thought I should share that.

MIBPJ
â€¢ 13y ago

One time when I was 18 or so I had a few (5 or 6, just enough so that you can't keep track of everyone) people over for a little get together. I have to run by my room to grab something. When I get there I see a blond girl sitting in complete darkness, cross legged on the ground with her back to the door. She is rocking back and forth and appears to be crying. There are only 2 girls at the party: one being my girlfriend, the other being my friend girlfriend. I assumed they got into a fight and she went to my room to cry.

Instead of entering the room I go to the bathroom, take a shit, and then run by the room 5 mins later. At this point she's gone, I grab whatever it was I came for and go back to mingling with everyone else. A little while later I asked my friends GFP if she is ok, but she seems a bit perplexed. I mention that I saw her crying in my room and wanted to make sure that it wasn't anything major. She insists that she had been out in the living room the whole time and there was no fight or anything. Everyone there backs up the story and says she was out there the for at least the past hour.

So basically there was a little blonde girl crying in my room in complete darkness and nobody knows who sho was.

cadman78
â€¢ 13y ago

One night while playing WOW about four years ago, around 1:30 in the morning, the light above me, which is turned on by a pull chain, just came on. The hair on the back of my neck stood up and I got goosebumps all over. My wife and daughter we're all asleep in there rooms. I turned up my music in my headphones and went back to playing. No explanation for it coming on by itself. It never happened again. Not the creepiest thing in the world but it's one of those things that I can't explain.

[Mr_Sceintist](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

W. Bush's inauguration - It had that Nazi Germany feel, police horses charged into a crowd of protesters held back 5 blocks , 3 rings of security around the route, about 10,000 cops lining every foot of the way, I mean why couldn't they just recount Florida? Look what happened - We had a feeling everything had gone wrong and would go wrong - after 8 years the country was in a fucking depression and the rich Wall Street criminal friends of Connecticut banking family Bush are all not in jail even though there was 5 trillion in mortgage and other securities fraud. (Oh and Cheney's limo got egged during the parade- ha)

TL,DR It felt creepy and we knew it was a harbinger of disaster when W. Bush had his inauguration here in DC

yingmail
â€¢ 13y ago

The most terror I've ever felt was in a dream. Not like an oh shit I'm dying adrenaline dream, but the most spirit crushing life sucking evil force in the form of a thick black mist.

My grandmother died from a brain tumor long ago, and my family owns a cabin in the woods of Pennsyvlania. In my dream I found a hidden room in the basement of the cabin, it was an odd side room that I had seemed to never notice before. I entered and immediatley felt odd. I looked around and saw the grimy pink chipped paint, a vanity mirror with light bulbs around it, with pictures of my deseaced grandmother whom I've never met. I looked into the mirror and saw some terrible message written on it in blood or lipstick I couldn't discern.I looked into the mirror and saw behind me the most evil black fog floating in the room as if trapped there long ago. The feeling struck me in that dream so fast and hard it was amazing. I've never felt that despair waking or in any other dream I've had in my 21 years on earth. I felt so helpless and shocked in grotesque fear that I couldn't move. No human visage, words, no movement. Just a black fog.

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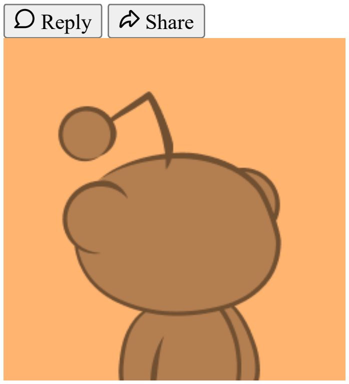

jbalthazhar
â€¢ 13y ago

My parents live on a small hobby farm about 15 minutes outside of town. And this occurred one night back in my early 20â€™s when I was coming home late. I parked my car where I usually did which was about 30-40 feet away from the house and far enough away that the motion light doesnâ€™t notice. The moon was out and provided a decent about of light and I just happened to take a look down the length of the property where, about 50-60 feet away, my father had piled a bunch of branches and brush that he was going to burn. And that is when I saw it, two red eyes glowing in the moonlight, looking up at me, watching me. My hackles raised, or whatever the human equivalent is, and I stood there staring back for a few moments getting more and more freaked out before scurrying into the house. The entire time I was on the ground floor I tried not to look out the windows for the fear that I would see it looking back in. To this day thinking about this gives me the head fuzzies.

I have no idea what it was, but that was the first and only time I encountered something with eyes that glowed red in the light.

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

I've got a decent one. It didn't happen to me, but to my parents.

So, back in the 70s my parents were out at my aunt's house (mom's sister - who was also pregnant) who lived just outside of the city on a sorta farm house. Nothing too out of the ordinary there.

There's a few people there (I think one of her brothers and a friend) and they decided to play around with a ouija board. So they're having fun with this thing and then it starts to move around like crazy and my mom chalks it up to my dad fucking around with things - as he's the type to do. He swears up and down that it isn't him and somehow proves it isn't.

I guess everybody is thoroughly creeped out at this point and the last thing that happens is where shit gets weird. The little thing that you move around on a ouija board - well, it apparently flew off the table and hit my pregnant aunt in the stomach.

So, everybody more or less says "fuck this!" and is done with the game and proceed to do whatever.

Flash forward to a week or so after this. My aunt has a miscarriage and a few days after that her house burned to the ground - nobody was hurt, but, what the fuck.

So - needless to say, everybody is pretty convinced it had something to do with that game.

I'm not a believer in ghosts nor do I think that ouija boards hold any kind of link to the underworld - but, my parents and family also aren't liars.

My parents also say they regularly see ghosts or other weird little things like that.

letibeti
â€¢ 13y ago

I was alone in my house cleaning up. I lived with my partner at the time as well as two other roommates, all who were not at home. The garage had been converted into a small apartment which I rented to my uncle. I had no idea if he was home or not, but I figured he was because at one point I got tired and lied down on a couch in the entertainment room and smelled a very familiar smell, somewhat floral and figured it was him after showering. The scent of his body wash or something of the sort (any smell in his apt creeps under the door into the main house). I realize now he is a male and would probably not shower with a floral scent but since it was such a familiar smell I did not think anything of it, it had to be him.

Fast forward a few hours, my partner's parents were in town and due to complications could not stay with their son and ended up coming over to my place unexpectedly. I made dinner and the four of us sat outside and chatted. The mother is supposedly open to the spirit world and after an hour or so, stories of past occurrences started to be shared. The father was trying to tell me he thought she was crazy when he first met her but he has experienced many things himself since meeting her and knows she is legit.

Mind you I have NO idea what is out there in regards to supernatural but I can say I have never had anything happen to me until this point and did not care for anything to. I was neither here nor there, but I was uncomfortable with them trying to convince me. I just nodded my head and was polite.

Then suddenly the mother looked at me and said, "Your grandmother is here (she had passed when i was 16 - we were very close). She says she loves you very much and is always with you." Of course I was thinking how cliche choosing my grandmother but I just kept nodding and smiling.

Then she said, "She is telling me to tell you not to get scared when you smell her." I kept smiling. She grabs my hand, squeezes and says, "she is telling me you smelled her today." At this point I am searching my memory but still was thinking this is total BS until it hit me - that smell! It was a lotion I would rub on my grandmother's leg every night while watching spanish soaps. You see she had gotten injured by a toothpick which was in her pants pocket and the wound kept getting worse. She had surgery but had diabetes and eventually succumbed to her wound and passed. This took about 2 months and when she was home her circulation was bad and the rubbing helped. So I would rub it every single night.

THAT was the smell. It hit me like a slap to the face.

She then says, "She said not to be scared when you smell her, that she is always with you." then let go of my hand.

Everyone could see the shock on my face and of course my partner was pleased I had finally experienced something.

I have never smelled her again and sometimes long for it. I am not sure if i believe or not although I am sure it was her that day.

tl;dr - smelled a familiar scent, brushed it off, partner's mom told me the scent was my grandmother although I had not shared with anyone I smelled it. Realized - it was.

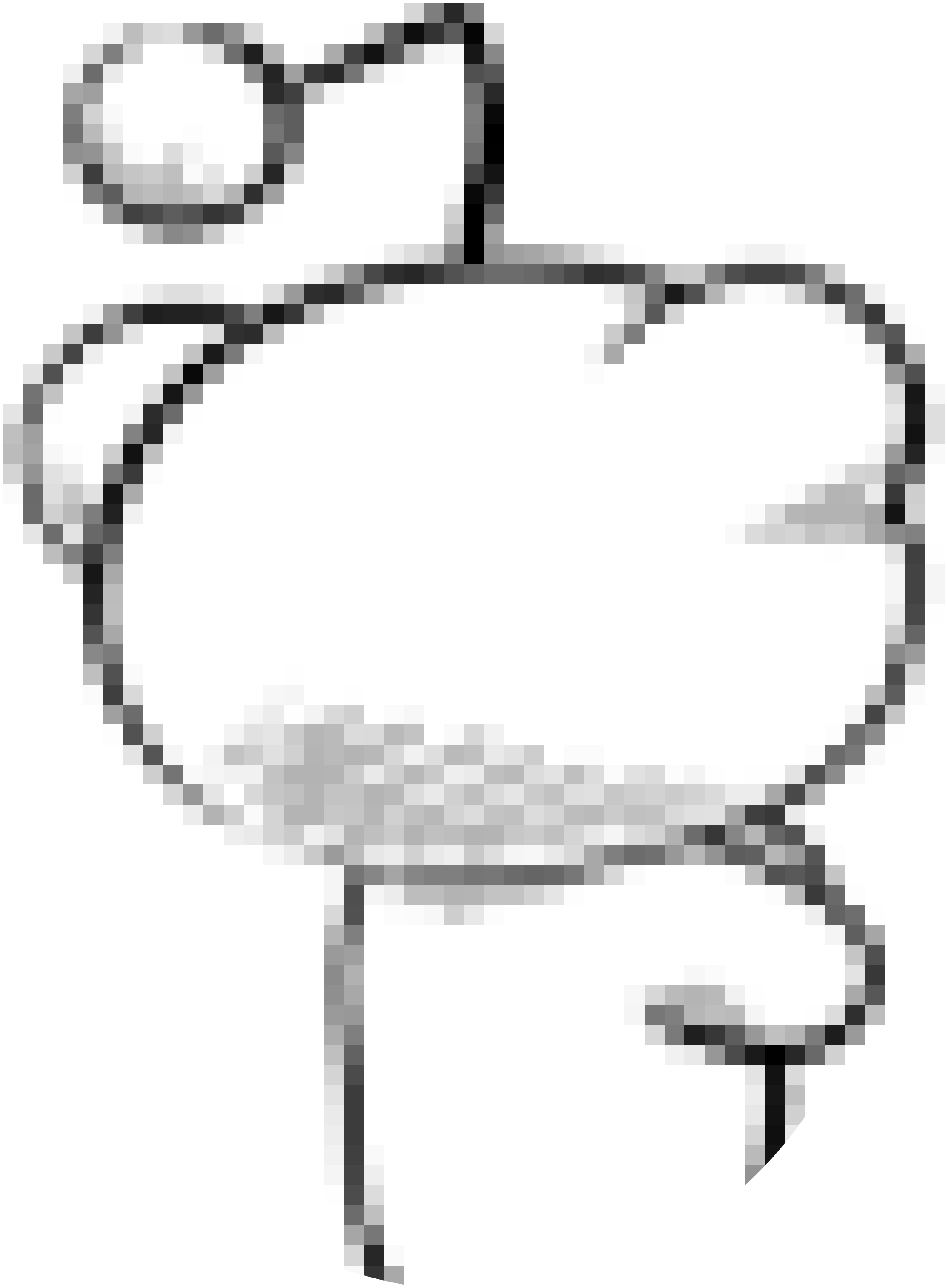
GrandpaGrapes
â€¢ 13y ago

This was the creepiest thing I had ever experienced in my life. I was home alone and I was getting ready for class then out of no where my TV started flipping on and off by itself. I was able to record some of it with my phone (LG Versa so quality is shit.) This lasted for about 10 minutes and I could not believe it and Neither would anyone else unless I had the video of what happened. If my TV did this regularly I would chalk it up to something electrical but this was the only time my TV had done this. I had years before this incident and I still currently have the same TV and nothing like it has happened before or since. And that was years ago. If there is anyone here that could shed some light on what it might be that would be awesome!

suddz
â€¢ 13y ago

I have had times where I would wake up from a dead sleep, and feel "wide awake" but considering what I saw I later on came to the conclusion I was still half asleep. Anyhow the first time I have ever experienced this was when I was staying with my gf at the times house. I woke up around 2am and heard some one walking up the stairs so I freaked out and stayed still, seconds later some one in a white t-shirt was in the doorway of the room. The person was originally bout 5ft tall, but when they walked to the door they grew to the point to where their head was no longer visible, stood there for a minute and then walked away. The second time I was staying at my gfs apartment and once again woke up out of a sleep and looked into her closet and saw three white bodied figured standing there looking in my direction. I even woke my gf up and said there were aliens in the closet, and she freaked out and ran to turn the lights on. When the lights were on the figures were gone but there was no light colored shirts of sweaters in the closet that I could have mistaken. The worst I ever experienced was another night, waking up, and I did not have the usual tense sensation I have had with the previous experiences. I roll over in bed only to see a figure clad in black with a long billed which hat almost covering his face. The figure walked from the door into the bathroom, and I just sat there. The worst part was the path in which the figure took was about 5 feet away from me, so having some one just walk by that close was terrifying. I eventually worked up the courage and went into the bathroom but there was nothing.

To this day I still have experiences like this, but they are smaller. Usually flying objects or flashes of light now. I am always worried I will start seeing people again though.



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â€¢ 13y ago

My mom own a home decor store, and she has so many encounters. She is the most cynical, non-believer I have ever met, and she is convinced there are Ghosts.

Some of her encounters include:

-Hearing laughing in the meeting room while working late at night alone.

-Driving up to the shop and seeing a shadow in the window when she was the first to arrive.

-Seeing someone walk past her, and when she walked over to help them out (thought it was a customer) no one was there.

the__funk
â€¢ 13y ago

Witching wells is a really crazy thing I've seen people do and I have no idea how to explain it. Finding water with copper rods or wooden sticks, just blows my mind...

BAXterBEDford
â€¢ 13y ago

I had a friend in college that went off his rocker after his dad committed suicide. He had been a sheriff's deputy in his hometown before moving to where we were going to university. He applied to the local police force to be a part-time police officer while going to college. He used me as a character reference. When they called me, and after assuring me that anything I said was confidential, I told them of all the various stuff that was going on with him, and how I thought he should be one of the last people to be walking around with a gun.

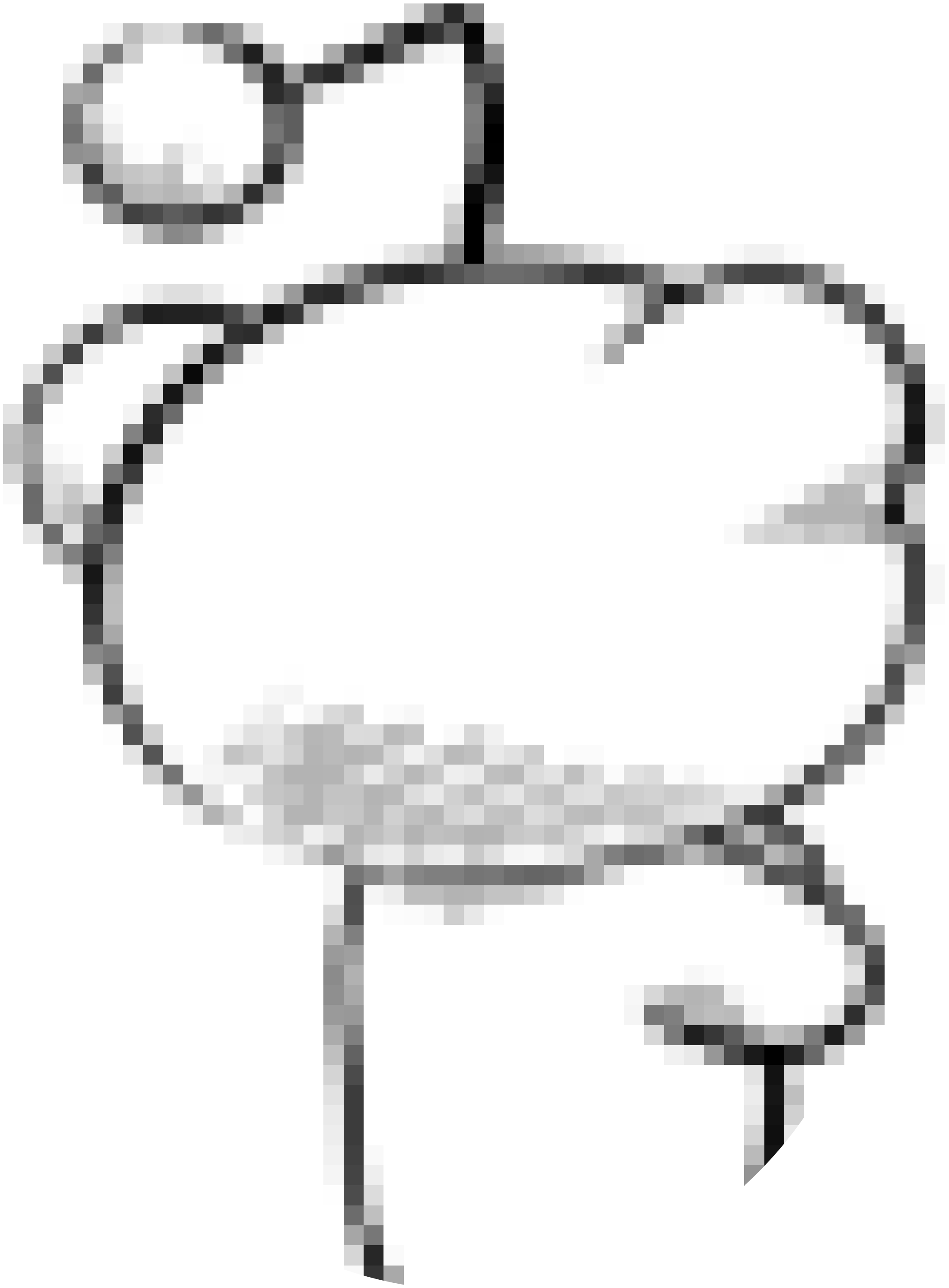
Well, it turned out that what I told them wasn't as confidential as they led me to believe. When he didn't get the job he petitioned to see the records of the review process to find out why. But it was a few months in the process.

As it turned out, at the exact time that he found out what I had said about them to him, I woke up from a dead sleep in a panic somehow knowing that he had found out and was livid. It was like when Spock felt all those vulcans that were killed on a far-off ship or planet, and it struck him like a thunderbolt.

Given that it had been months that passed and I hadn't thought of it in the longest time, I found it very strange that I woke up out of a dead sleep at the exact moment that he was blowing a gasket from finding out what I had said. I don't believe in telepathy and consider my religion to be science. But I've had a hard time reconciling that event to this day.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom and I have a weird connection that cant be explained... One time she was flipping through channels as I was surfing the web on my laptop.. she thought in her head "hmm I wonder what the show was", but out loud I responded.. "I don't know.. go back to it"... we were both a bit freaked out. Now that I live on my own 60 miles away it still happens. For example, I will call her asking about a recipe and she will have dug it out already because out of the blue she just couldn't remember what all went in to it and just happens to have it sitting on her counter...She wasn't even planning on making it, it just bugged her that she couldn't remember..



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid my parents bought an old brick commercial building (circa 1850). My dad had a woodworking shop in the back and my mom opened a yarn/craft store in the front. Apparently at one point it had been a butcher shop because we found lots of cow skulls in the basement. The upstairs had been 2 apartments, although it was eventually condemned because the occupants shared the single bathroom (they had knocked a hole in the brick wall so both parties could get to the bathroom). When my parents bought it, it was in pretty rough shape, many layers of peeling wallpaper, floor unsafe in places, etc, and very creepy. They fixed up the store areas but the upstairs was not some place I wanted to be at night!

When I was about 13 I was minding the store by myself for an hour on a Saturday while my folks went to get lunch. There were 2 back doors. One door was locked from the inside with a large set of keys dangling from the deadbolt, and the other door was nailed shut and blocked by a lathe. I could see the front door (also locked from the inside, I was only supposed to open it for customers who knocked). Suddenly I heard a door creak open in the back, and slow, heavy footsteps approaching through the back area. All the hair went up on the back of my neck because there was NO way to open those doors except from the inside. The footsteps continued towards me , passed behind the door to the hallway, up the steps, then across the ceiling just above me, continuing to the far back into the old kitchen area. Then it fell silent for about 5 minutes, with me frozen in place watching the ceiling. Then the footsteps returned across the upstairs, down the stairs (I was about 8 feet away but behind a wall), back through the shop. I heard the sound of a door opening and closing, at that was it.

I did not go upstairs to investigate!!

A few minutes later my parents got back an banged on the back door to unlock it for them. Everything looked OK, but I was seriously creeped out and wouldn't let them leave me alone in the shop again for a long time!

Lucifuture
â€¢ 13y ago

I lucid dream a lot. One time I was in a decrepit rusty bathroom in a dream and I became lucid and I thought to myself that I should summon the cenobites from Hellraiser.

As soon as they came out of the walls surrounding me I immediately knew it was a bad idea and freaked the crap out and woke up frantically.

Reply Share

heyapony
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a teenager, my ex boyfriend and I were driving to my mom's house. There is a 2 mile, straight road to it. Both of us saw something in the middle of the road, and he slowed down. It was a sort of shimmery, whitish figure of an old man with a hat on. You could see right through him. He was moving, sort of staticky. I asked R if he saw it, and he said "That man!?" and we both looked at each other. Instead of turning around like normal people (we were in a big SUV and the road is narrow), he GUNS it. The damn guy passes RIGHT THROUGH THE CAR, right between us, I'm screaming and he's yelling and I look behind us and absolutely nothing is there. I got home, ran inside, and was hysterical and shaking uncontrollably and babbling to my mom what we saw, and she laaaughed and laughed at me, until she found out later the next day that the guy who lived in the house right by where the guy was standing had been found dead in the house sometime that week. It took me two years to go down the road that way again, I always took a really long way around.

Reply Share

cephalic666
â€¢ 13y ago

My great grandfather killed himself in the house my dad grew up in. Many years later my aunt ended up buying the house from my grandmother. When I was young my aunt would pick me and my sister up from daycare and bring us back to her house until my parents were out of work. This was in the early to mid '80s.

One of the upstairs bedrooms had a rocking chair in the corner. My sister and I would watch that chair rock on its own. It used to creep us out at first but we eventually got used to it. We could even stop the chair and then watch it slowly start to rock again at a steady pace.

My other cousins saw this too. We never knew about our great grandfather until we were much older.

Reply Share

[justwantedtologin](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Late to the party but...

Back in 2004, I took a new temp job in Baltimore, MD. I was excited to be in my first "big city" and looked forward to the opportunities it could provide. The company I worked for placed me in a rental townhouse in Glen Burnie (just south of B-Town). The townhouse was your normal two story 2b/1.5ba place. I had a cat at the time which is of note.

Anyway after about a week living there, I started to have, for lack of a better description, bad feelings. It started in the bedroom at night. I would lie down for sleep (upstairs) and the hackles on the back of my neck would rise. I would feel tense and feel like someone was behind me. I would roll over and obviously nothing was there. Weird, but whatever. I figured it was just nerves in a new place. Eventually I had to sleep downstairs on the couch. More on that.

After a month of this, the real fun began. My cat began to act strange and odd. Where as before at my old place, he would do his own thing, here he stayed by my side all the time. As far as coming to the bathroom with me. Many times he would wake up from a nap on the couch next to me and just stare at the steps leading upstairs. Odd. Then sometimes he would go back to sleep and others he would root into my leg as if hiding. When he had to use the litter box he full on sprint up the stairs, do his business, then sprint back downstairs.

Showers became interesting. I had to begin closing my eyes because the shape of a hand would press into the curtain. This is when I began talking to "it". I would just say that I had to shower before work and that I would be gone soon.

Which leads me to the scariest non-explainable thing I have experienced. One night, I was sleeping upstairs in the bed when I was awoken by the hackles on my neck again. Except this time, I was frightened to go along with it. When suddenly, I was struck from behind up by what felt like two hands up around my upper back/shoulders. I, course, knew it was no living thing in the place. I simply got up, said "I'm going downstairs and leave you alone" and slept on the couch.

Which is what I proceeded to do for the next 1.5 months till my contract was up and I left.

After we came to the "agreement" the shower stuff still occurred and when I went into the bedroom for clothes I could feel it in there but we sorta stayed out of each others way. At work one day during my final weeks, a co-worker asked where in Glen Burnie I lived. I told him and he was surprised. He informed me that those town-homes were at one point destitute with homeless, prostitutes, and drug users until a developer cam in and bought it all up and cleaned them up for re-sale.

TL/DR- Townhouse "presence" and never showered alone

ifidietellmywifehllo
â€¢ 13y ago

one night, while i stilll lived at home, i saw an UFO. i was up late, reading a book, when i noticed something weird out the window. my parent's live way out of town, so there's nothing around the house but the river and farmer's fields.

it looked to be blimp shaped. it appeared to have softly glowing, yellowish portholes on the sides and bottom. seperate from the object(?), down and to one side, was a flashing white light. i don't remember feeling any particularly strong emotion. i just looked at it.

after maybe 5 minutes it moved away in the oddest way. it seemed as though it were affixed to a track, it got up to speed instantly and travelled an s-curve before leaving my sight.

to this day i don't know if it was a lucid hallucination or what. i sketched it immediately after and forgot it for about a year.

the dichotomy between times when i thought i was seeing a UFO (intense excitement and anxiety) but actually was seeing a plane or kite with x-mas lights on it, and this experience wherein i felt completely baseline, makes me wonder if it wasn't a psychological phenom.

nimr0d
â€¢ 13y ago

I may be too late to the party, but I have to share this one. Ex-gf living in typical college house, clearly a very old house in a very old part of town. She lived on the 2nd floor and always heard random noises, and would sometimes have random events happen to her(objects moving that were just there). I always made fun of her for it, as I'm not a believer.

One night in the middle of the night she feels like her blanket is soaking wet by her feet, and wakes up. She sits up to see why her blanket is wet, and at the end of the bed is a little girl in a soaking wet nightgown just standing there with a blank stare on her face. Ex-gf does the whole rub your eyes, pinch yourself thing. The girl is still there, so she hides under the blanket. Looks again and the girl is gone. She gets up to survey the scene and hears something in the bathroom, the bathtub faucet is on, so she turns it off. She doesn't see anything else and goes back to sleep.

The next day she heads off to the library, and after hours of research found a newspaper article from the early 1900's about a little girl being murdered by being held under water in the upstairs bathtub.

Reply Share

urbanplowboy
â€¢ 13y ago

Sorry if this gets long but it's still fairly fresh in my mind. About three months ago I was at home vegging out on the couch watching tv. My dog Fred (she's a girl, btw) was laying near my feet. The first floor of my house is built in such a way that it is completely open, so there are no walls between the living room (where I was sitting), the dining room or the kitchen where the backdoor is, so I had a clear view of the backdoor (which is see-through like one of these) of the house about forty feet away from where I was sitting on the couch.

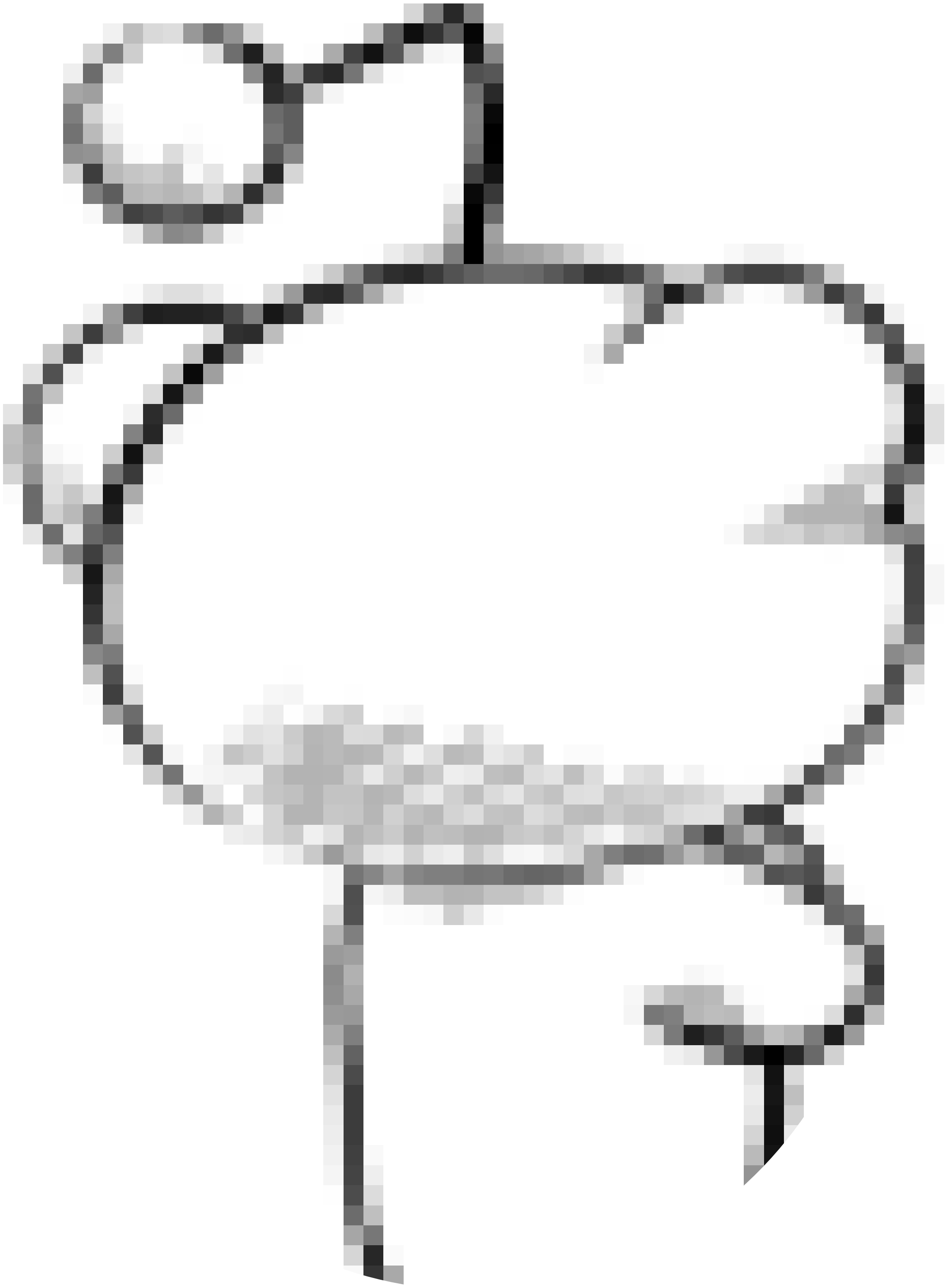
Now, at one point Fred gets up and slowly walks over to the back door. I figure she wants to go outside, but she hadn't been in long so I wasn't really motivated to let her out. After she stood there for a while, looking out the back door, she starts growling. I figured she's just growling at a squirrel or something else outside.

But she starts slowly growling louder and louder, to the point where it gets pretty loud and vicious sounding. This gets me worried that maybe someone is in the backyard so I start to get up and take a few steps toward the door. At this point, she starts outright barking, very loudly, and growling, and almost bouncing in place and scratching at the floor like she's getting ready to jump on something. I don't know if it was because I was shocked or scared or what, but I guess I just stood where I was at that point and watched for a while from near the couch.

And this is where it really started to get weird. She continues barking and growling very loudly and scratching at the floor, and then at one point she starts backing up away from the door, but still facing some unseen threat in that direction. She keeps backing up, all the while barking and growling and being very threatening. She backs up all the way through the kitchen and through the dining room in my direction, like some invisible thing is slowly coming towards me and she's trying to defend me and scare it off. Minutes may have passed during this time.

I don't even remember sitting back down, but once Fred gets to the point of being a few feet in front of me I realize that I had. So, now I'm just sitting there in shock as my dog is frantically barking and growing at something that feels like it's only a few feet in front of me and is specifically coming for me. Fred is at my feet now and can't back up any further. I've never seen any dog go that crazy over anything and my mind just kind of went blank from terror I guess. After what I guess was a few seconds, thankfully, Fred started slowly moving back towards the door, like she was pushing whatever it was back away. She keeps moving towards the back door, still barking and growling, until she gets all the way back to the door. Little by little, she barks and growls less and less until she's just there again, looking out the door for a long while. I don't know how much time passed, but eventually I mustered enough strength to stand up again and walk over to the door and I didn't see anything out there and never saw anything inside either. That only happened once, and it's by far the most creeped out I've ever been. Usually Fred sleeps downstairs, but I made her sleep by my bed for about two weeks after that.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 13y ago

A couple of friends and I had decided to rent a trailer from two fat lesbians outside of town. The trailer was completely destroyed. The property was overgrown; there was old furniture still inside; there was holes in the "kitchen" and the windows were broken out. Inside the "closet/bedroom" (first in the hallway) was a mattress. The "room" itself was no wider than 5 feet or so, and the mattress was kind of just squished in there. We didn't think anything of it, and went about cleaning up the immediate area to at least stay the night (for lack of anything better to do).

Upon removal of the mattress, there, the discovery of a massive blood stain, a bloody condom, and bloody rubber gloves. Nothing beats staying the night at a crime scene that saw a crime that was probably never investigated...

So the night came on, and there was (of course) no power to the trailer. So huddled, we did, into the small 5-foot "room" on the non-bloody side of the mattress with a thick layer of blankets and sheets underneath us (that nobody would ever use again) making conversation. Three of us had left earlier in the car to get snacks, so it was just myself, and three others, talking about random things of varying topic.

When it's that dark, your eyes start to play tricks on you. You start to see things that might not possibly be there, or maybe even hear things. As we were talking, a silence fell over us that was palpable. In unison, we all turned towards the doorway. We didn't have to say anything; we could just *feel* somebody there. (Even writing about this now is giving me the chills I remember from that night.) In the darkness we could make out a shadow outlining the doorway.

Whomever was standing there didn't make a single noise. They didn't say a single word. They just stood there. And we, too scared to move, think, or speak, silently sat where we were, staring up at the doorway.

From outside (there was a window in this room) headlights flashed across the glass, illuminating the room. We were alone. The headlights grew closer, and outside, doors shut. We figured it was the rest of our group returning. So we waited for them to come inside. And we waited. And we waited.

And... nothing. About 10 minutes or so passed, and headlights splashed the darkness, and our friends had returned. We joked about it with them, more or less just trying to cut the tension of what we had just gone through.

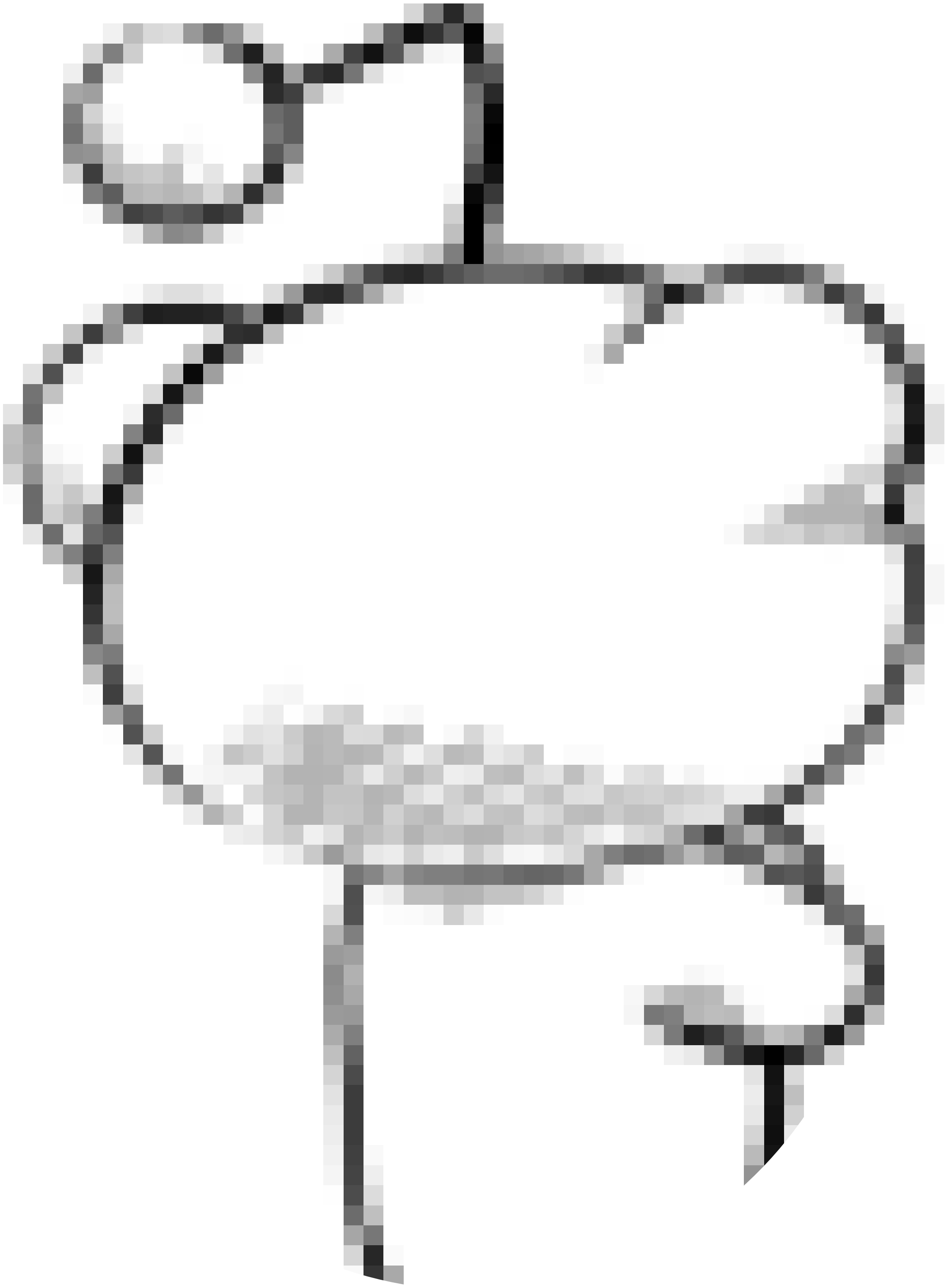
I still don't know what happened. All I know is, that shit was downright fucking creepy, and even a decade later, it still creeps me out just remembering it.

Reply Share

ScienceYAY
â€¢ 13y ago

A hot girl just randomly came up and started talking to me. I can't explain why that happened

Reply Share



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â€¢ 13y ago

What happened to me wasn't necessarily creepy, but I will say both times freaked me the hell out.

I have a cousin, who, tells me that things happen to her frequently. Weird noises, random happenings, etc. She says it's the town that she lives in, that it's haunted, but I know better. She's just one of those people that, if ghosts are real, is definitely being followed by one. There are certain families that have very scary, dark beings follow them. I can't really tell if whatever is "following" her is bad or not. Anyway. On with the stories.

Her dad used to be a piece of shit. I say "used to be" because he is thankfully dead now. Died of a drug overdose. Shortly after his death, my mom was taking care of her because my aunt used to be a shitty parent too (only she wasn't a piece of shit, and thankfully isn't dead). Well one of the nights when my mom had custody, I was watching her by myself.

My cousin was about 5 at the time. Maybe a little younger. She wanted to play hide and seek, but I wanted to play my video games. So I knew she would eventually get bored of hiding, so I told her "Okay, no going in the basement. You can only hide in the living room." and I started counting. As soon as she turned the corner to hobble down the stairs, I dropped the count and continue playing the game. Dick move, I guess, but I knew she was about to go to sleep, anyway.

Then she did something weird. She started laughing. MANIACALLY. All I heard was "HAHAHAHAHAHAHA PUT ME DOWN HAHAHAHAHAHA PUT ME DOWN!!! HHAHAHAHAHA PUT ME DOWN!!!" Now, there is no one else in the house, so I'm thoroughly confused. After a good 15 seconds of this crazy shit, she goes completely silent. Thinking nothing of it at the time, I continue with my game. I get distracted and realize after 15 minutes that I haven't heard a god damn peep. So...on edge, I start walking down the stairs. Nothing significant happens here, just to ease your heart, but I found her on the living room chair, asleep. She didn't hide or anything.

When it happened I just kind of though "Meh. Just kids being kids." But a few years later I was staying with her mom and her for a couple months. They lived on this creepy ass farm that seemed like it was made in the 1700's. One night, while alone, I was walking towards the bathroom. This was almost winter, so no windows or doors were open. Even if they were, I really don't think that could explain what happened. I walk past a table that has on it one of those...I want to say 4 lb Yankee Candles. The big ones. I put my hand on the doorknob and THWUMP.

I look behind me, there is the candle, 3 or 4 feet away from it's original placement, just resting on the floor. I double check the windows and doors. Nope. Definitely closed. So I for some reason convince myself that I accidentally bumped it or something. I know I didn't, I was like 2 feet away from that thing, but I needed to put my mind at ease. So I pick it up, put it back on the table, and turn around, trying to pretend it didn't happen. I put my hand on the doorknob again and TWHUMP.

Turn around, there it is again. Same spot. Several feet from it's original place.

Never experienced another "paranormal" thing again. But looking back at it and connecting the two experiences years later, it makes me feel like my cousin may be in for an interesting life. If ghosts are real (still not convinced), she is either being haunted or guarded.

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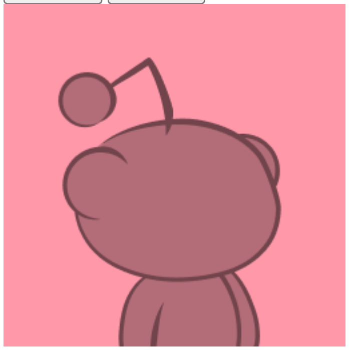
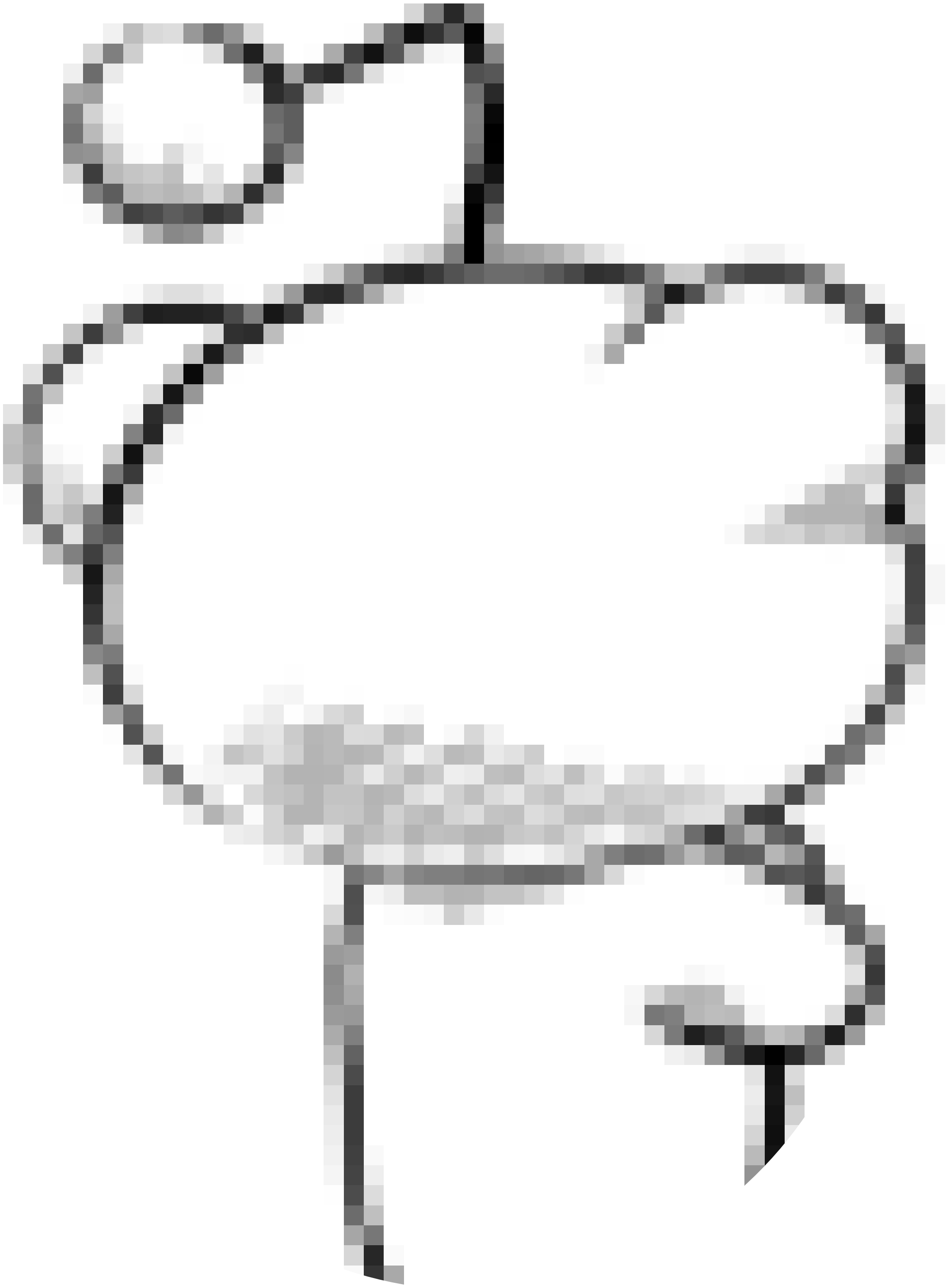


rella333
â€¢ 13y ago

One time my boyfriend and I ended up sleeping on the living room floor for some reason, I can't remember why. Anyway I woke up to footsteps near my head. When I opened my eyes still half asleep there was what I can only describe as a blur in front of me. Not just a myopic-vision kind of blur but like, something was there. I was probably still dreaming a bit but my first instinct was to kick it. So I did and it disappeared. Basically I'm a total bad-ass who kicks ghosts.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 13y ago

Driving down a dark, unlit highway in Vermont in the middle of the night, a friend and I saw a plane. It was low. Like, we could see it. It was a two-propeller plane some 200, 300 feet off the ground.

But it wasn't moving.

It was just hanging there. The propellers were going. There were blinking visibility lights on its tail and wings. But it wasn't *moving*. It was frozen in the air. We stared at it for about fifteen minutes, pulled off the side of the road. It was completely inexplicable. We had never seen something like it before.

We drove on and, after getting what we needed from town and driving back to the same spot, it was gone.

I'm not superstitious, but I'm pretty convinced something involving multiple dimensions went down.

Reply Share

RhubarbCharb
â€¢ 13y ago

This was pretty creepy, but for some reason it brought comfort. I really wasn't scared from it.

My grandmother had passed away back in 2010.

She had heart and liver issues and her health was deteriorating fast. My brother and I decide to go and visit her one day. In my mind I knew she was not doing well, but for some reason when I'd go and see her she'd seem so much better than I thought. She could sit on her own, she cracked jokes, laughed etc.

Anyway, fast forward to later in that day we visited her. She had been convinced to move to the hospital-like bed that my family had gotten for her house. She started sleeping a lot, random times she would try and muster up the strength to go and use the bathroom.

My aunts and uncles would take turns sitting bedside with her and at one of the times I went in there with my mother and younger sister. I sat with my back to a piano and wall(keep in mind it was pretty cramped in the room with everyone and everything that was in it), my grandmother laid in between myself and my mother and sister on the other side. I took my grandmothers hand and held it because I knew I wouldn't have the opportunity to hold her for much longer. She whispered, "I don't want you to see me like this, I don't want you to have to see this." Her words were strained, but I just told her that I wanted to be with her and that I loved her and she just dozed back off. 5-10 minutes go by and she had been snoring on and off, gasping for air at times. I randomly feel a small touch on the back of my arm, almost as if someone had their arm around you and anchored their hand on the back of your arm. I chalked it up to a muscle spasm and shook it off gently. 30 seconds later I feel another hand-like gesture touch and run down my back a little bit. At this point I just make a WTF face toward my sister and mother. As my grandmother lay there snoring I whispered, "Just so you guys know, I just felt something touch the back of my arm and my back." About 20 more seconds go by and out of nowhere and barely having the strength to sit up in the first place, my grandmother sits up and stares behind me. "Who's that behind you?" "Theres nothing there Gram, just a piano and a wall." "Oh." *Lays back down* Now with her eyes closed. "I just saw aunt Peg, isn't that weird?"

I just stared at my sister and mother exactly like this, O_O

Come to find out, Peg was a really nice family member to all that knew her. Just the sweetest woman from what I remember my mother telling me. Regardless of what anyone believes, it's 100% truth and I feel like until you experience something like this you might not ever believe in it.

*Sorry for the shitty grammar etc. I just wanted to write this down as fast as possible.

shitflavoredlollipop
â€¢ 13y ago

When my son was three, we lived in an older house. Every night I would read him a bedtime story. One evening I am reading to him and a clearly notice in my peripheral vision my wife standing in the doorway watching me read to my son. After about a minute of reading I look up to acknowledge her. There was no one there.

I call my wife into the room to ask if she had been standing in the doorway listening to me read to my son. She had not. After that, I began to notice pretty much every night that same figure standing in the doorway listening to me read to my son.

This, coupled with the fact that anytime any one went in that house's basement, even if it was in the day time (it had windows that lit it up quite well), they were filled with irrational, overwhelming fear led to believe that something was definitely up.

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

If you like reading haunted stories and have a few weeks to kill reading a forum, here is the jackpot:

Haunted Stories MEGA THREAD -Started as a haunted car stories thread (on a car forum) and just turned into an ongoing (8 years) thread of haunted stories. I stopped reading it a few years ago, but there are lots of great stories in there.

Reply Share

I_stateyourname
â€¢ 13y ago

I bought a house that was over a hundred years old from the original family. One afternoon my wife and I heard a baby crying in the next room. Not our kids, and the room was empty. Later found out that an infant sibling of the previous owner had died in the house about 50 years earlier.

Reply Share

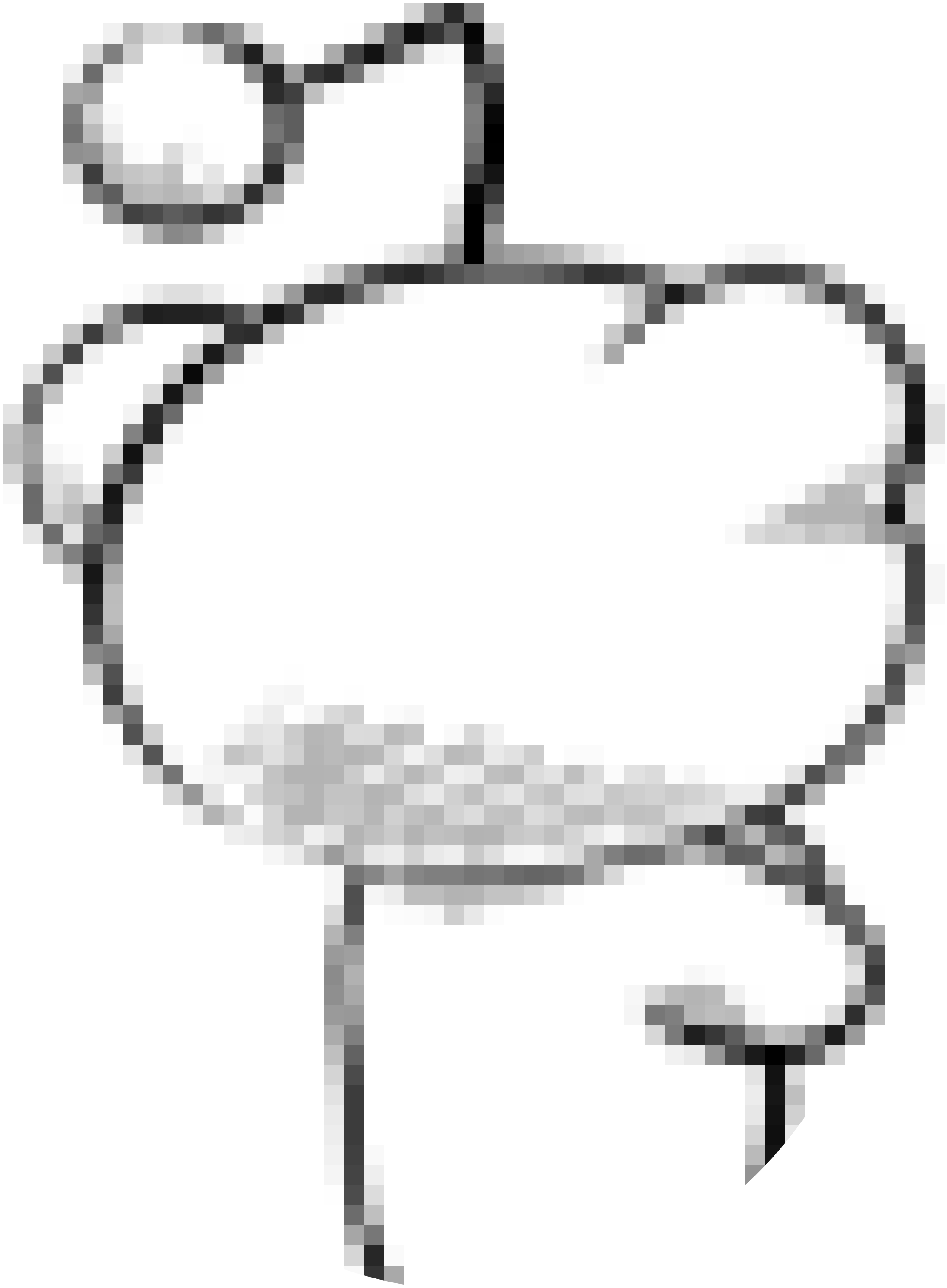
[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

So my father is an identical twin, and his twin passed away years ago when my daughter was about 1. He promised to look after her when he was gone (cancer, it was imminent). She never knew him, but of course had seen my father on occasion. Not often, as we live in different states.

Fast forward a couple years, and I'm lying in bed with my 3 year old trying to get her to sleep when she bursts into this great big smile and laugh, points to the ceiling, and starts saying, "Dad, it's grandpa! It's grandpa! Hi, grandpa!". She was totally convinced someone was up there.

Uncle stopping by for a visit? Whatever, it was creepy enough that it still trips me out. Yes, I hid under the blanket. Pride took a backseat.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 13y ago

My roommate was home alone and heard someone calling her name from the basement. She called me to ask if I was home. When she realized I wasn't, she started losing her shit and described the voice as the creepy sister from Pet Semetary. I asked her if she could get my dog, who was in the basement, and she said NOPENOPENOPE and ran outside.

This was in the middle of the day, in August.

She sat on the back deck drinking gin and tonic until I got home to rescue my dog.

That house was super creepy.

Reply Share

elynnism
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom is an avid ghost believer and I never believed her supernatural BS. But when I was younger I had a lucid dream where I was walking down a strange hallway where the tiles were lit but the walls were blacked out. Whenever I stepped forward the light behind me would turn off so I was essentially always under a single bright light.

I didn't walk around much but I did look up. Some gooey crap was escaping the ceiling and I felt my entire body shake vigorously before something in a really deep, grainy voice yelled at me, "THERE IS DARKNESS IN YOUR SOUL." which scared me awake. I never forgot it. And now that I'm older, I think the voice wasn't wrong.

Reply Share

glowingbubbles
â€¢ 13y ago

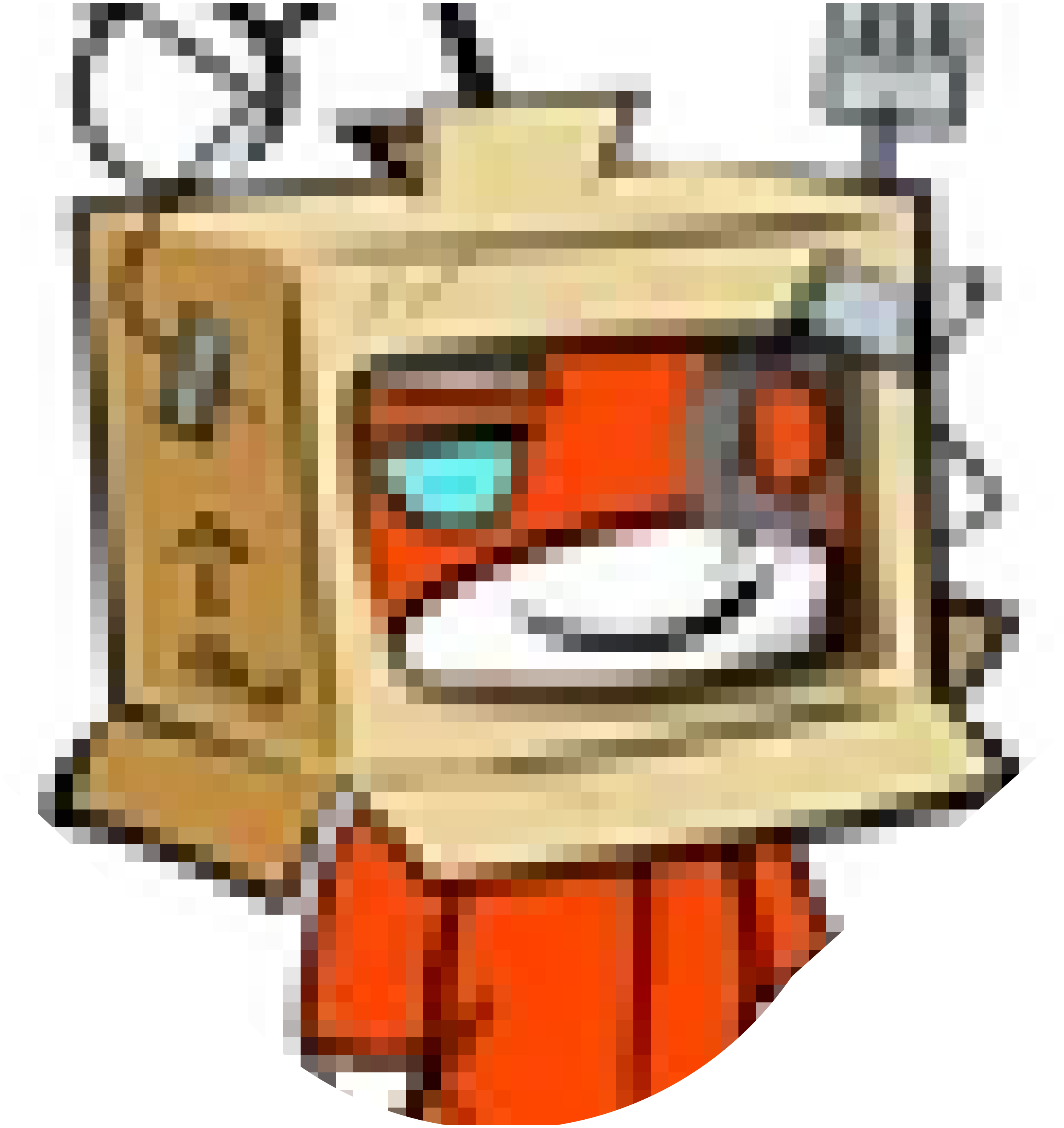
I heard God speak to me when I was a kid. I didn't have very religious parents, but I had always had faith when I was in grade school. In third grade, I was in my room when out of nowhere I heard a voice tell me to go to sleep. I just knew it was God, and I was confused but not afraid. I went to sleep, then had a really intense, life-changing dream. It was a recap of all the sin in my life, and I woke up sobbing and shaking and free. The dream was not one about punishment or shame or anything, it was a reminder of what toll my actions were taking on my life. I know that God saved me with that reminder, and it was an act of love.

My faith didn't last through high school, as I convinced myself that I made up the voice or something.However, I heard about inexplicable miracles from my friends in college that reaffirmed that there is definitely something more to the world. Their stories are completely impossible to explain in a non-supernatural way, and that reminds me that what I experienced was real. My parents (non-religious) also have vivid memories of my certainty at the time and my drastic transformation.

Reply Share

srtristan
â€¢ 13y ago

Some background, I am a Mexican, raised catholic but I dont really believe in god, but weird stuff has happened to me or my family gor ages. My wife has a friend that " sees dead people" and once told us there are 3 spirits living downstairs, all good, one of then my dad, and 2 upstairs, both... Not so good, one "lives" on the corner od the stairs while going up, and said not to stay a lot of time there bc well, its not a nice guy, what creeped us out is that one day my 3 year old while going though this area said "daddy, I am scared of the monster, it growls at me" pointing exactly to this corner of the house. And honest to say everytime you walk trhough that spot it feels quite weird. This is one of many things that have happened in my house, I can tell more if requested.



SearchNerd
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid we had a sand box in the backyard and I would be playing. I loved digging so that's what I did. Every now and then I would hear a loud guttural groaning that would escalate and escalate to a all encompassing yell. Strange thing is it always seemed to be coming from all around me...

Reply Share

GreatWhiteYark
â€¢ 13y ago

I was sitting in the basement at my old house when I was about 8 years old watching a baseball game with my older brother. My grandpa had been in the Navy in World War II and we had the American flag that was draped on his casket at his funeral in one of those triangular cases that a lot of people use. Out of nowhere, the front cover of the case slowly and silently opened up. We were especially freaked out and ran upstairs. When we finally were brave enough to go back downstairs, we closed the cover and then tried to open it back up. It was hard to get the cover open, and when we let go of it it slammed down quickly, completely different from the way it opened moments before.

Reply Share

Tiberius666
â€¢ 13y ago

I suppose creepy (However it is explainable) for me would be my experience with being woken up by Exploding Head Syndrome.

Fucking scary as shit, only happened once but being woken up by the sound of the worlds biggest bomb going off in your head and having no idea where it came from and sitting bolt upright suddenly with the feeling like someones going to jump from the darkness and slit your throat is not a nice thing to experience.

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onthejourney
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Here's a story I've been following over at r/paranormal - http://www.reddit.com/r/Paranormal/comments/12060x/scratches_and_letters_appearing_on_gf_body_over/

Here's a brief snippet , the post has lots of updates since then.

> On day one (this past Saturday night 10/20/12) we come home and lock all the doors and head to our bedroom to watch a movie before we go to sleep. Mid-way through the movie GF goes downstairs to grab something to drink. She yells up to me asking why I left all the doors open. I go downstairs to find both our front and back doors completely open. Thinking maybe I did leave them open I close them and we go back upstairs. The following morning I wake up and go downstairs to find both doors completely wide open again. At this point we are really scared and I'm thinking someone has been playing games and possibly breaking in our home (though nothing is stolen). So later that day we change the locks and by some security bars for both doors.
>
> Later that night (Sunday now and day two 10/21/12) we are playing w/ our children and she says she is feeling a burning sensation on her legs. So her and I go to the bathroom and we see deep scratches (in 3's and 4's) on her legs some of which are slightly bleeding. Now we are little freaked out. Maybe she has something which is causing this but we don't know. So we put our children to sleep and go to sleep ourselves. During the middle of the night she wakes up screaming that something is pulling her hair. After a minute or so she stops screaming and goes right back to sleep. The next morning we look over her and notice that along w/ the scratches there are now bruises all over her legs. We are really upset and scared at this point but continue on with our day so as not to alert or scare the children.

Later that night (Monday now and day 3 10/22/12) we go upstairs to lay down. Before doing so we check her over for any new marks and don't notice anything. While watching tv and she falls asleep on me. Half hour later (It's about 11:00 pm) she wakes up saying her stomach is burning. We lift her shirt up to find letters (along w/ more scratches) scratched into her abdomen. At this point we are really scared and don't know what to do. I take her to the ER and all the doctor's there say they have no explanation. They say the markings look a few days old but I show them the pictures taken each day and they tell me it's impossible given the scarring. The doctors ruled out all the possible medical reasons. We don't know what to do or what could be causing this. We think it may be a spirit of some sort. I've posted an album on imgur of what's taken place:

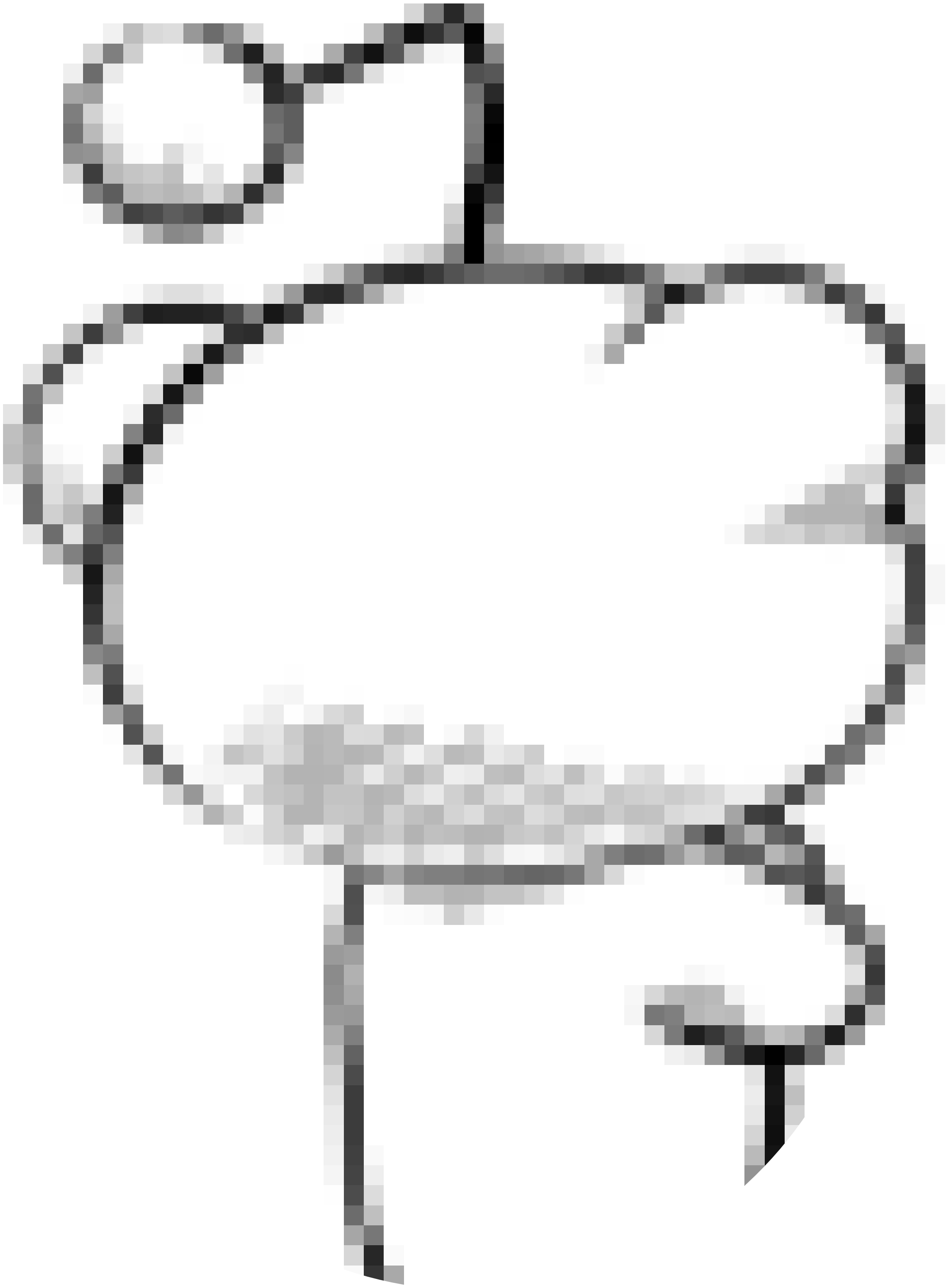
[1] http://imgur.com/a/BXfjD

The most telling picture is the one on her abdomen here:

[2] http://imgur.com/a/BXfjD#a2PbN

Can anyone tell what it says or make out a possible name/word? The only thing I can make out is: 'MNIENN'. Feel free to ask any questions as I'll be more than happy to provide answers to try and understand what is going on. Thanks.

Reply Share



Kalima
â€¢ 13y ago

4th of July is my father in laws birthday. We had a cookout and were waiting for the fireworks to start when he starts telling us stories about his childhood in Mexico and the topic turns to some Spanish gold that is supposedly buried on his families land. My wife and her sister decided to get a camera out and record this story in case there really is gold and what not. We set the camera up on a table on their deck and let it run facing my FIL. So as he is finishing the story, he starts talking about ghosts and things he has seen in Mexico and there were some pretty good stories. He says he sees ghosts and stuff on a regular basis and i guess it runs in his side of the family.

As he is telling one particular story his son says "i'd want something like that to happen to me" in regards to experiencing something supernatural. As he says this my father in law looks at him strangely and starts saying "no you don't" then jumps up out of his chair and kind of shakes like when you catch a chill. He had goosebumps and said something whispered in his ear but he couldn't remember what it said. I found this all every odd as it was the middle of july and not cold at all, we also never heard any whispers. Now my father in law is 6'4" and has done construction almost all his life, can grow a beard that could put dwarves to shame, and is honestly one of the manliest dudes i have ever met. So if something freaked him out, i wanted to know what it was.

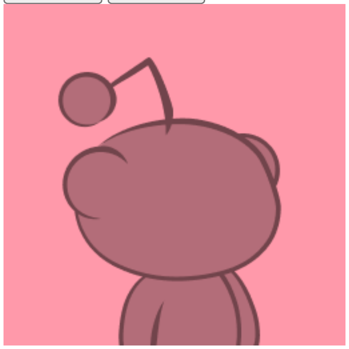
As a watcher of "ghost hunter" type shows it dawns on me that while we might not have heard the whisper, it could have been captured in the video. We grab the camera and rewind it. We get to the part where his son says "i'd want something like that to happen to me", then my FIL turns his head on camera and suddenly the screen goes black.

We let out a groan of disappointment thinking the batteries died or something, when the screen comes back on and it looks like someone had taken the camera and aimed it at the sky, then at the grass (we were on a deck, the grass was a few feet away and we never moved) and then suddenly back to the part where my brother in law is saying "i wish something like that would happen to me" that is when it happened. I heard a whisper in my ear as clear as if someone was standing right next to me say "what do you want me to do?" I get fucking chills writing this as i remember that day.

Of the people watching the tape, only myself, my wife, my niece, and my sister in law heard a voice. My brother in law, father in law and other sister in law did not. The strange thing was, my niece and i heard the voice in english, and my wife and her sister heard it in spanish. (which happened to be the preferred languages for each person as my niece speaks almost no spanish).

We each reacted to what we heard and then confirmed what was said. I don't know why everyone didn't hear it, but man did it scare the shit out of me. Her father took the tape from the camera later and locked it away and hasn't let us see it since.

Reply Share



bearrwitness
â€¢ 13y ago

I live in the penthouse of a condo building with my fiancÃ©, in downtown Toronto. We have our bed next to a large, nearly floor to ceiling set of windows. We usually keep some of the curtains open at night, as we have a nice view of the city.

That particular night, we were lying in bed, watching tv, when something caught my attention from the corner of my eye. Now, I'm used to seeing things in the night sky from our building - lots of planes, stars, helicopters etc. But this thing caught my eye as it was BRIGHT orange, almost like a flame. I jumped out of bed (stomping on my fiancÃ©s ankle, in my haste) and looked out the window. There was a whole bunch of these orange lights, creating a triangle-like shape. I called my fiancÃ© over to see, and she said they were probably chinese lanterns. I agreed with her - until I realized the space behind the points were blocking out the city lights - this was a solid object - and it was fucking massive. I watched it for about 5 mins until it flew out of sight. I'm not saying what I saw was some alien spacecraft - but it sure was fucking weird. I remember looking it up the next day, and there were blogs etc reporting seeing the same thing from toronto all the way up to Newmarket, Ontario. Gave me goosebumps.

Reply Share

Lion_Pride
â€¢ 13y ago

It creeps me out that people continue to believe in this nonsense.

Reply Share

[AngryMaiden](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My grandparents used to own an old early-mid-19th century house on the outskirts of Baltimore County. They planned to fix it up and eventually retire there. My grandmother, who's a no-nonsense, level-headed kind of woman, went out one day to meet my grandfather for lunch. As she walked in through the front door, a young blonde woman in a blue dress with full hoop skirt came walking down the stairs. The woman paused near the bottom step, smiled at my grandmother, and disappeared. My grandmother said the woman's presence wasn't threatening, but she never went back, and the house burned down about a year later.

Reply Share

[phoebecatsabound](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I spent my freshman year of college studying in Paris, France. One night, I went with a few friends to this abandoned metro tunnel (I think it was somewhere south west of PÃ¨re Lachaise, for you current residents). I have always loved exploring abandoned places, but this one was a little much for me. The tunnel was pitch black, the ground strewn with broken rail road ties and who knows what else, and every bit of common sense I had was telling me not to go in there. About 150 feet into the tunnel, I heard a male voice whisper "Va t'en" or "Get out". It sounded like the guy was whispering right in my ear. I immediately ran as hard as I could for the entrance. My friends followed, and asked what was wrong. They hadn't heard anything. It could have been my imagination, or it could have been a very sneaky homeless person, but regardless I refused to go back.

GrislyGrizzly
â€¢ 13y ago

TIL more redditors need dogs.

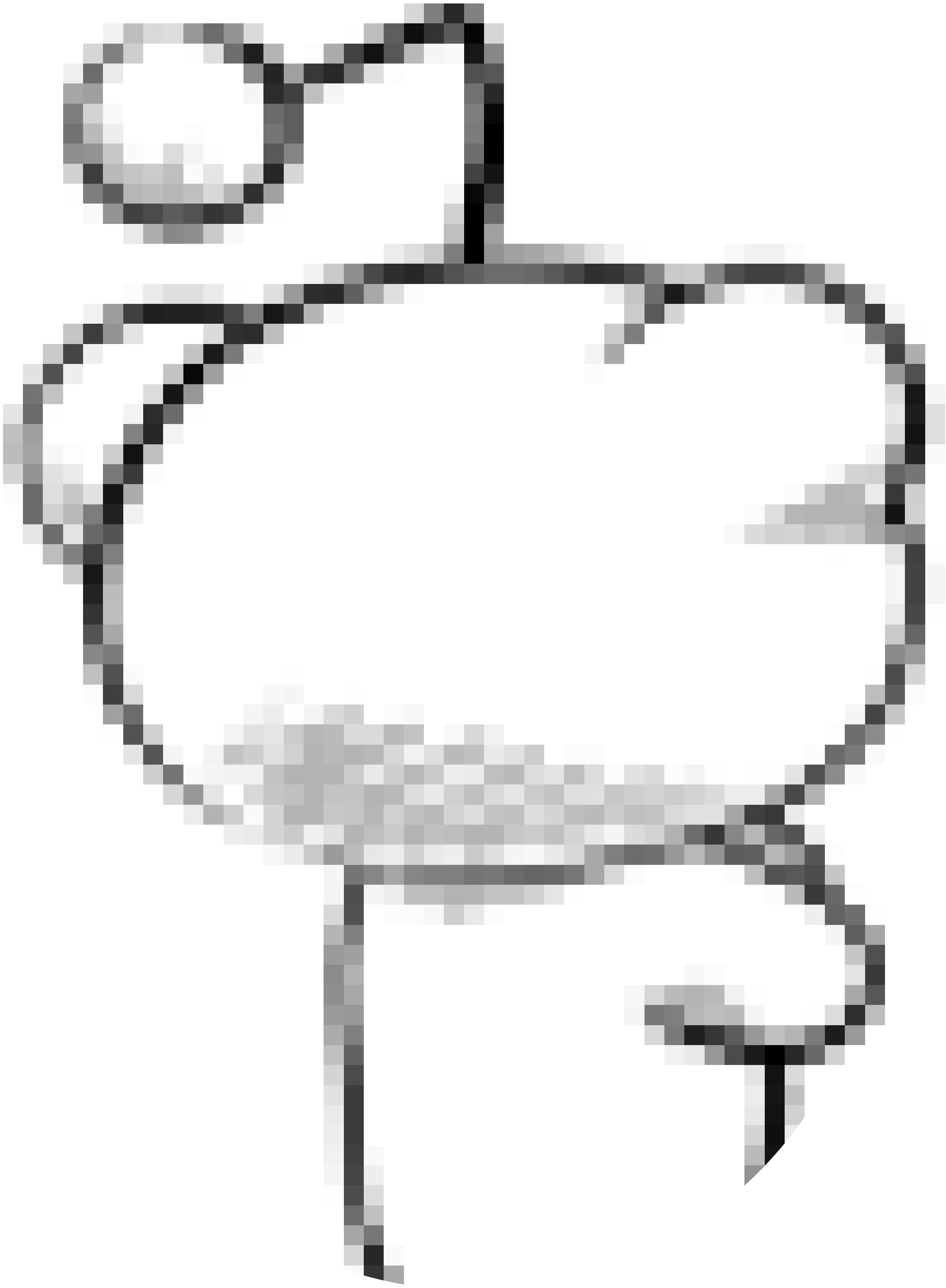
HappyGrandPappy
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 10, I woke up in the middle of the night and saw a little girl standing behind my night stand. She looked like a little farmer girl. I clearly remember a red, long sleeved shirt, under a pair of overalls with a cute bear and bunny on the front.

I sat confused unsure of what I was looking at. So I asked, "who are you? What do you want?" Suddenly a large smile cracked across her face and she jumped at me. I screamed and jumped back, suddenly she was gone.

I later found out that our neighborhood was built over old farmland. In fact, my cousin who lived down the street claims he woke up to see a farmer above his bed.

Spooooooooky!



eviltrollwizard
â€¢ 13y ago

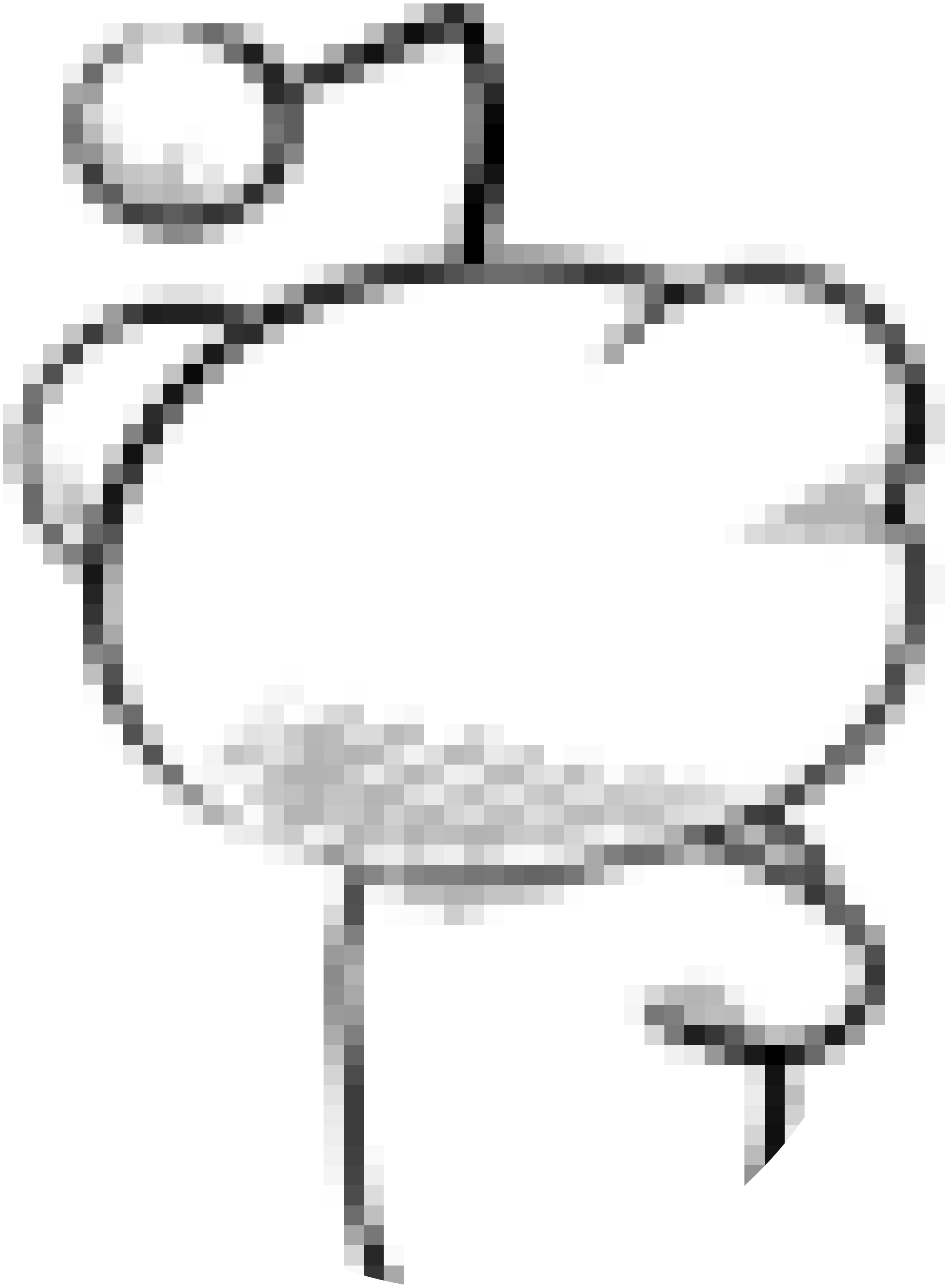
I have a memory when I was very young. Us kids would get left home alone all the time. About six - eight of us at a time. The oldest watching the youngest kind of thing. One day while we were in the living room watching tv my oldest two sisters come running into the living room screaming hysterically. Before anyone can make heads or tails of the situation someone screams and points at the screen door. Just outside there is a large figure covered in fur. It stands there for a second and than runs off. My older brothers run outside but there is nothing there.

It was one of those memories that you are not quite sure is real or not so you just assume it was a dream. Then one day a few years back I was talking to my cousin and I brought up this weird memory I had and he said "Oh, that time we saw that werewolf?" Freaked me the hell out.

I'm still not sure it wasn't a prank played on us kids by our older siblings. I never see any of them these days.

DaSasquatch
â€¢ 13y ago

Last year I had a strange experience where I woke up and was unable to move. While paralyzed, I could swear that I saw a demon or some monster standing on my chest then it moves in closer and says something like "do you like it?" Shortly after that it all went away but I was really freaked out and couldn't get back to sleep. I looked this up and it seems that it's connected to "lucid dreaming" I just couldn't sleep so I decided to go to the local fast food joint (it was early still like 10pm). I had to use my bike as I have no car also the restaurant is across from a church. As I approach the church I see an old man walking in the middle of the street which I thought was really odd. When I passed the old man, I looked back and he was fucking gone :O lol I pedaled faster! and when I reached the end of the block all the street lights were out and all I could see is the glow from the Virgin Mary shrine the church had set up.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I remember a few years ago I woke up at about 2 in the morning, looked out my window and saw a large object with lights just a few meters above the trees. My window was wide open, but I heard nothing. I just stared at it until it went below the treeline. I didn't hear a crash or anything; it just vanished

[Robreeto89](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

Well this is two separate things that are probably just coincidence but still freaky.

I've always believed that animals are able to sense things and see things that we can not. Well a few years ago I was dead asleep door shut tight. I make sure my door is closed tightly every night to ensure my ass hole cats don't pee on or eat anything in my room. Well around two or so in the morning my door slams open and hits the wall waking me up instantly. We had seven cats and every single one of them were sitting outside my door staring into my room but wouldn't come in.

A few years later I was sleeping and had a dream that I was taking a bath for some reason and then was suddenly pushed under water. I remember looking up seeing nothing holding me down. I begin trying to yell but all I hear is someone say "scream all you want no one can hear you." I woke up catching my breath and extremely cold.

Reply Share

haydenseek
â€¢ 13y ago

Right as I was finishing The God Delusion, an atheist friend of mine (I didn't have many, <1%) called me to catch up. I told him what I was reading and he told me a bunch of problems with Dawkins.

Dat timing...

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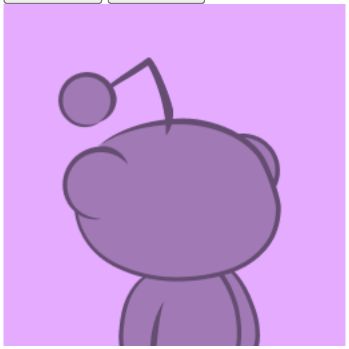


DieButterTroll
â€¢ 13y ago

Not my story, but it creeps me out every time I read it:

Some years ago, I visited Japan. One night, I was walking through a small village on my way back from visiting a touristy hot spring when it started getting pretty dark, so I stopped at a house and asked the man who answered if I could stay with him for the night. "Of course," he replied, "I don't get many visitors."

We talked for a little while, but we were both pretty tired, so I went off to bed in a small room that he had prepared for me real quick.

In the middle of the night, I was woken up by some mild sobbing coming from the room next to me. Curiosity was killing me, so I crept closer, when I actually discovered that there was a small hole in the wall that looked like it had been poked through with a finger or something (the walls were very thin). I looked through it, and I saw a beautiful girl sitting by a desk, sobbing to herself. She had long, black hair that covered one side of her face, but I could tell she must be pretty. I lay back down for a bit, pondering why the guy hadn't actually mentioned her. The sobbing seemed like it had quieted down, so I decided to take one last look through the hole, but oddly enough, all I could see was red. It was kind of weird, but I guessed there must have been some curtains or something that had been pulled over.

The next morning, at breakfast, I asked the old guy, "Who was the girl in the room beside me?"

The old man replied, "Girl? No one lives with me. I used to have a daughter, but we couldn't find a suitor for her, as she was born with a deformity. She died in that room."

"What? Died?! And a deformity? The girl I saw looked perfectly normal to me" I said quickly.

"She was born with one red eye."

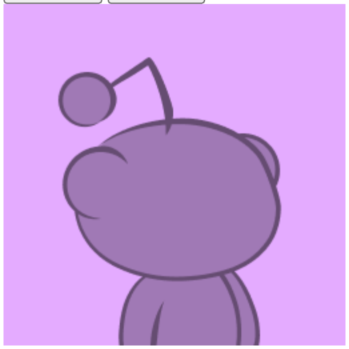
redeyedog2020
â€¢ 13y ago

When i was in the boyscout, i was probably 14, i went to summer camp in Tennessee. on the way up we stayed the night in Georgia, at this really old church (when i say old i mean founded in the early 1700) in the gym wich was kinda the basement. the way it was setup there was a basket ball court with rooms off to the side. in one of the rooms the wall was over 6 foot thick, and had 3 placks on it (can't remeber there names if they had just remember the placks) we found out later that when had built the gym they had accidentally disturbed these 3 graves, and they just built a crypt right in the wall.

so it's a rather large church, and they we could barrow a TV and DVD player, on our way to get it, we leave all the lights on and the doors open to find our way back. we get to the youth lounge goof off for 15 min and walk back. Cept all the lights are off and the doors shut. we didnt think much of it, one of the guys is messing with us, and we went to dinner at some buffet, got back watched a couple movies, and hit the sac. I had trouble sleeping, like i always do when sleeping on the floor, and around 12:30 it got cold, im not talking the ac kicked in cold i mean see your breath in June. A buddy of mine woke up and asked who was at the other end of the gym? i turned and saw 3 black figures walking across the gym... we sat there for as it took them to dissapeer, and did a head count, it wasn't one of us

pardon the spelling and grammar

Reply Share



buckskin11
â€¢ 13y ago

It was a dream. Walking in some nondescript valley. Tall grass etc. except the color scheme was off. it was all brighte colors in their pastels. I knew I was dreaming as a result but I kept on some path I was already on. Out of no wher I turn; from where I just came no there is a sheer line of the thickest forest I have ever seen in my life. Forbidden Forest status. no more than 50 yards from me. it's as if I walked through it. but had no knowledge of it. I started walking toward it. I consciously didn't want to but I couldn't stop walking. as I approached the edge of the forest, I saw something. Glistening or a gleaming. I stopped. I made out a face. It was snarling. it wasn't human but I could tell it knew, rather it was waiting. it scared me awake. I turn over. it's hardly two. I sit up to shake off the dream and (hopefully) fall back asleep. But as I look to the foot of my bed I see the same snarling face. It wasn't mad. It was a terrifying self-satisfied smile from a lion-esque form. at the foot of my bed. in the surreal pastel colors of the field. Frozen with fear. I couldn't breath. Fight or flight starts to kick in but when I blink. wind rushes past me. I here a small laugh. and it's gone. I went into my siblings room. woke her up to ensure I was awake. which I was. I don't know what happened that night.

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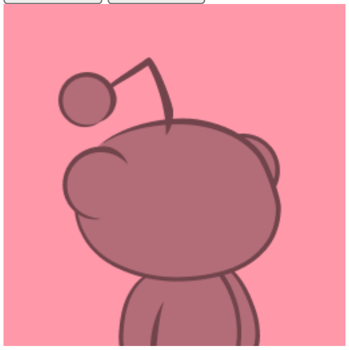

ConcreteToast
â€¢ 13y ago

So i live in a house that's at least 300 years old and i remember one of my friends from primary school asking if it was haunted. Anyway about a year ago my parents left to go on holiday for a week and i stayed home so i could study for my exams. I started sleeping on the couch in the living room since the big TV is there and i could fall asleep it. A few days into the holiday, weird noises started happening but i thought nothing of it since it's an old creaky house but when 5 birds crashed into the window i was sitting next to in the space of about 20 minutes, i started to get a little creeped out. A day later i went back up to my room to get some stuff and i shut the door. When i went back to turn the handle to open it i swear it felt like someone was on the other side turning the handle in the opposite direction. I let go and stumbled back at bit and i heard the click of the handle go back into place. At this point i was still home alone and none of my friends were around or anything. I went to open the door and no one was there and so i didn't go back to my room for the rest of the time i was home alone. Although when i did go back it was deathly cold, like honestly colder than outside, and this was winter in Scotland so all heaters were up to the highest they could go and it was still freezing.

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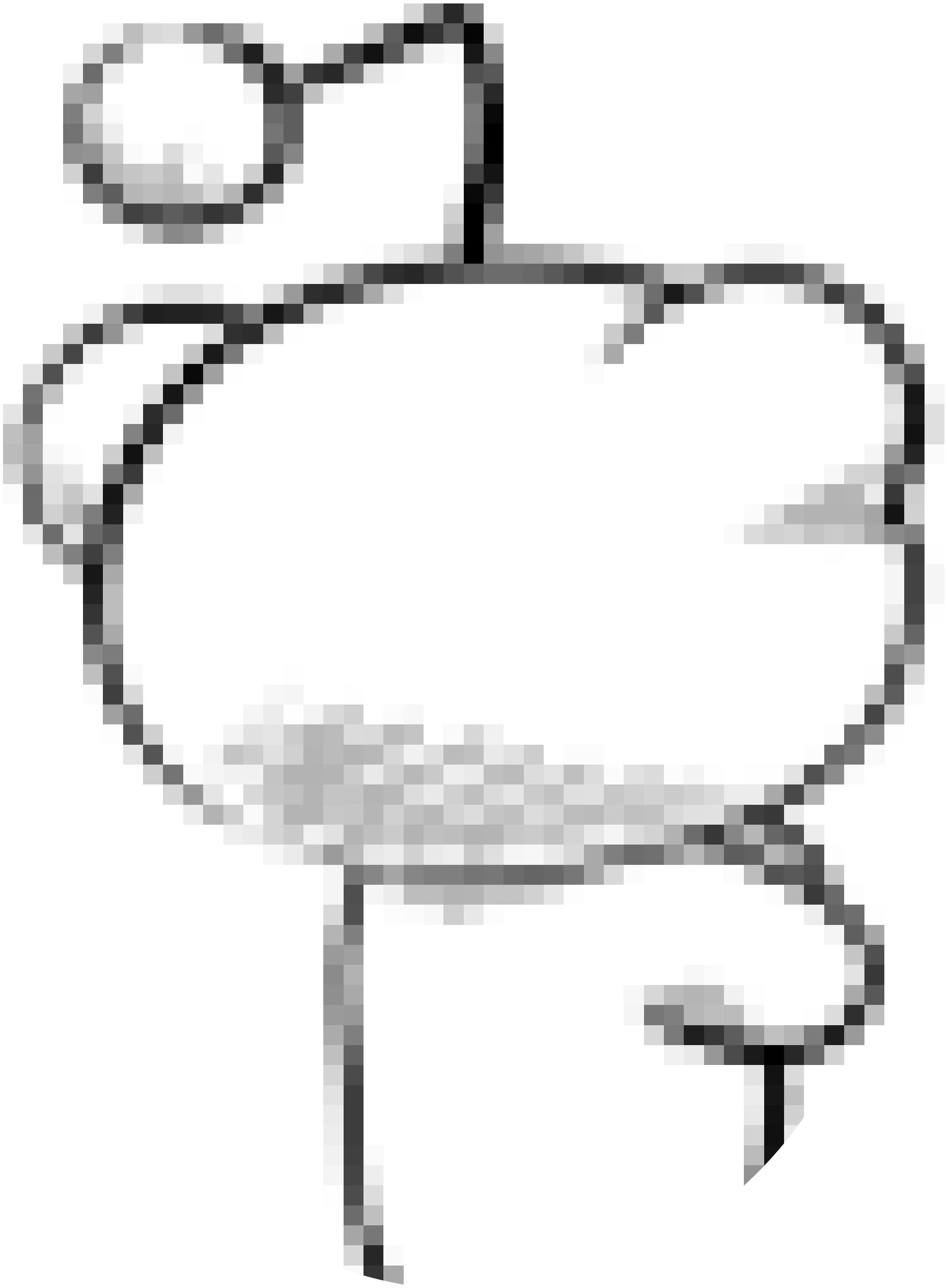


[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

So I have two things that come to mind.

First, when I was younger, from around 5-10 I'd say, I would frequently hear someone call my name whenever I was doing something such as playing a video game or watching tv or reading, and it would turn out that nobody had said anything when I'd ask what they wanted (normally I would hear my dad calling me). I wouldn't think much of it but now when I think back it freaks me out a little.

The second thing is that just last night I experienced sleep paralysis for the first time. I had fallen asleep on the couch because I was too tired to go upstairs to my room and I woke up in the middle of the night and couldn't move. I heard someone break a window or something and I freaked out and pretended to be asleep, but then I felt someone pull the covers off of me and my eyes opened on their own and I see a shadowy person looking at me from over the couch and I hear a booming noise like a bass or something just playing one note over and over and the shadow would bob his head to it. When I could finally move it and the sound disappeared and I screamed and couldn't sleep the rest of the night. Looking back on it the concept of a shadow bobbing his head to music doesn't sound very scary but it made me flip my shit anyways.

If someone could shed some light on these phenomenons it would be appreciated.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

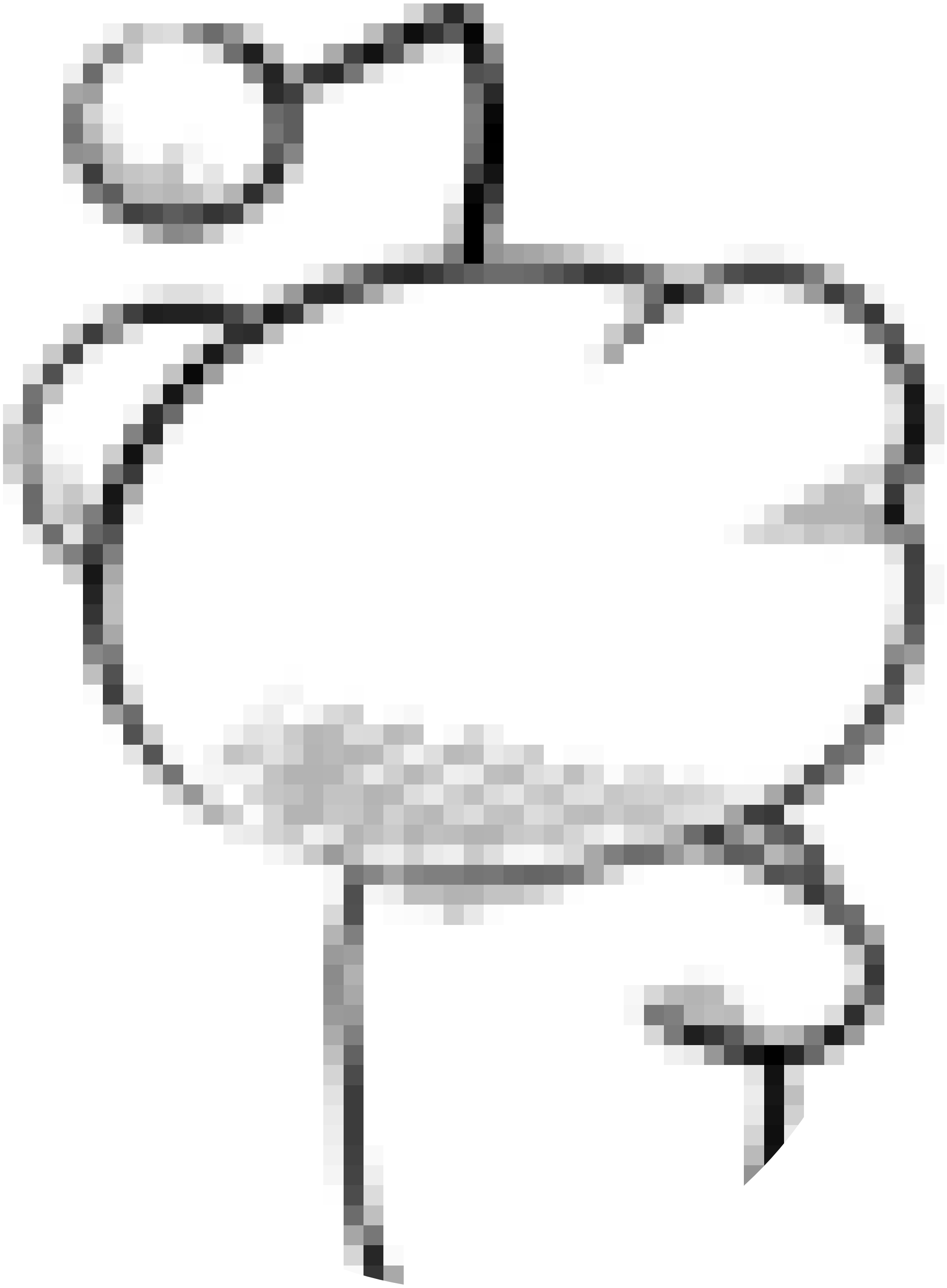
It's not something that happened to me but something that happened to a friend of mine. I wish I was making it up.

She lives at a remote edge of a very small village in Germany (1000 people maybe) a couple of miles from my town. One night, when she was walking home from a friend, she noticed quite fresh, wet stains in front of the gate to their yard. They were leading away from the gate towards the field of apple-trees across from their house. It was obvious that somebody pissed all over the place and than walked into the field (nothing there but trees).

That *really* creeped her out because it was obvious that this "incident" just happened or else everything would have dried out. She rushed into the house because she was scared that whoever did this was still across the gate in between the trees somewhere.

The next day when she checked her mailbox she found an envelope. In the envelope was a picture of a bed with a lot of piss-stains on it and written on the back was "YOU'RE A BED-WETTER".

Imagine how deranged somebody has to be in order to do something like this! I know it doesn't sound like much but she couldn't sleep well for days and I understand why.



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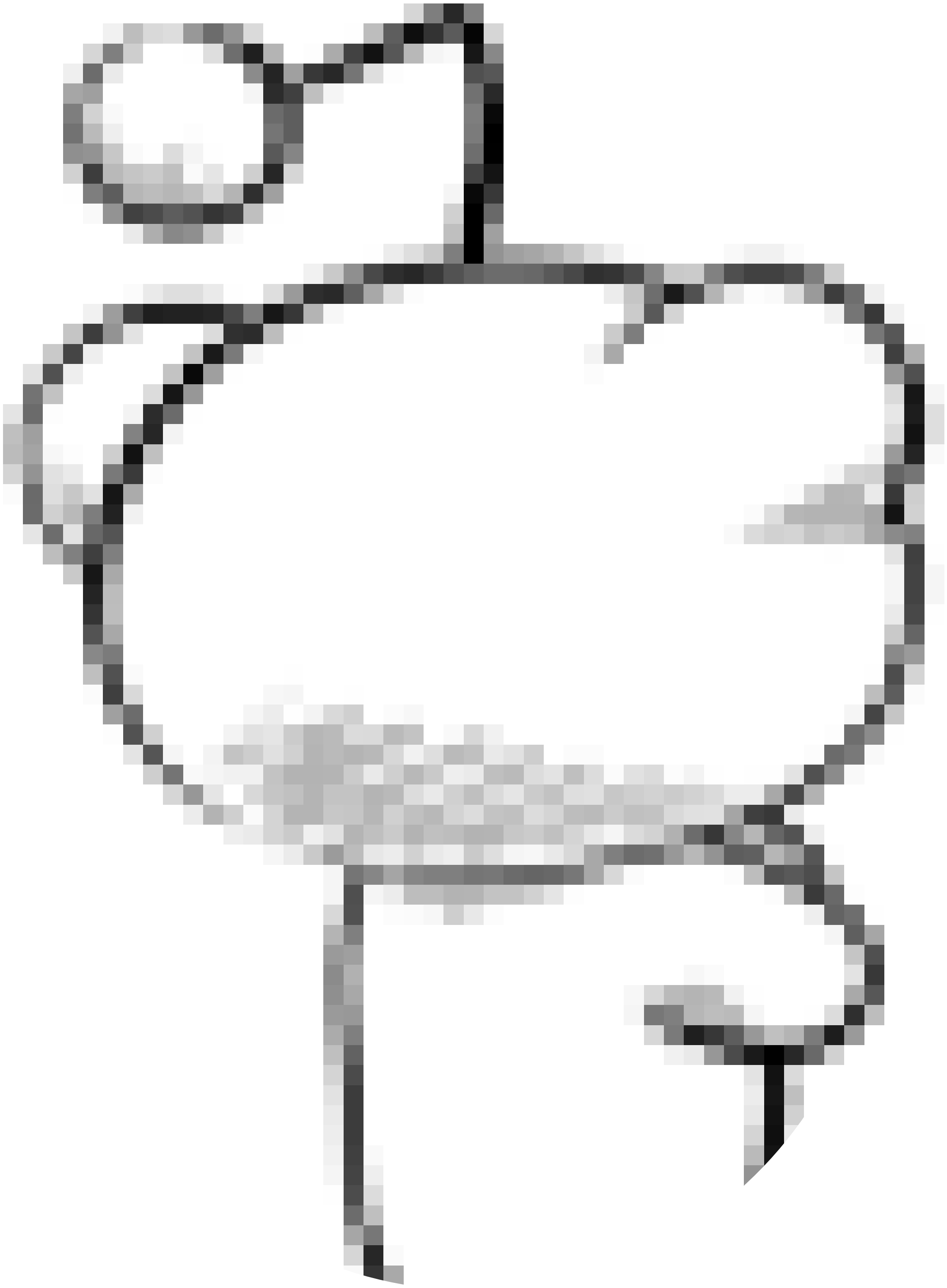
â€¢ 13y ago

I've never had any paranormal experiences, although I always kinda hoped something bizarre would happen just so I would have some actual evidence to support the millions of reports people have of strange things. Anyway, cut to about 1 month ago, and I'm just getting back from studying in Thailand. I was playing ping pong with my brother, as we do pretty often since we share the finished basement and all. We're just talking about what I missed while I was gone, and he gets really hushed and tells me this story that happened about a week prior. He and my stepbrother were playing ping pong also, when they see what looks like a camera flash go off in the unfinished room across the basement. He figured it was a bulb blowing or something but after checking the room there are no lightbulbs and nothing to make a bright white flash.

About 2 weeks after that me, my sister, and brother all go to my grandmoms place to set up her blueray player and all that good stuff. The drive home is about 30 minutes and at one point we're slowing down for a red light. As we slow down to about 10 mph the light turns green and we start to accelerate. Just then a bright bright white flash consumes the inside of my tiny Jetta. We all look around for a camera or even a streetlamp that popped, a transformer, lightning, or a traffic camera.. nothing.

Im back at school now and thought I saw a flash out my window a week ago but I was almost asleep and wasn't sure. However it was enough to make me throw the covers over my head haha. Its nothing definitive but it stayed on my mind.



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â€¢ 13y ago

I wouldn't say supernatural, but once I was biking (I used to bike 6 miles a day) and it was pretty chilly. I wore a quarter zip fleece thinking that it would keep me warm. Turns out it was waaaay too hot for me to wear, so I stop on the side of the road.

For some reason, the house I stopped in front of had a big brick sign saying the address and family's surname.

I took off my quarter zip and threw it behind the sign, because I didn't want to carry it all the way and it was fairly short into my ride that I got hot.

There weren't any cars around or people, it's a fairly unused road which is why I chose to use it to bike on.

On my way back, I see my quarter zip folded neatly on top of the sign.

No cars were in their driveway and it was around 1 in the afternoon.

I nope'd the fuck home, skeeved me out hard and made the hair on my neck stand up.

Reply Share

misterswarvey
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This doesn't actually fit in the supernatural category, but I've been meaning to post about it and this seems like as good a place as any.

When I was about 14, so this would be '82 or '83, I was home alone watching Night Flight, because occasionally there would be some almost-boobies on it.

The show cut to commercial break. Or it seemed to cut to commercial break. What it did cut to was a black screen for a long stretch of seconds.

After the long, perhaps 10 seconds, a still image popped up on the screen. It was a picture of Lynda Carter from about mid-bosom up. Nothing obscene. She was dressed as Wonder Woman, so there was some cleavage, but nothing out of ordinary for the time.

So I'm looking at this picture, waiting for something to happen, but nothing does for a long time. Such a long time that I was intrigued. I thought to myself, "Haha! Someone screwed up! Look at this mistake!" I got a little closer to the television and as I did, a red dot, similar to a laser pointer point appeared in the center of my vision.

I stared at it, and as I stared at it, it jiggled in an eye-crossing way. It was as though no matter where I looked, it stayed in the center of my vision as if I couldn't help but follow the red dot. It quickly occurred to me that my eyes weren't following the dot, the dot was following my eyes.

I tested this by looking somewhere other that the depth of her cleavage, which was where my eyes seemed to automatically drift. I looked to one corner, then the other, then tried some circles. After the dot followed the circles, I got super freaked out.

I looked away from the screen to see what would happen when I looked back.

When I looked back. The dot was gone. The picture of Lynda Carter disappeared and was replaced by a commercial that was already in progress.

It never happened again.

***Now with more carriage return.

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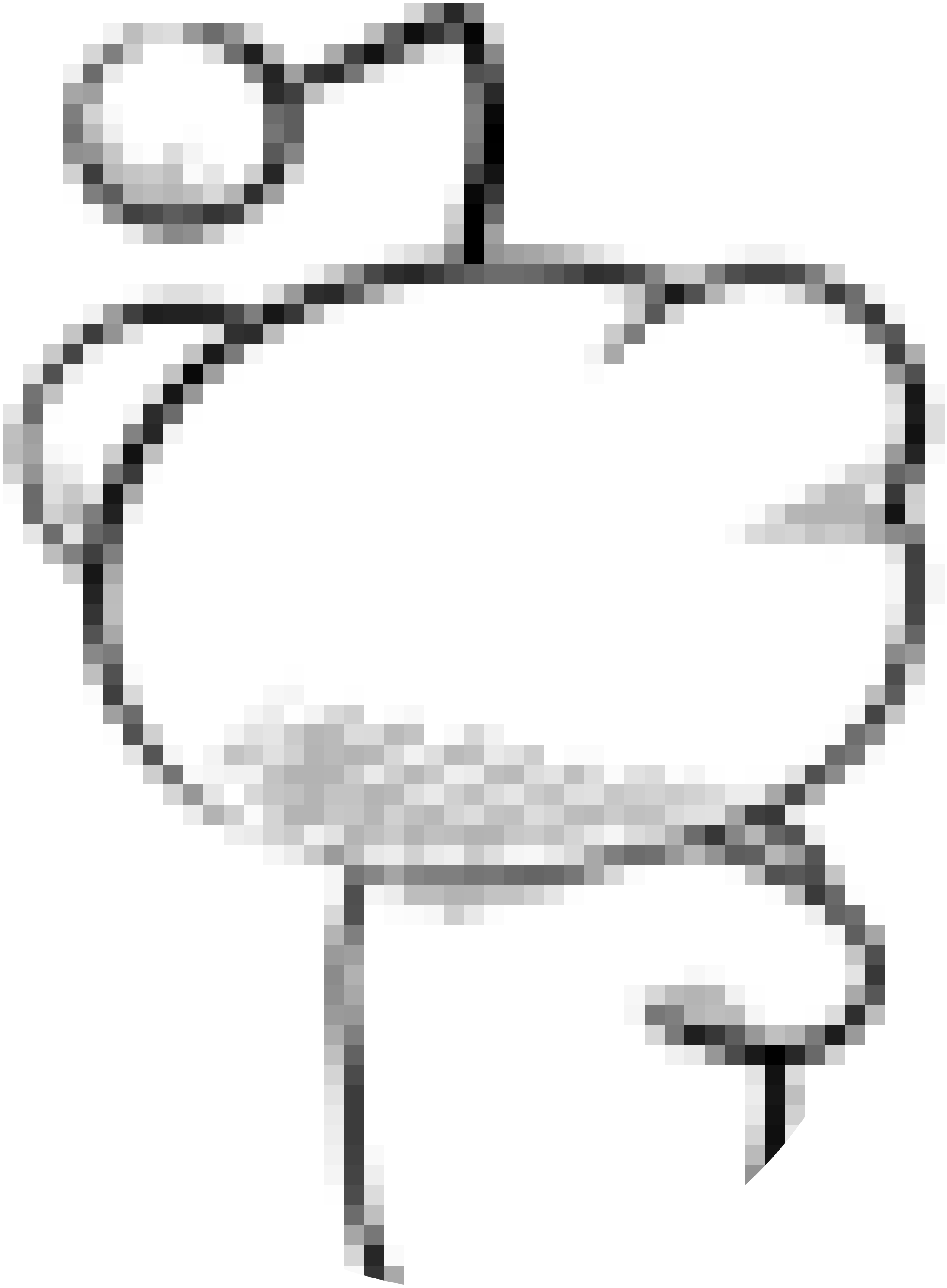

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â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

Xavii7
â€¢ 13y ago

Goosebumps.

deathproof6
â€¢ 13y ago

My friends parents bought a new house and for some reason had not moved in yet so we used to go over there and hang out. From the first day there, we were weary of the basement, it wasn't finished but it wasn't creepy either, just a plain cement basement for storage. For some reason, we all decided there was a ghost down there and would make jokes about it and dare each other to go down there and stay for x amount of minutes with the lights off.

We would try to stay down there but always got creeped out for some reason and would end up running upstairs.

This went on for several weeks, and by that point, I'm sure it was psychological. The rush of adrenaline, scaring yourself, and trying to freak each other out more and more.

One night, myself and two other guys decided we would brave it to impress some girls we had over. We went down the stairs, I was in the lead and my two friends were side by side behind me. We got to the bottom of the steps and they goaded me on and to be brave, I stepped further in. One friend said, "Something moved over there!" and pointed to tthe corner. I looked over and against the wall was a spot that was darker than the rest of the area, I can't explain it, it was just darker. Keep in mind it was pitch black so darker than pitch black was pretty weird. I said "Oh shit! There it is" and pointed to the dark spot. I immediately turned around, pushed my arms between my two friends, shoved them aside and ran up the stairs.

They followed hot on my heels and we made it to the living room and crashed on the couch. We were laughing and teasing each other, joking around giggling.

After a few minutes and the adrenaline wore off we forgot about it and continued on with our night. About half an hour later, my friend asked "Were the lights on downstairs?" and as soon as he said it, I had a flash of clarity, I remember when I turned around, I could see my friends clear as day, I rememeber seeing my friends striped shirt and seeing exactly where they were statnding. Enough that I could place my hands on their shoulders and push them aside.

We started discussing it and I mentioned I could see them clear as day and they said they could see me as well. They could have been confused because of some ambient lighting from the stairwell from upstairs, but there was no way there was a light source behind me. The light from upstairs wasn't enough to see them as clearly as I saw them either. It was like there was a spotlight behind me. We checked and the light was off and there was no way we could have hit the switch as it was around a corner from where we were standing.

The weirdest part (to me) was, as soon as he asked if the lights were on, I knew exactly what he was talking about. I can still see it in my minds eye whenver i think of the story.

When his parents moved in a few weks later, there were no more weird feelings and the basement was just a basement with boxes in it. His dad was kind of an asshole so I'm assuming the ghost didn't dig him and moved on...

Reply Share

kristianmae
â€¢ 13y ago

It's not really creepy as much as its unexplainable--if anything it was kind of comforting. When I was probably 11 or 12, I remember laying in bed one night crying for some odd reason, I really can't remember why. I was shaking because I was so cold, and I decided to look over in the corner of my room. What I saw is too this day unexplainable--I saw this shimmery mist hovering about 4 feet of the ground and I heard, "it's okay Kris, go to sleep" and the mist just disintegrated. I was left with a smell of cigarette smoke and warmth and I immediately fell asleep, and woke up thinking it was all a dream.

The next day I called my half brother who is about 13 years older than me, and told him what happened. He told me something very similar happened to him the night before as well--down to the cigarette smell. We are convinced that our mother who had died about 5 years prior popped into say hello.

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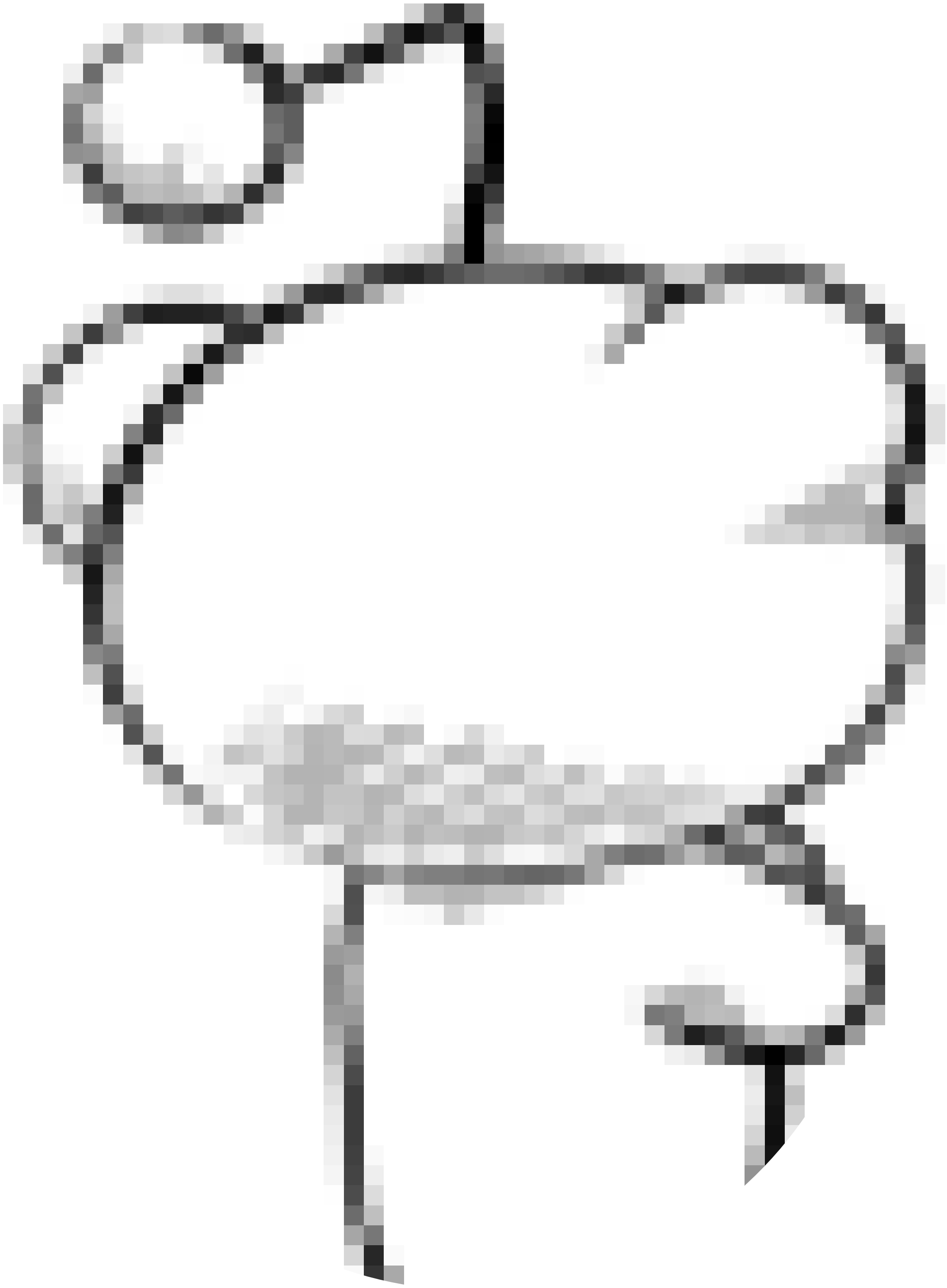

commentsurfer
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

One time when I was about 13, I got in bed for the night... It was the time in my life before I closed my eyes to fall asleep... and as I was laying there, in relatively bright moon light, my covers on the left side of my body flipped off of me exposing my arm to the air. I vividly remember not really being scared, and I said to myself, "ok this just actually happened for real... I'm not imagining this". Then shortly after I just pulled it back over my arm and sat there until I fell asleep. Nothing like that has ever happened before or again in my life.. but I've held on to that memory being careful not to warp or exaggerate it. For example, I remember thinking as it happened that I felt something tingly on my arm... but I specifically remember that it wasn't for sure a feeling, rather I was almost expecting to feel something on my arm so I started to imagine something tingly touching me. But then nothing really did. So I made sure not to eventually turn this memory into something grabbing me or whatever.

I've also tried to explain it from time to time; like maybe it was my cat pulling my blanket down from the bottom of the bed... but I don't think that could be it since the blanket did not move at all except the portion of the very edge that flipped off my arm. Also, I know I was not sleeping because I had just gotten in bed, and typically it used to take me about 20 - 30 minutes to fall asleep. And my room was upstairs and the left side of the bed was snug against the stair banister, so no one could have been standing next to me on that side of the bed.

Anyway, it serves to remind me that there probably is more going on in this reality/world/universe that we can perceive or expect to perceive.

Reply Share

Indipandapolis
â€¢ 13y ago

I live by myself down in a small college town and as a guy, I usually leave my toilet seat up. However, for the past week or so whenever I get home and go to take a piss, the toilet seat has been down... I asked around to my neighbors to see if they saw anyone suspicious going into or out of my place and they all said they haven't. To this day I'm still freaking out about my mysterious ghost shitter.

Reply Share

qtmkwhiskers
â€¢ 13y ago

This is my dads story: when he was a kid one of his cousins visited for the summer. He lived on a farm and was wild country boy. So exploring one day his cousin has an accident and looses 2 fingers. His cousin goes home shortly after and my father didn't see him for years. Then at a family reunion they meet up again, they start talking, then it hits my dad that he has all of his fingers. He asked him how he got prosthetic fingers, they looked so real. Then his cousin tells him he never lost any fingers.

Reply Share

Beasts_of_England
â€¢ 13y ago

A friend and I had an actual encounter with a "slender man" type thing without the suit. This was almost 10 years ago but we were hanging out by a park chilling in the car listening to music. Something caught my eye by a tree no more than 30m away. It was a freaking white head with big black circles that looked like eyes poking around a tree. I looked at my friend who was staring at it too. At first I thought it had to just be out eyes playing tricks as it was starting to get a little dark. Then I swear to god the thing skulked from the tree it was behind to another one. It had the most abnormal walking motion with the way the arms swung at its side and it was just a tall and white figure. Not white like Caucasian skin but white like creepy fucking alien skin. We panicked, started the car, and drove away. I brought it up to him a few years ago and he still remembers it too.

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[LyricalReplies](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Something's under the bed... Now it's out in the hedge. There's a big black crow sitting on my window ledge. And I hear something scratching through the wall...

Reply Share

[BDesh04](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I have a friend who lives in Georgia that I went to visit very recently and he lives in a sorta secluded house on a civil war battefield so he has freaky shit happen to him all the time but this blew it out of the water.

So we were in his basement going through a bunch of stuff and we found this old tape recording and he said it was if him and his brother doing random shit. We put the tape in the recorder and play it back. It was only like 30 seconds but just at the end there is this 5 seconds of nothing then we both heard this faint noise so I turn the volume all the way up and play it back. I shit you not what we heard was 100% real and we both heard it clearly. So with the volume on full blast I hear this old hoarse voice faintly scream "GET OUT OF MY HOUSE." Not a second later we both booked it upstairs and ran outside.

AnAngryPirate
â€¢ 13y ago

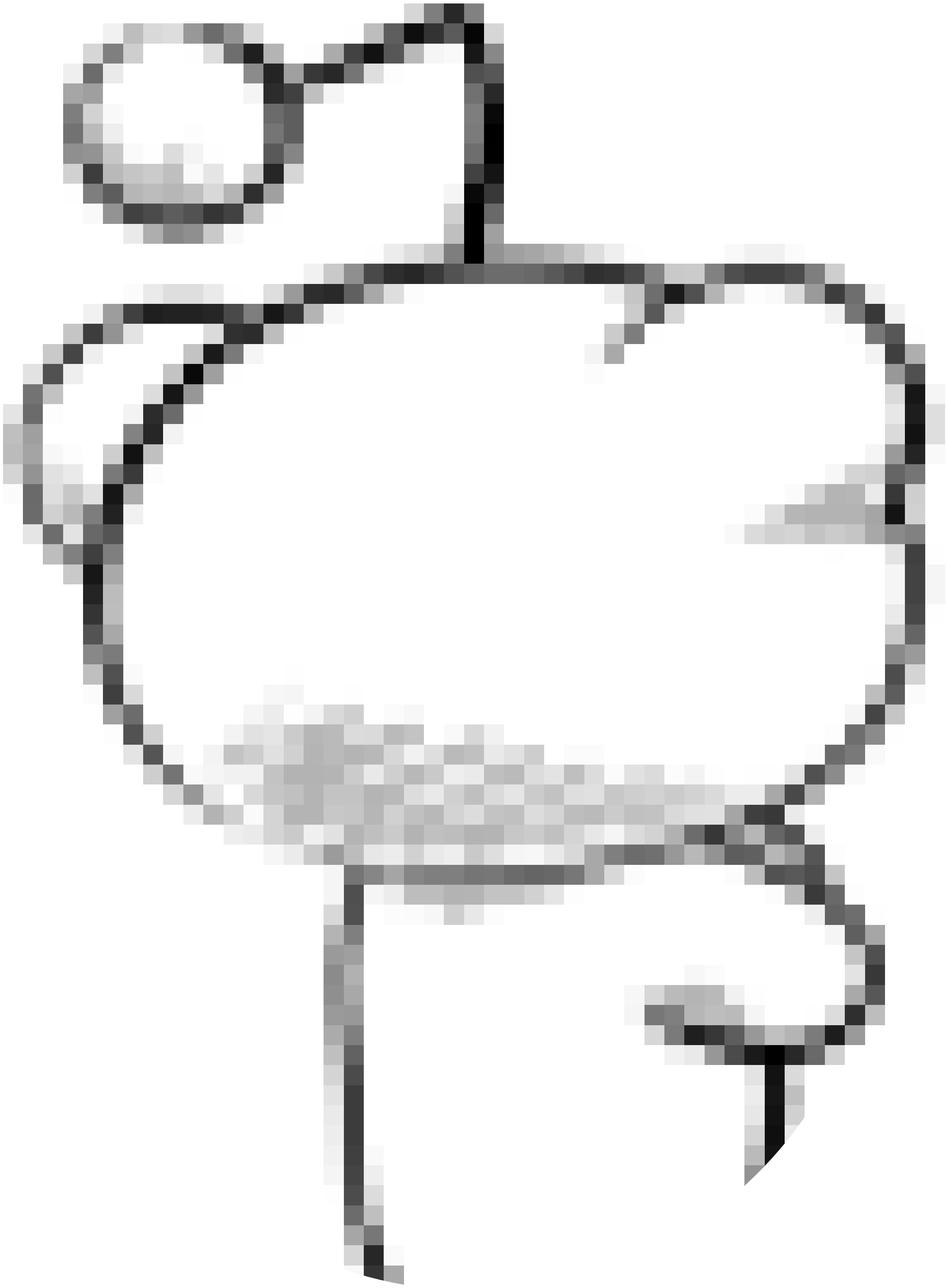
Ok, this happened to me Junior year. I was in a church group that would go on retreats to this little camp ground. Had a few buildings and a couple buildings for lodging. It was a great time, had a bunch of friends there and the church was kept to a minimal, until night came on Saturday.

We had spent the entire day doing pretty active stuff. Went canoeing, played football, etc. We were gathered in a big meeting room where I assumed we would have a quick meeting then go to bed. The meeting started taking longer then excpected (like 45 minutes) and finally the camp leader said something along the lines of "we're going to try something that may seem weird to some of you."

Now I wasn't put off at all, not much bugs me or bothers me. We all got in a circle and they started calling out to the "holy spirit" to move someone to come forward. Someone does, he does a little prayer, they "faint". Again, a little on edge but not too worried. What really got to me though was a friend I had, we had been friends for a while, started speaking in tongues. Straight up super fast rambling in a language I didn't recognize. I catch eyes with another guy I kind of knew and we both had this "let's get the fuck out of here" look. So we leave and head to our room, all the time more people are fainting and my friend was continuing to speak in tongues.

Now I can explain the fainting away to we were tired, it was excpected of you to do that, and these were people with legitimate problems (abusive homes and the like). But my friend, to watch her just start speaking in tongues and not respond to me... That really got to me. That was the last real time I went on anything like that.

tl;dr: Went on religious retreat with friends, good friend starting speaking in tongues.



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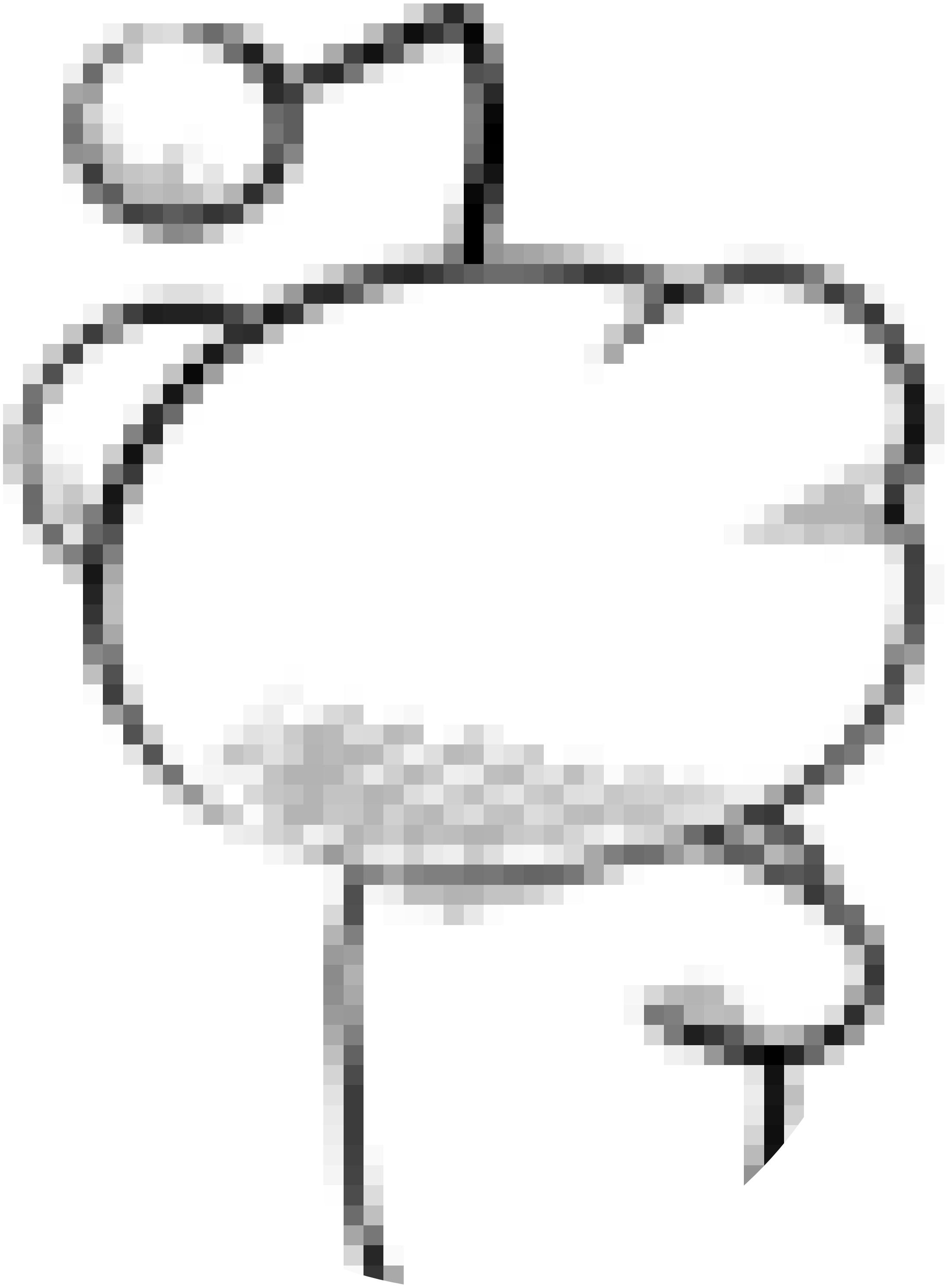
â€¢ 13y ago

monogamy

wening93
â€¢ 13y ago

I know everyone gets Deja Vu, but I've always wondered if people get it the same that i do. Whenever it happens, my stomach drops as soon as i realize i know what is going on. After that i go into somewhat of a trance for 30 seconds to a minute. If people are speaking, it changes from English to almost speaking in tongues. And i cant speak English, its more of just mumbling. Once the whole thing is said and done, I look around and can now understand everything. It happens about 3-4 times a year. When it happens, I expect to have about three more on that same day. I've always wondered if it could be some kind of mental limitation that i'm reaching and cant comprehend so my brain slows down. Any thoughts, or anyone that this happens to as well?



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â€¢ 13y ago

I once had a girlfriend who, in addition to being a bit crazy, used to complain of a recurring nightmare which involved a leering ghost. She claimed to have had this dream since she was a girl, and speculated that it was a jealous spirit that followed her around.

The first night we slept together, I woke up at around 2:30 am, very peacefully. There was something odd in the center of my vision, like a fuzzy sort of blackness. I wasn't scared at all; I've had sleep paralysis before and this definitely wasn't it. I was just lying there peacefully, wondering why I had woken up and when my vision was going to clear, when suddenly the girl woke up screaming. She JUMPED to her feet and started swinging her fists, then fell over and immediately started bawling. I've never seen anything like it. I asked what happened and she hysterically told me that the ghost had returned in her dream. Her heart was beating like a jackhammer.

Jinh0o
â€¢ 13y ago

Scariest thing happened to me not too long ago. I'm still in my vocation before spring semester so I pretty much fucked my sleeping cycle. I wake up anywhere from the afternoon to late afternoon. My parents both go to work in the AM and don't come home until night.

So I wake up around 4 PM here and it's pretty dark in the house is lit by
outside source. First thing I do is go on the computer and reddit, binge on some TV shows I've been missing out on. As I'm scrolling down reddit I see a witch like figure walking towards the bathroom which is outside my room and in view. It stopped midway and turned its head to look at me. My heart pounced and was scared shitless. There was this intense staring contest and I yelled hello? It just kept staring without a sound. Took me a good minute to realize that witch was my mother and she decided to come early since she wasn't feeling well. so glad

efstajas
â€¢ 13y ago

While sitting in class extremely early in the morning, still being half asleep, I suddenly heard really creepy music... Not really music, but creepy ambience pads or something. I don't know wtf happened there, and I didn't really think much of it while it happened, probably because I was half asleep.

I guess it was some kind of dream or hallucination because I was so sleepy. I'm a pretty vivid dreamer and I often hear strange sounds right before falling asleep. Still, it was really creepy and I still shiver when thinking of it.

surfersonnn
â€¢ 13y ago

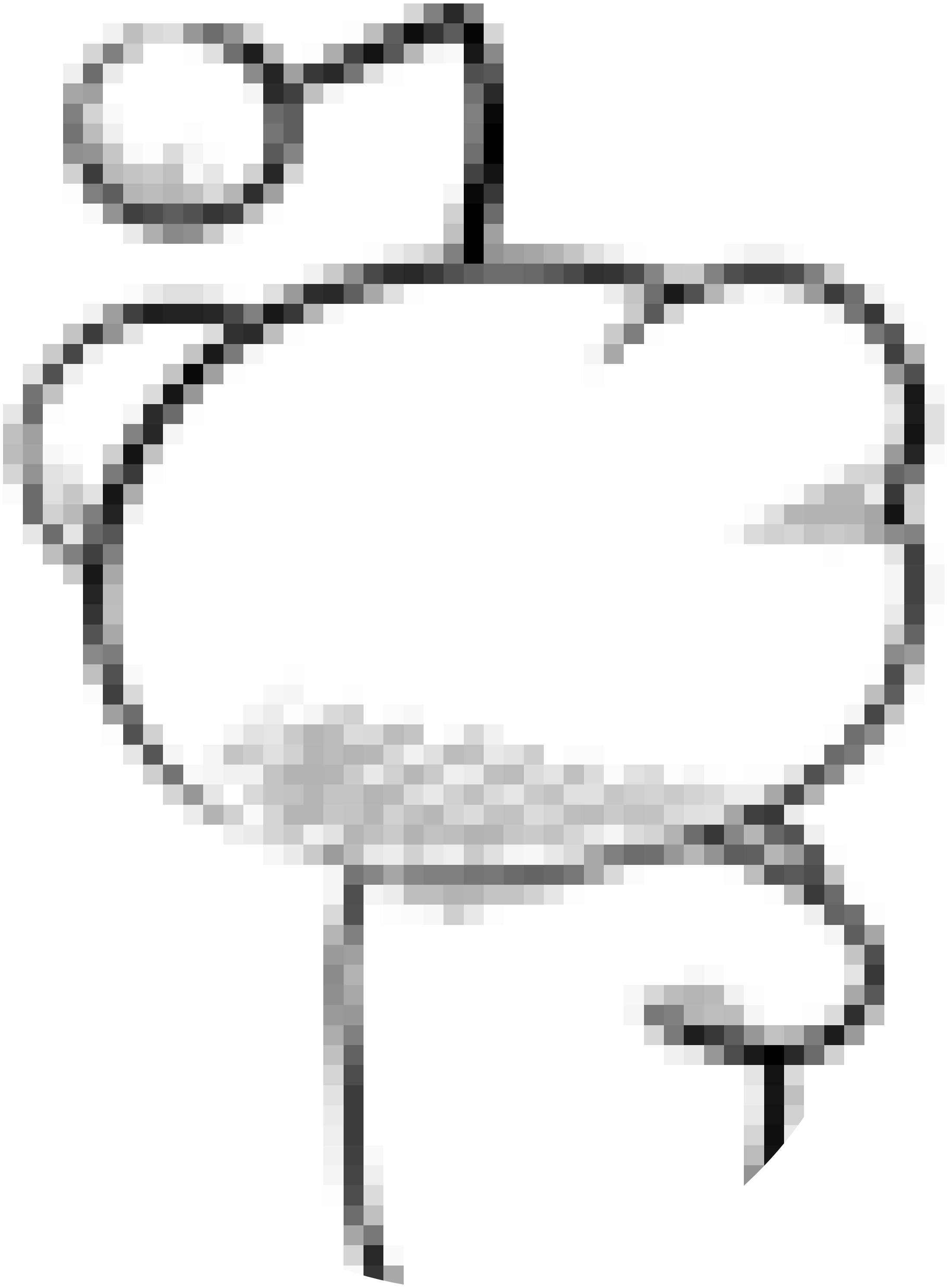
When i was younger, my family and I lived in Maine. My youngest brother always used to say his room was haunted. Nobody believed him. Fast forward a month, he refused to sleep in his own room. I figure, fuck it, ill man up, see wtf is going on in there. I go to bed as usual, on a full sized mattress, with a fitted sheet on the bed, flat sheet and a comforter.

The next morning, the fitted and flat sheet were folded up in a 2x2 square on the bottom corner of the bed, and the mattress was folded up and on the floor.

I have never sleepwalked, and we moved a month later. Freaky shit.

Muffinsismycomputer
â€¢ 13y ago

My friend went to print out a picture of her daughter. This is what it printed. That is her daughter, upside down. Right side up is her and my friend/her boyfriend, Vince, who committed suicide a while ago. She'd never printed the picture of the two of them together and it had no reason to be queued for printing. If anyone more technically inclined can explain how this might happen, I would be interested to hear it.



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â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My friends and I were on the beach in a remote part of South East Africa at night fetching a massive piece of wood half a mile from where we proposed to put our bonfire.

It was very dark apart from the moonlight.

We had found this tree stump that had washed up weeks before and was dry enough to set on fire as the base.

Whilst thinking about how to transport this thing and eventually settling on towing it with our mini 4x4 slowly, we see a bakkie(small pickup truck) driving along the waters edge in the distance with the moonlight behind it.

But what we all noticed next really freaked us out. A Gorilla/WereWolf type creature was running behind it with flowing hair as it ran on all fours, two at a time. It was about 10/20metres behind the bakkie.

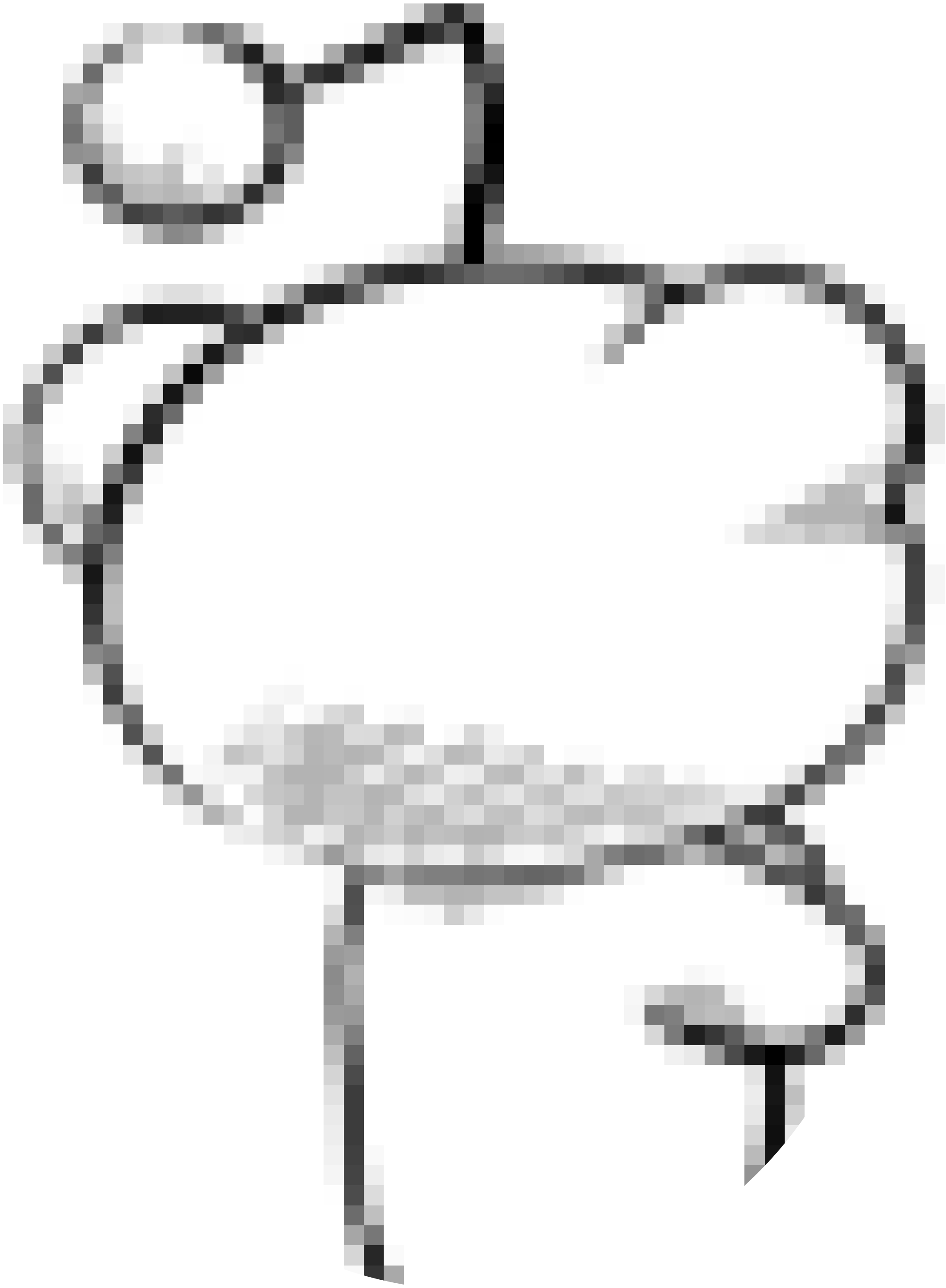
We all just stopped and confirmed that we should get in the 4x4 and go back to the group. We could bonfire the next night...

KnightHawkz
â€¢ 13y ago

Of course this thread pops up when im going to be alone in the house tonight. Thanks reddit.

holdingmytongue
â€¢ 13y ago

I've only told a couple people this story. Not as scary as some, but unexplainable and confusing to me just the same. I live in a newer house on a farm. I have no neighbours. One morning I'm in the kitchen making coffee, and I had a strange feeling-like I was expecting something-a phone to ring or the like. Then I heard it. Kids. Giggling. Maybe 2 or 3 young girls. They giggle and keep saying 'hellooooo' as if we are playing hide and seek and I'm really bad at finding them. Knowing I have no nearby neighbours, I begin looking out my front windows, thinking someone is playing a joke on me. Nobody there. The house and yard is completely empty. When I turn back towards the kitchen sink, I notice in the middle of my kitchen floor, a swirling light dancing on the hardwood floor. It looked like a rippling puddle reflecting sunlight from somewhere. About a foot and a half in diameter. I froze. What the hell is that?! I go around the room and shut blinds thinking this 'light reflection' must be coming in from the windows and reflecting off something (liquid) and onto the floor. As the room gets darker from closing blinds-the swirling gets brighter! I stood about 2 feet away watching it for maybe a minute or two trying to block where any light could have an effect on that space, before I had the guts to try and touch it. I slid my hand across the hardwood floor, and just as my fingers reached the perimeter of the 'puddle', it disappears. Gone. Children's voices-gone as well. All that's left is me, my half-made coffee, and TONS of questions.



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â€¢ 13y ago

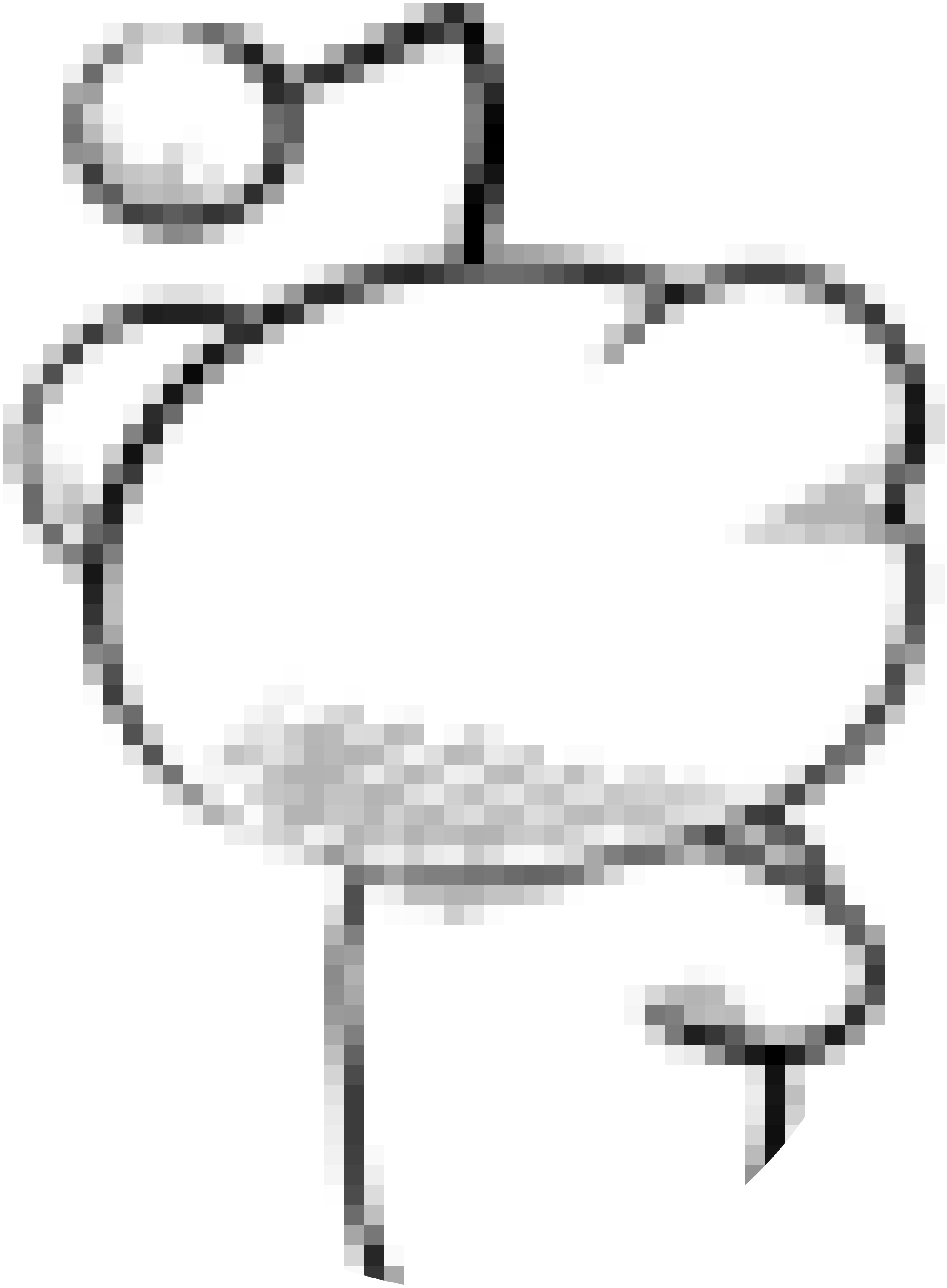
Okay, so my family home is a bit of a mongel. It had basically been a delapidated squat for maybe 5-10 years before we bought it, and my parents spent a not inconsiderable amount of time and money fixing it up. My mother has always had a bit of a supernatural streak, so when she started talking about feeling ghosts I mostly just nodded along.

A couple of years ago, she recounted to me about seeing a ghost standing over her when she was asleep. I think what made it particularly strange was he description of the ghost - an average guy, maybe 30-40 years old, in a paid shirt, jeans, and with close cut ginger hair. No victorian dress or fanfare, just a dude basically. But again, I mostly just shrugged it off. Then shit started to get weird for me too.

How our house is laid out now, we essentially have the old, original house on one side, and then we have extended the house significantly (nearly double the size). There remains however a clear divide between the two "halves" of the house, marked on the upper floor by a small step in the flooring of the hallway. One night, everyone was asleep and I was slipping downstairs to grab something to eat. I wasn't worried about putting lights on around me, so when my bedroom door clicked shut, I was basically in pitch black of the corridor. I froze up completely. I was stood, right on the divide between the new and old sections of the house, and for the life of me it felt like something was standing right in front of my face, like a person with their nose almost pressed against mine, in the pitch black. I didn't want to move, even twitch, like a prey animal thinking staying still will save it. I groped frantically for the lightswitch, finally clicked it on, and the whole experience evaporated like a bad dream. There was something intensely hostile about the whole thing, and definitely weird as hell. To this day, whenever I return to the family house, I pretty much refuse to move around the main corridor without switching lights on.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

http://www.reddit.com/r/pics/comments/1774dr/in_response_to_the_supernatural_askreddit_post/



FountainsOfFluids
â€¢ 13y ago

I once saw a motorcycle cop disappear.

I was driving in San Bernardino, CA southbound on I-215 in the dead of the night. Nobody around me, and the only thing lighting the freeway was my headlights and lampposts spaced about 100 or 200 yards apart.

As I'm passing over University Pkwy, a motorcycle cop comes zooming onto the freeway from the onramp, going as fast as me but accelerates so quickly that he gets way out ahead of me in seconds, way past my headlights' ability to let me see him.

He passes through the light of a lamp and is then engulfed by darkness. I don't see any running lights from the bike. Note that I'm keeping an eye on him because... cop... and there's absolutely nobody else behind me or in front of me that I have seen for miles.

So I continue looking ahead, and he never passes through the next lamppost's pool of light. Poof. Between one lamppost and the next, vanished. There's a solid guardrail to the left that I've been driving next to, as well as solid hedges. On the right there's a hillside that goes up at an angle. No ditch for him to fall into.

I know it's a dumb little story, but it's always stuck with me. This happened ten or fifteen years ago and it's bugged me ever since.

DankPanties
â€¢ 13y ago

Instead of retyping it all, I'll just provide a link to the story I already told here once:

http://www.reddit.com/r/nosleep/comments/jllnj/the_house_that_made_me_believe_long_story_with/

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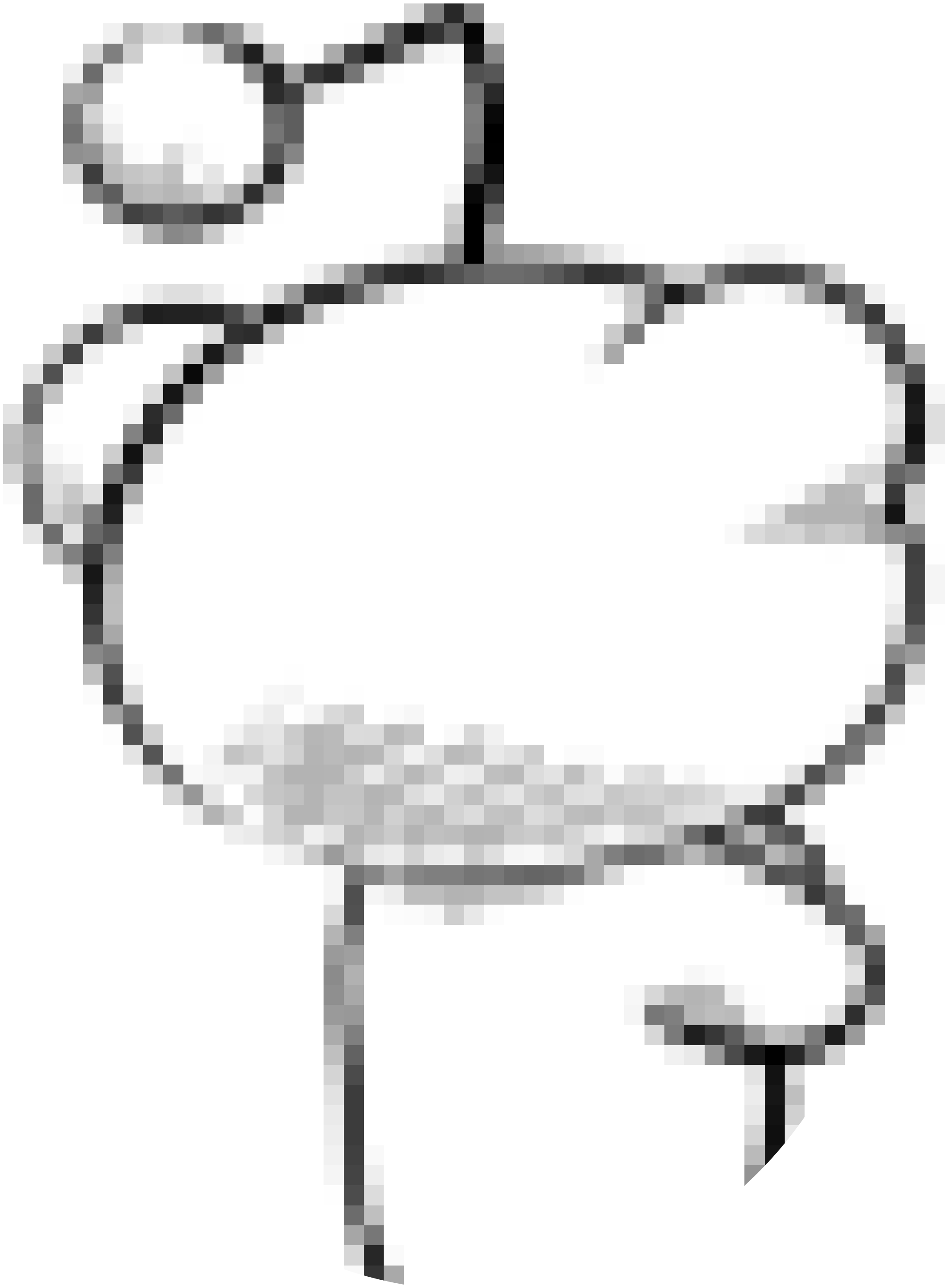

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â€¢ [13y ago]

When I lived in Florida (about a decade ago), a friend and I were messing around with his laptop. We got to discussing various incidents, and I started talking about GWS.

GWS (girl with scissors) was a young girl that I used to "see" who said nothing, and did nothing, apart from sitting in a corner of the room with a pair of scissors. She was usually accompanied by a group of faceless gentlemen in suits. (Not making a Slender Man reference as, well, this predates that by a fairly good number of years.)

My friend gets the brilliant idea to "hypnotize" me and try to get her to leave from my subconscious (or wherever it is he thought she existed). So we started the whole process, and just for shits and giggles, decided to record it using his laptop microphone.

I don't remember much from the process - he says he first "made it so I wouldn't be able to move, so he tricked me into thinking I was weighed down" and then he "had a conversation with GWS, which, at one point, she threatened to kill him outright."

The only thing I remember from the entire process was listening to the sound of the air conditioning and then sort of zoning out, and at one point, hearing his cat knock something over.

Intrigued, I ask to hear the replay. So he stops the recording and play it back. The noise of the air conditioner can be heard clearly. Even the noise from the cat. Our voices?

We weren't even on the recording. We could hear the air conditioner coming out from a vent about 10 feet above us, and the cat in the background at one point, but our voices, being recorded the laptop that was set directly in between us, no greater than an arms length away? Nowhere to be found.

Suffice it to say, we never talked about it again.

Old_Scratch666
â€¢ 13y ago

Watching my friend get taken over by a spirit of a little boy that drowned 50 yards out in the lake that my parents live on. I will elaborate more if people want :P

⊕ 1 more reply
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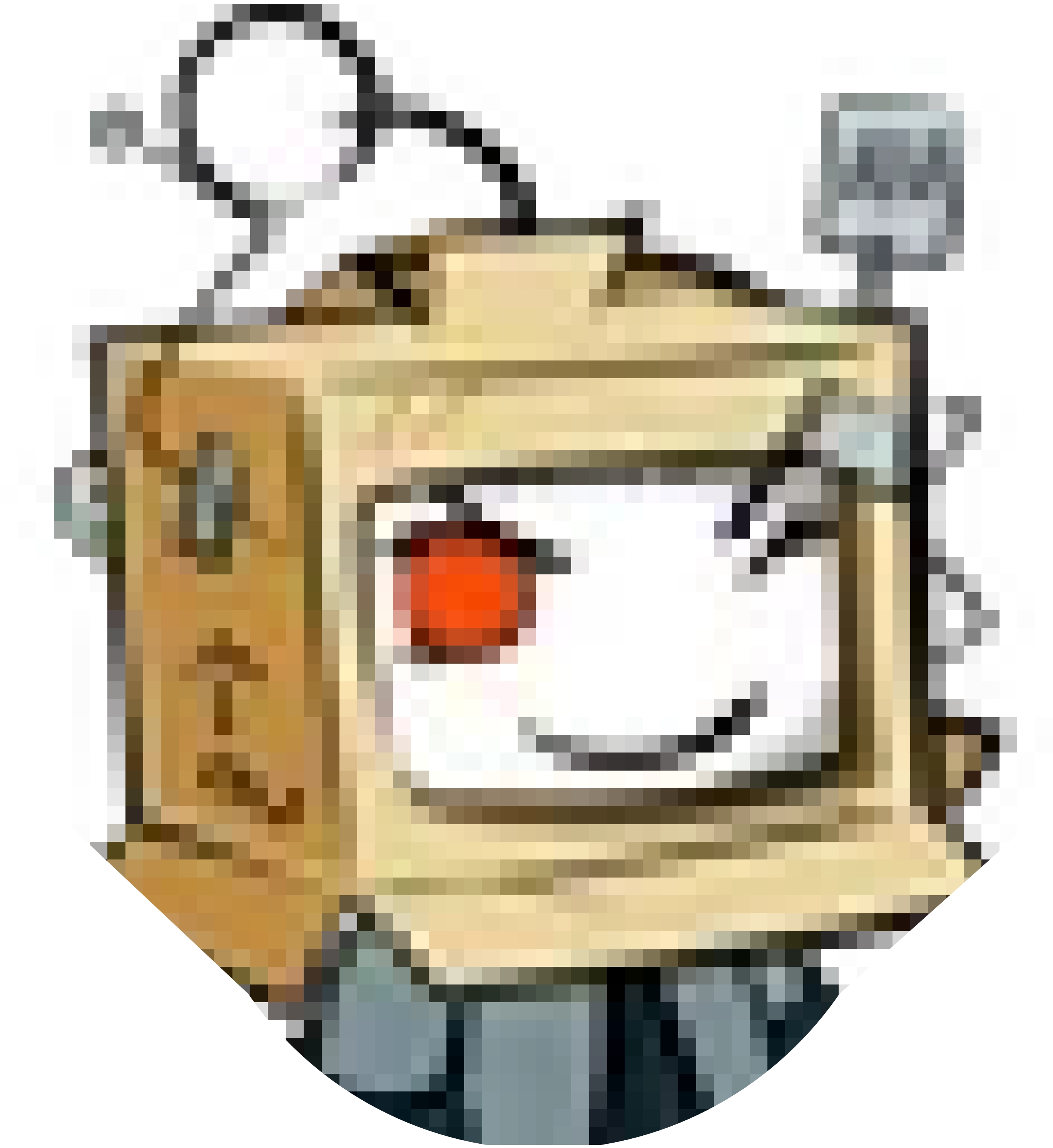

Flalaski
â€¢ 13y ago

oh boy, MU's gonna find some gold in this thread!

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â€¢ 13y ago

I have never really explained this story in its entirety before, so bear with me here. It starts with one night, I have a dream. Now, I have had very strange dreams since the age of 5, but this was on another scale entirely. Anyway, it starts with an older version of myself at a wedding reception standing on a beach, in a suit. I am talking to some pregnant lady about her soon to be born child, then about life in general. As the conversation progresses my perspective zooms out as I am looking at myself having this conversation with this lady from about 20 feet away, while simultaneously through my own eyes. Multiple perspectives at once. Suddenly, the dream pauses. I don't know how else to explain it, other than similar to how you would pause a movie. Freeze frame. In the exact place where the pregnant lady stood, there was a... cloaked... thing. It was wearing black robes that were made of some satin looking material. then i look up to what is supposed to be a face. Instead of a face there is this black and dark dark dark purple swirling vortex of.... a void. I am trying my best to explain this but it truly was terrifying beyond words. There was no face. It was like looking into a black hole. Then this thing leans in close and says one thing: "NPHLM" in a very deep and guttural tone. Sounded inhuman. I wake up immediately and feel like I have to vomit, I try and can't. Chills running up and down my spine and all sorts of weird ass neuro-responses. Anyway, just a dream, right? So, after gathering myself, I suddenly remember a different dream where I had multiple perspectives again, and I remember that I saw that same dudes face trapped in a mirror. Same guy, no face, unholy looking. At that point I understood that this seems like a bit more than coincidence. Fast forward a few months, I start listening to this band Katatonia. Download some of their stuff, never really payed much attention to their album art. In fact, never even seen any of their album art until I started really listening to them. I got hooked on one of their darker songs, Nephilim. And here is where the really creepy shit starts happening. I start seeing more of these things in my dreams... No face, cloaks, very ominous... The general thought they conveyed to me was "We are here for you, to take you". I don't know how i picked that up, maybe I am crazy. Then I start seeing these things while i am awake. middle of day. At night. At my house. I can see them but when i really start to look for them they vanish. I could feel their presence, and somehow trying to communicate me. "We are the Forsakers" "We are here to take you" in an almost calming, creepy as fuck way. Then I finally see the Katatonia album art. Then it clicks. The title of the song i listened to was Nephilim. I heard in the dream "NPHLM". I never understood until I saw the art, and the art was exactly what I have been seeing. For some reason, nothing made sense until I saw that picture. Then everything came together and i felt this chilling sensation down to the very core of my being. This thing: http://i.ytimg.com/vi/moZwgUex4aA/0.jpg

TL;DR: Heard "NPHLM" in guttural tone in dream from guy with no face, turned out to be much more... terrible.

nataliemars
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to live in this little bed and breakfast called the Monte Vista in Black Mountain, North Carolina. It was a running joke that the place was haunted but none of us realized it until a physic came one day and was going through the building telling of stories she was "witnessing". She came to the stairs of the third floor with a group of tourists (3rd floor is where I lived) and while i was taking my laundry up, I stopped to hear what she said to say.

"Oh no there is too much activity on this floor for me to venture any farther. Just over there are two small children playing with water colors".

I immediately froze because weeks prior, I had been awakened at least a few times a week with the distinct sound of a ceramic coffee mug being placed on the ground very hard. I'm not a light sleeper so for me to be awaken in the middle of the night was strange and after hearing the story, assumed it was "the children playing". After hearing the story from the physic, I never awoke to that sound again.

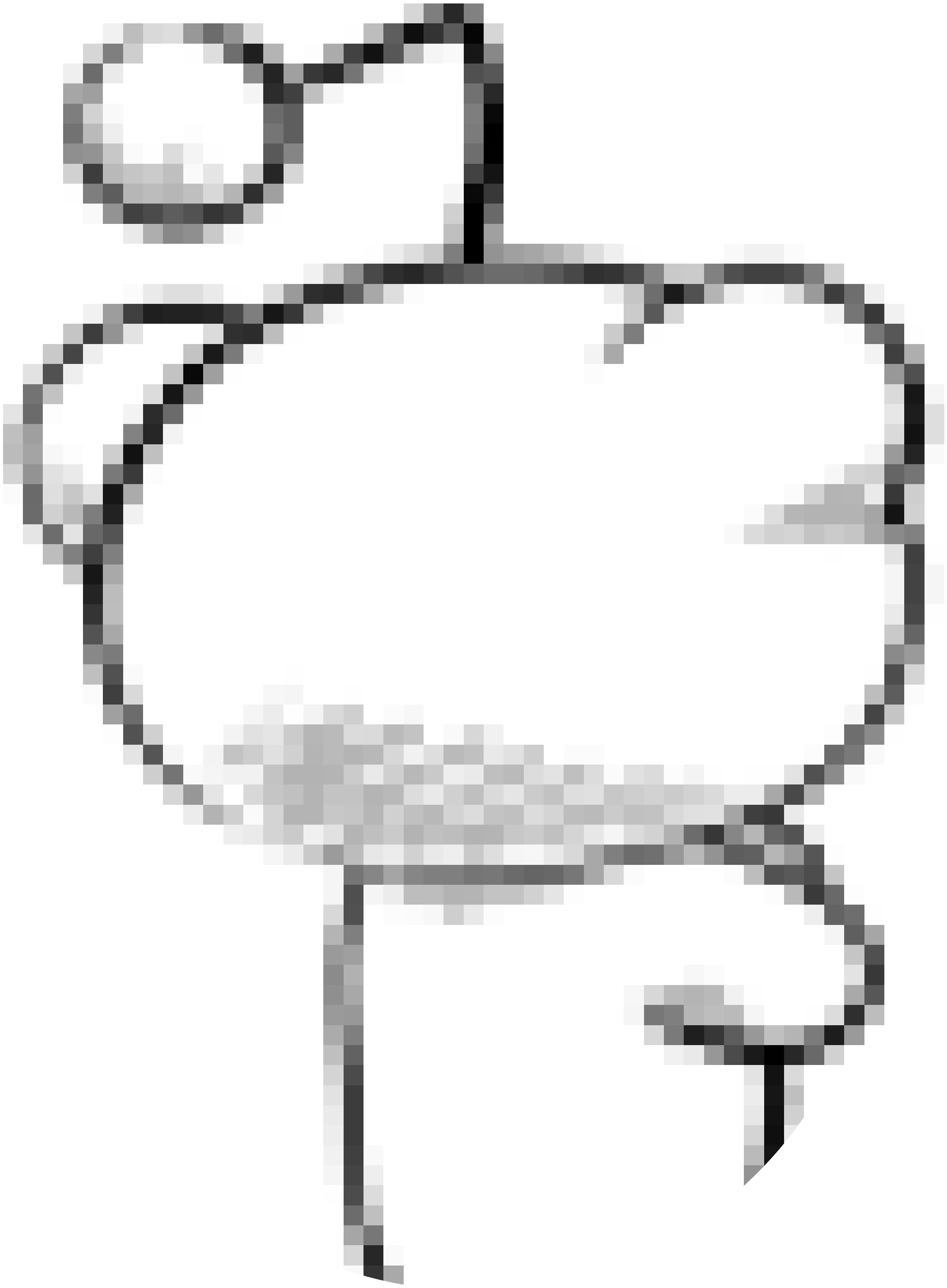
But other things started happening. Nothing crazy but little things would come up missing all the time and I'd find them later on. In one particular incident, there was a specific pen (Dr. Grip Pilot pen) that I always kept in the same spot on my nightstand (seriously it was ALWAYS there) but one day it went missing. I looked all around the bed and couldn't find it. A couple days later, I found the pen in my closet with the rubber grip portion of the pen removed and the pen unscrewed.

I have no explanation for these things but whatever it was never harmed me and I firmly believe it was just the "children playing" in my room.

SamuelBiggs
â€¢ 13y ago

I've used this comment before but, whatever, it's relevant:

Story 1: One time, when I was around 14 or 15, it was 9 at night and I was just getting ready to go to sleep. Nobody was home except for me. My brother was out partying and my Dad was at work. My room is right next to the door that everyone comes in, so I hear when my family comes home. Ok, so, I was laying in my bed and had just closed my eyes when I heard the door to my room being opened (I didn't hear anyone come into the house or anything) and somebody walk in, then close the door to my room. I then heard footsteps padding on my floor, and then I heard the objects on my drawer being picked up and put back down, over and over, like somebody was looking at everything on top of it individually. At this point I was scared to death and I was too paralyzed with fear to open my eyes, but I heard the footsteps head back to my door, open it, then close it again....Then...Nothing. I finally worked up the nerves to open my eyes and I saw nothing there. I even called out to my dad and brother, with no response. I was the only one in the house. Story 2: It was a winter morning and I was the first in the house to wake up. My brother was off to college and my dad was still asleep, so I quietly went around the house opening up the blinds and doors. I was happy to see that it had snowed over night (a rare treat) until I went to the back door. Like every other window in the house, the one on the door had perspiration on it due to the cold. But there was writing on it. On the top there was a heart next to a >:) face and an upside down peace sign without a circle, under it there seemed to be writing but it was too faint to read, except for the signature, which read: "love, Death" Like it was a letter written to me. The writing was from the inside of the house so you'd have to be inside writing it, and there were no foot prints outside of the door either. I later asked my dad if he knew anything about it, but he didn't. Other various bits: I've seen a 7 foot tall humanoid shadow walk past my doorway at least 5 times. One time the TV in my basement turned on by itself. And there was a time when I heard a loud, vicious growling in my basement; it sounded like a rabid dog. I have a dog, but he never goes into that basement and not once in my life have I heard him growl. There have also been plenty of times that I have felt like I was being watched... So, I definitely think something's up in my house. It's fucking creepy, man.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Why did I decide to read this before going to bed?

depricatingmoron
â€¢ 13y ago

One time i was driving at night in Big Sur, miles away from anything. There was a thick fog that night and I was by myself so driving alone was pretty eerie. I reached a straight part of the road and started to accelerate and out of the corner of my eye i spotted a very pale, tall blonde woman in a white dress without shoes and bright red lip stick stumbling down the MIDDLE of the road. I quickly reacted and swerved to the right and missed her by a foot or so. I debated stopping and asking if she needed help but i was scared and didn't know what to do. By the time i gathered myself to look in my rear view mirror, she was gone.

Dcoutofstep
â€¢ 13y ago

Anyone remember that creepy midget clown story someone posted a few years back? Something about a kid coming home to find what he thinks is a large figurine/statue in his living room, turns out it was a person just holding still.

governmentyard
â€¢ 13y ago

Coalition government.

dark_paradise
â€¢ 13y ago

This is gonna get buried, but here goes nothing: sleep paralysis

This happened last August. It was the night before I was supposed to go dog-sit for a friend for a few nights.

So, I wake up in what I thought was my friend's bed, sleeping on my stomach. No later than that I feel this hot, heavy pressure on my lower back and all of a sudden a sort of cool breeze on my ear as a (man?) in pulling away from my ear and then going back towards it, whispering something in some foreign ass, dead ass language that I don't even know if it truly exits.

So here I am, lying on my stomach, on top of my hands thinking to myself, "Holy shit, someone is in the house, I'm going to die". The in-and-out of my ear whispering continues as I try to move my arms from underneath me (to what, fight the guy off?) I realize that I'm paralyzed, meanwhile (he?) walked away from the bed and goes to my right side. My eyes are wide open and no matter what I do I can't shut them (in my mind I was telling myself that if he thinks that I'm asleep and don't see/hear him, he won't attack). Meanwhile the burning/tingling pressure is still on my lower back, so I'm like "is one of the dogs on top of me, is he on top of me, is something else on top of me?"

And then I'm also thinking to myself,"I need to call :insert sisters name:", realizing that she wont be able to help me even if she does wake up when I call her.

Then, all of a sudden, it's like my eyes snap open (though they already were), and I SLOWLY start to realize that I am not in my friends bed, but in my dorm bed. I flipped the lights on and called one of my friends that happened to be working the graveyard shift because I was scared shitless.

Needless to say, sleeping in my friends bed those next 3-4 night were nerve wrecking as hell, and retelling the story just now made me get goosebumps all over.

Hands down, creepiest, most unexplainable thing that's ever happened to me.

BasementDweller4ever
â€¢ 13y ago

i stepped on a wasp in my basement and it split in half. each half of that mother fucker twitched out for like half an hour, and I shit you not the two halves started twitching themselves back closer to each other like it was trying to re-attach itself. i spread them further apart on the rug (like a couple of feet) and the same thing happened. how the hell did it stay alive that long? i was a kid and convinced it was a robot or something.

Reply Share

imakesamiches
â€¢ 13y ago

The house I grew up in had daily occurrences of hauntings and such (it was built in 1880 and I know nothing of the history). I lived there my whole life, so I just got used to it. Every night I would feel someone sitting on my bed and a corner of the room would look darker than the rest of the room. It seemed to only happen in the upstairs. Each family member had their fair share of a supernatural experience:

-My parents were sleeping upstairs when we all first moved in 22 years ago. My mom described that it felt like someone was under the bed pushing the mattress up with their feet.

-I SAW the ghost in my bed beside me. It was a little girl. I thought it was my sister, so I ran after it, wanting to play (I was ~7 years old). It went out of my room and went through the ceiling. My sister ended up being right there and told me to go to bed.

-My sister SAW someone come out of her closet. The closets in the house are a joke; they are too small to even hold coat hangers, so for someone to hide in there would be impossible. I have a feeling it was the little girl.

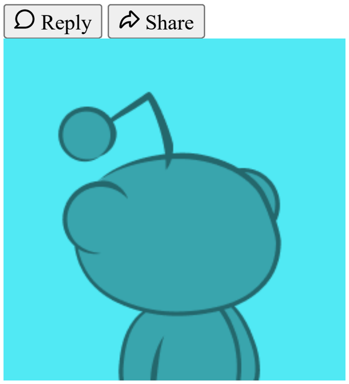
-My brother would feel something sit on his bed and hear noises in the ceiling. He would feel sheer fright for no reason.

Reply Share

BlinkinMad
â€¢ 13y ago

Thee most creepiest thing I've experienced was when I was 8. Sitting on a footstool in front of our entertainment unit. I just turned off the Snes.. Probably playing sim city. My brother and father were upstairs. There I was starring at the blank tv, I thought to myself. "what of the unit and tv fell back.?". Like I force pushed it with my mind. Then after three seconds of starring at it trying to push it over. Then the back legs gave out and it all crashed down. Complete shock I was in. The yells from my brother and father "what was that noise?" and they being shocked. Still would never believe me. Just to clarify that the entertainment unit was a foot or two from the wall and put huge holes in the dry wall as well.

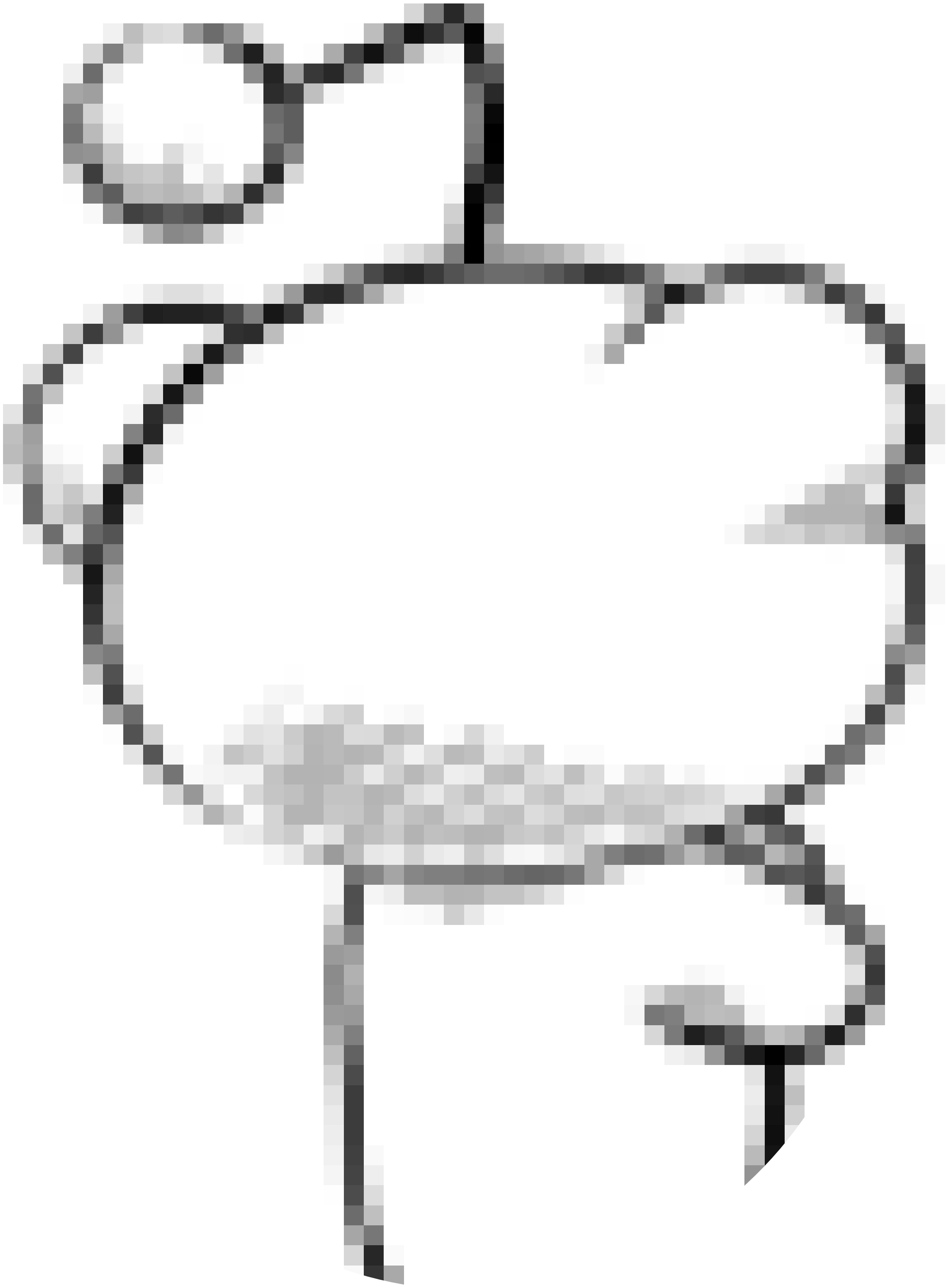
Reply Share



SpiritMaker
â€¢ 13y ago

I was sitting in the basketball courts with my now ex-girlfriend, she was an emotional wreck because she thought she saw her best friend who took her life in the nearby church car park. As it was a summers night there was not a breeze, just a cool night. As I took her back to the courts the gates creaked (like in the movies) I looked behind us and there are nothing or no-one in sight. As we entered the courts, we sat on the floor between the 2" line and the radius outside. A few minutes later these large gusts of wind started to encircle us and it wasn't freaky, it was more comforting than anything, for me anyway.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 13y ago

Backstory: when i was 4 i told my parents i spoke to my deceased grandmother at night. They didnt beleive me untill i was able to point her out in old photos. Just a couple months ago i was sleeping and woke up in the middle of the night. There was this insanely bright, white light at the other end of the room. The light from this thing was focused entirely around it And did not spreadto the rest of the room. Theres nothing reflective that could have done this and no lamps where it was

Reply Share

Kmyrin

â€¢ 13y ago

I was 4 years old, playing at a friends house across the street. It was late afternoon and time to go home. I noticed the street was uncomfortably empty as I walked out her front door. I felt....spooked. So I started across the street, but right in the middle of the road something stopped me and made me look up. I saw the Virgin Mary floating down toward me, her mouth moving as if she was trying to tell me something. I stood stunned for about 20 seconds. Then ran in my house and slammed the door. I was sweating, dizzy, and freaked-the-fuck out. I never questioned if it happened or not, I always accepted the event as just something I saw one day a long time ago. It could have been my imagination, or any other logical explanation....but I wasn't asleep and it was very real to me.

In case it matters, I'm an atheist. I attended a Lutheran church from birth to 5 years old, no church from 5-12, then a Methodist church until my parents gave up on forcing me to go. So, Mary's significance to me was that she's Jesus' mother, that's it---and who knows what I thought about her when I was 4, but I remember knowing who she was.

lorenss
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid, I was very scared by any horror stories and took stong suggestions from them.

The shit started as I realized that I could see dark faces trough our sauna's glass door that faced the shower. Shadows moving, forming faces, even complete humans in the corner of my eye. The sauna was always dark while taking shower, I was too scared to lit the lights there. So what did I do then? I Stopped looking at the sauna door. Just stopped looking at the freaking shadows and reflections until I had forgotten about the whole thing. And whoa, after some time, all the faces were gone when I didn't remember I should see some. A miracle!

illbeyourslave
â€¢ 13y ago

I work nights at a hotel and one night I get a call from a room that's all static. I hang up thinking that its probably just the connection and call the room back and no one answers. I decide to look at the room information to see who's in the room and it's empty. I told the next shift that the hotel is haunted and that I got a call from a room no one was in and since then there have been other incidents where this has happened.

[Jimmith78](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I work in a very old factory which many of men have died by various painful deaths. This building is generally so cold especially in the dead of winter such as now. It's not strange to see your breath clear as day when you exhale because of the cold weather but when you see the exhalation of something standing right infront of you as you work but there is nothing there I get creeped out a bit. You can almost feel a bit of warmth if you stand in these puffs but they are always appearing and reappearing in random places around the building. I've tried to get it on video but we have a strict no cell phone policy. I would really like to take a thermal camera here and see if there's anything to debunk this but the strange part is they can be in the middle of the bay and it looks just like exhalation.

[Achilios](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Going to try and keep this relatively short so I don't bore you all.

When I was about 4 or 5, around the time I was in kindergarten, I had an imaginary friend named Peter. He was also a little boy, about 6 years old, wore some fairly old looking clothes, and had these big, round-rimmed glasses and I used to talk and play with him all the time. My mother took notice of this and asked me little questions about him such as who he was, how old was he, etc. When she asked me where he was from I told her that he was dead and had passed away in a car crash. She found it strange but wasn't terribly worried at the time or anything; its not like I started speaking Latin in reverse while sacrificing our dog to Cthulhu. Anyway, years later, like when I was 13, my mom became really interested in the local historical society and decided to look up Peter. And she just so happened to find a newspaper article stating that there was a little boy named Peter who had died in a car accident in the 70s or 80s with his parents. The obituary photo had his big, round glasses. Needless to say I thought this was spooky as hell. I don't really believe in the paranormal or ghosts, but this story always makes it difficult for me to reason against it.

TL;DR I had an imaginary friend who might have been a ghost or something.

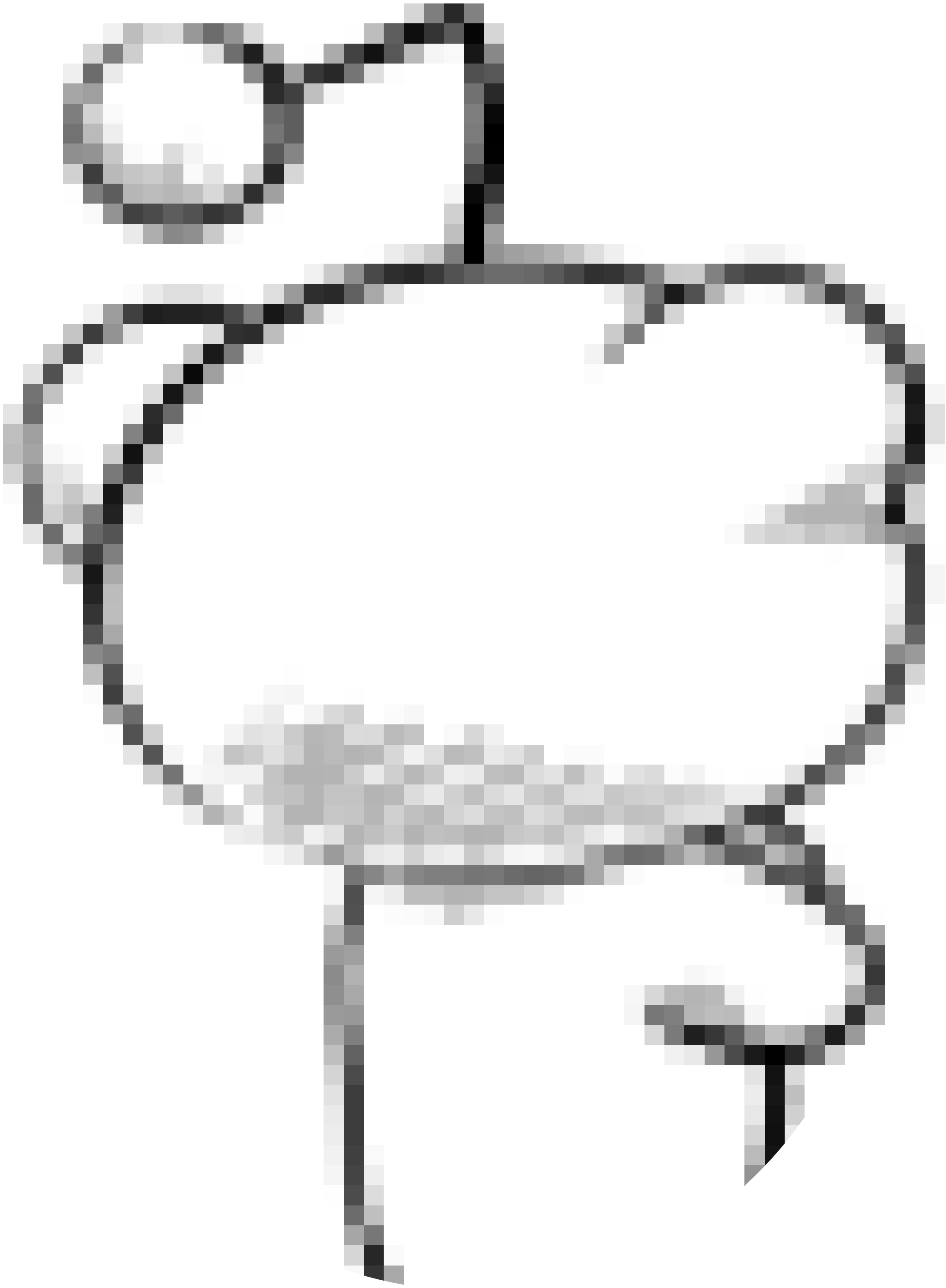
Edit: So much for keeping it short.

Reply Share

fortehlawls
â€¢ 13y ago

Quite often I will think of a song and start singing it in my head, then within a few minutes or later that day, the same song will play on the radio. This might not seem that extraordinary but when one thinks about how many sings there are, the odds are quite obnoxious.

Something else that happens regularly in my presence is that light bulbs will go out when I'm feeling in a vulnerable state. Sometimes when I'm driving, lamps will go out, or when I enter a room, a light bulb will burn up, and lastly, electricity will go out for the entire house or just one floor. I'm sure that these can be explained, but I just find it ironic.



akai_ferret
â€¢ 13y ago

Two things.

Precognition?

Once, out of nowhere, I think to myself:
"So'n'So is going to call."

I look directly at my phone sitting on the table and it rings. It's So'n'So.

My weak rationalization:
Perhaps the phone made some sort of barely audible sound as it received the signal and my subconscious picked up on it. My brain told me it was So'n'So because she was the most likely to call me then.

UFO!

When I was a kid I was playing around outside a dog-training school while my grandma was inside speaking to them about her dog.

From behind me I hear a loud humming noise. As I am standing in the middle of a gravel driveway I turn around expecting to see a car. Instead I see a bright golden disk shoot overhead. I watch it as it shoots across the sky ... disappearing behind a tree-line.

Rationalization:
None. I got nothing.
For the longest time, as a kid, I was absolutely certain it was aliens.
Nowadays I simply don't know what it was but I do know that I have no idea how big or far away the disk was.

It could have been the size of a frisbee and a few feet above my head or it could have been the size of a football stadium and far up in the sky.

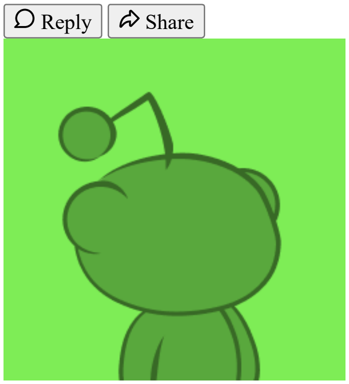
All I know is it was really fucking fast, nearly as bright as the sun, and flew completely across the sky.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Saw Paranormal Activity 2 at midnight in theatre. A couple months prior to that, my grandfather had died and somehow I ended up with his old alarm clock. When I get into my bedroom after I'm home from the movie, his old alarm clock randomly starts going off, and not a second later the bedroom shade flies up. These both had been known to happen on occasion, but it was right when I walked into the room and turned the lights on and at pretty much in unison together. I said something along the lines of "OH SHIT" and turned around and left the room.

Reply Share



[stevejonessteve](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

Well, I've got one. I'm fairly skeptic about paranormal/ghost things.

My grandmother committed suicide in the 1970s when my mom was a teenager (bi-polar, unmedicated). She either did the old head in the oven or car in the garage trick - I don't actually know, my mom and aunts/uncles don't talk about it for obvious traumatic reasons. But she definitely died at home. I never met her, I was born in the late 80s.

Anyway, my grandfather eventually remarried and continued living in that house, where I spent a lot of time as a kid (he was a part-time babysitter for my brother and I). I have an extremely vivid memory from when I was about 8 of being in the basement bedroom, which had a large vanity/mirror/dresser area. I was playing near the mirror, when I saw a shadow behind me that didn't make any sense (only one tiny window in the bedroom, no one else in room, nothing moving). I felt that instant-stomach dropping fear as I felt a strange presence around me, and I ran to leave the room (door about 10 feet away). The door was closed (didn't remember closing it) and it felt like an ETERNITY to open it, the knob wasn't working. I sprinted down the hall and up the basement stairs, out of breath, and crying for no reason. That basement had always given me the heebie-jeebies, as I think a lot of basments do for kids, but that experience really terrified me.

I've thought about it more recently and the memory still makes my stomach drop. I can't explain it. I can't re-create it or test the basement, unfortunately, as the house burned down in 2001 (non-ghost related - frayed cord on a lamp - check your cords!). They rebuilt on the same ground but the basement doesn't scare me/give me weird feelings.

TL/DR - felt threatened as shit by my the possible ghost of my dead grandmother.

Reply Share

Typically_Wong
â€¢ 13y ago

Ghost children. Ghost people. They love my brother.

Let me start by saying that I'm anti-bullshit ghost stories and shows (ala ghost hunters) and don't believe 99.99% of the ghost shit that people talk about. On the other hand, if my brother is involved, I will believe it. Let me explain why.

Growing up there was always strange things that happen in my house. Which is odd since it's a typical tract house built in the middle of a built up Glendale, AZ area where everything is nice and... nice? My dad liked to talk about how his mother came to him the night she died and how he saw Jesus or some ghost when he had his helicopter accident that he was test flying for the Phoenix Police DEPT. He said the ghost gave him the strength to save his co-pilot that was knocked out and trapped while he had a broken back. The adrenaline kept him going before he collapsed, but he would tell us these stories and it was entertaining. My brother on the the other hand knew it all to be true. He would always have strange things happen around him. He would always see shadows walk about the house when no one was home. We all just took it as imagination. Until he had back surgery to correct his scoliosis.

After getting the surgery, he was kind of stuck in his bed until he healed for about 3-6 months and the family would help him whenever he needed it. I'd stay with him and we'd play with those plastic bubbles that came in those mini toothpaste tubes that you'd use a little straw to blow the bubbles with and make cities with them. When he'd go to sleep, I'd stay up for a little while reading in case he woke up and needed something.I'd do this on a little mattress at the foot of his bed next the door to the room.

Well, after reading a few chapters, I shut the light off and laid my head down. It takes me about 30 minutes to fall asleep and about 5 minutes of me laying down I hear something. Ever pop your knees, or ankles like you do your fingers? Hear the little pop-pops? That's what I heard. It sounded like someone walking and their ankles popping at each step. Just pop-pop...pop-pop...pop-pop. I didn't jump up, just turned my head towards the door and watched as someone walked into the room and past my mattress, all along with the pop-pop...pop-pop...pop-pop of their ankles cracking. I watched as they walked to the side of my brothers bed and just stare down at him. No more pops, just silence. The eeriest silence I ever experienced. I kept my eyes on the person and turned the light on. It melted into the background of the room and was gone. It was just a shadow that melted towards the walls. Imagine taking a piece of chocolate and placing it on a hot frying pan the same color, and it melted looking like it belonged to the pan's color. It did this into the wall.

I reasonably freaked out, and took some of my brother's pain meds to knocked myself out (never told him that part), and went to sleep. The next day I asked him if he had that happen before. He said, yea, of course. It was grandma just watching over him. Told my dad, and he said she had arthritis in her ankles and that makes sense. After that, each time I slept in my brothers room, I'd fall asleep the same time my brother did.

Things like that happened/happens all the time around him. I have a dozen more similar to that.

TL;DR pop-pop...pop-pop...pop-pop

Reply Share

Trek7553
â€¢ 13y ago

My wife and I were at a mall in US sometime around 6:00 PM. The mall was relatively busy, but not super crowded. After watching a movie, we got in an elevator to go to the underground parking garage where we had parked. This is where things got weird.

In the elevator, we both experienced vertigo. It wasn't a spinning sensation, more like reality itself was bending. That elevator ride seemed to take forever. I don't know if the elevator was stuck or if our perception of time made it feel longer. Finally, the doors opened. The parking garage was completely empty. No cars, no people. Now remember, this was a relatively busy mall so we were pretty weirded out by that. Everything was silent as if even our footsteps were muted. It was very disorienting and we continued to feel as if everything was bending and rocking. We got back in the elevator and tried another floor where we found our car.

I know this story sounds relatively mundane, but I can't express how disorienting it was.

The only possible explanation I have come up with is that a minor earthquake occured. This could have stopped the elevator and messed with our sense of balance. It would also have prevented more people from coming down (explaining the lack of people). Whatever it was, both of us felt like we had been disconnected from reality.

Reply Share

Dburingr
â€¢ 13y ago

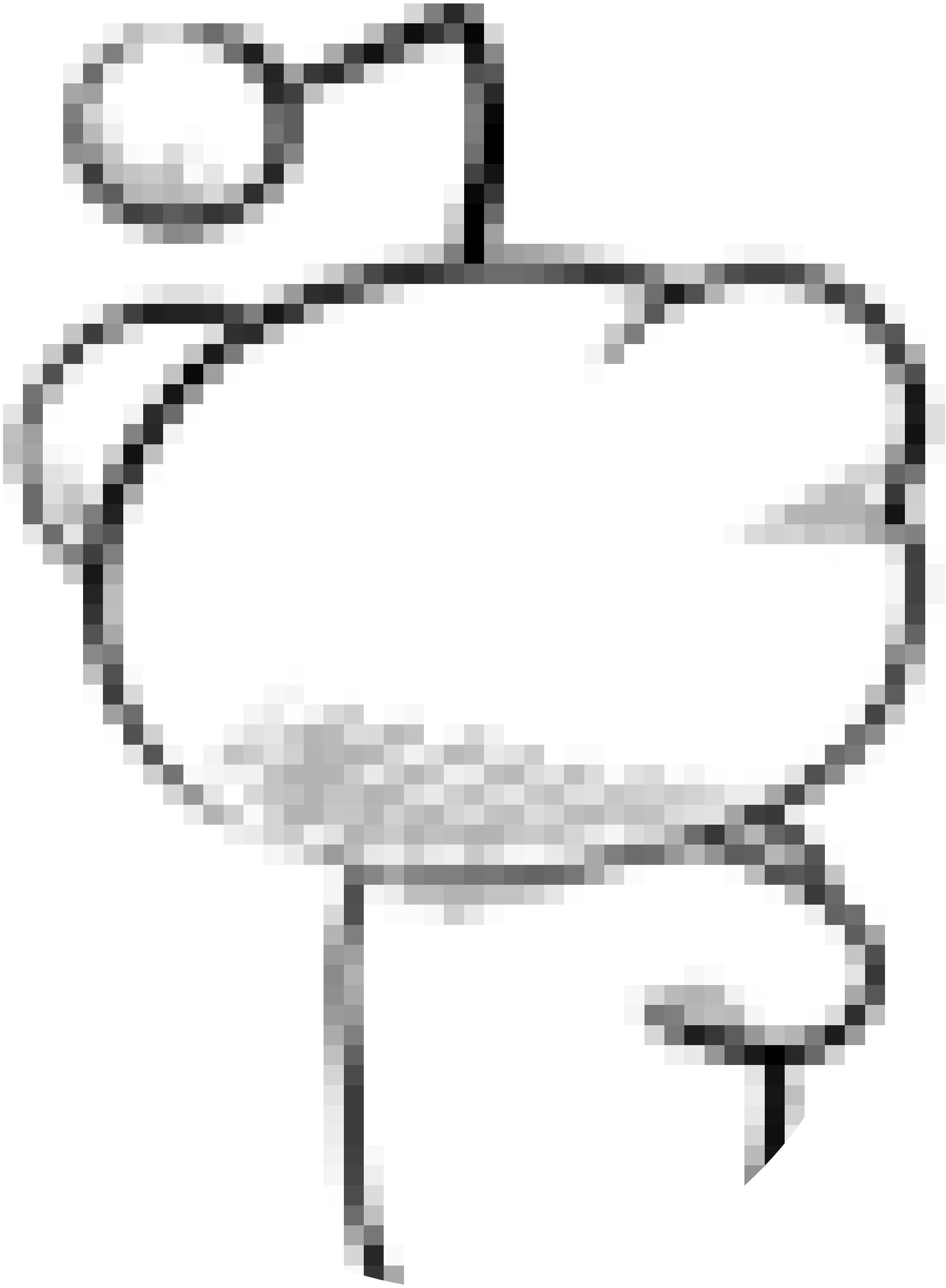
First off, my dad is a pastor and went to school to be a pastor. He went to the biggest theological school for Lutherans. This place is in st Louis, and as you may or may no know, this is where the exorcism was performed that the movie The Exorcist was based on. My dad worked as a security guard on the campus to make extra money. With the job came every key to every room on the entire campus. Each night him and his friend would check as many doors and rooms as they could. They searched for weeks. I should also mention that this school has a ton of creepy underground tunnels as well. They looked all over the place until they found door, hidden behind a large file cabinet, that they had no key for. At this point they were pretty sure they had found the room, so they began searching in desks for loose keys. They finally found a key that worked Ina random persons desk, someone that had no reason to have it. When they opened the door, all that was inside was a small room with cement walls, a light bulb hanging down from the ceiling, and a chair right in the middle of the room. They had checked every office, basement, closet, and tunnel on the entire campus, and this was the only one that somebody had tried to hide. Needless to say he couldn't tell anyone or he could be kicked out of school.

Another creepy thing that happened a few years later I had seen for myself. This also took place at the seminary. Me and two or three friends decided to go a explore the old highschool that was bought by the campus and had been sitting empty for years. We definitely were not allowed in the building, so one could say we broke in. While exploring, in the middle of the night, we came upon the old library. Inside were huge empty shelves. We moved deeper into the room until I spot something on the far wall. It looked like a bloody mess on the wall. Upon closer inspection, somebody had apparently caught a squirrel and nailed it to the wall. We explored further and found that this had been done in multiple rooms all over the building. I don't think I had ever been so creeper out in my entire life.

TL;DR My dad worked as a security guard at a theological school and found where "the exorcist" happened. Later I explore an abandoned highschool and find squirrel corpses nailed to the wall.

myalmightybunghole
â€¢ 13y ago

Doctor TelAmeriCorp



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Take a microphone to any of these locations, and I would be big money that you would find a high amount of sound waves @19Hz.

http://www.guardian.co.uk/science/2003/oct/16/science.farout

spank859
â€¢ 13y ago

I see dumb people

hameerabbasi
â€¢ 13y ago

I sometimes get fleeting glimpses into the future. This one time, I got this... Feeling/knowledge that this certain person was going to contact me who I hadn't talked to in four years. It happened four days later. I got a car crash vision, including the place and everything two weeks in advance. It was creepy. Still happens about once a month.

PS. Lovely thread.

im_new_
â€¢ 13y ago

So I lived in a house that always seemed off to me. Especially the basement. At first I never really experienced anything.

Then one day one of my friends was over. We were the only two in the house. I noticed he kept looking over his shoulder. He kept pausing the game and asking who else was home. I was getting a little pissed but didn't think much of it. He finally turned it off out of nowhere and demanded we see who was running around. I agreed even though I hadn't heard anything.

Immediately upon opening the door we heard what sounded like footsteps. I figured my mom was home so we followed them until we reached the kitchen. They got louder. We continue to follow them until we reach the garage. That's when we realize my mom's car isn't there and there's no one home. We then hear something in the basement. We ran out the house and to my friends house. I didn't have a pet of any kind and no one was home.

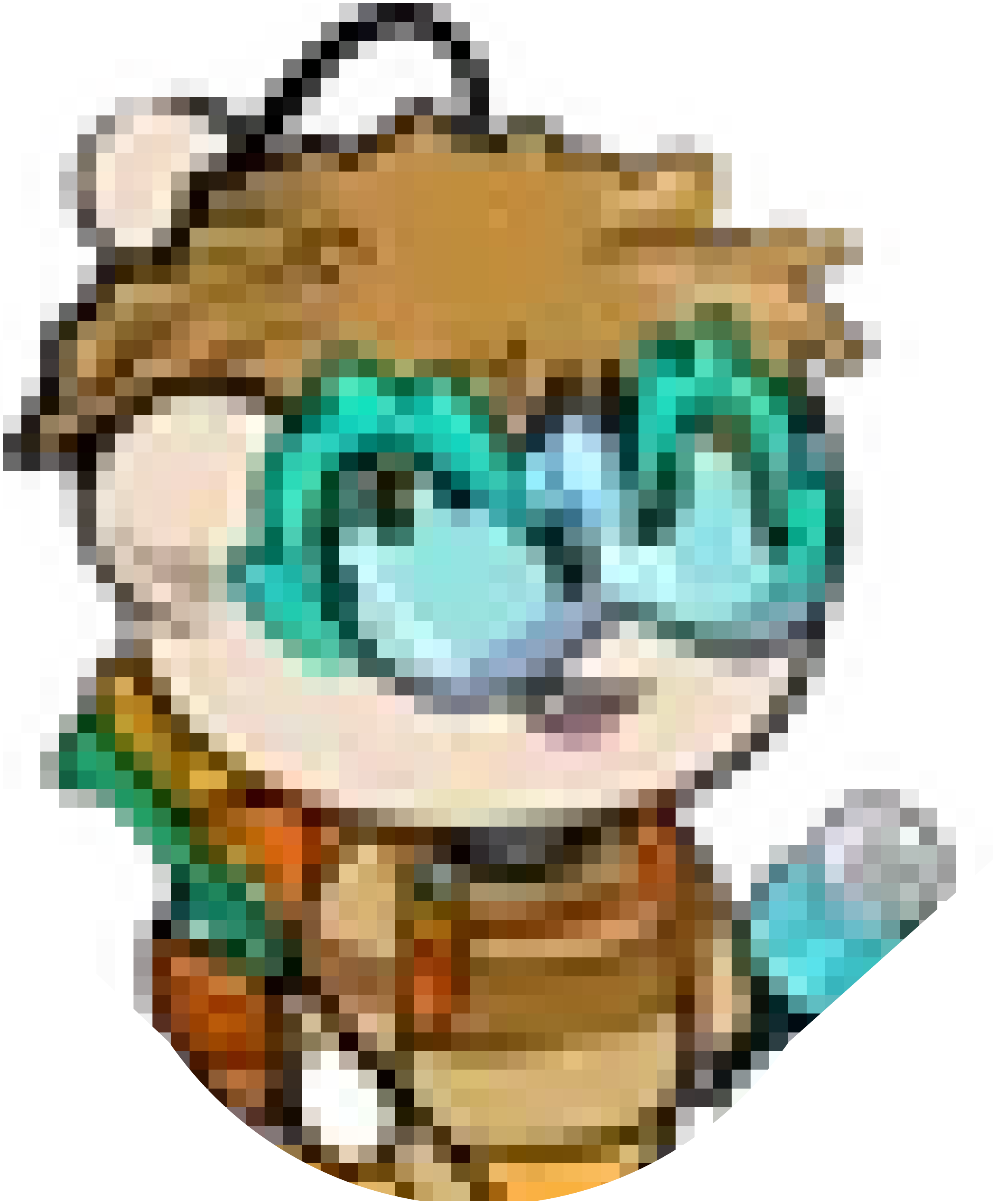
Unfortunately that wasn't the only weird thing that happened in our basement. After a few years of living in the house we remodeled the basement and I got a room down there. Everything went fine at first. Until one night I was woken up by coughing.

I thought it was weird because no one was sick. But is was the summer and sometimes my little brother or dad would sleep on the couch. No one was down stairs. I go upstairs everyone is sound asleep. I went back to my room and told my self that I had imagined it. A few minutes later right outside my door I hear coughing and someone clearing their throat. I turned the light on and opened my door as fast as I could nothing. I dove back into my bed knowing that if someone was going upstairs I would hear them because the stairs were right next to my room. I ended up staying up all night but never figured out where the noises came from.

I've experienced more do there shadows moving when there's no one else and not windows and lots of weird noises.

Tldr: my basement is creepy as shit

Reply Share



Khue
â€¢ 13y ago

I have like a really weird memory. I can remember things from when I was really young and when I mention some things to my mom, she claims there's no way I'd ever remember stuff like that. I was only in my first house for like 3 years and that's where this once incident is from. I used to only be able to sleep with my door open. I didn't like the door closed to my room because in the event the boogie man came, I didn't want to have to deal with opening the door.

I had to be like 3 or 4 at the time. Door was open one night and the I could see all the way down the hall from my race car bed (ladies, contain yourself). At the end of the hall was my parent's door, but by the door, there was an unusually dark spot. I just stared at it for a while. I am not a great story teller but this dark spot suddenly moved/stood up/turned towards me/whatever... It gained a vaguely humanoid figure. It then proceeded to haul ass down the hallway through the door and just peered down at me over my race car bed. I am not sure what happened next as that's all I can remember. I have to sleep with the door closed now... I can't sleep any other way.

redditpineapple81
â€¢ 13y ago

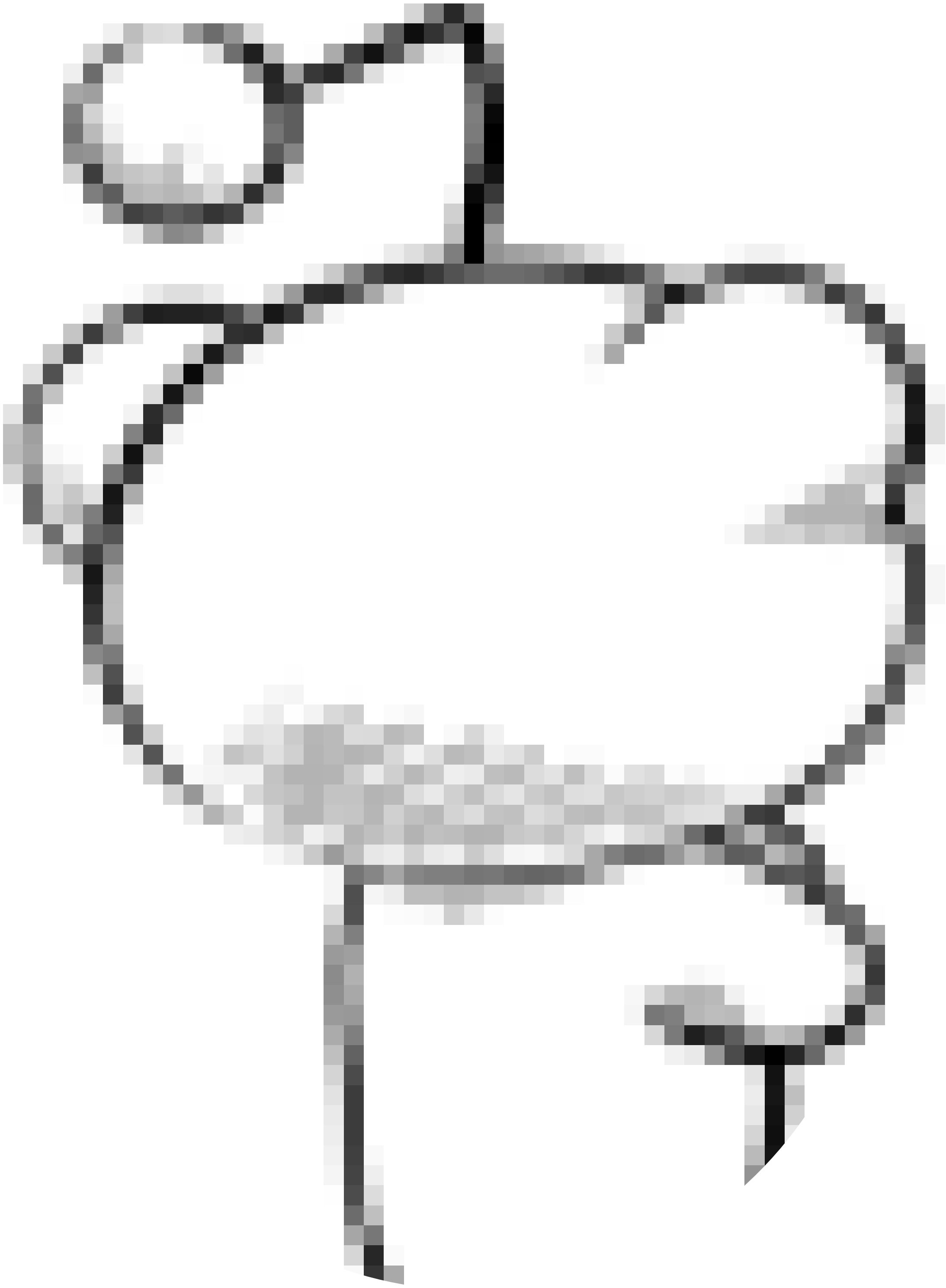
Not my story, but my father has told this to me and I thought I would share it. My dad once had a nephew. He was very close to him, loved him like a son. I can't recall all the details, as it was a while ago he told this to me, but i'll try my best. So the nephew had a tumor in his stomach, and so, since it was terminal, they took him, along with all the other kids with terminal illnesses to Disney Land to help them have fun in their last moments of their life. He ended up passing on the flight(the tumor exploded in his stomach). My dad was unaware of this until the next morning, but the day he died, that night my dad felt a small breeze on his neck, like the breath of a small child(this nephew was about 6 I believe). Like any person he would be a bit scared. Like I said, my dad found out the next morning and was completely shocked, but it warmed his heart knowing his nephew was saying goodbye to him.

Reply Share

around_the_clock
â€¢ 13y ago

when i was around the age of two i left our property and my mom kept searching for me. i was no where to be found. the dog was with me. well i returned some time later and mom asked how did i get back home and i told her the angels carried me. the she was like what about bear? that was the dogs name. i told her he had to walk.

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I am 100% sure my old house had some sort of supernatural shit going on. I'll tell you the highlight of the year In this house.

Okay so college house. The owner had renovated the garage and fully finished it. The garage had a closet in it but it did not go all the way up to the ceiling, so we had a big ledge high up to store shit on. In September of 2011 I placed 3 boxes of laminate flooring on this ledge. Stacked perfectly, pushed back well behind the ledge. About 5 months later, my friend walks into the garage and all 3 boxes fly off at him and just miss him by inches. It looked as if someone was on the shelf and had pushed all three at him.

To this date I can find no explanation. It's likely my friend would have been seriously hurt if those boxes fell on his head. They weigh about 45lbs each.

Reply Share

[cupcakegiraffe](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

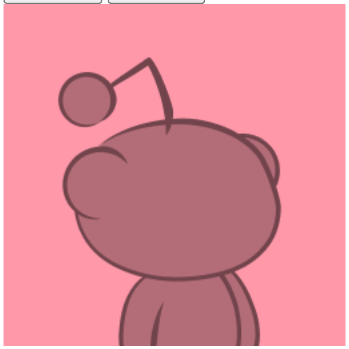
There have been a few times when it was dark that I felt there were shadowy figures stalking around the property, near my car, sometimes outside of the window. They weren't people.

Reply Share

[Chuvi](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I saw a UFO once. Not saying aliens but flight and acceleration unlike anything I've ever seen. I was also with a friend when we saw it.

Reply Share



[holdsworthy](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

In my parents' house (where I grew up) there were a few spooky things but they never really happened to me except one time. We have a nice living room with a big sound system, a TV and an Xbox as well. The sound system was always on. God knows why. One time around midnight I was walking from the kitchen to the corridor and suddenly the xbox started itself. It was really loud because the sound system was on and you could hear the xbox-logo-sound through the whole house. That pretty much scared the shit out of my ass because there was no one in this room. The lights were out as well.

I always try to explain things rationally, you know. But I have no idea how a gaming console could be turned on without anyone even being in the room at that time.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

I fell asleep on the London Underground wearing gloves, I woke up at my station wearing only one glove. My life is exciting...

[Sea2Chi](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was in Germany a few years ago and I visited an old castle that was under renovation to make it more accessible for tourists. I forget the name now but I remember being told that the castle had a long and fairly bloody history full of sieges and disease. Since most things weren't sealed off or gated I was having a good time poking around the nooks and crannys of the compound. In one part I found an old iron door built into what looked like solid rock near the base of one of the walls. The handle didn't turn but since nobody else was around and I'm somewhat of an entitled asshole I gave the door a hard pull and it come open.

The stairs leading down looked creepy as hell, narrow and curving and low enough I had to hunch down to fit. I didn't have a flashlight so I lit my zippo and started following them down. After about 100 feet I started hearing digging noises way off ahead which seemed a bit spooky, but I figured there were workers down there shoring it up for tours or something. I kept going expecting to run into a crew at any minute and thought worst case scenario they tell me to fuck off and get out of there.

As I rounded the last turn the noises stopped and I was face to face with a dead end. The tunnel just stopped in a rough rock wall. Instant goosebumps all over and and an intense feeling of "oh fuck me... what the hell was I hearing?"

I got out of there as fast as I could go without blowing out the flame.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Sleep paralysis is scary as shit. I was a freshman in high school at the time, and during a very strangely realistic dream, a motion of thoughts occured that lead me to the realization that I was dreaming. Instead of a lucid dream though, my body awoke due to the shock of it. At first the normal waking up process started, but when I tried to move, shit got scary. The walls around me started vibrating, I heard explosions everywhere, and babies demonically laughing. Like hundreds of them. That was the worst. This all lasted 5 minutes but felt like a fucking eternity.

Sleep paralysis isn't all that bad though. It can actually be the opposite of creepy, sort of enlightening. The key is getting past the fear, and relaxing your mind during it. You have to accept all the auditory and visual hallucinations you hear and see, and then something cool should happen. When I did this, I felt like I was sinking at first. Then all of a sudden, I was back in the realistic dream that always preludes an episode of sleep paralysis. I knew I was dreaming, and I was literally morphing the landscape of the dream around me with my mind. Unfortunately I'm not very good at lucid dreaming so this never lasts very long, but it is pretty damn amazing. So if you are a frequent sleep paralysis sufferer, just know it doesn't have to be a bad thing. Tl;Dr: Sleep paralysis sucks, but can lead to a lucid dream if you go with its flow.

Reply Share

[PartyPoison98](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Very recently, my downstairs bathroom light switched on whilst everyone in the house was in bed, and I know for a fact that no one was out of bed. It was pretty weird

Reply Share

[pepprie](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I have a sixth sense it's just a fact. I know when people have died either they visit me in my dreams immediately after or just before death or they physically visit me and I just don't know they've died. I have known when people are in trouble or injured and have called to check on them right as that something has happened. I don't like visiting hospitals for more than one day in a row because as I walk past rooms I can feel where death is coming. I tend to not get attached (subconsciously) to people if I get the death feeling from them (my little sister); But people that are on the verge of death tend to request my presence it's very awkward for me because I hate the pressure and unease that I feel in the room. On multiple occasions family members that are dying have reported seeing my little sister waiting by their bedside but not in the creepy way in the it's time to go way. I'm also a fairly good reader of people.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This is my dad's story that my relatives have confirmed. I don't believe in ghosts and what not but his experiences have made me wonder sometimes.

My dad grew up at a rural village in a south East Asian country. When he left for the US for school was the last time he saw his mother. At that point in time, communication was a hassle for anyone living in the rural village of said country. You'd have to travel weeks long journey on foot through mountainous paths and make it to an urban region to find a working phone and it wasn't cheap.

One day, he had a dream. He was back home at his house at the village. He was outside when he sees his mother walking away towards the village farm carrying a basket on her back. When he calls out her name, she doesn't respond. He tries to catch up to her but can never get any closer to her even though he was running and she was walking. He said right before he woke up, she turned around and bid him farewell.

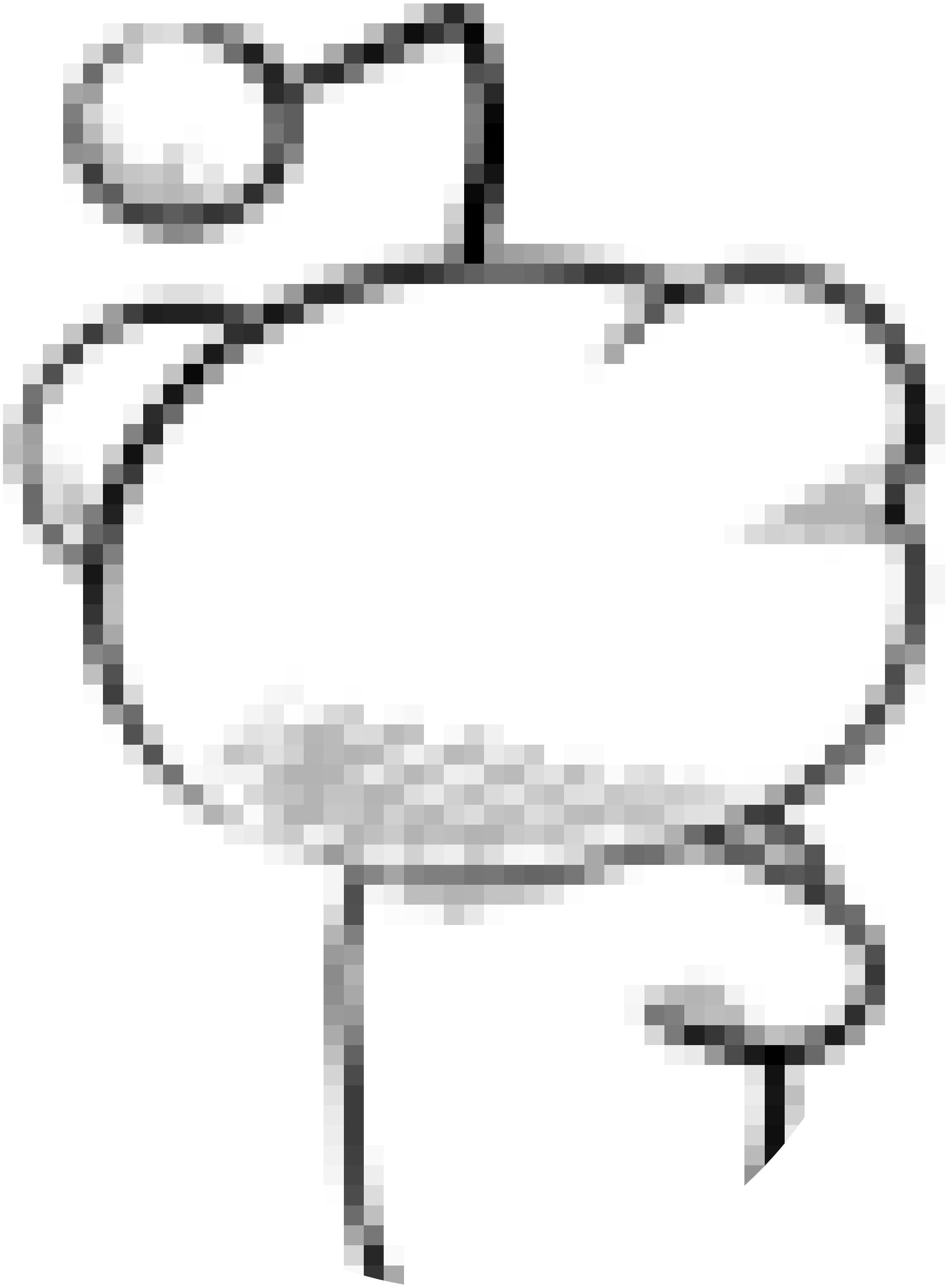
Fast forward a month, my relatives were finally able to contact him. His mom had passed a month ago. The day after he had that unforgettable dream. Now, if it were just his words, it could be put off as a lie but at the time he had two roommates who he had told his dream to before he knew of his mom's passing away.

Fast forward a few more years, same thing happens again but with his brother. He had a dream with his mother grabbing his brother saying 'his time has come' over and over again. His brother looked peaceful in a way that disturbed my dad. A few days later he received a call from my relatives about his brother's death.

On both accounts, he's told someone his dreams prior to him receiving the news. It's just pretty creepy imo.

stupidname39
â€¢ 13y ago

I work in a nursing home/Assisted living facility. Its on the site of an old orange grove that was worked by slaves. On three separate occasions I have had patients complain about a man and his children that wont leave them alone. In all of these cases, they patients are women who have dolls of some sort in their rooms. The old ladies don't like the kids playing with their antique dolls. These ladies were legitimately upset. It was difficult for me to do anything about it because I never could see anybody. Naturally we chalked it up to medication induced hallucinations or infection of some sort. Still, it creeped me out.



wolfington12
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was young, I was feverish and very sick once. I was sleeping with my parents who were together at the time. I remember waking up and seeing this dark figure hunched over beside the bed just staring at me. I thought I was dreaming.

I sat up, parents still sleeping, and reached out to touch the figure (thinking it was my eyes playing tricks on me). When i reached out, I felt my fingers touch the figure head, and I screamed. Next thing I know, mom turned the light on and the thing was gone.

I will never forget this. (I am 28 now)

ArtimusClydeFrog
â€¢ 13y ago

Was home alone sitting at the computer with my dog sitting next to me when the door to the basement suddenly and very loudly slammed shut. None of the windows or doors going outside were open so it wasn't from wind and the air in the house was turned off. Even if it was on I don't think the air flow would be enough to move it like it did.

Reply Share

bene22
â€¢ 13y ago

My fiance' one night started to talk in his sleep in what sounded like a foreign language. He doesn't know any foreign languages.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

St. Augustine FL - old Spanish hospital....

Reply Share

walters0bchak

â€¢ 13y ago

One time when I was on the beach at about midnight with some friends, we saw a rotating light out above the water. At the time, we were stone cold sober (probably about 13 at the time).

This rotating light just sat there, not above any land. Then, all of a sudden, it would dart diagonally for a few hundred feet and then stop again. It darted around like this every few minutes for what seemed like an eternity (but was probably a total of 15 minutes).

My friends and I just sat there, in complete awe. None of us could figure out what it may have been. Then, it shot off down the coast at a speed that was way faster than any aircraft I've ever seen. Never seen anything like it since.

Reply Share

Mezolithic
â€¢ 13y ago

About 10 years ago while trying to get to sleep i was staring out of my door into the landing and saw myself standing there staring back. If that wasnt enough, after about 5 minutes of eye contact, other me turns around and yells something down the hallway suddenly to be silenced by a crossbow bolt to the face. Right in the yelling mouth.

Yeah, i didn't sleep that night. Scared the shit out of me.

And no, it wasnt a nightmare, i was awake the whole time.

HillTopTerrace
â€¢ 13y ago

I was maybe 13. My nana had a spare bed with another bed that pulls out from under it. My mom and I were sleeping, her on the pull out, me on the bed. Her bed started wildly shaking for no reason. It lasted about five minutes. I was scared stiff. I don't believe in supernatural anything but to make it a little creepier, my nana has a historical Indian burial ground on her land where half the graves have been dug up. I don't stay over anymore.

Reply Share

Beard_of_Valor
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I had a dream the night my grandmother died. I was too young to understand fully the concept of death or afterlife, but somehow I knew she was going away forever. It was a dream and dreams are weird, but there was always a visual and a sense of motion. Not hurtling, but not crawling. A respectable pace.

The twist is that my sister (20 years my senior and hundreds of miles away) was in the dream with us too. She and I were able to quiz each other about the details of the dream afterwards, each of us skeptical about what had just occurred. We were both lucid during the dream and could have a limited effect on the environment of the dream (oddly, she much more than I). She typically "knows" when a family member dies before being told. I thought it was a bunch of bullshit until I heard my uncle say that after the cops called him to say that our grandmother was dead, she was his first call and she picked up the phone and said "Grandma is dead?". She couldn't have known, yet she did.

At a certain point, I changed direction against my will and we got separated. I could tell that my sister and my grandmother were continuing, and I knew my grandmother was never coming back, and I knew that was okay. It was NOT okay that my elder sister was continuing toward that one way street. I woke up from the dream screaming that my sister was dying but of course my parents put me back to bed. I didn't sleep. Early in the morning my dad got the call from my sister that grandma was dead, and she asked him to pass the phone to me. That's when we quizzed each other about the dream.

I recognize the blatant contradictions in the religion I was taught to believe as a child and no longer believe, but what am I supposed to believe now? As someone who has experienced the supernatural, I can no longer take refuge in the security of science and atheism. It's an odd place to be, but it's kind of fun to know first hand that there's something more.

Reply Share

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies

Remikins
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I woke up at 2 am last night and walked to my brother's locked bedroom to steal back my computer. I was about to knock but then I realized how ridiculously creepy I was being so I headed back to bed. Then I decided to make a thread about creepy happenings once I got back my laptop in the morning but the thread had already been made. I'm either psychic or the OP and I shared a mental connection.

But in other news, my one creepy experience was when I was about 9. My brother and I were playing around when he trapped me in our living room. He was holding the doorknob down on the other side so I couldn't open the door and escape. With nothing to do, I decided to look around my living room and wait until he got tired. Sadly for me, an armchair decided to slide across the living room floor. I yelled for my brother to let me the f*ck outta there and we both bolted to our bedroom.

Reply Share

mikey_cool_guy

â€¢ 13y ago

It was two summers ago. I was driving around Lake Ontario in upstate New York with my good buddy. We looked out over the lake and noticed hundreds, and I'm talking hundreds, of little yellow lights. We started noticing that other people were pulling over to watch, so we did too. We sat for over twenty minutes watching these little yellow lights move in a synchronized fashion from left to right across the sky. We immediately though UFO, so I tried getting it on camera. But to little surprise, the lights were not bright enough to pick it up on an EnV 3. At the time, we wanted to tell someone but I couldn't think of anything besides calling 911. Looking back on it, I wish we had called a local news channel or something. Those little yellow lights have no explanation in my opinion. If anyone has any questions, or explanations, please let me know. I would be happy to tell you more if you're interested.

Vespula17
â€¢ 13y ago

Was walking down a road that runs between two neighborhoods in my town. There's nothing on it until you get to the other neighborhood, just light woods and fields. Its very pretty (especially during the summer) so I'll walk it back to my house or into town if its nice out. Its got some street lights on it, but their a little far apart, and half of them don't get repaired, so their always out.

So, one night, I'm walking back home. Its around twilight, so maybe 8:30 in the summer. As I'm taking in the lovely scenery of the woods and fields beyond after sunset, I can hear this clicking/tapping sound over the crickets and drone beetles. It kinda faded together at first, and then became quite noticeable. Noticeable mostly because the should was metallic, industrial sounding. I look around a little while I'm walking and I don't notice anything in particular except that I'm approaching a blinking street light. Now, the sound was coming from mostly behind me, but I thought maybe the flickering light was making the noise, like the bulb was shorting or arcing against the fixture. As I passed under it,I could tell that the sound was indeed coming from behind me, and creepily not getting any quieter.

I subconsciously pick up the pace a little, just to calm my nerves. The irregular clanking nose is still there, echoing off the quietness of the little road at dusk. It almost sounded like a clip on a big flag rope banging against the flag pole on a windy day. A couple more minutes go by. Its full twilight now. The street lights stand out now. Making little shafts of light, illuminating circles in the empty road.

The clicking stops for a moment. Before I can sigh, the sound of breaking glass cuts through the air, followed by the glass sprinkling onto the street. The street light 7 or 8 behind me exploded. "What the-?" I'm thinking. As darkness envelopes the broken streetlight, the clicking sound resumes, but its a little closer now, and the next streetlight in line starts flickering.

Naturally, I freak the fuck out and start running. As I run the rest of the way home, I look back every couple of gasps to see the lights in sequence flicker and go out, all accompanied by the metallic tapping and an awful darkness obscuring the road as each light breaks and goes out. Fortunately, whatever it was, was moving more slowly than I was.

I went beck the next morning to find weird powdery stuff all over the glass and dragging footsteps through all of it. There was also an obscene amount of dead animals on the side of the road where I ran back that weren't there the night before.

Mr_Senator666
â€¢ 13y ago

I remember my aunt telling me a story of when she was young, she tried to contact the dead (for reasons I don't remember) and she was told by a witch (some Mexicans are very superstitious) that a way to do it was to write a prayer and read it backwards in a room lit by candles under a pentagram. So she goes into a room and sets everything up and begins reading prayer and about a quarter into it the room started to violently shake. When this happened she was terrified and began pray for forgiveness and everything suddenly stoped and everything went back to normal. She was living in Mexico at the time. Idk it could have been an earthquake. But I would never try it.

rocksmithxmas
â€¢ 13y ago

I was walking along the undercliff path near where I live on the South Coast UK. It's almost pitch black down there with no streetlights at all and it's dark enough to see the glow from the nearby town. It wasn't late (8pm) or so but you could see the stars vividly, which was the main reason I was there.

I was walking along quite happily, gazing at the stars and thinking deep thoughts when suddenly there was a bright light from the sea, like someone had turned on a car's headlight. A shadow passed through the light, which moved upwards, there was some movement, a crunching sound and then nothing. I waited and listened but there was no noise at all and I could see no shapes by the water or on the beach. It was quite unsettling and I walked home a fair bit quicker than usual!

Where had the light come from? There were no boats or anything nearby. The sound could have been someone crunching the pebbles under their feet but it was over too quickly, as if someone had taken 2 footsteps then disappeared.

The easiest way to explain it is as if a door from a bright room had opened, someone had run into it and then it closed.

Also, the shadow... it looked kind of animal like, almost like a dog. At first I thought that it was a dog and that someone had used a torch briefly to find it. But there was no-one there and no sounds after those first two crunching noises and the way the light moved was all wrong for a torch... Freaky.

☐ Reply ☐ Share

Kithix
â€¢ 13y ago

Sleep paralysis. Suffer from it chronically, before I knew what it was I thought I was either crazy or ghosts/aliens did exist.

Reply Share

TheVoiceOfRiesen
â€¢ 13y ago

Not sure what to call this, but here is my story. A few months ago my brother and I went for a walk in the cemetery late at night. Nothing happened while there, but walking back to the house I look in the sky and there's a bright star, and the thing just takes off across the sky. Mind you, the star was not moving at first, and I was staring at it for a few seconds and then it just shoots off. Anyone know what that is?

Reply Share

70camaro
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a couple stories.

My first story isn't a personal experience, but the experiences my parents had at my dad's frat house during college. I should preface this by saying that we are a family of science geeks (my dad went to school for chemistry and I'm a physics major), and my dad is the most skeptical person I have ever met. He doesn't believe in ghosts or the paranormal. His fraternity house was an old mansion built around the turn of the century. At the time membership was on a downturn and only he and one other guy actually lived in the house year round. Nothing blatantly paranormal (no ghosts or anything) happened, but both of my parents recall weird things that happened in the house.

The third story of the house (attic) had giant solid oak cabinets built into it. Occasionally they were woken by the sound of the doors slamming shut, shaking the entire house. Keep in mind that the doors were very heavy, so there is no way that a draft could have caused it.

Everything else that happened my dad chalks up to "electrical gremlins", but I'm not so sure. Every so often the lights would all dim and faintly glow blood red. We aren't talking the dull orange color that you can get with a dimmer, but full on red. This happened often enough that both he and my mom got used to it. The washer and dryer were located in the basement, which was entirely open and had pull chain light fixtures arranged in a grid. My dad said that he would be alone in the house doing laundry, and was borderline OCD about leaving lights off when he returned to his bedroom. Without fail, every time he would return every single light would be on, even in the far corners where no one went.

The last stories about the house were isolated events. The house didn't have central air, and my dad had a small window a/c unit to try and keep cool, but it never actually cooled the room down to a comfortable level. My mom had a key to the house and my dad's room because she slept over so frequently. One day in the middle of summer, she returned to the house to grab something that she had left (approximately an hour after they both had left). As she opened his bedroom door a wave of cool air overtook her, and she could see her breath. My dad's fish tank had a layer of frost on it. The last story that he told me is the only one that *really* creeped him out. The house had two kitchens, and he frequently used the upstairs kitchen that was near his bedroom. The kitchen had an archway leading to the upstairs living room. As he was cooking dinner, he heard the TV turn on, volume blaring. He thought his roommate had gotten home and turned it on. Thinking nothing of it, he decided to pop around the corner to say hi. The instant he rounded the corner the TV turned off.

I go to the same university and it creeps me out every time I drive by the house.

I was always a bit skeptical of his stories until I had a couple experiences of my own. I still feel like there has to be an explanation...

I used to hang out with my ex at her step dad's house quite a lot. Her step dad always complained about things disappearing, and typically blamed it on her. One day his keys and a kitchen towel (of all things) went missing. After a few days of searching, he finally broke down and had new keys made. They had an extra room in the basement that was full of canned goods and various bulk supplies; people only went in there on rare occasions. One day we decided to raid the basement for food, and low and behold...his keys were sitting atop the neatly folded hand towel in the middle of the floor.

One evening the ex and I decided to take a nap before going out for the night. We were both awoken by a blast of air accompanied by a loud "PUH" sound, as if someone blew in our faces. We both shrugged our shoulders and tried to go back to sleep. She had one of those stuffed animals that when thrown on the ground/squeezed/punched it would make a sound. 5 minutes after trying to go back to sleep, the stuffed animal spontaneously made a sound, but it wasn't one of the prerecorded noises that it usually made. We both noped right the fuck out of the house. She moved in with me shortly after.

Reply Share

heimdal77
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid I was at my cousins house (a rental) and we were playing out back. There were these old stepping stones and we decided to flip them over for some reason. well it turned out they were old gravestones and apparently the whole area had at one time been a grave yard. About a half mile away was what was left of the grave yard that wasn't maintained anymore and they hadn't done a proper job of relocating the part of it that they developed into housing. So the thing is in the house things would always vanish over night and reappear later or be moved during the night. So then after we found the gravestones they got rid of them and all the stuff in the house stopped moving and vanishing.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

One time I went to Detroit....

Reply Share

MyGreatMachine
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine is ongoing. I work night reception in Manhattan in a building that is over 100 years old. The company i work for did construction a year ago and all manner of weirdness started afterwards. The company owns the 7th and 8th floors connected by stairs.

First instance that happened was one night im closing the place by myself, i walk down the hallway hearing voices in conversation, i stop and look to my left to see a chair move and stop quickly all by itself. From then on i was known as the weird one untillllll the phones in our company started dialing 66666666 over and over again. At first we thought it was just the phone system messing up until my one boss was at her desk and heard the buttons of the phone being pressed and sure enough saw the phone trying to out dial 66666666.

At this point my office had out right ghost hysteria and everyone had a work ghost story. Doors closing themselves,voices, hearing footsteps, fire alarms turning on and off as you walk by them, seeing reflections of things in mirrors that are not there, etc...

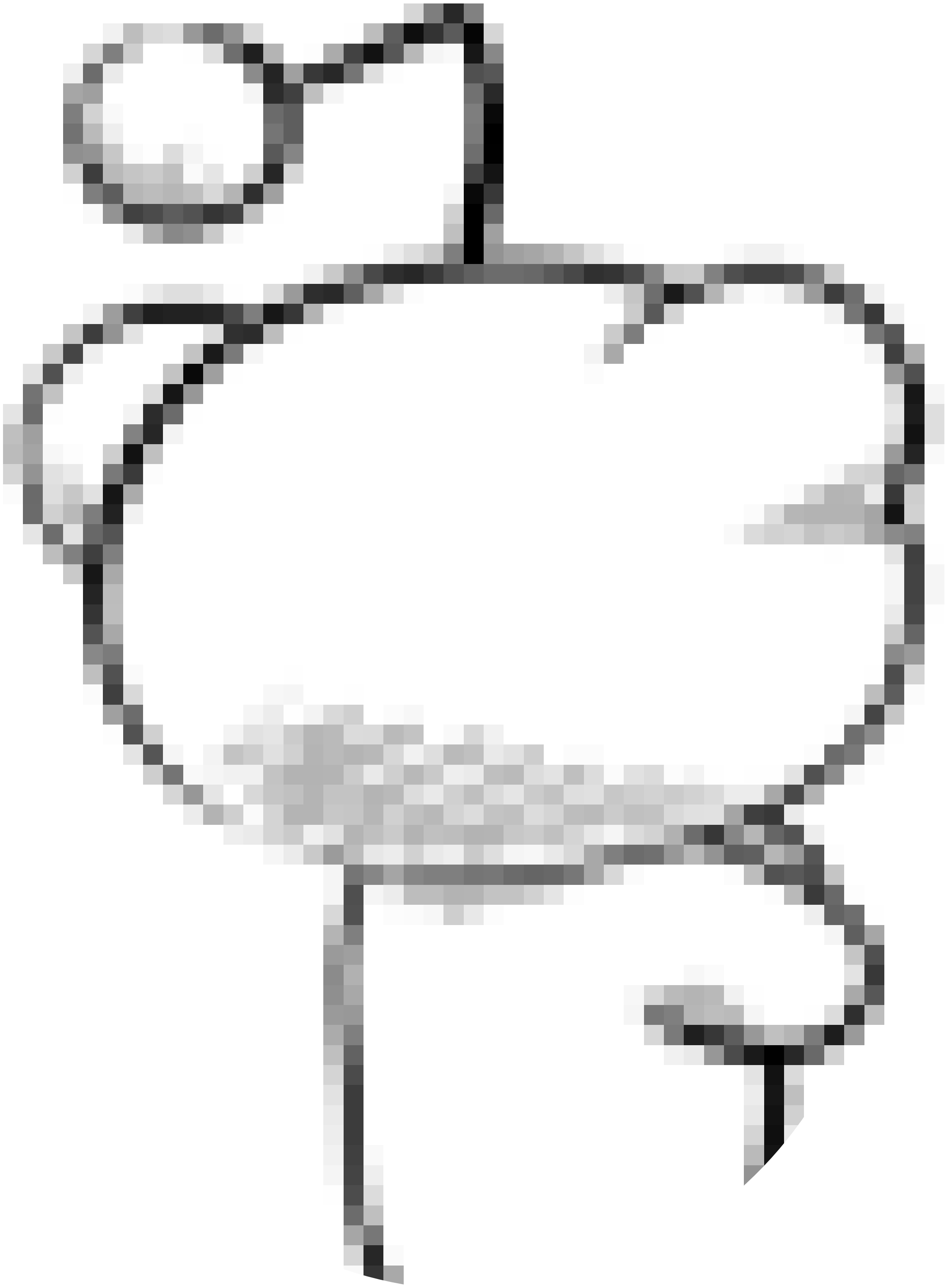
One late night i was working just me and one of the owners of the company down the hall in his office and suddenly out of nowhere something slams my desk which has NOTHING ON IT. As if someone was like "Hey fucker!" Scared the shit out of me, checked camera systems, nothing. To this day i try to think well if it wasnt paranormal then what the hell punched my desk?

The next night im closing up by myself and setting the alarm system i stop and hear a super deep voice trying to imitate a high pitch voice (if that makes any sense) making an almost "wooopie" noise down the hall and then a whistle. Still get goosebumbs thinking back on that one.

Then hurricane sandy happened. I had to go into work during the day to help out. Im by myself super early because my train actually got me there way before schedule. i hear a door open and close. I think someone has arrived and gone to the bathroom. Then later i hear it again and i think back no one ever appeared afterwards... go around office and sure enough im the only one there.

Last thing that happened. Me and two other coworkers are at the office working late on christmas cards. All 3 of us stop as we hear dishes in the kitchen start to rattle. One coworker said its just the dishes in the sink settling. She leaves and its just me and my one other coworker getting ready to leave. We both hear a voice down a hallway cant say what it said but we both do the horrified look at each other. Feeling brave because someone else is with me i start to ask questions and try to get some sort of response. I whistle down the hallway right before we walk into the elevator. A whistle comes back and my coworker tells me to stop it and she flips her shit when i tell her that wasn't me....

Funniest thing that happened was when i was in the kitchen with one of the owners and he's saying ya know i gave you some shit but i've actually heard some things in the office that later i cant explain and as he says that the metal rod on the stairs that connects the 8 and 7th floor bangs and vibrates for a couple of seconds. The owner says welp i guess it knows we are talking about him.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

i helped my brother move out of a place that he called 'creepy' and didn't want to stay in anymore. it was the dead heat of summer, and i of course got attic duty, so i took a large standing fan with me, and put it on high while i gathered things together. the fan started rocking back and forth, which was normal with it being on super high.

then it stopped.

i looked over, and it was unplugged. huh! guess it pulled itself out by rocking.

i went to plug it back in, but the chord only came within about five fucking feet of the outlet.

so i ran like a little school girl downstairs.

that night i slept in the bed with a roommate, since she had air conditioning in her room. in the middle of the night she got up to go to the bathroom, and came back and laid down really close to me. she asked me how long i was going to stay, because she was lonely and she liked me.

i started to reply, but she got up and left the room, and came back almost immediately.

"what the hell?" i ask her. she looks at me rather puzzled, says she only went to pee, and never came back and said never anything to me.

needless to say i slept in the car the rest of the night.

Reply Share

Datsyukian13
â€¢ 13y ago

By the lake on night last summer with a few buddies standing by the water. The three of them were facing me with their backs to the water when in the sky I see a bright blue light flash then move in a swerving motion. In about three seconds it was gone. To this date I have absolutely no clue what it could have been.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

One night, I was woken from my sleep to see my door had been opened just a bit, but enough to see the bottoms of the hallway. I was about to fall asleep and something caught my attention, a green figure slowly creeping along the hallway. I could only make out a human-like figure at first but as it got closer I could see every fine detail on its face, its face was rotted and putrid, like a skeleton with remnants of human skin.

It wore a crown and a long robe but was dirty in colour and torn.

It glowed a luminous green colour and started to jolt towards the airing cupboard completely ignoring me and finally opened its mouth as it disappeared into the cupboard. It definitely scarred me and my parents don't believe to this day what I saw.

ihazcheese
â€¢ 13y ago

Your username.

drivec
â€¢ 13y ago

I'll keep it short. My friend's family thinks they have a ghost. We were standing in the kitchen next to the countertop and I was making fun of the imaginary ghost. All of a sudden a pretty big and sharp knife (family had been cooking) slid off the near-center of the counter and onto the floor by me. There was nobody near that knife.

irnidotnet
â€¢ 13y ago

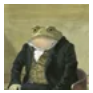
The most strange thing I have ever experienced was two out of body dreams that freaked me the fuck out. Both times, my ex wife was out of the house at the time and I was taking a nap. So neither of these happened while sleeping at night. I dreamed that I woke up and everything was dark.

I stood up from the bed and saw myself laying in the bed still asleep. Instantly I felt a presence of something in the room. I had no idea what it was but I couldn't shake this horrible feeling. I tried to turn on the light but nothing was working. I tried to move but it was like moving through quicksand. I felt the other presence near me and tried to hit/kick it but everything was in slow motion. I quickly woke up in a panic.

I thought nothing of these as they were just nightmares. Odd that it happened twice, but still. Then my ex-wife, who is a ghost story loon, told me this was the "Shadow People" trying to take over my body while I was out of it. Scared the fuck out of me even though I believe in none of this shit.

There were other weird things that happened while she was around. The phone in the living room kept turning on the speaker phone and we'd here a dial tone. We would go press the speaker option and it would turn off. It kept happening until she screamed "STOP IT!" That was odd.

Ever since we were divorced in 2008, I have not had a single weird experience. So either my nerves were shot from being married, or she is a magnet for the paranormal.



Jonoczall
â€¢ 13y ago

Whether you believe this story or not is up to you. I haven't told many people this story because quite frankly, no one will believe me. My friends at the time were potheads. If I smoked it was occasionally and not much. I was always of the opinion that it wasn't healthy. So one night we were in my friend's room. It's four of us in all including myself. It's after 2am. The lights are all off; our only source of light being the moon (it's a full moon that night and the room has big windows which were open).

I'm sitting on the couch in a corner of the room; Kevin and Stephen are sitting on the ground under the windows opposite me; and John is knocked out on his bed high as a kite to my far left. I was no where near as high as the rest of them but, I was light headed.

I closed my eyes for a moment only to hear the room grow quiet. It sounded as though I was submerged under water. I open my eyes, bewildered, to see what had caused this. What I saw next will stay with me for the rest of my life.

Standing next to Kevin is a figure about 3.5 ft tall. It looked like a child, a toddler to be more precise but, with adult facial features. These facial features were harsh, distorted and twisted. The eyes were bottomless pools of black. Its mouth twisted in a malicious grimace; it's teeth looked sharpened. Saliva crept out on the sides but with the colour and consistency of tar. Its body was what dealt the final blow: it was covered in dirty stained rags but the body looked like that of a body that had begun to decompose in water. Discoloured, its skin was a sickly greyish-blue, and slimy; its veins were black.

I never felt fear like the fear that enveloped me at that point. I tried to move but my body wouldn't respond. I tried to scream and nothing happened: I was more or less paralysed. It was as though no one could see me or hear me. And it got worse. I look at Stephen who is also sitting on the ground next to Kevin and to my horror I see another creature like the first one I described standing next to Stephen. Both creatures with a look of malice etched upon their faces. Each one looking down at their prey.

I look across to John who's still passed out on the bed and I see a third creature only this time this one was standing on his back and looking down at him. I noticed a common factor: each one of these grotesque creatures, though their faces were twisted into these dark malicious expressions, each one of them seemed pleased. They seemed as though they were in the process or accomplishing whatever it was they were there to do.

Only then a very sick realization coursed through me. I froze when it occurred. If there was a creature next to Kevin, and a creature next to Stephen, and a creature on John...logic dictates that there ought to be one for me as well...I wanted to cry.

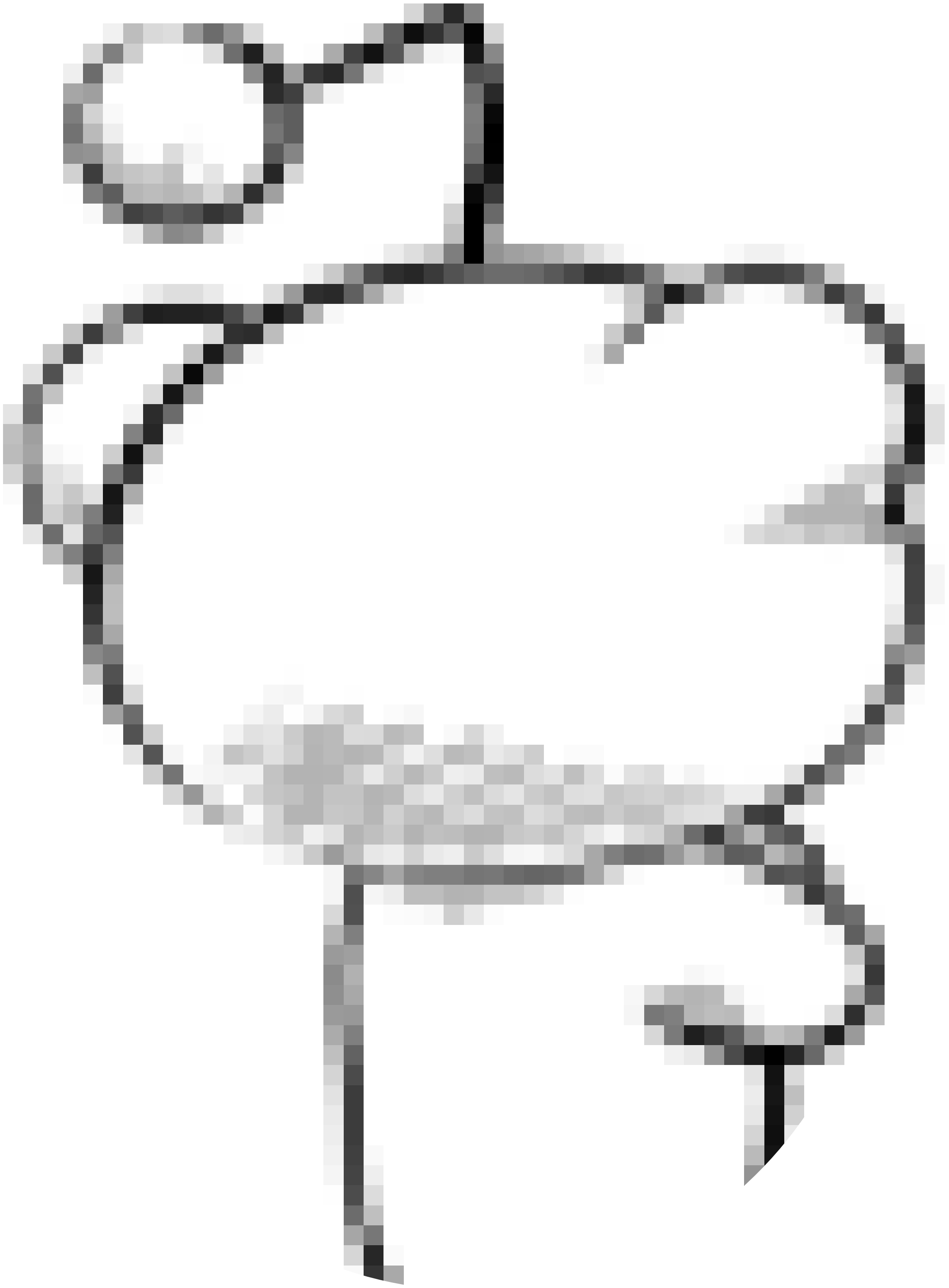
I mustered what will power was left in me to turn to look to my right; to see the demon that was assigned to me sitting on the couch. But no matter how hard I tried to mentally prepare myself I wasn't ready for what I saw. I turned and their floating right above me was what I can only describe as an orb of warm golden light. It just levitated there in the space above me. When I saw it I don't know why but, I felt a feeling of relief. I didn't know what it was but it didn't have that evil presence like the other 3 beings in the room.

I turned back again and examined my friends. Their demons were still standing guard over all of them. And each of their faces still had that look of satisfaction. They paid no attention to me; they only had eyes for the target they had marked.

At this point my mind could no longer withstand what it saw, and I passed out. I remember my friends waking me up some time later. They had finished with the night's activities and were cleaning up. What was strange was that it felt as though I was locked inside my body for a while. I could see and hear everything but I couldn't move. They started shouting at me to get me up and patting my face; clearly starting to get worried. They started shaking me as well but I was not responding. Five more minutes of futile attempts to rouse me from my state and I finally regain control. I jumped up. I felt like one who had been holding his breath for a long time under water. I began cold sweating and I couldn't speak anything intelligible at that point. I tried to tell them what I saw but they brushed it off and told me to sleep. They all went to sleep after. Needless to say I didn't sleep for the rest of the night.

That's more or less the crux of the story. I never smoked again after that. This was 3 years ago. I've been on morphine a few times for surgery, and chemotherapy when I battled cancer: I've never hallucinated under any medical drugs or experienced anything like that, so I would like to think 2 pulls of a joint did not make me lose my mind..so yea..

tl;dr I saw demons



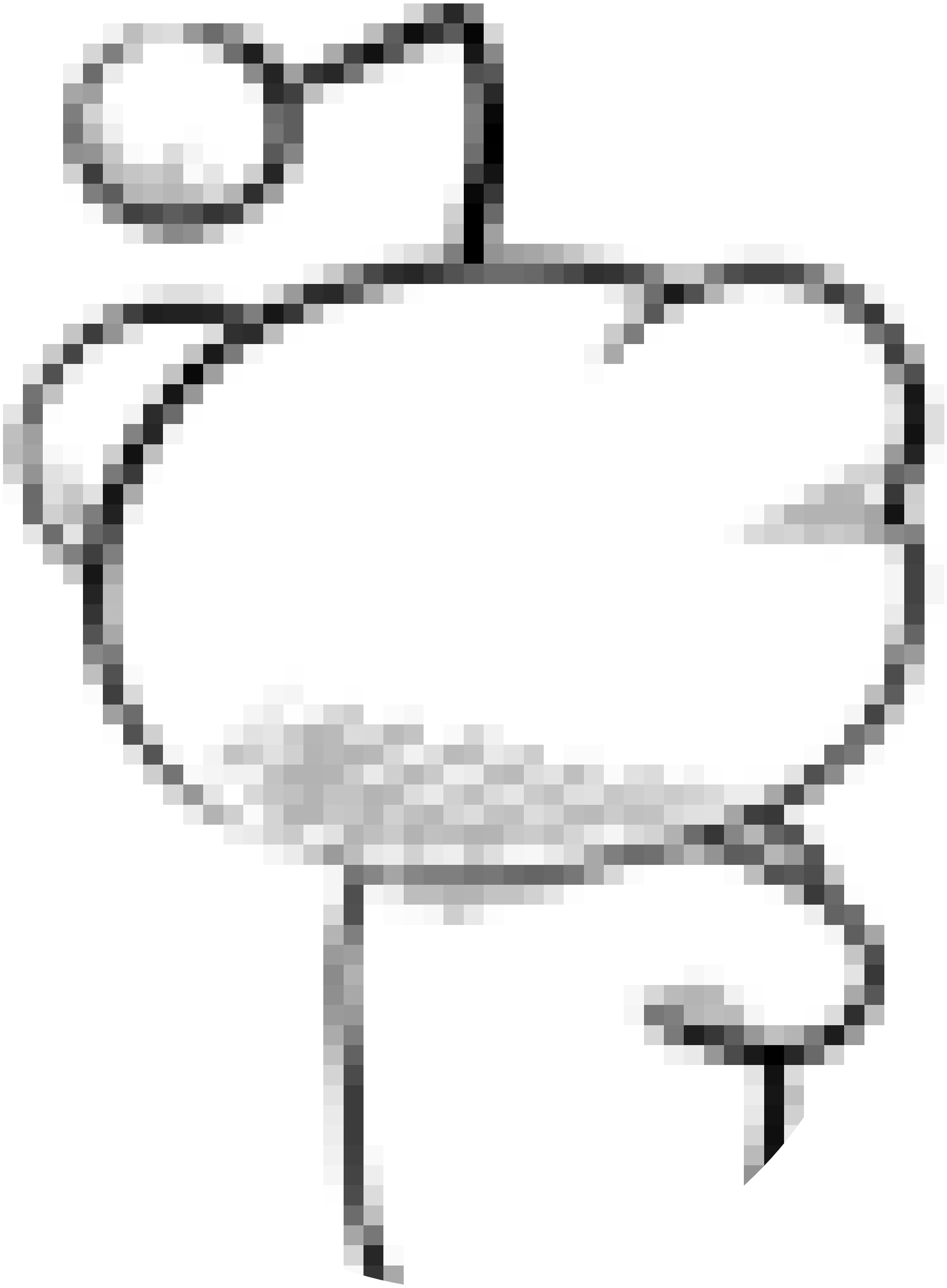
[punzakum](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Guess I'll share.

Summer of eighth grade. I was at my grandparents house while my mom was working for the day. My grandparents were working until the early afternoon and I spent the first few hours by myself playing the pc and listening to music with my headphones on. At one point I heard the front door open and close and keys fall on the table as if my grandpa had just got home. I went to greet him, but he wasn't there. No big deal, probably just the music. So I put the headphones on again and I started hearing incoherent whispers from the hallway outside of the computer room. Many different distinct whispers but one was louder than the rest even though I still couldn't understand it. The front door opens and closes and keys hit the table again. This time it was grandpa, but I didn't mention any of the weirdness that just occurred.

Fast forward to 8pm that night when my mom picks me up. She wants to chat with her parents for a little bit and I just wanted to gtfo so I waited outside in the van and what happened next still sends chills down my spine. I was sitting in the van looking at my mom's work bag laying on the floor when a child's voice as clear as day asks "can I come with you?" I jumped out of the van and began searching for the kid under it, since there was nothing but open space all around the van, but no one was there. Freaked out, I started walking back in the house and without thinking I said out loud "no. You can't come with me." as soon as I went to reach for the door handle I heard the same voice scream into my ear "WHY NOT!?" I stepped through the door and the first thing out of my grandma's mouth was "wow you're quite pale"

This was over a decade ago and it still scares me when I think back at it



skrimpstaxx
â€¢ 13y ago

I was at my buddies house (well call him chris). Chris lived in a 200 year old plantation house back in the woods at the time. My brother, i, and another friend were all in the basement, where chris stayed, reading a book, i think " the secret practices of ..." (cant remember). We continued to read the book for about 5 minutes, when we took a break to talk about some of the stuff we had just read, we heard a loud explosion inthe the kitchen. Puzzled at who could have done that, we walked around the corner swiftly, and through the door into the kitchen. When we got in, we noticed noone in the kitchen, and all the drawers opened, cabinets all opened at different widths, and the fridge was open. Pretty creepy. We then proceeded to walk up into the attic, where he dared one of us to spend the night. Im thinking, "fuck that!", we start looking around in the attic and we notice a square in the wooden walls. It was almost impossible to see without feeling for something. We pulled this piece of wall away to find the diary of a little girl, in which she called it, "the rose". Looked through it, and promply put it back, not wanting to upset that spirit anymore. Hes since moved out, and i have no access to the house, at least, not at this point. (Sorry for grammatical errors)

Pureaddiction21
â€¢ 13y ago

So an old man died in my parents house before they bought it. When I lived with my parents, I just so happen to be the lucky one to get the room he died in. A few things happened to me but there are 2 incidences that stick out the most.

The first one..I came home from a night out. I'm watching some TV while laying in my futon. My hair is draped over the back of the futon and out of nowhere someone/something yanked my hair. It yanked very hard. I froze at first then I burried myself into my covers and tried to pretend nothing happened. I just wanted to go to sleep. My bedroom door then randomly opened. Needless to say I didn't sleep that night.

The 2nd one..I was sleeping, got woken up by "my mom" opening my door and saying 'shit Erica wake up, the alarms didn't go off we are going to be late' then the door shut. My alarm didn't go off that morning and I was going to be late for work. I got up and got ready as fast as I could. Opened my door and said "Mom"? Nobody was home. My mom in the middle of the night went into the hospital with a diverticulitus bout and nobody woke me up to tell me. There was a note on the kitchen table telling me. I still would like to know who the fuck opened my door and told me to get up. I know I didn't dream this, I am a light sleeper and when the door opened I sat straight up.

Reply Share

fuckzilla
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a child I used to have a recurring dream about a huge headless guy, dressed in Victorian style riding gear (long black duster coat and boots etc) who was wrapped in chains and would walk through my house towards me. No big deal, kids have messed up dreams.

But the creepiness kicked in a couple of months ago when I decide to look up my village on wikipedia for something to do, and a single sentence made my blood run cold. The wiki article (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edenfield) says there is a little known legend (neither me or any of my family had heard of this) that a headless horseman haunts the main road that my house is next to.

Creeped me the fuck out.

Reply Share

reediejr
â€¢ 13y ago

I hate to be a "not me, but someone I know" person but here goes. My husband (boyfriend at the time) took a back road to get to my parents' house to pick me up. When he arrived, he was visibly shaken and wouldn't tell me why.

After an hour of freaking out, he finally told us that as he was driving down this road he saw someone up ahead in the middle of the road, so he slowed down.

As he got closer (thinking someone needed help) he noticed he could not see a face. It was someone dressed in a cloak with the hood pulled over their face. It stopped, turned its head towards him, turned away then LIMPED the rest of the way across the road and into the woods. He noped the hell out of there.

[Joedredge](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was about 6 years old. I was playing some game with my mom and we needed an extra die. I went downstairs to grab one out of the Chutes and Ladders game. As soon as I took it out of the box it turned from white to yellow in my hand. No one ever believed me but it happened. It was real to me dammit.

[Jopono](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Creepy you say?

When I was five my best friend in the world Jay moved away to the other side of the country. A couple of years later my parents made vacation plans with Jay's Parents. The plan was to meet up on Prince Edwards Island, an island Province in Canada famous for potato's and a world famous Canadian novel about a young orphan girl who went to live with potato farmers on Prince Edwards Island. It was called Ann of Green Gables and was written in 1908.

The woman who Wrote the novel was named Lucy Maud Montgomery. She was a celebrated author of her day, publishing over 20 Novels and 500 short stories and poems. She was even named Officer of the Order of the British Empire in 1935.

We were staying in a quaint little motel a couple of blocks away from the house of Lucy Maud Montgomery. The house is a nation landmark, and still exist to this day in pristine condition as a museum. It was our hotel, then across the street was an old cemetery where Lucy was buried, then a stand of trees, on the other side of which was Lucy's house.

A path ran through the cemetery; it ran past Lucy's grave then continued on through the stand of trees all the way to Lucy's house, and into the house itself which was set up like a museum. There was one other thing, the whole place was haunted. After dark Lucy's ghost would wander the grounds.

My parents loved to tell my brother and I ghost stories about this place, and had spent months building up the suspense before we went there. When we finally did go there and walked the path I had to muster all the bravery I could, even in broad daylight.

Of course being a young boy, the first thing I do when I am scared is pretend like I am not. So the whole time my Brother and Jay and I are loudly bragging about how we aren't scared of any ghosts. Our parents instantly call us on our bluff. Before we even knew what was happening we had all agreed to come back and walk the path after dark.

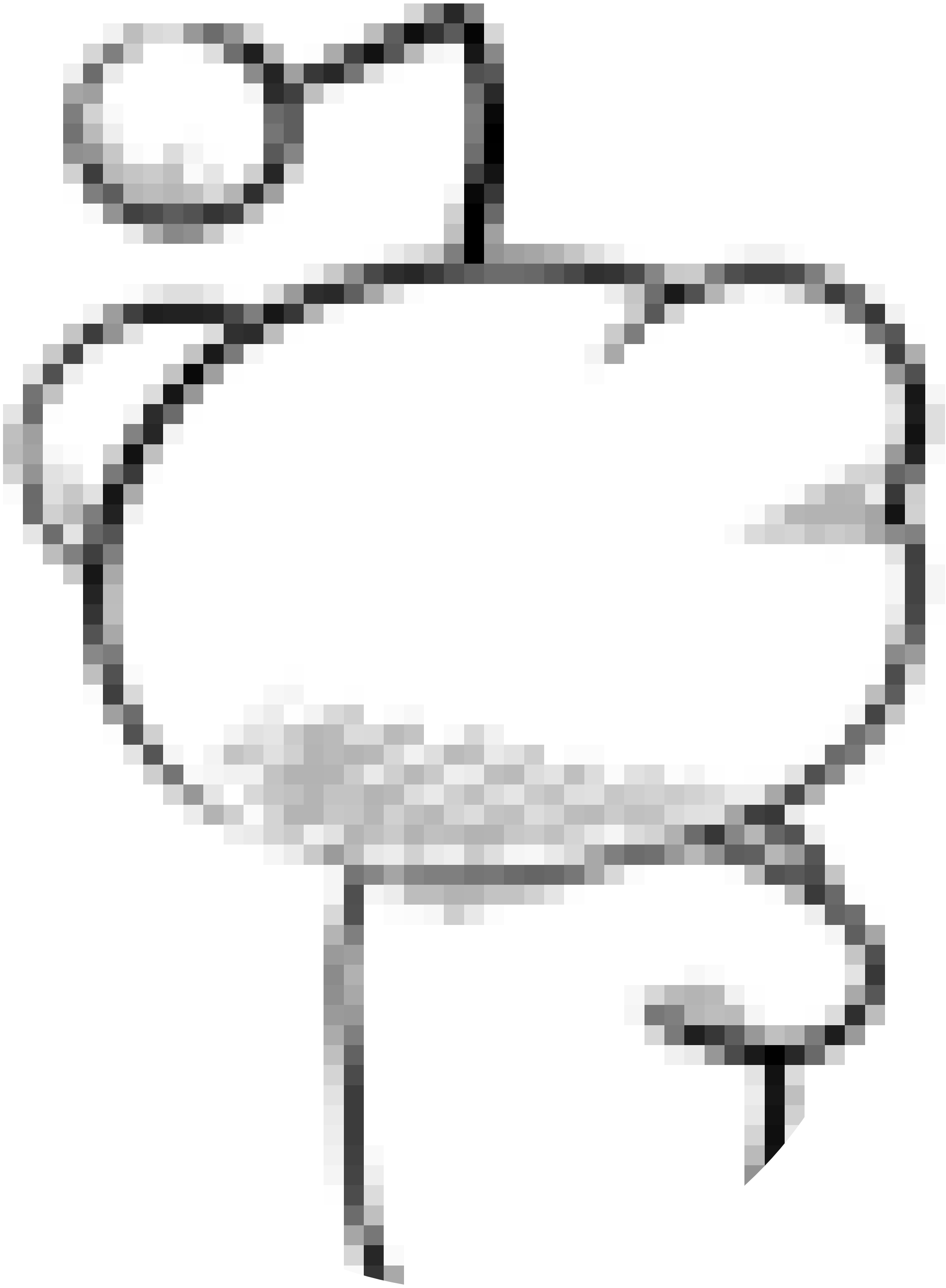
So dark comes and we walk the path all the way up to the house, which is locked up for the night. Everyone came except for Jay's mom, who claimed she didn't mess around with ghosts. Everything went great on the walk there and the walk back was going great until we hit the cemetery.

I think I must have heard the sound first, or at least I was the first to react. Something was making a horrible moaning from behind the grave of Lucy. Even as i watched a glowing white ghostly wraith came out from behind the grave.

I panicked and ran screaming. I heard yelling behind me, I turned and saw my dad hot on my heel's yelling. I pissed my pants and picked up the speed, straight to the road. My dad caught me just as I was about to run out onto the road.

It took them half an hour to calm me down enough to explain that the ghost was Jay's mom. She had put together this crazy ghost outfit that included lights that made the whole outfit glow when she turned it on.

TLDR; I was eight and walking in a famous grave yard late at night when a fake ghost sacred me so bad I pissed myself.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I served a Mormon Mission and my first week out I was sleeping and I woke up to a heavy weight on my chest pushing me into my bed. Nothing was there but I could not move. My mission companion was less than 5' away so I tried yelling for help but when I started to make the sound to yell my tongue got pinned to the roof of my mouth. I felt some sort of demon presence really close to me. I was fully aware that I couldn't move and couldn't yell so I did the only thing I thought would help and that was to pray. As soon as I said a silent prayer I was released. I didn't say anything to my companion but the next day we knelt down to pray and an extremely loud screeching sound came swooping in to our apartment and was gone in an instant. It made us both hit the floor. We both got up immediately and looked around then went outside to see a giant black crow eating a black snake. Last part was made up. We didn't see anything outside. Tl;Dr- Demon sat on my chest during sleep and couldn't move or yell. Heard screeching sound in apartment the next day.

15jminnick
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom was picking me up from a friends house at around 10 o'clock. All of a sudden I felt this unexplainable feeling, very weak & hard of breathing. This continued for around 15 minutes and I felt some type of presence, can't really explain it but I knew some hocus-pocus shit was up. I said to my mom I feel like I have some time of ghostly presence, she said that's weird and that her aunt would feel that way sometimes. We got a phone call next morning, that the aunt my mom was talking about passed away at roughly 10 o'clock.

OD_Emperor
â€¢ 13y ago

There is a relatively short road in between my town and another. I have to traverse it in my truck to get to school. Anyways one night I had to go up there to watch a basketball game which required travelling the road. No problem right? This was just after the time change as well and it was seriously dark. No moon, clouds. No one on the road. The road is roughly 3 miles long so it takes about 3-4 minutes to get across.

I decided to put on some music and knew how long the songs were. Three songs that were 3:45, 4:55, and 5:01 long were set to play on my playlist. So I turn up the volume. The first song ends and I make no notice of it. Then the second song ends. Meanwhile I am still on this road, doing 55, and have not gotten to the turn where this stretch of road ends. It is only when I get 1/4 of the way through the 3rd song that I reach the turn.

Not only did it take 3x as long as it should have, but I did not see one oncoming car or light from a car behind me for the entire time. I recently researched times where people had traveled back in time to locations by complete random accident and then sent back to their usual time. Like the Bermuda triangle crossing from Nassau where a pilot's usual flight time takes one hour, where, when he flew through a set of storms and clouds, took 15 minutes. He was in a small Cessna, which wasn't possible. I think the same happened to me, but in reverse. I think I was in a certain time screw up which made me just reset where I was going, or made the road longer. I still get chills.

TL;DR: I think I time traveled by mistake

If anyone knows what this paradox is called, please tell me.

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies

Obscura_Enigma
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 14 or so, I had a group of friends, including my best (at that time) over to my old family house. We were in a room that was built over the basement, which was the oldest part of the house. I feel that while maybe not the most relevant detail, it is of note that this was in Hawaii. Hawaii has a long history of supernatural beliefs, and practices. I personally am not a believer in anything like this, and I still have no explanation. Back to the point of divergence. We were in this room, a group of us, maybe five or six teens, talking about girls and the things that rustled our jimmies. My friend and I, along with another, were in a standing position, talking about what nasty things we would like to do to anyone who would let us, when something white flew thru the floor, heard a sharp popping, kind of a crack, and continued up to pass thru the ceiling. Astonished, the room fell silent for a brief moment of time. My good friend and I looked at our wrists and there were on both of our wrists, slap marks with two fingers clearly imprinted. Unable to find an explanation, the whole room erupted in laughter, a kind of nervous one. I have never been able to figure this out, and have never forgotten it. It is the only unexplained thing that has ever happened to me. I find most interesting that all of us in the room witnessed it, and just my friend and I were slapped by this. Weird.

aj4ever
â€¢ 13y ago

I live by Bull/Run Battlefield Park in Manassas, Virginia. These areas are known to be one of the most haunted in the country because they were battle grounds for the Civil War. Anyways, my brother lived in the same neighborhood as I do now, in another townhouse. He lived in that house for a few years and started noticing weird things happening the house. Things such as:

Electronics such as cd player/TV/Fan/Computer turning on or off by themselves

His son was 3 years old at the time would see a woman and tell him, daddy daddy, mommy is here! (My brother is a single parent)

The doors would be left opened/The cabinets would all be open at times (CREEPY!)

He would find old, old jewelry (rings, earrings, necklace) that no one wears in this day and age (our guess is that it was from the 1800s)

The closet doors would try to open by themselves (like someone was trying to come out from the inside).

When his girlfriend would visit, on a couple occasions, she felt her face peeling. One time, she got pushed down the stairs by someone (no one pushed her). After that, she stopped coming to the house until my brother moved out.

My brother would see a woman apparition in the reflections of the photo frames

The day he was moving out, he woke up with his back bleeding, scratches and found a dead rose on his chandelier.

Fun fact: The landlord's name was Mr. Bhoot, which means Ghost in hindi.

(We are Pakistani)

Anyways, believe it or not, it was creepy. I still live by that house and it just always has a creepy vibe to it. Every few months, we see new residents.

Edit: We believe that the soul was of a woman who died during the Civil War and that she had a crush on my brother.

Big_Toaster
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 7, my brother and I had a sleepover on the floor of his room. Both of us had stayed up playing N64 until about midnight, then we had gone to bed. After sleeping for a few hours I heard a super loud creak. Being a total bad ass, I put my blankets over my head and tried to not not think about it. The house we were living in at the the time was about 60 years old... I was just hoping it was the wind.

A few minutes after the creaking, there was a loud snap. I opened my blanket and there was a flashlight shining right in my face. Like directly in my face from about 5 feet away. My brother and I both shared the second floor and it appeared to be coming from the staircase. I covered my head again and just heard a rattle then a snap... then I think I passed out.

Woke up the next morning and walked to the staircase. Found a broken flashlight sitting at the top of the stairs. Opened it up and found no batteries inside. Then I asked my parents if it was theirs and they said it had been in the house when they bought it.

Side Note: Baby sitter who was close to 60 died in the house about 4 years earlier from a heart attack. In the attic.

Xavii7
â€¢ 13y ago

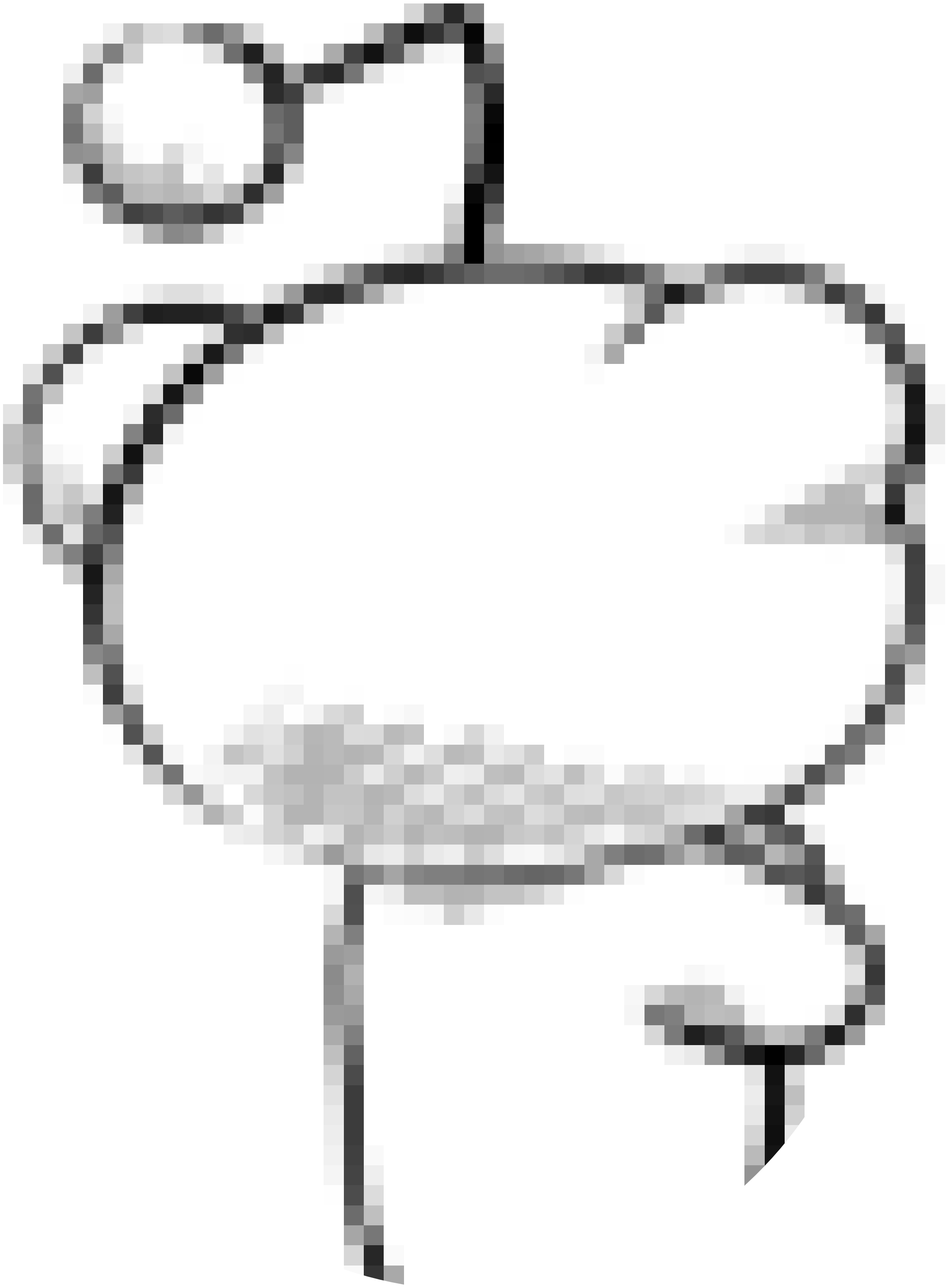
I'll share mine. Nothing to do with ghosts.

When I was around 10-11 years old, I had a 'vision' (I was not asleep, I was awake) about a man entering my home. He was wearing just denim shorts. No shirt, no shoes. He goes into my living room looks at me and takes my beloved small television. Days later someone broke into my home and stole that tv among other things.

Will never forget that.

hushbabyjane
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a dog and live in a basement (roommates have mentioned creepy things happening there but I've never experienced it.) Well one night my dog starts whining and freaking out at the door so I take her out to use the bathroom, nothing. She continues to whine at my bedroom door so I eventually let her out and she sits in front of a wall whining LITERALLY ALL NIGHT. Just staring at a blank wall whining. Maybe it was an animal in the wall but it was creepy as fuck.



ackid38
â€¢ 13y ago

I have 2.One night before i left for work.I noticed my son climbing up the Dresser(he was 2 at the time).I yelled in to my wife to let her know about what im seeing,She steps from around the corner with my son in her arms.I looked back into my sons room and the child was gone.# 2 I was watching tv on evening and my son was asleep in his room.I heard a noise coming from the kitchen.It was a remote control car.So now im thinking my son is pretending hes asleep and playing with the car.i stopped by his room and told him to quit whatever he was doing.Of course he played like he was asleep(so i thought).About 15 minutes went by an i hear the same noise.so i got up and decided to end this once and for all.I walked out to the kitchen.the remote control car was turned over and the wheels were spinning.As i reached down to pick it up the wheels stopped.I decided to just remove the batteries.Problem solved.Well to my surprise when i opened up the compartment where the batteries should be..THERE WERE NONE.....Well i decided to get out the hammer and destroy the car PROBLEM SOLVED...We moved out 2 months later.

Reply Share

rocksmithxmas
â€¢ 13y ago

Another freaky one. This is years and years ago when I was about 16 or 17. I was having dinner around a friend's house with his family, as I often did, and we were chatting away as usual when the phone rang. I immediately had this terrible feeling of dread and I just 100% knew that someone had died. I almost said something (I often wonder what would have happened if I had) but I held my tongue.

My friend's mum got off the phone and informed us all that her aunt had died. It was a very strange feeling. I've never had anything like this before or since and as soon as I heard that first ring I was 100% certain that someone had died. Which they had. :O

I'm wondering if this is a common thing?

das36863
â€¢ 13y ago

About 5 years ago my Uncle passed away suddenly one afternoon. He was in his late 60's and mentally handicapped so he lived with my parents and I. The wierdness comes in when we go into his room after the paramedics and everything and he had laid out his suit, a dress shirt, a tie, and everything else you would need to get dressed. Keep in mind this was a man that could definately dress himself but generally didn't have the capability to prepare for a formal event...let alone dig all this out of the back of the closet
Needless to say that we were all freaked out by the fact that he had laid out everything he would be buried in the day of his death

th1nker
â€¢ 13y ago

I was coming home late one evening, and you wouldn't believe how bright the stars were. I decided to call my sister out (she is an illustrator and sits all day at the computer.) Even though the night was cold, you could see stars as if you were up at the cottage, so it was worth standing for. At some point, a light was crossing the sky in a straight line, very slowly. I assumed it was the ISS so I started explaining that to her. All of the sudden, the light veered from its course and started flying eratically. It was doing loops, appeared to get larger and smaller, and was flying much faster than it did when it initially appeared. In anycase, my sister was like "SEE? IF THAT'S NOT A UFO, WHAT IS IT? HUH? HUH?"

I'm not so quick to jump to conclusions. The reason I don't think it is a UFO is because I wouldn't cross an unknown number of lightyears to fly drunk across the sky. While I have no idea what I saw, I know that I was not the only one who saw it, so I was not seeing things. Since I haven't been able to find any logical answer, I am open to any suggestions.

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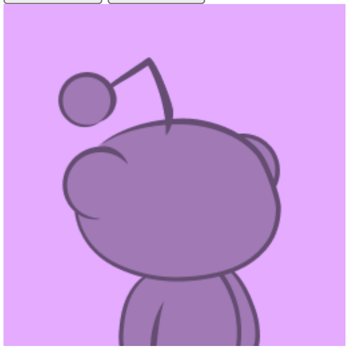


herpderpcake
â€¢ 13y ago

Not that creepy, but we have those heavy ion doors. One day, it kept opening by itself, even though no one but me was home. I started getting creeped out, so I locked it. I went to go take a shit then when I went back down, IT WAS OPEN D:

Reply Share

Dis3ngage
â€¢ 13y ago

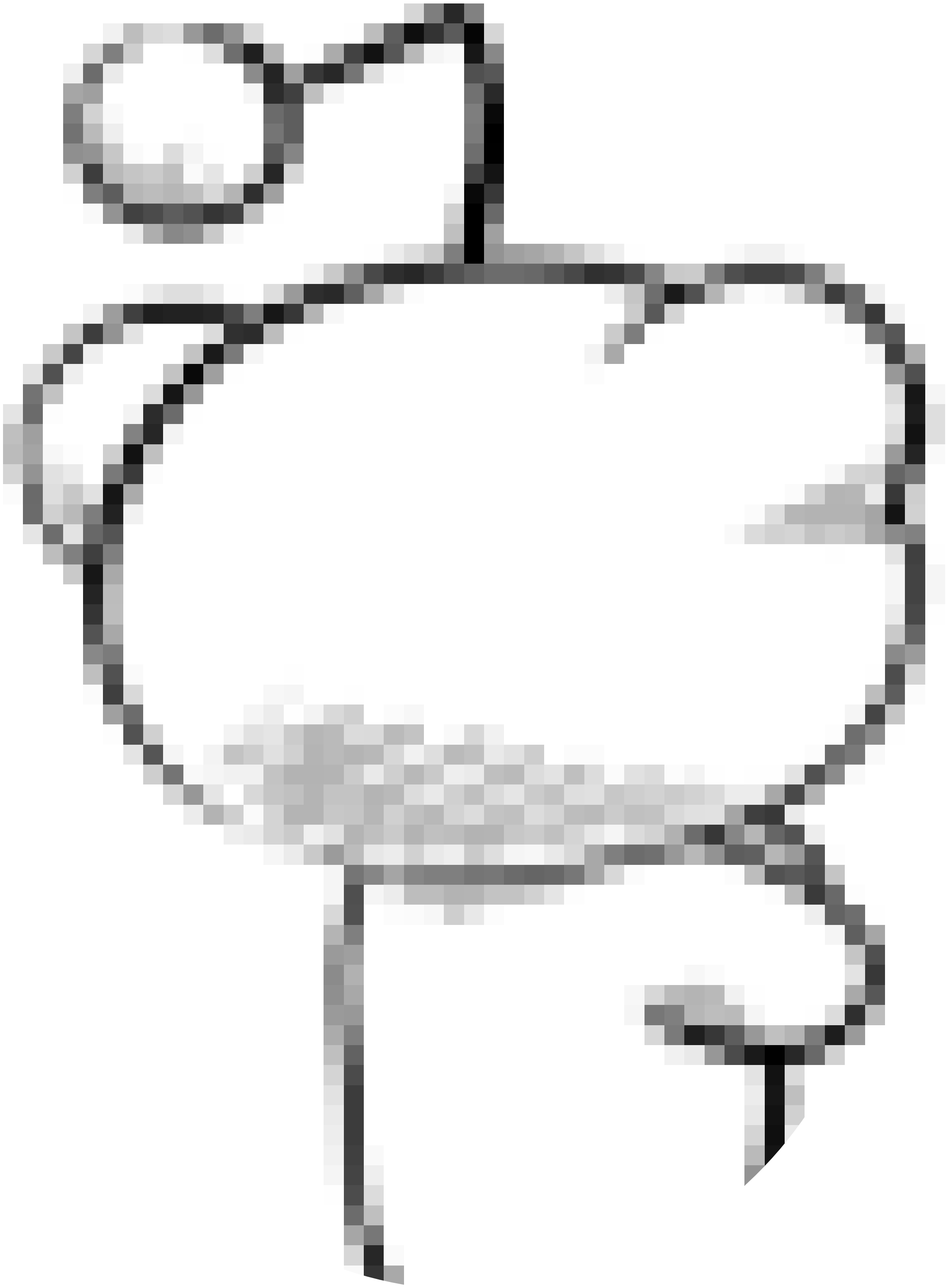
I never believed in the supernatural until one night at a friends. Now this family has had a lot of weird things happen to them and up until this point they really only served as entertaining tales.

Anyhow, it was around 3am and me and two friends are in his room, one is asleep on the floor and the other is playing FFXI on his computer. I was hungry some asked if anyone wanted to go downstairs and get something to eat. Nobody did, so I went alone.

His kitchen is situated in the corner of his house and there are two ways to enter it; one accesses the dining room the other through the main hall. Basically, there is just this one wall making the kitchen a separate room. So I am sitting there eating a mini cinnamon roll when I see someone, out of my peripheral, half come into the room. His kitchen had overhead cabinets and counters, so I really only saw what looked like his torso and an arm with a short sleeve. I instinctively said, "noob" aloud (that was a sort of common term of endearment to us at the time) at which point the person walked back out in to the dining room. I sort-of chased him out there because for some reason I assumed he was going to try to catch me around the other entrance and, I don't know, scare me or whatever. So I don't see him in the dining room so I run around the other side to catch him there; still no one.

So I go back to my cinnamon roll when irealized that the "person" whom had entered the room was very, very grey; as if he was completely colorless. At that point, I quite literally drop the cinnamon roll mid-bight and frantically run upstairs. At first I see my friend still at his computer, but I don't see the other. I screamed, "NICK" and Nick, behind a beanbag, jumped up from where he was sleeping. I did not sleep that night and the only one to partially believe me was the friend who lived there (he had some weird things happen himself), but didn't want to think that something had followed them to his new house.

TL;DR - Apparently apparitions don't like it when you call them a noob when they only want a bite of your cinnamon roll.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

there was a baseball field by my house when i was i kid. my friend and i would walk there after school, play in the woods behind the field. one night, we were walking home when, for no reason, i turn around and look towards the woods behind us. there were blinking lights hovering above the trees and they eventually descended into the woods. my friend and i froze and watched. we were terrified. i asked "did you see that?" he acknowledged and we never talked about it again.

[icemmm](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My Grandpa told me a story about his days as a firefighter doing nightshifts. The crew, unable to sleep in the early hours of the morning, decided to play with a Ouija Board. From trying this myself, I know that any time you get any movement, it's some tosser sitting giggling and trying to freak everyone out. However I don't know how you'd explain the fact that when they asked 'Is there life after death?', the glass they were using shattered.

[Silvear](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was with my mom and dad for their 10 year anniversary in Hawaii. I was 12 I think, I was sleeping in my bed, me and my sister both had a single bed, sharing a room. I suddenly woke up and I felt really sad, I don't know why, I didn't have a bad dream. I went back to sleep and the vacation continued as normal. When we got home however, we found out that Grandma had had to put down both her dogs while we were gone. They were both old and arthritic. It was really creepy, I was very close with both those dogs :(.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

my grandfather died on Kit Carson, a 14,000 ft mountain in Colorado. We he didn't return my mother and her siblings got the forest rangers to go look for him, and on day 4 they found him at the base of a very large face lifeless. they told my aunts, uncle and my mom they were going to helicopter him out so they waited at the pad for the heli. out of nowhere the helicopter emerged from the mountains on a cloudless day. immediately the most perfect, immaculate rainbow appeared and the heli went through it directly in the center. my aunts are convinced it was the works of god, while my mother and I just aren't sure how to explain it

Reply Share

angryhippo13
â€¢ 13y ago

I work at a horse barn, and my friend used to have this awesome horse that she boarded there. His name was Devy (short for devenir which means to become in French) and he had this trick that whenever his owner came up to his stall and turned around, he would stick his nose on the back of her neck and puff out a bunch of air. Every time he did this her hair would fly around and she would whip around and blow air back in his face. Well sadly about a year or so ago, Devy badly damaged his leg in an accident with a car, and despite lots of vet care and stall rest, he got an infection and we had to put him down. Naturally my friend was devastated (as well as basically the entire barn) but flash forward about 2 months and my friend was giving a tour of the barn for a potential new client and her family. (I was nearby filling the horses water buckets) My friend got to her horse's old stall and turned around to talk to the new boarder. Low and behold her hair blew forward. She squealed and clasped a hand over her mouth and after a moment turned around. The stall was empty. She started to cry and blew some air back. The new boarder thought she had gone insane, but I ran over and we just stared into the empty stall (which by the way has no widows) for a good five minutes. To this day Devys name plaque still hangs above the stall.

TL;DR My friends dead horse still lives in his old stall

Anthrazl
â€¢ 13y ago

I found it to be creepy that when I got to the "load more comments spot" it happened to be 666. http://i.imgur.com/xSsblnX.png

joke_LA
â€¢ 13y ago

This has a rational explanation, but at the time it seriously freaked me out and caused me to really reevaluate my life and the direction I was taking it.

I was having the typical lazy procrastinatey Saturday, the kind where you don't even bother getting dressed and just waste the hours away on the Internet. I had some music on shuffle, and I had been downloading tons of stuff lately so a good chunk of my library was songs I hadn't heard before.

Right around the moment I realized that yep, nothing's getting done today, out of my speakers came the words:

"You're wasting your talent, Randy."

At the time I had no idea it was part of some Jay-Z song that started afterward, because a) what the heck kind of song starts out like that, and b) *My name is Randy.*

I was completely spooked, thought God was speaking to me through my computer or something. I immediately showered, got dressed, went outside and ran *hella* errands.

TL;DR computer randomly called me out BY NAME for being a lazy bastard

BlueMunky
â€¢ 13y ago

I once heard a voice softly call my name from down the hallway in my parent's old house. It was summertime, and the whole family was outside swimming in the pool, and I was the only person still inside. The pool was set back from the house, but I could see it from where I was, and no one was calling for me, so it wasn't like a weird echo through an open window or something. I was probably only 8 or 9 at the time, and remember being completely freaked out when it happened.

Another time I woke up in the middle of the night and saw someone standing next to my bed. It was a black silhouette, wearing a hat or had a strange shaped head. I told my mom the next day and she tried to blame it on some paper plate art work thing I had hanging by the window, except what I saw was closer to the middle of the room, and not near the window.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

A nightmare that felt like it lasted for days which made me question my reality. The basic premise was that everyone's worst fears turned reality; groups of people would be placed in really horrific scenarios and whatever your worst fear of the moment was, would come true, leading to your gruesome death. The dream would change up every 5 minutes so groups of people would be dying nonstop, in horrific ways. I seriously thought I was visiting "hell", or having a shared dream. I woke up thinking that reality was the dream -- nothing was as real as that place.

Reply Share

Arath_1
â€¢ 13y ago

Signed up for this!

Don't know if anybody will read this, but here goes. I've moved around a lot in my life and lived in many places. One of the creepiest places I used to stay at though was my grandparents summerhouse out in little settlement about 40 KM from the city. About 20 houses or so. It was a summer settlement though a few families lived there permanently.

Anyway me, my brother and sister, used to sleep in the attic. It was a long thin thing, with windows at either end, just below the roof. You could barely stand in it, even as a child. One night we were up talking to each other as we usually did when we decided to look out the window on one side. We were listening to a dog in the distance, it had started barking and we couldn't tell why. We keep watching, looking around to see if we can see anything, but nothing.

Then another dog starts barking, this time much closer to us. We are craning our heads out of this tiny window when we finally see it. There is this light in the distance, it's flying low, hovering above some of the tree lines, it's moving erratically up and down, about 10 - 20 meters from the ground. We look at each other, pretty awe struck. "What is that?" my sister says. None of us reply.

The light is moving over some of the buildings, humming ever so silently in the night, some more dogs are barking now, they obviously notice this light too. It seems to change colour as we look at it. Is it red? orange? Maybe yellow. We can't tell. It seems quite big and yet besides the gentle hum, it's silent.

It's still moving, it goes round one side of the house. Crap! We can't see it anymore so we rush to the otherside, the humming is still heard, but we can't see it.

Then again, round behind the house next to us we get a glimpse, it's really low to the ground now, some of the trees obscure it. It appears to move to a field that's in the house in front of us and lands. We can't see it, light is glowing upward so we know it's still there... then ... blackness. Silence.

The dogs have stopped barking, we realize how dark it is now. The stars are in the sky. We look at each other, still stunned. "What is that?" my sister and brother ask each other. I shrug. We don't know, we can't figure it out. We start debating whether we should go outside. Should we have a look? What if it's what we cant believe it is? What if this is it? Do we dare? Is it safe? Is it responsible. The questions and concerns continue, then we hear noise in the night again, this time it's human for sure. The sound of cars and human voices. We fall silent. Two... or is it three cars drive by, one near our house and two futher away. We hear dogs barking again, somehow they seem more aggressive this time.

We can hear voices, but can't really make out what they are saying. One of they cries "Over here!" the only clear thing we heard and then silence. We stare into the darkness. Into the field obscured by the house just in front of ours. The noises continue for 10 or 15 minutes or so. The engines of the car suddenly break the silence of the night. The dogs have stopped, the cars drive off and that was it. Nothing else happened. It was silent. We ended up discussing it for some hours later until we drifted to bed.

The next morning we rushed to the field though with some friends of ours, telling them our story. They looked at us skeptically, but near the field were marks of what seemed like big wheeled trucks from the night before... no idea what we saw or witnessed that night, but my brother, sister and I always remember.

Another:

When I was very young we lived in this big house. Three stories. The house always frightened me. There was something so cold about it. I had terrible nightmares as long as we lived there. Vivid nightmares, repeated nightmares. Nightmares where the creatures and beings in it would speak to me, with complete awareness of the world outside the dream. I would very often have nightmares in or around this house. I could probably spend a good chunk of this thread just going into those, but I won't since it's not really unexplainable.

But anyway, the day before I had ran my hand along an old vacuum cleaner cable and receive a huge electric shock. It turns out that the cable was bear in one spot and that it had been plugged in. I will never forget the feeling, it felt like someone had punched me in the chest and kicked me in the back, both at the same time.

Anyway it quickly passed and I forgot about it. A couple of days later as I lay in my bed, I was waking up from the night before, when suddenly I received a giant jolt in my back. It felt like the electric shock, only more painful and aggressive. I immediately turned around in my bed (away from the wall) to where the pain had come from. Nothing. Nobody there... for some reason, in my child mind, I thought I had residual electricity in me from the previous days shock. But as I think about it now as a grown man, I don't know what it could have been.

Final and related;

In the same house when I was young we had a top floor, which you had to access by opening a door in the wall and walking up a long narrow flight of steps. We had a little hook lock on it, that my mother said we must keep on at all times. So we did. She said that the door did not close properly and that's why it had the hooked lock on the outside of it.

Anyway, being children we would sometimes go up there. It was always the coldest part of the house, regardless of the time of year. It also felt damp and I remember my mother had said she and my father no longer slept up there because it was cold. While nothing ever strange happened up there, I always felt terrified as I walked down the stairs. I couldn't put my hand on it, but I got shivers as I would walk down and out of that room. It was fear and I never knew why. In some instances I would run, close the door and then lock it with the hooked lock.

Years later I told my mother than I had always been afraid of the top room of the house. My mother looks at me shocked and says "I never told you as a child, but I was afraid to be in that room too. That's why we moved down. I don't know what it was but I hated being there... and was afraid".

To this day and writing this I get chills about that room on the top floor. Anyway I got a few more if anybody is interested (:! Hope you enjoy.

Reply Share

slipperyshoes
â€¢ 13y ago

I caught my spirit guides spying on me.

Two years ago, the night before my sisters wedding. I was exhausted after a long day of setting up, socializing, and breaking down the rehearsal party. I got in bed around 2am, my gf at the time was already in bed and passed out. (She was a very heavy sleeper)

I settled in and was in that twilight moment right before passing out when I suddenly got the overwhelming feeling I was being watched. You know the feeling you get when someone is staring at you and you look up to see someone is. It was that feeling times 1000. I looked up and saw them.

This feels really silly writing this down but I saw two purple spectral native americans in full head dress holding weapons with glowing smoldering eyes. I remember there was a purplish vapor coming off of them. They were looking down at me from the foot of my bed.

I immediately tensed up, let out a shout and did one of those sleepy spaz kicks. The two spirits vanished. My foot came back down and hit my GF in the leg. She didn't even flinch. I tried to wake her up because i was genuinely freaked out but to no avail.

I went from being beyond exhausted to 100% fully awake and wound up lying in bed for an hour or two before falling back asleep.

I've only told a few people of this experience. Best answer i got was "Spirit Guides" explanation. I leave it to you all to call me nuts.

Reply Share

THE MAGICIAN

gromath
â€¢ 13y ago

Once, I was on my room. I just came from school and my bag (which was heavy as hell) was laying down on the floor. I was on my bed next to it watching TV when suddenly my bag just moves fast about two meters as if someone had dragged it hard. It scared the hell out of me, not because I though it was something paranormal but because at first my brain thought maybe it was a rat or something but that house was very clean and fairly new, it's floors were polished marble white and my room was very well lit, small and clean...there was nothing on that room that could've moved my bag. It was loaded with heavy books and photography gear..I've been in a couple of weird situations that I always end up explaining to myself logically but til this day I cannot explain what happened on this one

Reply Share

gocaaandiii
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in Highschool I used to dabble with the Ouija board and one night when my friends and I were playing with it we started talking to a very angry person. He said he had been in prison for murder and was killed violently during his time there. He seemed really angry to be talking to us and the dial (I forget what the correct name is) would speed across the board very quickly, stopping on letters abruptly. We started getting scared so we decided to to try to call someone else but the guy kept taking over and told us to watch our back. For the next few months weird things started happening to me and my friends (all who were present that night). Knick Knacks on my dresser would all fall over at once, my friends would hear me crying and calling out their name when I wasn't even there, I would feel people watching me when I was alone at home...I even swear I saw someone running across my living room. One night I was sleeping in my room (at this point I was so scared I had started sleeping with a light on and with my door open) and I felt like someone was watching me from the doorway. I opened my eyes and felt/saw (a mixture) a figure standing in the door way and I heard a man scream "I'm going to kill you bitch!" and I felt the weight of a large person jump on top of me. I couldn't move my muscles, I couldn't yell and I couldn't open my eyes, at that moment I thought I was going to die. At the same time I heard my mom get up and go to the bathroom, when she returned to her room she stopped in my doorway and the person or pressure or whatever was on top of me disappeared.

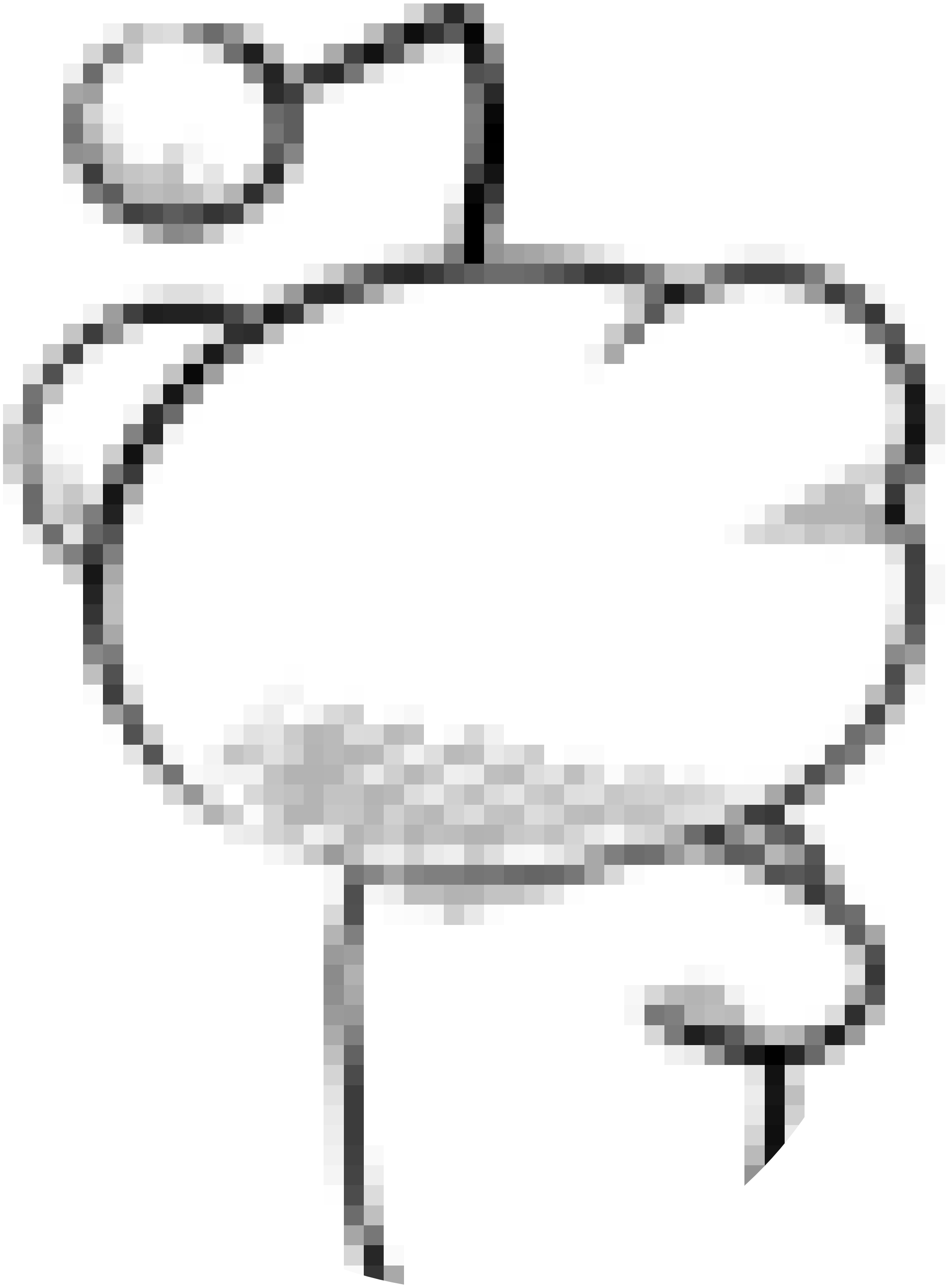
BeTrippin
â€¢ 13y ago

This is my moms story. When she was 7, my grandpa and my uncle(5), were in a shack in their farm in El Salvador. While they were in bed, all of the darkness started to move and turn into crows. The room span and next thing you know they were in the middle of an old school street market. My mom says it looked ancient and the language they spoke was unfamiliar. They were in the middle of the street and the people around turned around and starred and pointed at them. at that point my grandpa got up and started to run. my mom said the same way everything came to be, everything vanished. To this day my grandpa hates talking about it, and crows tend to chase my mom.

frankrizzo24
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom had been telling me for a week that each night when she goes to bed, she'll watch TV for an hour, turn it off, then roll over to sleep. Each night when she turns over there is a woman sleeping on the other side of her bed. A ghost. The woman has a white nightgown and short brown hair. She made me swear not to tell a single person for fear of her sounding crazy. Later that week I meet a girl. It's New Years Eve, we go back to my house and were alone. After about an hour, she looks at me and said, "Um, are we alone?", "Yeah, why?", "Because a woman just walked down the stairs, across the dining room and into the kitchen."

Sure as shit, she described to me the exact same woman as my mom described. Short brown hair, white nightgown. This girl is now my wife and it was 7 years ago. She never wants to talk about it, even to this day. She gets scared VERY easily.



jeanmix
â€¢ 13y ago

I was 10 years old. It was the morning and I was early for the school bus. So I picked a book and removed my glasses to be more confortable for reading it. I putted those glasses on a table in the middle of the living room. I've never seen those glasses again 16 years later.

Ornithologist_MD
â€¢ 13y ago

Had a group of friends who would go ghost hunting for laughs back in high school. We never took it too seriously, but we did bring nice cameras and recorders and all that. Mostly we liked to scare ourselves, it gave us something interesting to do, and if you actually found something, how awesome would that be?

The first time I "found" something, we were in some woods that were supposedly haunted. Just the standard local folklore probably BS stories. I went there in the daytime solo to look around, and find some areas to check out at night. I found an entrance to this little cove where the branches hanging down over the long path looked like a skull (eyes and nose made by leaves and branches, outline by trees, path running into the mouth). Cheesy, and really stretching the imagination, but cool, because I'm looking for ghosts right? I take a picture.

Later that night we go back, and I lead my friends to that spot. They agree that it sort of almost looks like a skull. My friend Dan stands in the mouth. I take a picture. Nothing else eventful happens that night.

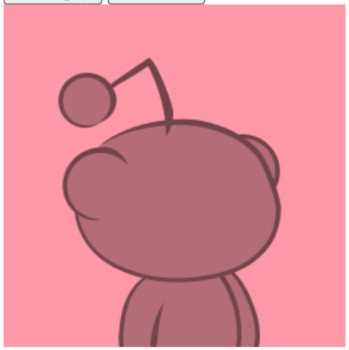
When going through the pictures, I put the day and the night photo side-by-side. Pretty much the exact same angle. I notice the sunlight poking through the trees up top of the photo and laugh to myself because it looks like those "orbs" you always hear about. I figure someone less skeptical would flip their shit at this point and claim the woods were haunted. Then I notice down by the plants on the ground, there IS an orb. Well, maybe: I'm trying to be skeptical. I study the photo closer, and I can find three. There is a distinct difference between those orbs and the sunlight poking through the leaves; and all the orbs look the same. Now, that could be bugs, dust, you name it. Doesn't mean it's haunted.

Then I look at the night photo. They're a lot easier to spot in this one, because you can't brush it off as sunlight. Orbs. Again, this could be bugs, dust, something on my lens, illuminated by the camera flash. But I counted them, and I tried to find more or less... but there were three in that photograph as well.

One other photo from that night was of a picture of some foliage with this dark blue haze over it. It looks like a large puff of smoke, but it doesn't look like it's curling on its self like cigarette smoke or there's particles in it like from a bonfire. There wasn't any fog or mist that night, and with as big as it was I would have seen it when I took the photo. The haze was on the negative as well, so it wasn't a printing error, and there's no haze in any other photos.

I still don't think that place is haunted, but that was one of the few times I found something, whatever that something was.

Reply Share



randomletterusername
â€¢ 13y ago

Just a bit silly.

Halloween night. I get out of bed in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, pee, and I just get the feeling to look out the open window, for some reason. I look out and look around, and to the right, sitting on the roof of the house staring right at me is a large black cat. I stared at it for a little while, then I went back to bed because it was a cat, it was just creepy.

Reply Share

BudGreen_Cali
â€¢ 13y ago

I had a premonition once that probably saved a mans life.

We were driving down the freeway at about 3am. There was no one on the road and we were going about 80 mph. I kept seeing a cloudy looking shape of a man carrying something and walking across the freeway, from the left hand side. After seeing it a few times I mentioned it to the driver. We were discussing it and how strange it was when I seen it again. He didn't see it but he slowed down just because things were so weird. As we were coming around a big curve in the freeway, there was a car parked on the left side and a man carrying a gas can was walking across the freeway. Had we still be going 80 mph there is a good chance we would have hit the guy.

This happened almost forty years ago. I still have no explanation but I do know that it did happen.

Reply Share

bmckinney323
â€¢ 13y ago

So back in 2010, just a few months after my grandpa passed, we decided to move my grandma into an assisted living center because we knew she could not live on her own. The house that they had been living in since the 60s was now empty and waiting on my family to make a decision of what to do with it. Fast forward a few months when my cousin and I stopped by the house after a concert to use the bathroom because we still had about 40 minutes to drive home. We walked into the house, all the lights were off and nothing had been touched by anyone since we moved grandma out. We only turned on the main floor bathroom light, nothing else. My cousin went to the bathroom and then I went after her as she waited for me. When I come out of the bathroom, I noticed that the lights in the upstairs were now all on. I would've known if it was her because the noise from those stairs could wake the dead. Now we have no idea when or how those lights suddenly turned on. We check the upstairs and thankfully nobody was up there. We shut the lights off, lock up the house and haul ass out of there. As we get to the driveway, we notice the lights come back on. We didnt even bother and got the hell out of there.

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⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies

Dr_Zoid_Berg
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I have read some creepy ones on here. Good stuff! I have always been a skeptic, but when it happened to me... I don't know, I can't explain it. 2 times it has happened to me.

The first time was in High School when I worked at a restaurant. This restaurant is in the downtown of Stillwater, MN. All of the old building in downtown had connected basements back in the days of bootlegging, most of these tunnels had been patched up after prohibition failed. We had our walk in freezer and dry goods storage in the basement and this narrow flight of stairs leading up to the backdoor and doorway to the back of the kitchen. Being a prep cook I spent a lot of time in the basement prepping things. Well, we liked to prank eachother a lot and my co workers told me the basement was haunted. I, being the noob, didn't buy it. I figured it was another right of passage. The basement dry goods storage was a wall going halfway up from the floor and the rest of the way to the ceiling was chicken wire. I'm standing about 5 feet away from the fencing at a table (bare bulb lighting FTFY) cutting up carrots when I hear someone whisper my name. I look over and see a figure moving about behind the wire, I ignored it. I figured it was a coworker just fuckin with me. So minute goes by and i hear "hey, come here" and i glance over to see some figure moving around. There is only one way intk the dry goods room so i quickly run to the doorway and yell "gotchA you fuck!", but there is no one there. I shake my head and walk back to the table thinking my jackass coworkers had dreamed up something to get my goat with. A few minutes pass and this time and I hear my name, but louder and I saw someone moving around in the dry goods room. So this time I yell back, "fuck you guys, don't you have better things to do?" But I get no response, the figure is just standing there in the dry goods room. This time I knew I had them caught! I hop-skip to the entrance and look in. No one is there. Now my hair got that prickling feeling and I actually started to get creeper out. I walk up the stairs and tell the Sioux chef what happened and he assures me.they have been far too busy to fuck with me that evening. So, I walk back down, resigned to my duties. A few minutes go by and the light in the dry goods goes off (I'm tearing up right now, recalling this) and I get that awful feeling in my hair. I try to calm myself by grabbing the biggest knife and I step into the dry goods to flip the light back on. It pops and buzzes back on and I glance around and no one is there. I take two steps out of the room, the light pops and turns off and I feel a cold breeze behind me. I jumped like a cat on a firecracker and ran upstairs again. He souix chef isn't happy. I haven't prepped a damn thing I. Almost 20 minutes. I tell him what happened and he just looks at me blankly. Im waiting for him to chew me out and he says, dude... I know. I used to prep down there. Just deal with it. So, I need back down. This time the lights are on and I finish what I was working on. I step into the walk in freezer to put away the food and the door snaps shut behind me. I lean into it to open, but it won't. I keep pushing it and finally gave up, thinking my coworkers were fuckin with me. I help myself to some food while I wait and after a out 2 minutes the door clicks and swings open. All of the lights in the basement are off. Needless to say I fuckin ran up the stairs, furious, I yelled to the Sioux chef, "dude fuckoff" to which he told me again. That no one has been down there All night and I believed him. So I walk down again! This time I'm spooked as hell and start cutting up some chicken when the figure and whispers start again. This time I just ignored it and that was that....

Second time.

Same city, but at an old Victorian house on the hillside. My friend was seeing this girl and invites me over to chill with them and some friends after work. I drive up there and all of the lights are off. I knock on the door a few times and get no answer.... knock again... no answer... so I pull out my phone and start dialing when the door opens and this sweet old lady with a green vest, curling things in her hair and glasses nods and waves me in. I step in and thank her for letting me in. She mumbles something inaudible and shuffles down the hall and out of sight. I've never been in the house before so I take my shoes off and walk down the hall towards a pale flickering glow of a TV set. I'm walk In and all my friends jump up and Freak out. Apparently I startled them. The girl who lived there looks at me bug eyed and says "how did you get in!?" I told her that her grandma let me in... she stares at me unamused, so I say " oh sorry, was that your mom?" She keeps.staring and tells me her parents are gone. So I describe to her the lady who let me in and she flips a serious shit. "You think that is funny!? You just described my dead grandma".

Well, they don't believe me but how could I describe the grandma or explain how I got in the house?? I don't know what the fuck it was, but I swear to science that sweet old lady let me in from the cold.

Edit: I have some typos, sorry. Also, holy wall of text. I made that on a mobile phone! Kinda like being proud of squeezing out a big turd, I guess.

TG_Alibi
â€¢ 13y ago

This thread reminds me of the beginnings of r/nosleep!

pryitfrommy

â€¢ 13y ago

Most creepy thing ever? This.

Bleek0878
â€¢ 13y ago

It was 1994 in New Jersey, I was in high school and over one of my friends house. We were playing Super Nintendo in his room in the basement. He would always tell me about a little 5 year old girl who lived in that house before they moved in who died of leukemia. Her biggest thing was kissing people goodnight. He said the story was that she would walk through the house and kiss every one before she took a nap, was going to bed for the night, and anytime anyone would go to sleep. I never believed him. It was getting late about 9 something at night. I was sat in a corner of the room propped up with my back against a wall and the other wall along my left side. I was playing a game and all of a sudden, the left side of my face got extremely cold and I felt a delicate pair of lips kiss my cheek. No wind, no breeze. It felt like an ice pack was put on my face. I dropped the controller and couldn't breathe. My boy asked me what was wrong. I couldn't say anything. I just shook my head and said, '...nothing'. He smiled and said, 'you just got kissed, didn't you?' All I could do was nod my head. He was like, 'See I told you didn't I!' It was a long time before I went back in that house.

Reply Share

Willmuzik
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't believe in the slightest bit in supernatural or ghostly stuff..so when this happened I was freaked for months and months...I worked in a recently built music store where one of the workers had been accidentally killed during construction. There was always the occasional strange sound, or things that go bump, and we would jokingly chalk it up to "Manuel" (the guy who had died). Some 3 years after working there, I was sitting with my back to a computer desk (which was against the wall) talking to some of my co-workers right as we were getting ready to close. Mid-sentence, I felt the distinct formation of a hand press agains my back right in between my shoulder blades. It wasn't a fast, hard push, like someone had slapped me, it was almost as if someone was trying to move me out of the way. I thought someone was behind me and then when I stood up, and saw no-one..I got a little scared. My co-workers said they could tell something weird was happening, and swore that one of them wasn't playing a trick on me. All of our faces went kinda gray as we realized what was going on. Over the next year, weirder things begin to happen..you would open one of the bathroom doors and for a split second swear you saw someone standing in there..guitars hanging on the wall would start randomly softly bouncing up and down, as if there was someone lightly tugging on the bottom..the last month I worked there the sliding glass doors on the display cases started opening on their own..we thought they were off balance and sliding due to wind or just gravity..but my last day there was when I went to open one of those display case doors and right before my hand reached the handle..it slid open, rather creepily and slowly, all on its own. Gave my notice then and have never gone back.

TL;DR- Ghost of construction worker haunts music store and does poltergeist-ish things to people and inventory.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

So this story will most likely be buried in the thread but here I go anyway.

A few years back, a couple of buddies and I were bored and decided to go investigate the local haunted rail road track story which basically says that if you park your car at a certain point on the track, a ghost (don't remember the full back story for the ghost) would push your car off of the tracks.

After driving around for a couple of hours, we finally found the right location and subsequently parked the car and then put baby powder on the hood of the car (so we could see if anything actually pushed the car). Our car did move off of the original location but we just assumed there was some sort of hill we were parked. All of the baby powder we put on the hood was also *completely untouched*.

Disappointed, we decide we would try and find another supposedly haunted barn in the same general area. We honestly had no real idea where it was located so we just started to drive around the back country roads to see if we could find it. After about 15 minutes or so, both cars in our group stopped so we could discuss whether or not we were heading in the right direction or not. Right when we got out of the car, I glanced down at the baby powder on the hood and noticed the largest hand print I had ever seen on the hood. And by largest hand print, I mean gigantic. They were at least double my hands, which are not small by any means.

TL;DR Put baby powder on car hood to detect a ghost pushing our car and 15 minutes later a gigantic hand print appeared

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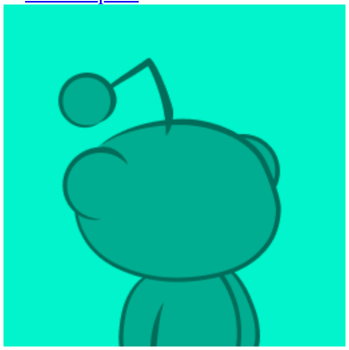


jbloggs2002

â€¢ 13y ago

Driving through Texas in 2006, late at night, alone on the road. I look in the mirror, and suddenly there's a car right behind me, and then just as suddenly it wasn't there.

Reply Share

hehmehsigh

â€¢ 13y ago

When my SO and I were about 17, and living with his mother, we were in his bedroom one summer night. I saw a shadow of what appeared to be a man in a top hat, cross his window blinds. Without even processing what I was seeing, I instinctively ducked down below the window immediately and pulled my SO down with me. I remember an instant feeling of panic and fear. While explaining to my SO why I had just reacted in such a way (since he had not seen the shadow), and at the same time processing everything, I realized three things. 1) The literally instant fear and panic I felt before I even registered what I was seeing, 2) if it was a "man" that I saw, he would have to be taller than 8 foot for me to see his shoulders and head pass by, and 3) as vivid as the shadow was, "he" would have to be passing very close by the window. Scariest thing I've ever seen. About a year or so later, my SO told me that he and a few of his friends were freaked out when they were standing in his mother's garage (door open) and saw at a distance what looked like an unusually tall man in a top hat pass by. Apparently, there are witness accounts on the internet that describe "The Tall Man". Sounds eerily like what I and later my SO and his friends have seen.

Reply Share

mnmsarentsogood

â€¢ 13y ago

On my moms side of the family, the last 4 generations of women have died at age 67 in February. Surely coincidence but still creepy. My moms 58 now. :|

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Part 1: My Grandfather was ill and in the Hospital. My family would go visit him in the hospital several towns away, I went several times and always felt super unsettled (as I still do in hospitals). So, one day when they were going to visit him I stayed home citing I had homework to do. I sat on my bed, with all the doors to the house locked, doing homework and drawing, alone. Then, out of the corner of my eye I saw someone standing in the doorway to my room, and thought my family was home early, when I looked up the cloths hanging on the door were swinging back and forth (there were a lot of cloths, it would have taken some effort to get them to move...). A chill ran down my spine, I called out and heard no answer. So, Naturally, I picked up the junk katana sword I got from a neighbor and searched the house for the "intruder". I went through the whole house and found no one, then happened to stop near the phone in our hallway. It felt like there were eyes watching me, the cold chill returned and crept down my spine. I called out, "Okay, I understand...Please...go, you're scaring me." At which point the chill left, and the phone rang. My family was calling to say my Grandfather had passed away.

Part 2: Some years later my Grandmother (Wife of Grandfather in Part 1) was ill and in the hospital. She had a stomach ulcer and due to some fnck ups at the hospital it developed into a perforated stomach. Going to the hospital to visit her again, got highly unsettling for me so I stayed home alone one day while my family went to see her. It was at lunch time, I was making a pot of ramen noodles when I poured some extra water out of the pot and saw a large black wing cross my vision. I could see the individual pieces of each feather, each feather was larger than any I had seen on a bird before, a deep black, with slight purple iridescence like that of a Grackle. The cold chill returned. I grabbed my sword, and searched the house for the mystery bird. Once around the house I found nothing, felt the sensation of eyes upon me and happened to stop near the phone. I nodded, "I understand. You're scaring me please go." The phone rang, Grandmother had passed away. All I could say to my family on the other end of the line was, "I know."

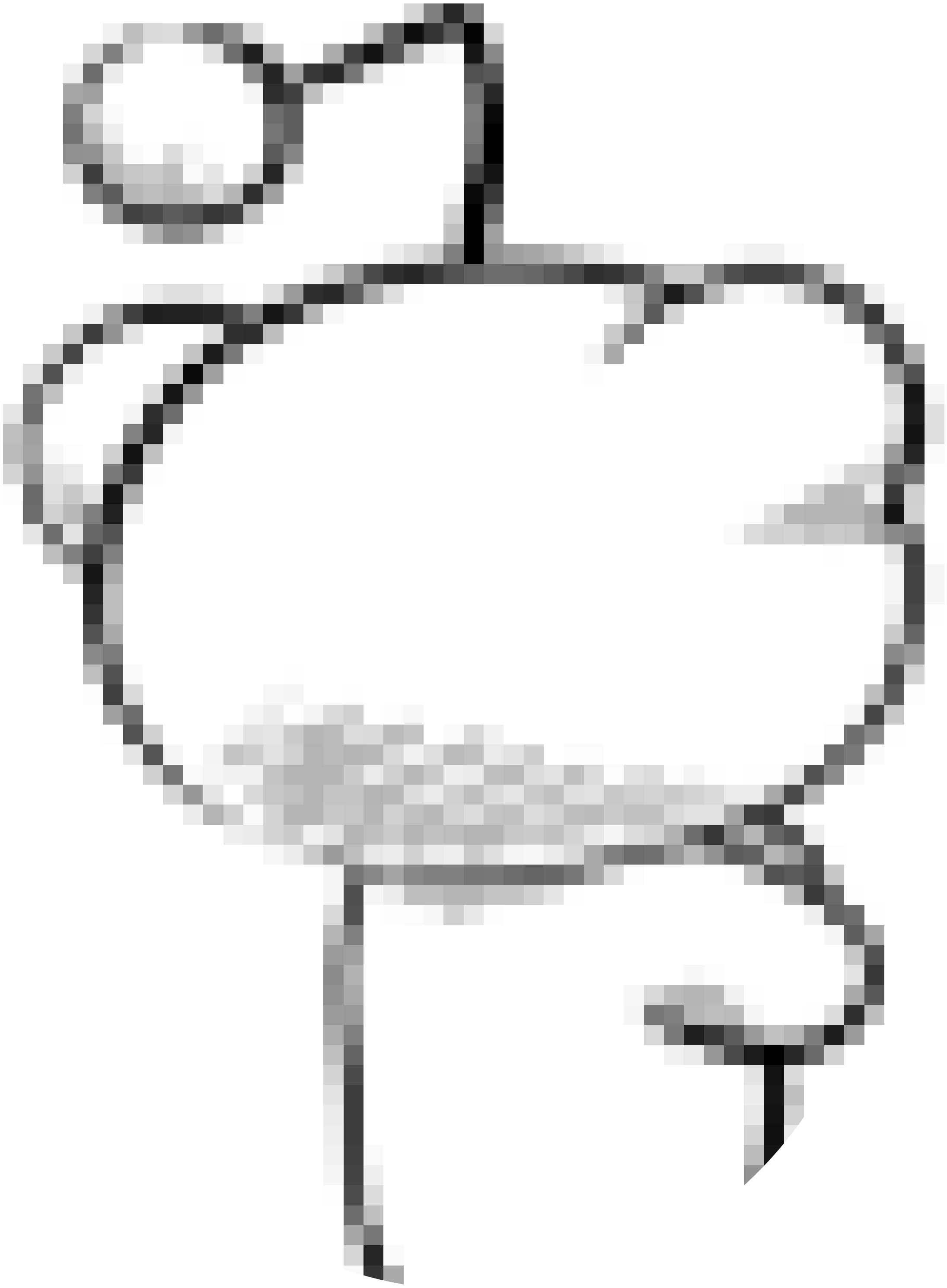
EDIT TLDR: Grandpa's ghost stopped by when I was home alone the day he died. Years later Grandma did too.

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

My story is not really creepy by any means, but it's the only unexplainable thing I have ever experienced. When I was around 16 or 17 my friends and I were screwing around and managed to get his car stuck in a field. While we were waiting for what we believed to be the only tow truck driver in the state willing to come pull us out without calling the cops, we all saw what looked like 3 bright stars in the sky. They were sitting completely still, in a **perfect** triangular shape. There were 5 of us and we all saw it. Suddenly, they moved forward at an incredible speed. Stopped. Then moved backwards at the same speed and disappeared. The whole thing probably lasted 10 seconds if I had to estimate. It wasn't really frightening at all, just shocking more than anything. To this day I have no explanation as to what it was.

[BlueZek]
â€¢ [13y ago]

Ball lightning.



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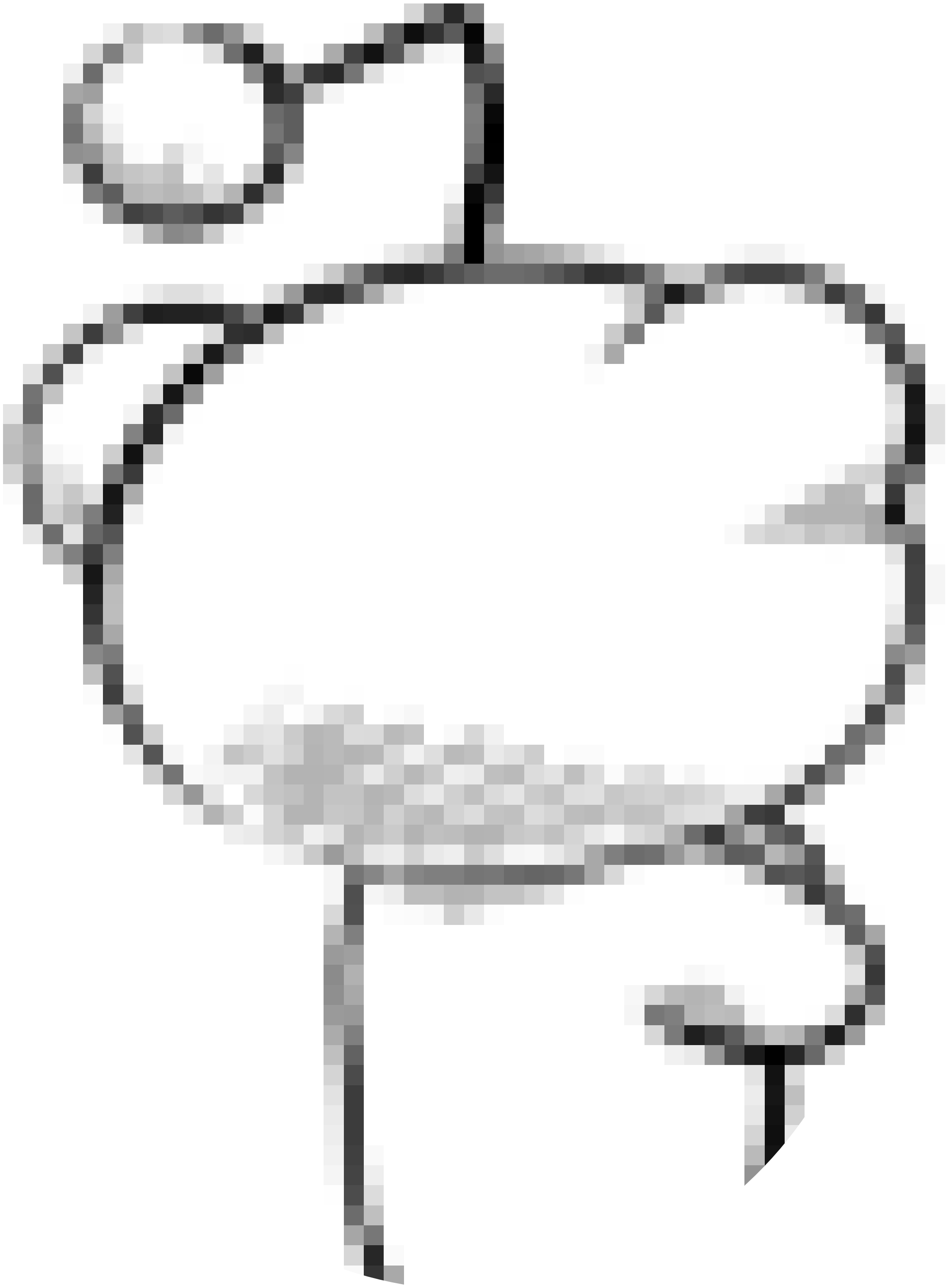
â€¢ 13y ago

i played a round of basketball with an "alien" from somewhere that people cant see from here



that_other_guy_
â€¢ 13y ago

Late to the party but here is mine. My best friend was going to college to study anthropology. During his studies he had the opportunity to do a report on the ocult. He interviewed and became good friends with a guy who was very high ranking in the church of Satan. The guy claimed to be able to conjurie fire and what not. So my friend is interviewing him for the first time and the guy stops talking mid sentence and becomes ghostly white. He randomly walk over to a blank canvas he had set up to paint. The guys starts painting the most realistic looking picture of a woman he had ever seen only she is completely blue. The longer this goes.on the more creeped out my friend is getting because the painting is looking more and more life like and the guy painting it is looking less and less healthy. Very pale. After a cou ple hours the guy just colapses. Falls completely to the ground. My buddy gets up to run over to him and as he takes his first few steps he says that the blue lady peeled right off the canvas and bolted out the front door. Leaving it wide open. The guy was rushed to the hospital where he spent three days for complications from unknown causes. The guy left the church of Satan after that.

apterium
â€¢ 13y ago

My teacher in high school told me a story about when she had just started her family and moved to the city I was currently living in. She said that she went over to her neighbor's house for lunch to talk about all the memories and whatnot, kind of a goodbye thing. During this lunch, her neighbor revealed that she had neglected to tell my teacher that the father of the previous owners had died in my teachers house. She didn't tell her because she didn't want to frighten/disturb her, as some people can be put off by knowing a death happened in their home. Well she took it in stride, even when she found out that the room he died in was her son's room. She finished the lunch and thanked her neighbor for keeping it a secret, as she was one of those people that would have been put off. When her son, who was around 5 at the time, came home that day she told him that they were moving houses. His response to her was:

"Does that mean the old man isn't going to come in the middle of the night and watch me sleep anymore?"

She got a hotel until all their things were packed up and never went back to the house.

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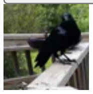

xenya
â€¢ 13y ago

I have several stories, but here's a recent one. A friend and I decided to explore this old tuberculosis asylum. I've been exploring in a lot of places and most of them have horrible histories. As a result they're assumed to be haunted, but this place was the only one that made me believe. We were exploring the children's ward, which was about 4 floors of rooms, plus the basement and the roof, where they put patients out in the belief that fresh air would help them.

It was during the day in the middle of the week, so we had the place to ourselves. I always want to explore basements because there is usually stuff stored down there. We went down briefly, and my friend went to open a door and then ran back up the stairs, saying that something pushed back. I looked with my flashlight but it was an empty room, but we continued on the upper floors. I like to at least look in the rooms, even if we don't spend a lot of time there, so we were working out way up. The doors were heavy, and we had to kick some of them open, and hold them open while we looked around, as they would swing shut again.

Anyway, we got to the third floor and heard the doors slamming on the floors below. It sounded like ALL of them, all in unison, repeatedly. This went on for a minute or so while we stood there frozen. My first thought was that someone else was there, but there wasn't. And if there was someone there, how would they have managed to slam multiple doors in unison? That place was creepy.

Reply Share

Graywolves
â€¢ 13y ago

I remembered that some times walking home from high school I would hear a voice sometimes, just calling my name and look around, nothing. Definately sounded like someone was calling for me though.

Not a big deal. But nowadays I occasionally call out my own name when I'm alone sometimes...

I don't even...

Reply Share

[rj2896](rj2896)

â€¢ 13y ago

Nothing has ever happened to *me*. But there are some very interesting things that have happened/happen in my family. On my mother's side of the family there seems to be this kind of "sixth sense". My mom and her sister have some interesting supernatural... occurrences?(not sure if that's the right word).

Anyways, when my mother was young she would have this recurring dream where she was sitting in a room with her grandmother who had passed away and was having a conversation. The strange thing about it was that she would get the feeling that there was someone else in the dream, but she couldn't see who. Then one day my aunt told my mother that she was having the exact same dream and getting the exact same feeling that there was someone else in it with her. Then it occurred to them that they were both that other "someone" that was in the dream with them. There have been other times when my mother has been in the same dream with a relative before. For example, when my mother was pregnant with my sister she had a dream where her and my father were talking about what to name their soon to be daughter. The next morning my father mentioned the dream to my mother and that sparked an ongoing conversation where they were quizzing each other on the dream. Both of them had the same dream at the same time and were interacting in it. Coincidence? I THINK NOT!

My mom and my aunt would always smell my late grandmother's perfume around the house when they were little too and from my assumptions they still do. My aunt seems to have the most encounters though. Many of the things would take place at my grandparent's house when they were kids, but my aunt has told stories of seeing spirits or hearing sounds (ex. chairs moving across floors, door hinges, shuffling, etc.) in old buildings when she was the only one there. Hell, even her dog sometimes sees spirits and will follow them around the room.

Here is the part that amazes me. My aunt says that she believes people's "energy", or presence, is what makes up a soul/spirit. From what she has told me it's almost like getting that feeling that you're being watched/not alone in a room except she can tell who it is because she recognizes that presence. Apparently my late grandfather from my father's side comes to my house a lot and just hangs out and checks in to make sure everyone is alright. I think he's here right now as I type this.

TL;DR: My mom's side of the family is psychic.

Reply Share

rocksmithxmas

â€¢ 13y ago

One last one. I was a kid for this one, maybe 10 or 11 but I remember it vividly. We were in the kitchen and there was an empty mug on the breakfast bar, one of those horrible brown glass mugs.

I can remember suddenly stopping whatever I was doing for some reason and staring at the mug, as if I had no choice but to do so. A moment later it exploded sending glass showering all over the kitchen. That freaked me out for a long time and I still think about it every now and then.

I don't presume to have made the mug explode but I do wonder why I looked at it. Perhaps some kind of sense that I'm normally unaware of?

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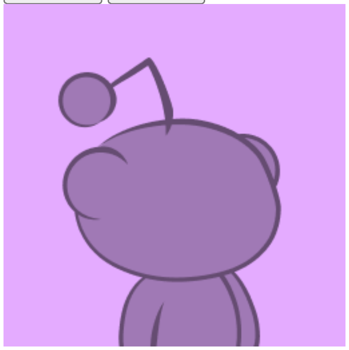

MentalScavanger
â€¢ 13y ago

I guess I'll share mine. It was a dream, I think/hope, but it's worth mentioning anyway.

A few years ago, I was just laying in my bed after coming home from this technical course I was taking. I didn't really wanted to go to sleep because I still wanted to do some stuff on that night, so to avoid falling asleep, I laid on the opposite direction on the bed, with my head laying where my feet usually are, still on clothes.

As I was dazing off, someone entered my room. It was a shadow, but it walked, like a human. I couldn't see its face, but it was a man, I knew it because... I knew it.

This man, he asked me a question - What's your name? - I didn't answer. Now this is the weird part. I felt some uneasiness coming from this creature standing next to me, but not in a harmful way. It felt like he was in a hurry and didn't have time for that, like he was somehow on a schedule and someone/thing would find him.

He asked me again I still wouldn't answer, because of fear. Then there was a kind of manifestation. He urged me to just say it, not by an act, he simply wished it, and I felt some odd sensation on my chest, like something was being pulled from it. I instantly gave up and said my name.

He/it left.

I "woke up". Then I noticed the position where everything had taken place. It was my room, exactly as it was then, and I was laying in the opposite direction as the creature talked with me.

I didn't sleep until morning came.

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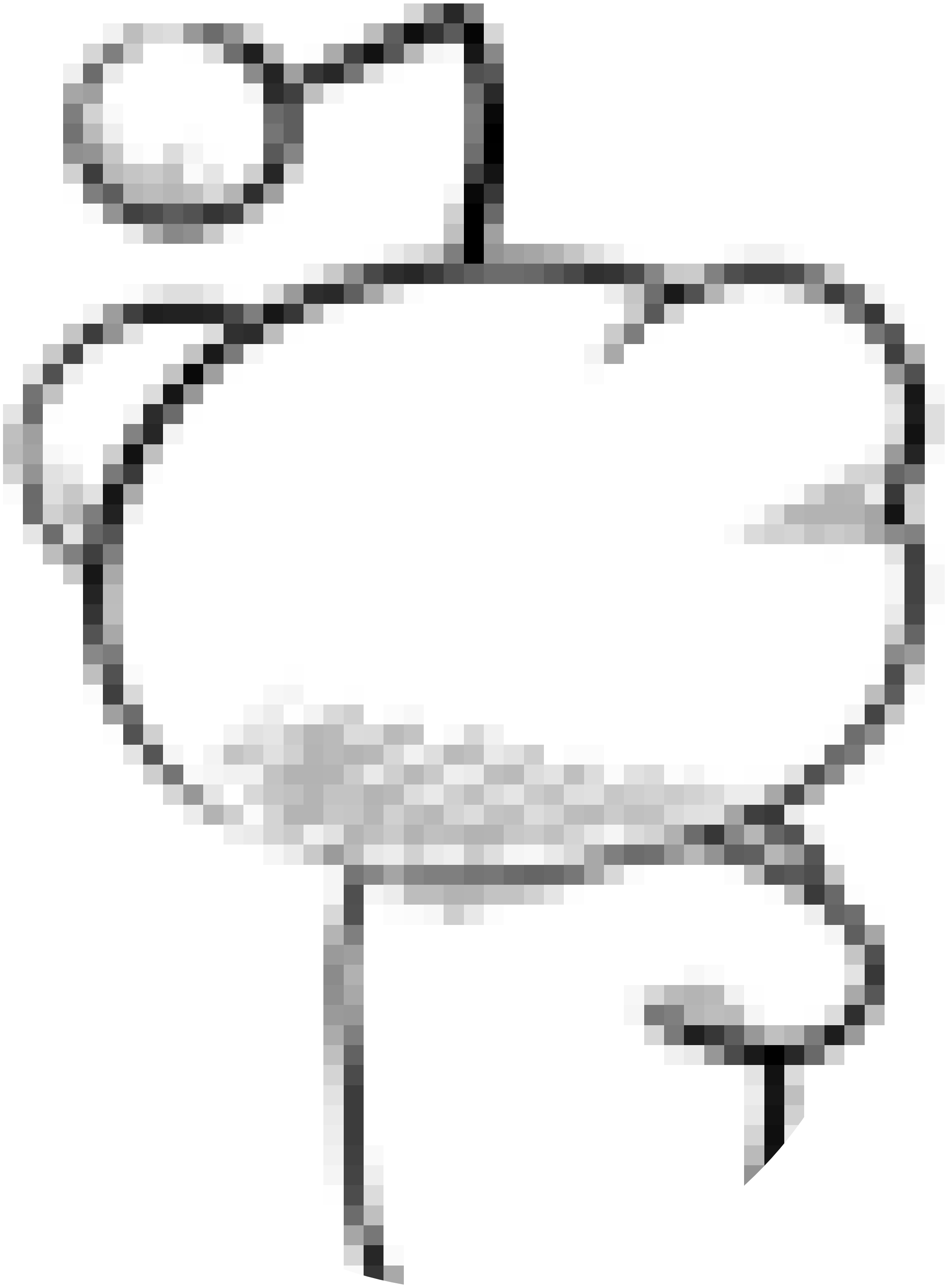

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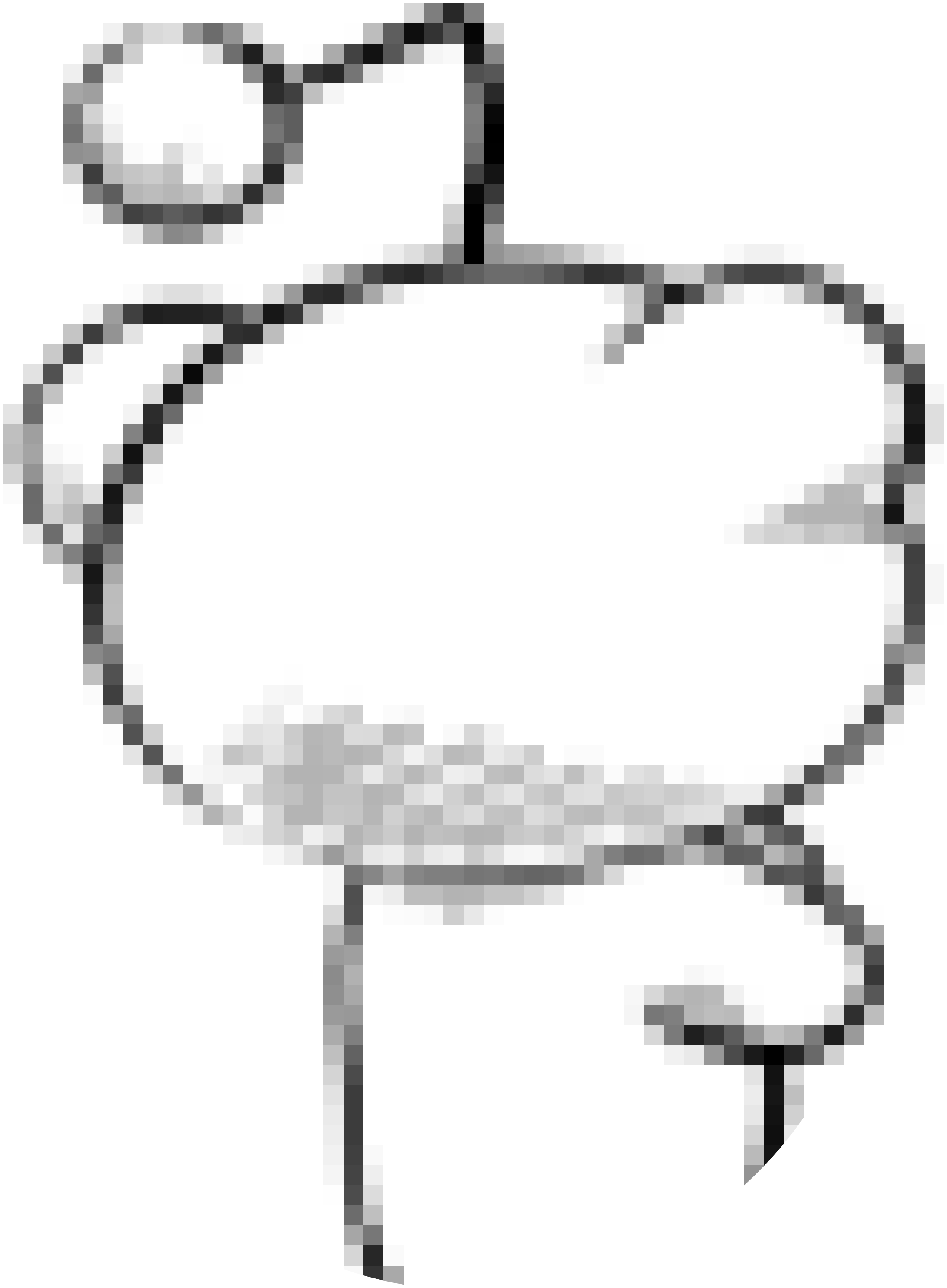
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

One morning I woke up, I was lying in bed, very lucid, my bedroom looked exactly right. Then my door bursts open and this tall old man comes at me. Then I scream and wake up again. Everything is exactly the same, but the old man isn't there. I don't know.

I had another, similar dream where it's night time, my door slowly opens. I'm golding a digital video camera for some reason. I point it at the empty doorway. Through the camera I see a little girl there. I scream. I wake up. Pretty much exactly the same. These are just dreams but they freak me the fuck out.



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â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I know that this isn't supernatural but it's the most frightening thing I've experienced. When I was younger I used to get night terrors. The first one must have been when I was about 7 or 8. But the odd thing is that most were the same and occurred within a specific order of events. First of all they always happened the night before some important day and sometimes at a location other than my home. One time it was Christmas eve, another was my brother's birthday which happened to be thanksgiving etc. They would start out with me waking up at 11:11 (I swear the times were always the same, maybe a circadian rhythm thing). I would wake up unsure of why I was awake and with this feeling that something really bad was about to happen. Then I would fall asleep and the nightmare began. I can't remember too many details about the nightmare itself, more just the feelings it induced. I remember being at some location eavesdropping on a sinister meeting. There was clearly a leader among the group. Then I remember this sense of dread build as I listened in. They shortly dispersed and I felt a sense of urgency. Then I can remember starting to walk down a sidewalk, and I wake up. It's 12:12 or 12:34 and I am paralyzed in my bed. I feel completely empty and terrified. So I leave my bed and stand outside my parents door frozen. It seems like 10 minutes pass but when I finally get the nerve to go into my bed it's 3:23. It really puzzles me. Then I fall back asleep and the nightmare continues. I am now running on the sidewalk and someone friendly is with me reminding me of the urgency. I approach a black mass that has apocalyptic menace. The sinister people are there as well. It turns bright white and the world ends and I wake up sweating with a silent scream. This happened about 8 times from when I was 7 or 8 until age 13. The last time it happened I woke up crying and had my first existential depression. I just kept muttering it's all bullshit (I have a very religious family). One of the most terrifying nights of my life for sure.

Reply Share

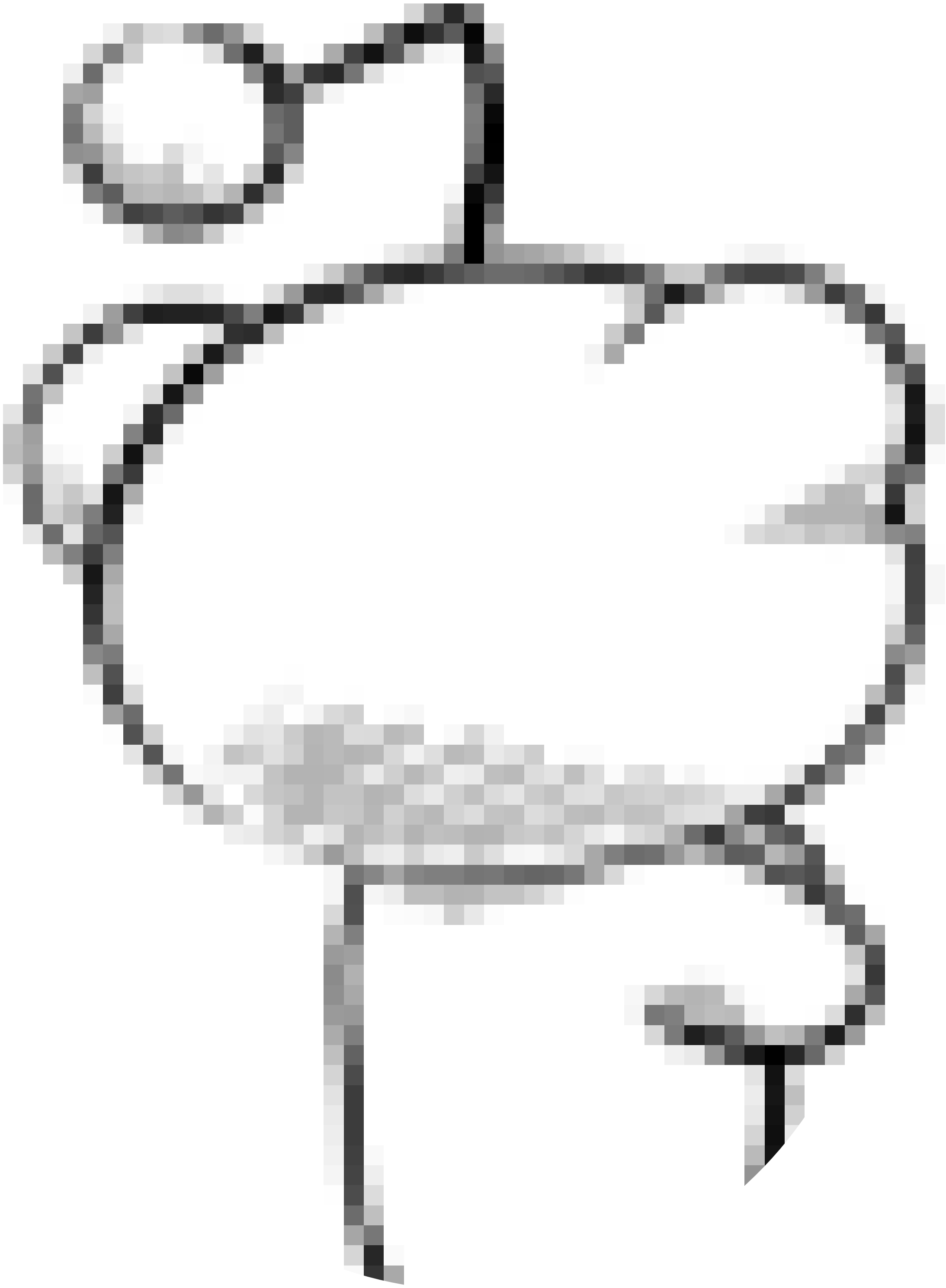
a_creepy_van
â€¢ 13y ago

Recently around our house some things have been going on. Loud knocking, things falling, general creepiness. Sure that doesn't mean much, but when you stack multiple pots and pans on top of each other, then 10 minutes later the pot on the bottom of the stack falls down with nobody around, you start to think things. We've even had containers of food on top of the stove fall and spill everywhere (to our dog's delight).

My mother claims to have felt cold hands touch her back on more than one occasion. Interestingly enough, my sister says she was pushed by something while getting ready in the morning in her room. My dad says a voice spoke to him one night and our dog instantly became very agitated and defensive. This went on for close to a month before I experienced something first hand.

Late one night I decided to go to bed before the sun began to rise. As I was walking through our upstairs hallway to my room, I passed my parents room. Their door was closed and then I heard it open. The sound of the paint on the door separating from the doorway was loud enough to make me notice. With one hand on the knob of my bedroom door I looked over my shoulder and see this unusually tall black shadow behind me. I instantly became numb and everything around me was cold. Then before I could compose myself the shadow slides down the hallway and down the staircase.

There is no possible way my family was the cause of this as I was the only person still awake in the house. I even called out to my mom and dad, who were still lying in bed. I still don't know what to think.



JBHUTT09
â€¢ 13y ago

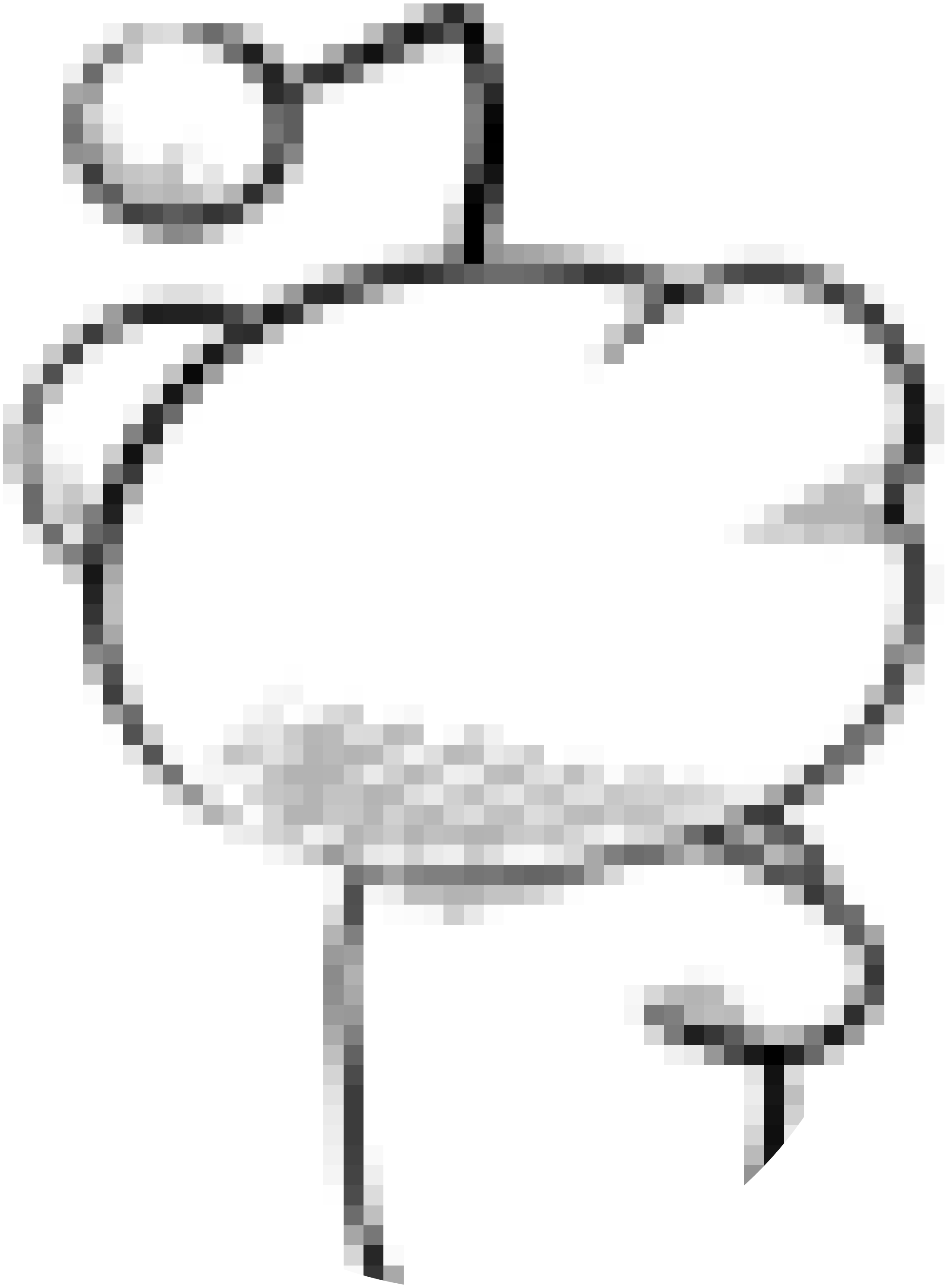
I have a couch in my room. Once when I was vacuuming I moved it in front of my closet door. I'm a lazy bastard and I never use my closet so I just left it there. The next morning I noticed something. The closet was open about 2 inches. Something had pushed the closet open and moved the couch with it. This is not a light couch. It has to be at least 100 lbs if not more. And it's on wall-to-wall carpeting as well. There is a big dent in the corner of the door where it has been in contact with the couch proving it would have taken a lot of force to move it. No one had gone into my room. I know that for sure. I have no idea what moved it.

Reply Share

[yoshimi1983](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was 10 years old, my mother went on a cruise to Cancun, Mexico with her cousin. On a Monday night around 8:00pm, as I was falling asleep, I sat up suddenly with the distinct feeling my mother wasn't coming home. I dismissed the thought because it didn't make any sense, and tried to go to sleep. When my mother arrived home I was very glad to see her. I told her about the strange feeling I had. Her face went white. She said at that time (counting the time difference of -1 hr from NY), she was drowning. She had visited a lagoon. People were standing in the water at waist height so she assumed the water was shallow. She lowered herself off the dock and began to swim. As she swam out, she found that the water was very deep. The people had been standing on rocks... My mother tried to rest on the rocks, but they were slippery with algae, and she kept getting pushed off with the current. She started going under the water, unable to keep afloat and unable to catch her breath. Her cousin had to swim out and rescue her because there were no lifeguards in the area. I almost couldn't believe her story.

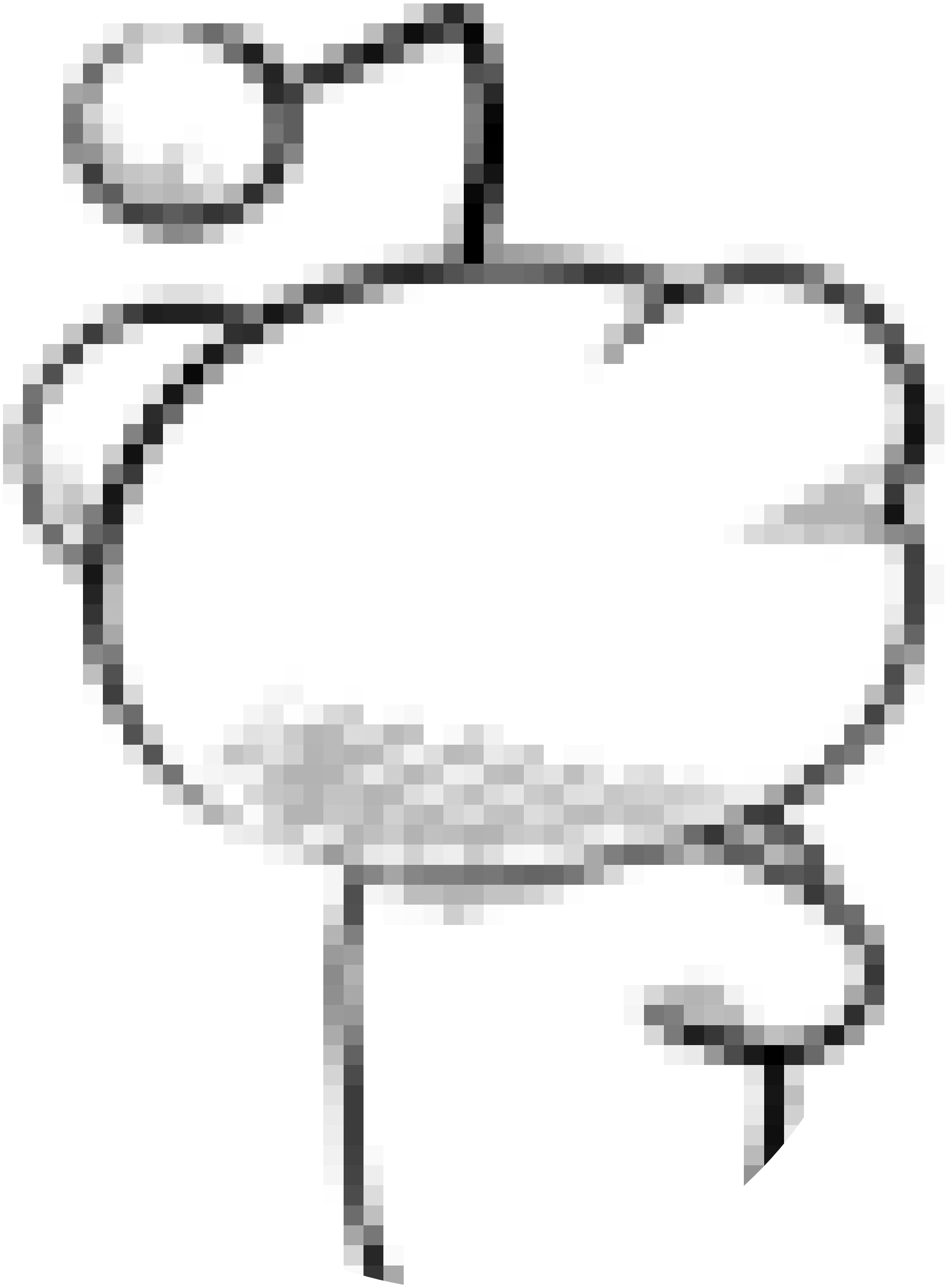
*In addition, I called my mother a few minutes ago to verify the location before I posted. She told me she was surprised I was asking her about it, because last week she told the story to her friends at work, for the first time (she has been working at this place for 10 years). I'm 29 now and I can't remember the last time I shared these events. Now, the next time I tell the story of my mother's near fatal trip to Mexico, it will have an added dimension. Well done Reddit, well done.



cechar
â€¢ 13y ago

One morning in bed (around 6AMish), I felt a someone's hand tugging my blanket around my leg. I felt the blanket getting lifted to the point where I could feel a cool breeze. I got up with a shout. No one else was in my room and my door was locked.

Oh well...



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok So I have two stories to share. First: One night a reporter, a videographer and I went out to cover an event for our college newspaper, our editor wanted it up on our website as soon as possible so we came back to campus around 11 or so. Now the campus closed at 9 after the last class and as the web editor I had keys that got us into our building and our newsroom. So I unlocked the building, let us in and locked the door again, unlocked our newsroom door and then told the reporter and video guy I was going to run upstairs and buy a bottle of water from the vending machine. This building had two doors, the main one we had come in and the fire escape which is always locked, our newsroom was the second door on the right side of the hall closest to the stairs so I went up stairs and to the end of the hallway to the vending machines, I took the long way because I was always creeped out by our building and wanted to make sure there was no one else in there with us. The building is completely empty, so I buy my drink and head back to the newsroom. We were working for about an hour when suddenly we hear what sounds like feet running across the second floor and the sound of a door open and slam shut. We all look at each other, and the reporter asks me if I was sure there was no one upstairs. I said yes, I made sure, the video guy goes and checks again to make sure it wasnâ€™t some group or club that also had access to the building that we missed but he didnâ€™t find anyone either. We threw what we had up on the site and left. The second happened when I was still in high school, I was baby-sitting my little brothers and I had just put them to bed and decided that I would take out the trash. Our trash can was on the left side of the house in the space between our house and the neighborâ€™s, our neighbor had moved out sometime before and the house was empty. After throwing the trash out I saw the outline of someone standing just past the gate, I assumed it was my oldest brother coming home from work so I said, â€˜derp be quiet the little boys just went to sleepâ€™, he didnâ€™t say anything and I went back inside, I went and turned on the TV, about half an hour later my oldest brother walks in and I ask him what took him so long to come inside. He tells me he just got off work. I tell him heâ€™s a liar, that I had just talked to him over by the fence and told him the boys were asleep. He tells me I never talked to him, I freak out because I think there was someone hiding out in the back yard, he goes to look and I went to go check on the little boys. I open their bedroom door and theyâ€™re both asleep and nothing looks out of place, I make sure they are ok and as I turn to leave I feel someone stand next to me and say â€˜shhhhhâ€™. I turned around and there was no one there. TL;DR freaky stuff happened to me at home and at school

Reply Share

GreasyBeerFart
â€¢ 13y ago

It was around 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning, I couldn't sleep and I couldn't find my headphones to use and then I remember I left then in my car. So I go outside and look in my car for the headphones, I couldn't find them in the front so I climb into the backseat to try and find them. Now this is in a small town so it is completely dark and silent outside around this time. I finally find my headphones and as soon as I'm about to step out of the car, I hear the strangest, ugliest sounding growl right in front of me. It sounded like it was right in front of my face except there was nothing there when I stepped out. I looked around and under my car to see if maybe it was a dog but there nothing there at all. If it was some kind of animal I know I would have seen it run off because the growl sounded like it was right in front of my face but it was a very strange, creepy growl. And the walk back inside my house was horrible, I mean you don't want to tell yourself to run and think something is chasing you but If you walk back normally you can't shake the feeling that something is watching you the whole time. I'll never forget that, definitely the creepiest thing that has happened to me.

Reply Share

pdnick
â€¢ 13y ago

I originally put this in paranormal a while back so I'll just paste it here...

My phone isn't letting me copy all the text, here is the link...

http://www.reddit.com/r/Paranormal/comments/u4hv0/has_anyone_on_this_subreddit_actually_experienced/c4sl2lo

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This is probably just a lame story, since I don't see or hear anything unusual, except one time when I was running and swore I heard a large 4 footed creature following me and turning around only to see the grass where paws would have been stop as the steps stop and nothing there, then later it sounded like 2 feet, or a person following me on my run, lol. One time my brother and I decided to head to Houston, which was the closest place with a Fry's Electronics since my desktop crashed. Mobo failure, the quad BIOS kept 'recovering' from a tertiary copy. Anyway... we went there, nothing spectacular, but on the drive home I noticed a bright object in the sky, a bit long, looked to be about 500 yards out, and it was really, really bright and kind of long, just hanging in the sky. I pointed it out to my brother who also saw it. We both just stared at it while I was driving. It turned sideways and all of a sudden there was nothing there in the sky. No tree line passed in front of it, and he just kept watching for a few more minutes but we didn't see anything. At all. I still wonder what it was.

One time I was simply amused because I saw what I thought was a star, my mother was watching it with me, and we saw it start moving. Not in a straight line. It was weaving among the other stars in the sky. Left, right, almost a figure eight, then weaving like a drunken star in the sky. It was still travelling among the stars on the other side of the sky when we decided it was a bit too cold out and went in the house.

Reply Share

freder85ico
â€¢ 13y ago

My wife foreshadowed her father's death. On a friday night, my wife inexplicably says to me "I feel something bad is going to happen to my dad. I just have this bad feeling" Well I kind of brush it off but my wife persists. I tell her ok well then you should call him and at least talk to him. I should precede this though that at the time their relationship was strained because he had a drinking problem. She ended up not calling him and on sunday, he unfortunately died of a heart attack. Could be coincidence and my nature sometimes says it is, but she has had other interesting things happen to her. No other foreshadowing death though.

Minecraftfinn
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

I do not believe in ghosts or anything supernatural.

So when I was in boarding school we used to play with a Ouija board; http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ouija

So people would fuck around and stuff trying to scare each other and often times I would even make it spell out something to freak people out.

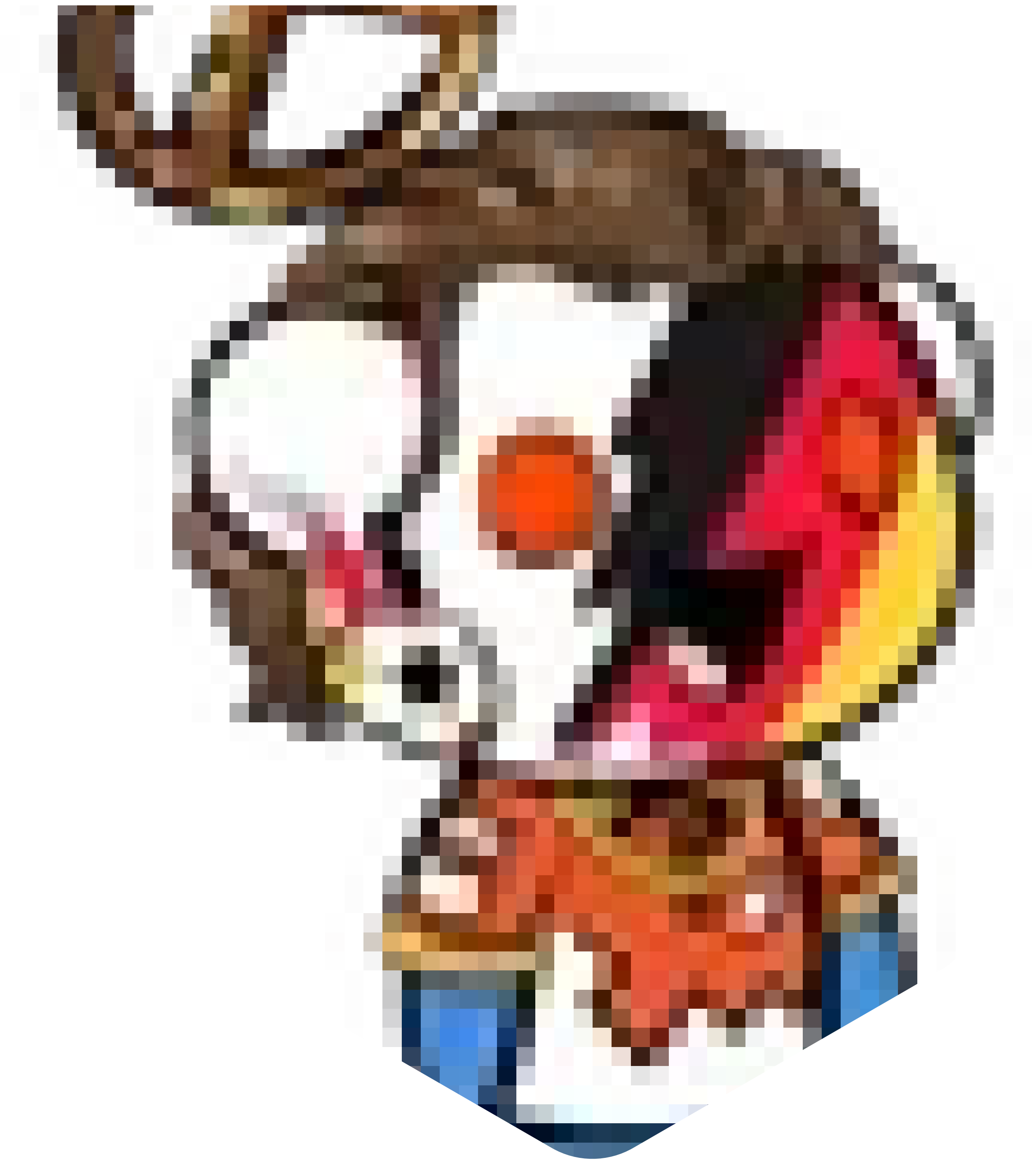
This one time it said there was a spirit that wanted to talk to me, I played along with it and the board spelled out the name of the spirit, I freaked out as soon as I saw the name because it was the full name of my oldest brothers best friend who died in a car crash when he was 17. He used to help babysit me as a child and was very nice and protective of us.

The thing is there was no chance anyone would have known since I had told no one at the boarding school about it and never ever talked about it, he told me that he was watching over me and that he wanted me to say hi to my brother at which point I freaked out and ran out of the room and over to my dorm. I locked myself in my room and had a small nervous breakdown

Reply Share

bytie1
â€¢ 13y ago

We were staying at a McMenamins hotel near Portland, it was, as all McMenamins hotels are, a refurnished building with a long past. This one was at one time a retirement home, orphanage, and other uses. We were exploring the hotel and walked down the steps to the basement and we both experienced chill and extremely creepy feelings outside of a small bar in a room with a pool table. The bartender when asked told us it used to be a morgue.



beerob81
â€¢ 13y ago

this happened to my mother, not me but I remember the day she told me clearly.

My aunt, her sister, weren't very close. Me and my mother lived in germany and my aunt in chicago at the time. The aunt came to visit and stay with us for a couple of weeks and it was great. We have a small family so I was excited to be around another family member. My mother and her siblings had a very rough childhood. An abusive alcoholic mother that allowed boyfriends to sexually abuse them and so on, not pretty stuff. The mother was a relic of WWII, things were rough for germans after the war and so much had changed. It really affected my grandmother and the fact that it made her a terrible person. My mother left as soon as she could. Marrying my father, a young private in the army, newly stationed in Ktown. They would move to GA for a couple of years after my birth where they had their second child, my brother after which my father was stationed back to germany.

We hadn't had contact with my mothers family because it was too difficult to deal with. I was about 7 or 8 when this happened but I remember the day it happened and couldn't understand why things went down the way they did until years later when my mother sat me down and explained.

Now keep in mind, I'm an atheist and don't put much into this story except for the fact that my mother, to this day, is deathly terrified of what happened that day. My aunt was some weird spiritual woman, wore crystals and shit, I remember this because she gave me one as a gift and I had it for a long time. I liked it because I was into collecting rocks and gems. One afternoon she was telling my mom all about her "religion" or whatever it was and my mom told her she thought she was silly. this infuriated my aunt and she started to rage a bit. My mother said she saw what she believes was a demon. Something with a smokey figure rose out of my aunt and hovered over her for a few second before lunging at my mother.

Being completely freaked out, my mother asked my aunt to pack her shit and leave. She didn't feel safe around her, and didn't want this being around her children. We never, even to this day have had contact with her again.

years later we moved back to the states in GA, my aunts daughter (my cousin obv.) was down on her luck and had 2 children of her own. We took them in and it was one of the biggest mistakes of our lives. The cousin was just as crazy, raised by my lunatic aunt and goodness knows whats gone on through her life but my mom firmly believes that a demon is at fault.

Again, I'm no believer but I can't shake the fact that my mom says she saw it and could define a sulfuric smell that came along with it.

BrendenOTK
â€¢ 13y ago

One day when I was younger I had my cousin over for the day. We were in my parents room playing playstation when we heard foot steps running across the two rooms upstairs. The only problem was the only person upstairs was my little brother. He couldn't have been more than two so there's no way he got out of bed and ran around. My Mom went to check on him anyway and he was sound asleep.

elbitjusticiero
â€¢ 13y ago

I saw a UFO. No, really, a very clear flying saucer in the middle of the sky, not a light, but a metallic object with all the characteristics of aun UFO, illuminated by the moon, not emitting any light of its own. I was at the top of a hill where people claim to have seen UFOs, but I've never believed in their existence.

By the way, I still *don't* believe in flying saucers. I know that particular thing wasn't really there because I was part of a large group and only I could see it. It was the first and last time that I had a visual hallucination, as far as I know.

And *that*'s what makes it creepy for me. I am a normal individual, who never believed in the supernatural or in extraterrestrial beings, who was up there knowingly, not under the influence of alcohol on drugs, and I had a very clear, persistent visual hallucination. W. T. F.

(That, or the Martians chose to reveal themselves only to me.)

Reply Share

[ProtonMorph](#)
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My story did not happen to me, i was there but just watched it happened to my parents and my brother when I was younger.

My brother was about 14 or 15, he suffered from what the doctors called "night terrors". Basically in the middle of the night he would get out of bed, still asleep, and start walking around the house talking. Now this would be normal sleep walking but he was having nightmares the whole time.

Normally he would wonder around the house sweating profusely shaking and mumbling to himself. My parents would follow him around and make sure he did not hurt himself but they never woke him up. But this one night he stood up out of bed and went straight to the middle of our living room and sat down. He started sweating again and mumbling to himself things like "Leave me alone" and "Get out of here". My parents did not even know he was out there until my dad got a weird feeling and went to check it out.

Now my parents being very religious, my dad is a Presbyterian pastor, my mom started praying profusely and my dad was sitting next to my brother rubbing his back. My brother suddenly stood up eyes wide open darting around the room like it was filled with thousands of demons. You could see the terror in his eyes, like he thought he was dead and woke up in hell. All the sudden they snapped shut and he started shaking. (Literally the scariest moment of my life) My dad immediately grabbed him and held him as close as to his chest as he could. While my mom started praying out loud right as she said "LORD JESUS HELP HIM" my brother opened his eyes again his head snapped towards my mom like he was possessed and screamed at the top of his lungs "STOP!!! I HAVE HIM NOW!" My dad and mom both started praying as loud and hard as possible, my dad never once letting go of him, until he just dropped. My brother has never had those night terrors sense.

I have literally never been that scared in my life, I still get goose bumps and scared shitless just typing this out.

Please excuse my bad grammar and spelling :(. I am not very good at either of those.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I've been asleep during the deaths of 2 of my childhood pets, both times dreaming about their death, then waking to the news from my parents. Their death in my dreams weren't reflective of how they died, just more of an overall feeling that they had died. So far whenever I've dreamt of a person dying, it hasn't happened, so that's a bit of a relief.

+1 to creepy, the first time it happened while I fell asleep watching Pet Cemetery.

Kyoya_Hibari
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't like to think of this often, and this will probably get buried so fuck it, here goes:

When I was around 12 years old, my brother who was 16 at the time used to mess with me however he could. It was all about the reaction, me yelling at him to leave me alone or what have you.

One of the main things he would do is tickle me, I know it sounds dumb but it was like my pet peeve at the time.

Anyway, one day I was laying on my bed, around 4 pm. I heard my brother walking up the stairs, so I instantly thought that if I pretended I was fully asleep, he wouldn't bother toying with me since there wouldn't be any reaction from me. So the footsteps coming up the stairs get closer.

As they near around the door, I decide ill open my eyes just a bit to see my brother. Instead, I can't open them, I couldn't move my body at all. Everything was so heavy, it felt so dark and intense. I felt my head getting more and more under pressure, like someone squeezing my head together.

The footsteps stopped right In front of me, I could feel it. I could hear breathing, and loud noise slowly fading in, similar to a white noise.

I could feel it getting near my face, breathing near me. I was sweating but I still couldn't move. The minute it got close enough to where I could almost feel it, I broke away an was able to move and open my eyes.

Nothing was there, and I was terrified. The worst part was my brother and mom had left the house hours earlier to get my brothers braces tightened, this I learned later that day.

Still to this day I don't know what it was that was closing on me, but I had never felt so scared in my life.

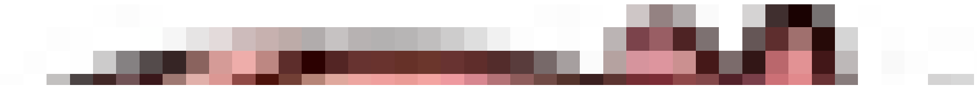
Sorry for the wall of text, but I figured I'd throw this in here for anyone who might want to read.

Partyhands
â€¢ 13y ago

I grew up in Alaska, and there was a penthouse in downtown Anchorage that supposedly was a whorehouse,casino joint in the 50's(or 60's). According to legend, a couple of people got murdered there, and the place was shut down for years. So years later it gets fixed up, and rented out to a friend of mine. We would party there all the time , and every now and then friends would say they saw weird shit, like handles on doors or knobs on faucets turning off and on by themselves. I always thought they were full of shit til one night I stayed up later then everyone else, started playing a cd to go to sleep(souls of mischief, it was the mid 90's) and a pillow on the couch across from me, rolled off by itself and then rolled another 10 plus feet(on a flat floor) by itself before stopping,and dropping. I just about shit myself, was too afraid to sleep, and didn't tell anyone about for a while.

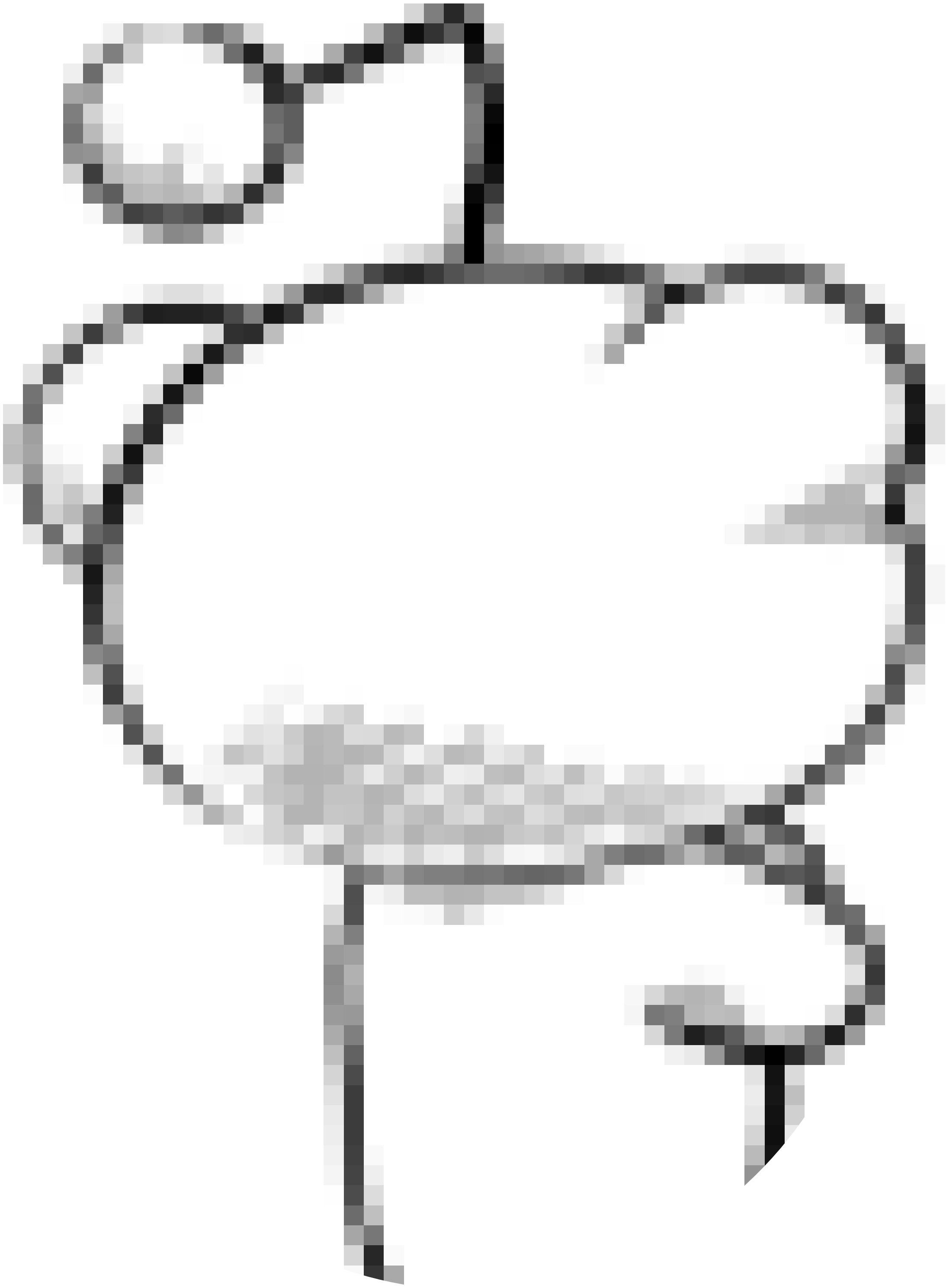
panamaspace
â€¢ 13y ago

I clearly dreamt about the Japanese tsunami days before it happened. I saw planes being washed over in an airport I was inside of. I have never been to Japan.



GetOffMyLawn_
â€¢ 13y ago

I briefly worked in an old Bellevue hospital building in NYC. People had warned me the place was haunted but I didn't believe it. I was there late one night by myself. The only way onto the floor is through big, heavy metal firedoors that were always locked and make a huge amount of noise when opened. My office was an old operating room. I was in my office and heard someone calling my name and the door flew open. I got up and went looking for the person and could not find anyone on the floor anywhere. I would have heard them leave thru any of the heavy doors or fire exits, but didn't. I thought it was odd. But a few months later I had to go to the Bellevue ER, which is right in back of where the building I used to work in, and you can see the ER entrance from the back windows up where I used to work. While I was in the ER someone started calling my name again. I asked the nurses who was calling me and they said no one. So that made me think something weird was going on. Not sure what, haven't been back since.



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â€¢ 13y ago

I'll copy/paste my long story short experience from another questions like this:

I was very close to my adoptive dad. I could get away with anything. He was a great dad and friend. When he died 5 years ago it was very sudden. His gall bladder had ruptured about 6 months before but he never went to the doctor. Pride I guess. He fell one day and mom called an ambulance. About 4 hours later he was in a coma. I had stayed that day and mom sent me home so I could take the morning shift the next day. That night I couldn't really sleep but was just laying in bed when I see my father walking in from the door, around to my side of the bed and laid a red rose on my night stand. Then just vanished. I woke up my husband and told him, I was shaking and freaked out. About ten mins later my phone rang and my dad had died. Still vivid in my mind. Freaks me out ever time I think about it.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I had my first "supernatural" experience recently. I was talking to my dad on the phone, using FaceTime (it's like Skype video chat, but on the iPhone, for you non apple users). He was asking me a question about his computer, so I asked him to flip to the rear camera on his phone and show me the screen. We worked on the computer for a bit, and then he had to restart. He still had the camera facing the computer screen, and when he restarted the computer and the screen went black, I could clearly see the reflection of my father in the monitor, holding his phone for me to view the screen, and behind him, I saw a blonde woman standing, watching over his shoulder. The screen came back on after just a second of being dark, and I couldn't see the reflection any longer.

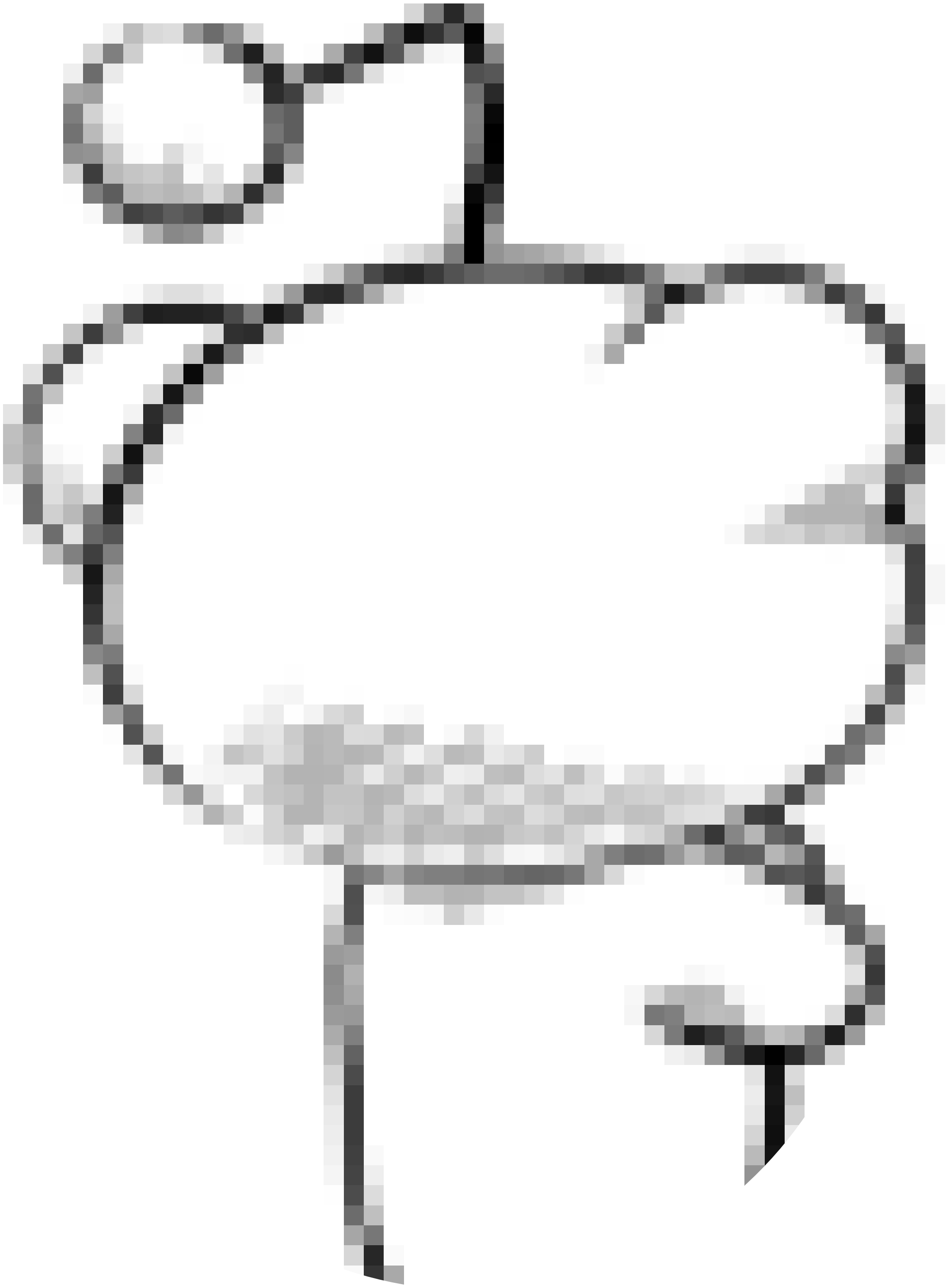
My fathers wife is blonde, and I only saw the reflection for a moment, so I assumed it had to be her standing behind him, so I said out loud, "Hey Denise, how's it going?". My dad gave me a puzzled look and said, "Denise is at work, who are you talking to?"

We both freaked out just a little bit.

Reply Share

Drunkdrood
â€¢ 13y ago

Partying at a friends house in high school, sitting around the table playing so cards in the wee hours of the morning when we heard what we all thought was a jack-in-a-box playing music. After much investigation we could not find said toy despite all 6 of us hearing the noise. The two dogs in the house were also freaking out running all over and barking at seemingly nothing. We were all pretty freaked out but not enough to stop playing out game of Asshole.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger, much younger, our family moved into an older house that had been built in the 1800's. It even had a hidden basement through a trapdoor! Anyway, I was five, Clinton had just taken office, and I was an ~~adorable~~ ugly little son of a bitch. At the front of the house, there was a small enclosed area. Large enough to put a bench to take off shoes, store a shovel, and stuff footballs, frisbees etc in there. After you entered the front door, there was a flight of steps that went straight up to the second floor. At the top of the landing, there were four rooms, and a bathroom. My room's door opened facing the stair case, so every night when I had to go to the bathroom, I would see downstairs. Every night I went to the bathroom, I would look down, and plain as day, see an old woman rocking back and forth in the little foyer. Every night. I could even hear the rocking of the chair on the flagstones underneath.

Terrified the shit out of me as a kid.

nevek
â€¢ 13y ago

Wet farts. Can never tell them apart from regular farts.

babyshanks
â€¢ 13y ago

ITT people making shit up for dat karma

efie
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

A comment I posted a few weeks ago:

I was out in the back with my uncle stargazing. I saw what looked like a shooting star and said "Look!". My uncle turned around and missed the shooting star, but we saw something else.

It was a dim, red, kind of ellipse-shaped object. It moved across the sky at a slightly-faster-than-an-airplane speed, but slower than a shooting star. At this point it looked to me like a floating ember. I expected it to fall to me. It went about half-way across the sky and stopped completely for a whole second, maybe two seconds. It then moved at a right angle to the right, twirled around a bit, then shot across the sky to the left. It went really, really fast. As it reached the other side of the sky, my eyes began to lose focus. I said "I can't see it anymore!". My uncle, who had been following it with me all this time, pointed to it farther down. I acknowledged it, then pointed to it further up. It was doing loop-de-loops and twists and turns all over than little part of the sky. Then it faded away.

I would have thought I imagined it all had my uncle not been there. He was not just going along with me because at times he pointed it out and that's where I saw it. We have ruled out meteorite, shooting star, plane, bird, because they either:

- Don't come to a dead stop (at such a speed)
- Don't turn so easily at such an angle
- Don't fly so erratically
- Don't fly at such a speed.

It was a UFO. An *unidentified, flying object*. Aliens or not, it was weird. Later that night I heard what sounded like a plane flying low over my house, but it sounded unfamiliar. More high-pitched than a usual jet. I looked out and saw lights, but it was a row of red, green and white lights in a vertical line flying away from me, ahead of my house. In my mind it resembled an aircraft carrier at sea, but they don't fly, right? Especially not where I live. While I believe in life elsewhere I don't believe they would be paying us any visits soon. If anyone could offer an explanation I would appreciate it.

EDIT: Diagrams for possible clarity.

EDIT: formatting didn't travel from copy

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

my story isn't as good as the other ones on here but I'll share it anyway.

Summer before college I go to sleep at my families lake cabin. It was built in the 1930s so it is pretty old. As soon as I fall asleep I have the most vivid dream of a little girl wearing a parka. I couldn't see her face and she was running away from me. I finally catch up to her and put my hand on her shoulder. As she turns around I instantly become wide awake and I look in the corner of the room. The moonlight is coming in through the shades and I see a man looking at me and wagging his finger from side to side. My heart starts racing and I turn away and close my eyes. When I look back the man is gone but the weird part is there was no moonlight at all. The room was totally dark.

braedonkeebz
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay, so here's mine. I was about ten or eleven and I was living in this somewhat old house. I was laying in bed one night when I felt something staring at me. I woke up and sat up in my bed and saw a little girl staring at me from the corner of the room. I couldn't make out any distinguishing details because she was just a shadow, but I could feel her eyes on me. I sat in silence staring at her before she said something. To this day I still get chills when I think about what she said. "You win, Braedon." She said it in the sweetest voice I had ever heard, but the fact that is was so sweet made it creepier. I looked to my door and saw my sister getting ready in the bathroom that was across the hall. Keep in mind that this is in the dead hours of the morning and I have no idea why she would be getting ready but I didn't care. I started screaming her name at the top of my lungs but she didn't seem to hear me. After I was finished screaming she finally turns to me and says "You win, Braedon." In the same voice as the little girl. My heart stopped at this point. I sat in silence until I finally fell asleep again. Nothing like that ever happened again but sometimes I still feel like I have something staring at me.

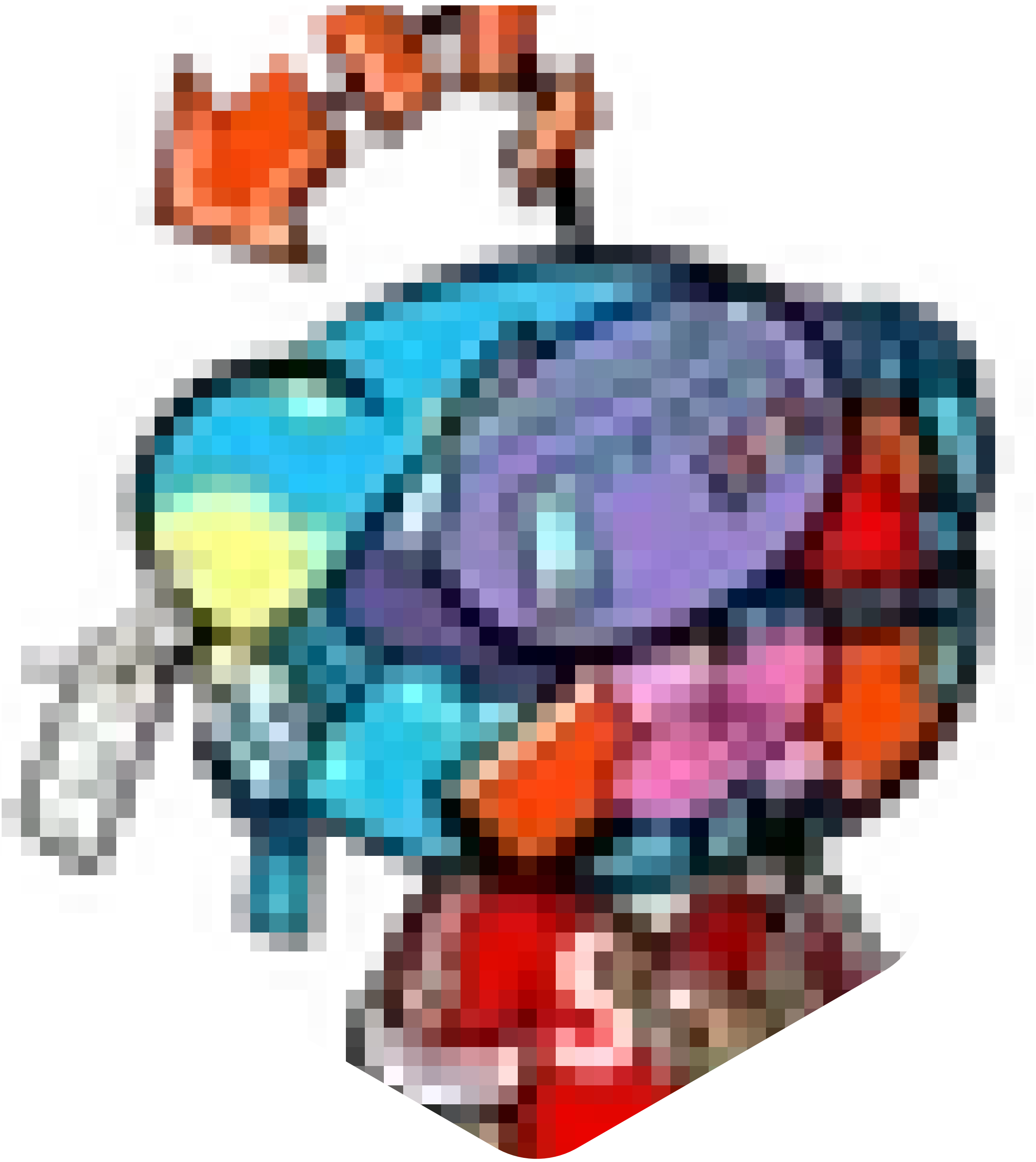
Reply Share

Chael_P_Sonnen
â€¢ 13y ago

A couple sleep paralysis stories: First one occurred when I was living in a fraternity house that had a bit of a reputation for being haunted, as it was apparently built on the spot where the town "hanging tree" had existed many years prior. One night I wake up feeling groggy and confused and absolutely can't move anything but my eyes. I see something out of the corner of my eye and shift my eyes as much as possible toward it. It's a black, shadowy figure just standing there a few feet from my bed. It didn't move and I eventually looked away and fell back asleep.

My second incident happened in an apartment a few years later. Again, I woke up paralyzed in the middle of the night laying on my side this time. I felt a body next to me but couldn't turn to face it. I was more delirious than scared, so I ended up telling the "ghost" to fuck off and get out of my bed. I mumbled a few more profanities and felt the figure beside me get out of bed. A few seconds later I feel this cold gust of air come from the side of the bed the ghost was laying on.

Both of these occurrences had me freaked out for the next few days, but I'm glad to find out that this is most likely sleep paralysis and sounds fairly common.



[Raccoon_Expert_69](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I work on film sets. There is one particular sound stage that I shut down at night and like clockwork as soon as the lights go out strange noises start.

The first few months it really freaked me out, I would walk around and look for the noises and usually I hear female voices, two of them whispering back and forth.

Over the years we've had small animals sneak into the buildings but it's not that. The noises are things like wood board hitting the floor, footsteps, doors opening and closing.

I know that I'm the only person there and I've talked to my coworkers and they say they experience the same noises only on that sound stage - this has been going on for years.

I still close it every night only now I've gotten used to it. It would definitely scare the crap out of you.

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ More replies

masterchiefroshi
â€¢ 13y ago

I was driving down the street to drop off my friend. As we were turning the culdesac, we both see what seems to be an orange face. We're curious (neither of us believes in the supernatural) so we go back. It was dark but as the headlights passed over the rear window, we saw the orange face again. The next day, the same friend's dog brought him a small pile of bones from who knows where.

AlwaysDisposable
â€¢ 13y ago

Years ago I lived in a house and had a stereo in the living room. Just a handful of times I would be in another room and I would hear the stereo just start scanning through the stations, even though no one was around it.

My husband and I didn't think too much about it, but then we went out of town for two weeks and had a friend house sit. We never said anything to him about the stereo. He calls us one night, hysterical, saying he had fallen asleep on the couch and was woken up by the stereo turned way up and cycling through stations. He was the only one in the house.

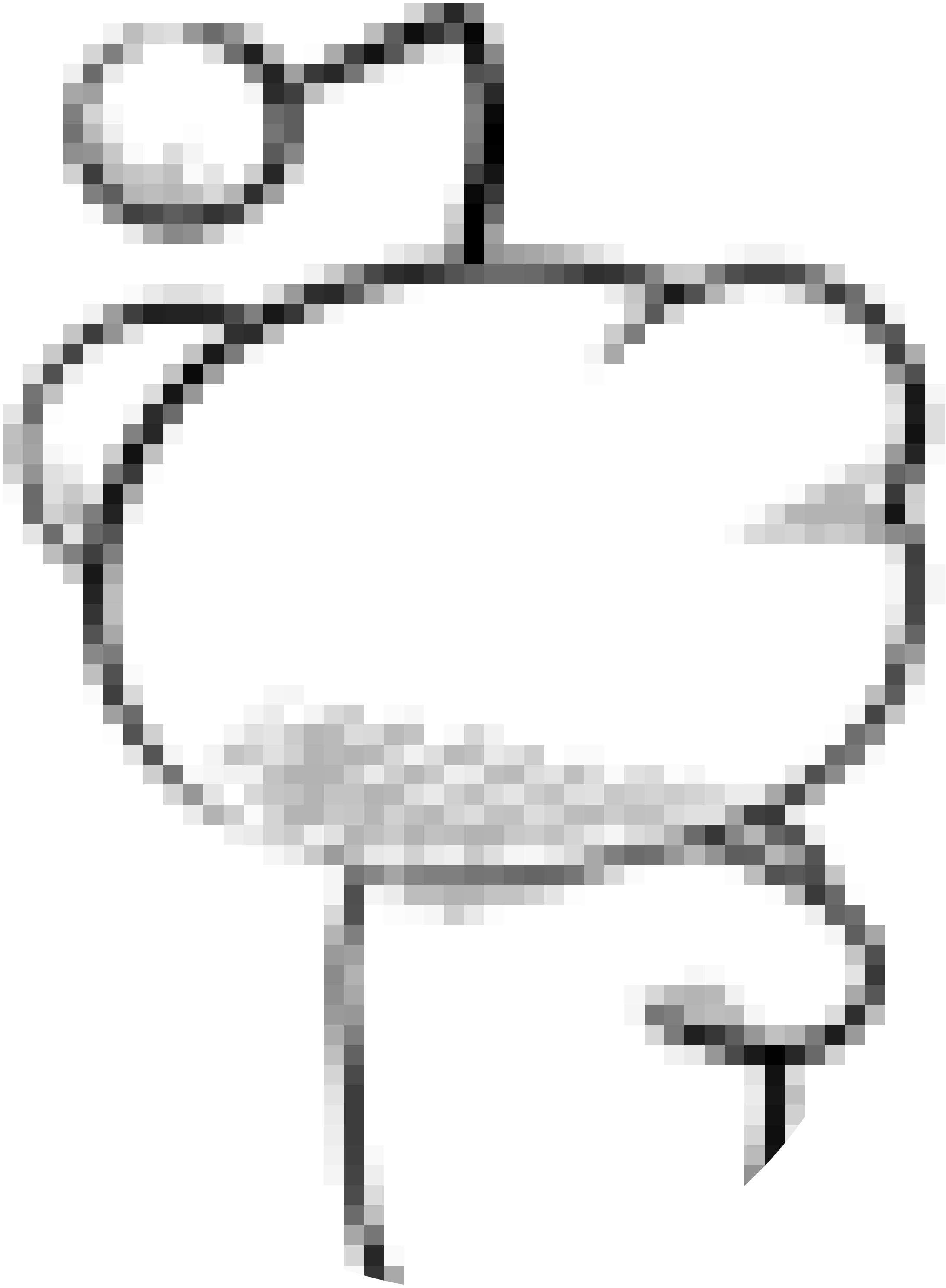
When I was little my grandmother bought a very old house with a long hallway. We would sit in the dining room at night, really quiet, and sometimes you could hear footsteps going down the hallway. We were always alone, and we never tried to look into the hall.

morewaffles
â€¢ 13y ago

My friend found an unopened pack of PBR pounders in his locked car while at a delivery at work. shits fucked

stinky_hammer
â€¢ 13y ago

Back in the '90s I shared an office with one other guy. One day someone forwarded an email to me about a mummy that doomed everyone that touched it and was on board the titanic when it sank. I thought it was interesting and creepy so I forwarded it to my office mate. I was reading it with him over his shoulder. When he got done reading the email he, "whelp, that's bullshit" and clicked the delete button. At the exact moment he his the delete button the power went off in our office. Both computers, the lights, everything. Freaked me out for a long time...



sylentknyte
â€¢ 13y ago

I can't think of any specifics since I was only a child (between 6 and 8), but my aunt and cousin lived in a weird old house where unusual things would happen. Sometimes cupboards would open in the middle of the night, the cat would be afraid to go in the basement; people would smell burnt toast and feel weird energies around, etc. Right before she moved out, she got a cab home. The driver told her about a woman who hung herself in the basement. One of her kids went to my school, he found her in the basement. Needless to say, the guy has been in and out of jail his whole life. I canâ€™t help but feel bad for him.

After my aunt moved out a woman and her teenage daughter moved in. One day the daughterâ€™s boyfriend for whatever reason killed her mother with an axe, and proceeded to rape her. She escaped, running naked on the streets, and got away. He was arrested. Itâ€™s just a coincidence, but still creepy. That house holds a lot of tragedies.

throwaway52005
â€¢ 13y ago

in the 90's in Montreal we had a ufo phenomenon over place bonaventure. Before we learned about it the next day my mother told me that something strange happened to her. Apparently she woke up standing up. It's something that she never did before this or after...

soupified
â€¢ 13y ago

So, I lived in a converted hospital for a number of years. I lived in the basement at one point, which had been used to store dead bodies.

In the middle of the night, my alarm would go off without provocation -- I usually just turned it off, muttered a few curses and went back to sleep. One night, though, I went to turn it off and it wouldn't shut up. After fiddling with the giant button on the top with no success, I unplugged it from the wall. Still on. I sleepily remember my girlfriend putting batteries in it at one point, so I open up the door to the battery compartment and remove them. Still on. I ended up chucking it outside behind the apartment and thought nothing of it.

At the end of that lease, I moved to the top floor -- which happened to be the psychiatric ward when the building was a hospital. I first encountered shadow people there. I would be woken up with a start and catch something gliding across the apartment out of my peripheral vision - on countless occasions I saw an elongated shadow of a person stretched across either our ceiling, the wall behind the bed, or the bed itself. It really looked like someone placed a small toy figure in front of a giant lamp and stretched out the limbs. The only thing that broke up the shadow were two spots in the head, where such a thing might have eyes.

Moved out many years ago and have experienced other 'strange' things around the area -- I live in an old city that played a massive role in the civil war, so lots of 'unrest' here. Still nothing quite as frightening as those shadows, though. You could sense those things were aggressive and unafraid.

heresmyusername
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

One night I experienced sleep paralysis for the first and hopefully last time.

I was asleep and abruptly woke up at some ungodly hour in the middle of the night. Only I realized I couldn't move, but my eyes were open. That's it. I was panicking and my mind racing trying to figure out what could possibly be wrong with me when I saw her.

Across from my bed, my bedroom door creaked open. It must have been no more than a few inches open when I saw this aged, wrinkled, decrepit old woman looking in at me. Her face was absolutely horrifying. At this point I am basically shitting myself in pure terror. I manage to blink (I should add that I am no doctor, I have never experienced anything like this before or since, and I am fairly certain my eyes were open and this wasn't a dream; much too vivid) and this woman materialized on top of me.

Here I am, unable to do anything but stare this wench in her beady, sinister eyes while she sits on my bed, pushing down on me, and peering directly into my soul. She doesn't make a sound, just stares in this terrifying way. I want to scream. I try my hardest to shake her off and let out some noise from my gullet; nothing. I am in full-fledged panic mode at this point and rapidly begin blinking my eyes in hopes that she'd go away.

Eventually after what felt like an eternity of this woman glaring at me and then sitting on top of me menacingly, she vanished. I was able to move my arms, legs, neck, head, etc. and the feeling that I had in the pit of my guts stayed with me the whole night afterwards. I moved bedrooms after that and my roommate is in there now.

Never again.

LunaAquila
â€¢ 13y ago

I've never had sleep paralysis. I didn't know that you'd see things and have them interact with you... I don't even think I could handle it.

⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I had something similar happen to me as the top post right now. I was cycling in the evening to the supermarket, which leads me over a long bridge and through an industrial area. When I was on my way back from the supermarket, the sun was already setting, but it was summer anyways and quite nice. Feeling the breeze, I rushed through the industrial area on my bike, nothing in particular there; a building yard, some car wreckers and drop-in-centers for old electronic devices you want to throw away.

Anyways, as I was nearing the end of that industrial area, which is also where the bridge I mentioned earlier starts, I saw a silhoutte at the last building. There is absolutely nothing but firests and fields behind the bridge and the person didn't seem to be heading anywhere, even though there were only fields and forests behind the bridge. I didn't really think anything of the person standing there, even though it seemed odd. The only peope that are really going through this area are on their way to a nearby town, the supermarket or the buildings in the industrial area. So it should be a pretty uncommon point for someone to simply stand there.

This thought crossed my mind the same moment as I saw what the person looked like. It was one of those creepy girls that you know from all these movies like Ringu and others. She was a bit taller than the average horror movie girl but otherwise was just like them. A white night clothing, black hair and even barefeet. I didn't really notice that creepy comparison, so like any guy I tried to get a little peek on how she looked like. It was hard because it also looked like she observed something in her hands and her dark, long hair covered her face from both sides. I thought it might be a mobile phone and she was texting. She seemed to be around my age that time.

Now, you can call me crazy but this is the strange part. I undoubtedly noticed how beautiful and cute she actually looked. Different from the Ringu girl, her hair was combed, clean and shining, her skin wasn't dirty or pale but had a nice tone and her face looked bautiful as well. But for christ sake, I can't remember any features. Not the eyes, not the mouth, the nose or anything else. And not because it was long ago, but because it felt like I forgot immedietly after.

I was still in a bit of an awe at how cute she looked and turned around to glance at her again, but already well on the bridge, overarching the industrial area. She wasn't there. Suddenly I noticed the creepy setting and how some horror movies use the same theme all the time and I asked myself how I could forget something like that in such a situation. I hastily cycled home, don't looking back once. Today I always take the other way to the supermarket whenever I can, even though I never saw her again if I had to go that way.

TL;DR: Almost got captured in Loreleis magic

ol_greggory
â€¢ 13y ago

Quiet a few summers ago I was chilling with some friends. Realized my phone was ringing. Look at the screen, and the number calling me is MY number. I answer. "Hello...?" Nothing but a little bit of crackle/interference. "Umm, hello?" Person on the other line responds with a 'hello' as well. Dawns on me that the voice on the other line sounds very familiar. I come back with "Alright, who is this? How'd you mirror my number?" A pause with some more crackling/interference. Voice comes back in again, "hey! Hello. Who's there?!" Then it dawns on me that the reason the voice on the other line sounds familiar is because its my own voice. I come back with a perplexed 'wtf is going on here?' A little bit more interference and then the line goes dead.

Hasn't happened before or ever since. To this day I'm 100% certain I know what I heard, and what I heard was my own self on the other line.

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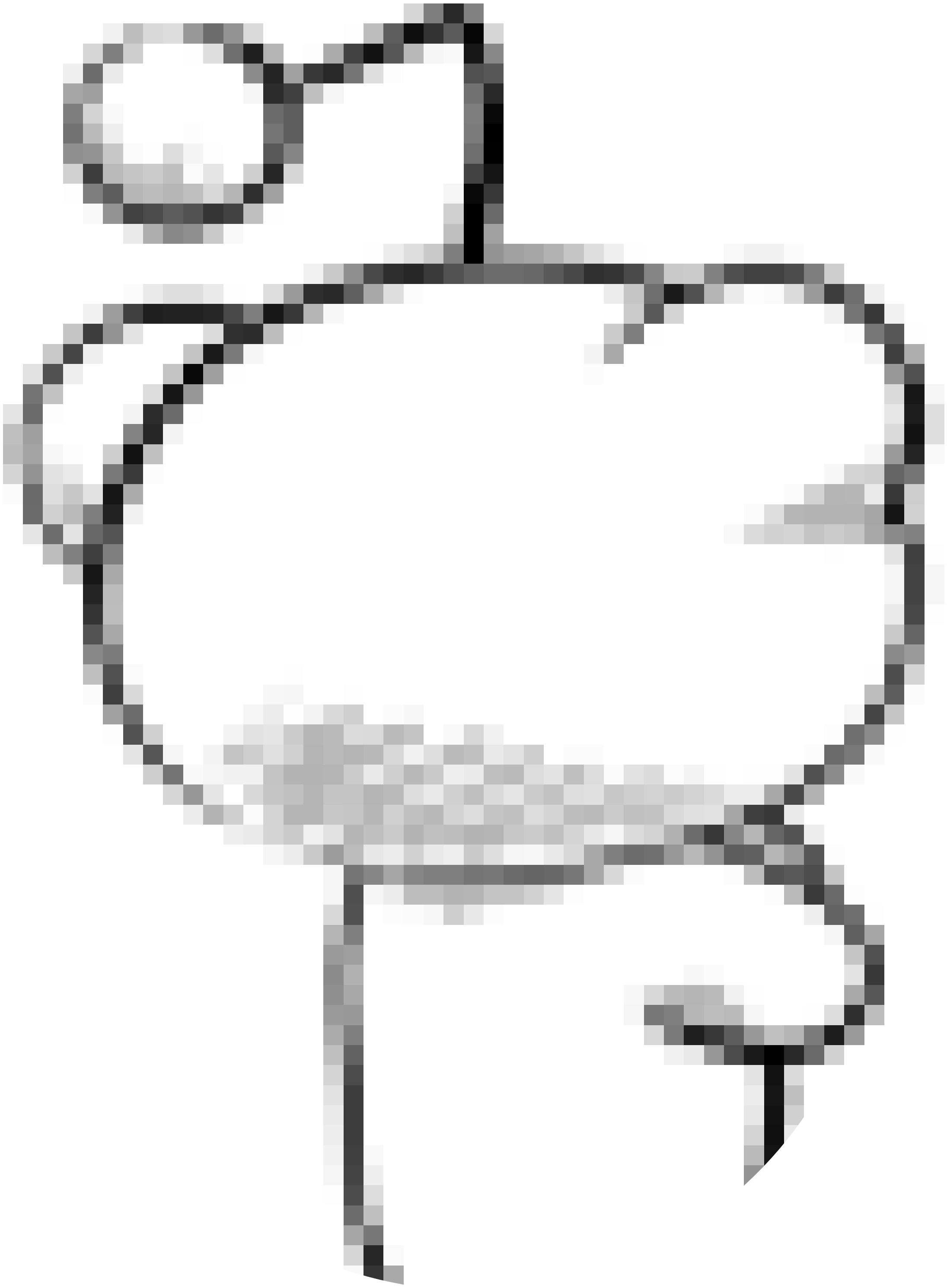

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â€¢ 13y ago

Probably seeing a bright orange orb flying through the night(twice!). Looked like the underside of a hot air balloon but was moving way to fast. Saw it once from the side as it was on the horizon, and one from directly below with a bunch of people sitting on my lawn for the 4th of July.

So googled it, basically one of these but moving as fast a plane but in a floating movement http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Atk_FRbi7ZA

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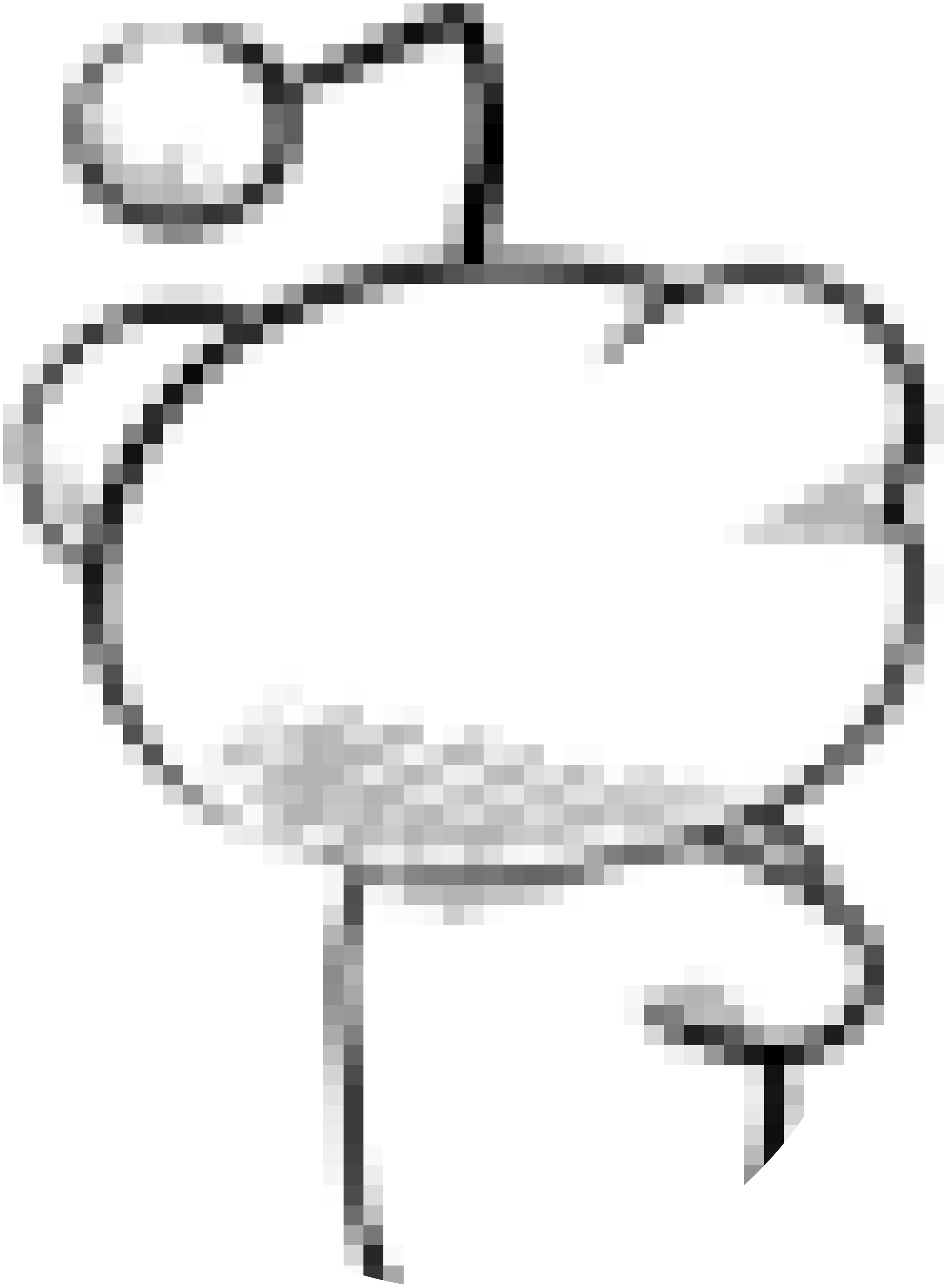

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â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 17 my next door neighbor gave me some camera equipment that belonged to her long deceased husband. Pretty cool Olympus half frame with the last roll film still in. Hadn't been used in at least 10 years.

Later than day, I'm sitting across from a bunch of friends, casually looking through the viewfinder when I see this huge bright light bouncing off the walls. For comparison my 580 ex at full power isn't half as bright.

My girlfriend nervously says, "I didn't know that camera had a flash..."

And of course the creepy thing is no, it didn't. Completely mechanical, no electronics.

Yet about a dozen folks saw this ball of light coming right from it. I saw it's reflection. The next picture in the sequence from that night is everyone sitting there with their jaws about to hit the floor.

I'm not religious, superstitious or prone to tales of the supernatural but have no idea what that was.

cornfused_and_cornho
â€¢ 13y ago

Most creepy: sleep paralysis. It is definitely explainable though. Nothing in this world is un-explainable. The thing about sleep paralysis is that our stupid bodies create a cycle of feeling venerable then threatened then more venerable and so on... Absolutely terrifying.

cornbread_tp
â€¢ 13y ago

I had just moved into an apartment, and had not seen a fly or anything in there, and I haven't seen one since. But out of nowhere, something like 15 big ass flies just show up, and start flyin around like they own the place. I swatted them just fine, but it was still a little weird.

And on a completely unrelated note, I saw some kind of UFO once. This was back when I was a sophomore or so in high school, and my parents place is in a very rural area. One day I am home by myself,some pretty strong wind picks up and the power goes out (I think the wind knocked a power line down somewhere). It was about an hour before sunset, but it was cloudy, making it darker inside, so I just wander out the front door to find something to do.

I then see something with a bright light hovering in the sky, about at a single engine plane's altitude. It was above some large hills a couple of miles from the house, and it kind of meandered around in the sky, making some sharp turns that an airplane shouldn't be able to do. Also, the damn thing didn't make any noise at all.

westayfree
â€¢ 13y ago

Some really weird shit when I used to live in one house in particular..I can't tell anyone though because when I do they just say I must have been on drugs or I am just flat out lying..yeah why the fuck would I need to lie about some shit to "impress" the goons I know? ..wtf.

edit : almost my entire family experienced this shit at the same time, so we must have all been on the same drugs.

jQuaade
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened to me and a friend during 4th (or 5th? around there) grade. I was sleeping over at my friends place, and we decided to sleep on floor in the living room, as opposed to his bedroom (I mean, why would you want to sleep in a nice comfy bed?). About 2AM we both wake up because someone is knocking on the glass door that leads into the other part of the livingroom from the garden. We go check on it, and an old, pale lady is standing there, knocking on the door while yelling random sentences. We were scared shitless. Beyond shitless. Obviously our screams woke up his parents, who went to check out on it. Turned out it was a mentally sick person that had somehow gotten away from her caretakers.

I've never slept at his place since then.

ameliasaurusrex
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok. Two stories here. One involving a ghostly presence, the other a demonic presence.

I'm currently renting a house with another person. This house is in the Deep South and a little under 100 years old, with no insulation, four fireplaces, and buttons for light switches. Anyway. One night, I'm home alone, tucked up in bed when I hear a god awful choking/heaving sound coming from the kitchen. It was loud and sounded like it was coming from something big. I lay in my bed listening for a few minutes, waiting for it to stop. It doesn't. Finally, it scares me so bad, I jump out of bed, grab my mag-light, baseball bat, turn on all the lights and rush out the door to see what it could be. As soon as I turned my door handle and flung the door open- it immediately stopped. Dead silence. I felt my skin crawl. I did a lap around the house searching for what could have caused the sound and found nothing. I haven't heard the sound since.

When I was about sixteen, I became extremely interested in all things vampires (not the Twilight shit). I had been reading a book called "The Occult Truth About Vampires". Part of the book described a psychological vampire, in which they attack at night when you're falling asleep, draining you of your energy. People in the book had reported feeling immense pressure on their chests, unable to scream for help or move. I read this, thought nothing of it and went to bed. I awoke with pressure on my chest, the feeling of impending doom and wrestled, trying to free myself. I finally broke loose and booked it to my parents room because I was so freaked out. Upon entering my parents unlit bedroom, a huge shadow stood next to the door way, looming over me. I'm 5'10", and it towered over me. Not only was it shadowy looking, it had a multidimensional form to it. It took my breath away and I started gasping, feeling the most paralyzing fear- I knew immediately it was a demon, without a doubt. Ever since, I refuse to entertain my mind with any thought of demons. Won't watch movies, read books, or play games with demons in the storyline. Nothing like that has happened to me since and nothing has scared me as bad. To this day, I still look over my shoulder when I go into my parent's room.

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greedyguy

â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid, I dreamed I was in my room in the dark. The phone started ringing so I went to pick it up. It was a cordless phone which was weird because my family only had corded phones (not even cell phones). Anyways, I put it up to my hear and all I heard was this loud breathing. My body froze, I was so cold, and suddenly I started falling and before I hit the ground, I knew I was dead. As soon as I "died" I woke up. I could see everything but for some reason, I couldn't move my body. I remember tensing and curling one finger on my right hand and every time I would close my eyes I would get the most nightmarish hallucinations.

I didn't sleep that night, and ever since that day, I've never dreamed again. Maybe I have but I've never remembered a dream again. I used to have such vivid, beautiful dreams...

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

My parents lived in a town in Northern Ontario, built on top of a community of Quakers that had been around since the early 1800's. the top floor of the house had four bedrooms, and three of them were right next to each other. Just barely down the hall was the washroom that my brother and I shared. For years, I slept with my door closed. No reason, really, that's just how it was. One night, I decided to sleep with it open. My mom had a little night-light in the hallway that was always on, and I was staring out at it, annoyed by the light but too lazy to get up, contemplating if I should go turn it off or shut my door. No, too much work, too tired. Right before I rolled back into bed, I heard a click coming from the third room (at that time, a spare room). I looked up to see a shadow shaped like a man run from the bedroom into the washroom. It was like a shadow that hung in the air. Not on walls or the floor like a normal shadow. It was in the shape of a man about six feet tall.

After that night, I saw it two or three more times. This made me realize that I wasn't loosing it, but surely someone else would have to have seen it!

A few months later, a few friends were staying for the weekend. One was sleeping in my room as I had passed out downstairs. He came to me in the middle of the night shaking and wining about a "shadow that ran from the bedroom to the washroom". That was the first time someone else had seen it.

Almost a year later, my cousin was on leave from his work in the military and was staying with us. He came to me at 1am to ask how to spell "salmon" (I think he was journaling or something), and was standing in my doorway. He was sleeping in the room where the shadow would run from. As he turned to go back into bed, he jumped backwards and fell into my room. He too, complained about seeing the shadow man.

I've since moved away and haven't seen it for years, but my parents still live in that house.

⊕ 2 more replies

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nomercyvideo
â€¢ 13y ago

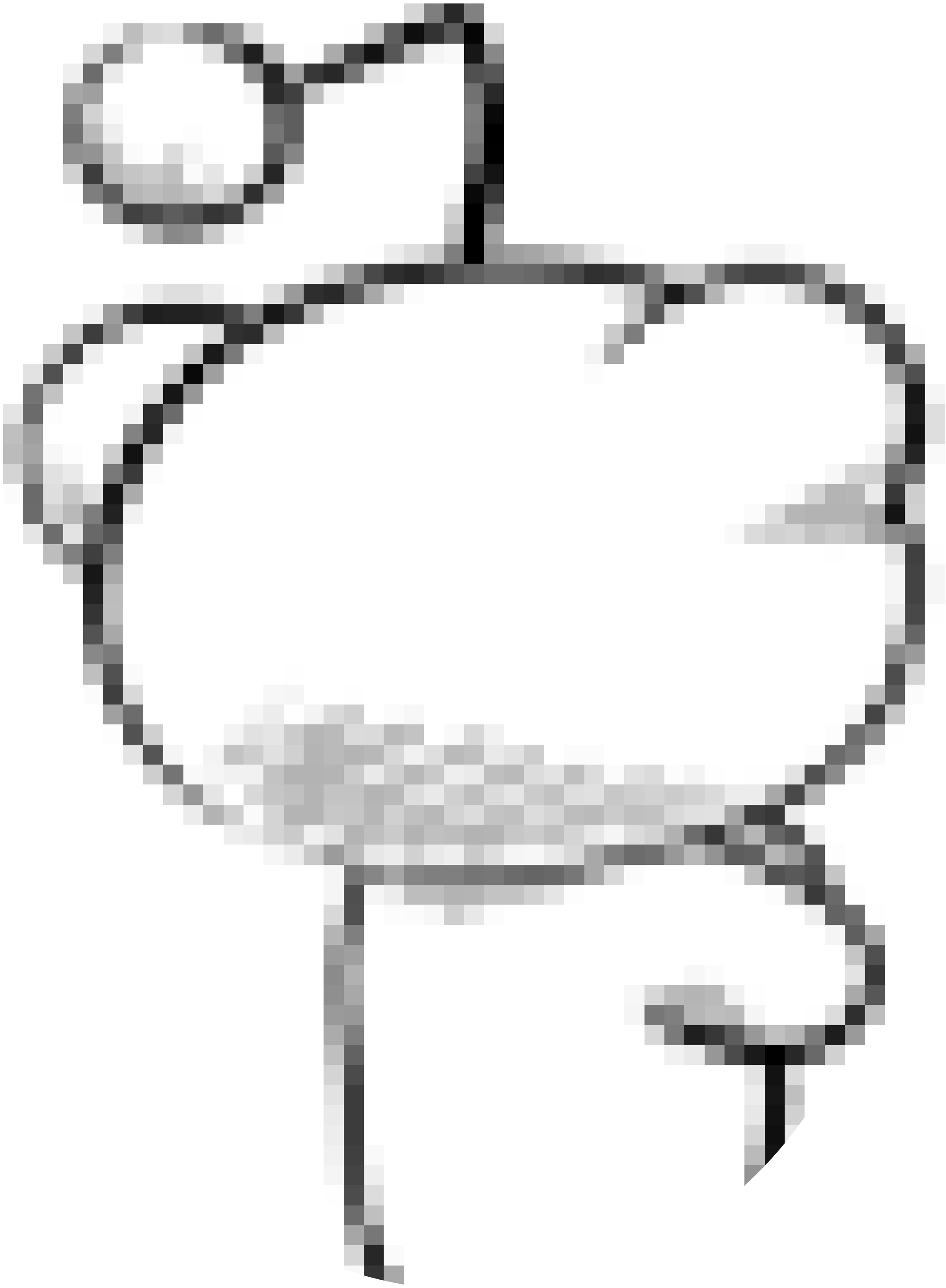
I was working on a film called "Reel Evil" and we were filming in the famous Linda Vista hospital.

Everyone was at another part of the hospital and I was by alone near the craft food table, like us fat kids do.

I was sitting in a chair, buttcrack most likely exposed, when I feel a finger poke me deep in the bootycrack.

I jumped up and was prepared to playfully attack whoever did it.... but no one was there. I looked for someone hiding too. Still have no idea what caused it.

TL;DR - I was booty poked by casper



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â€¢ 13y ago

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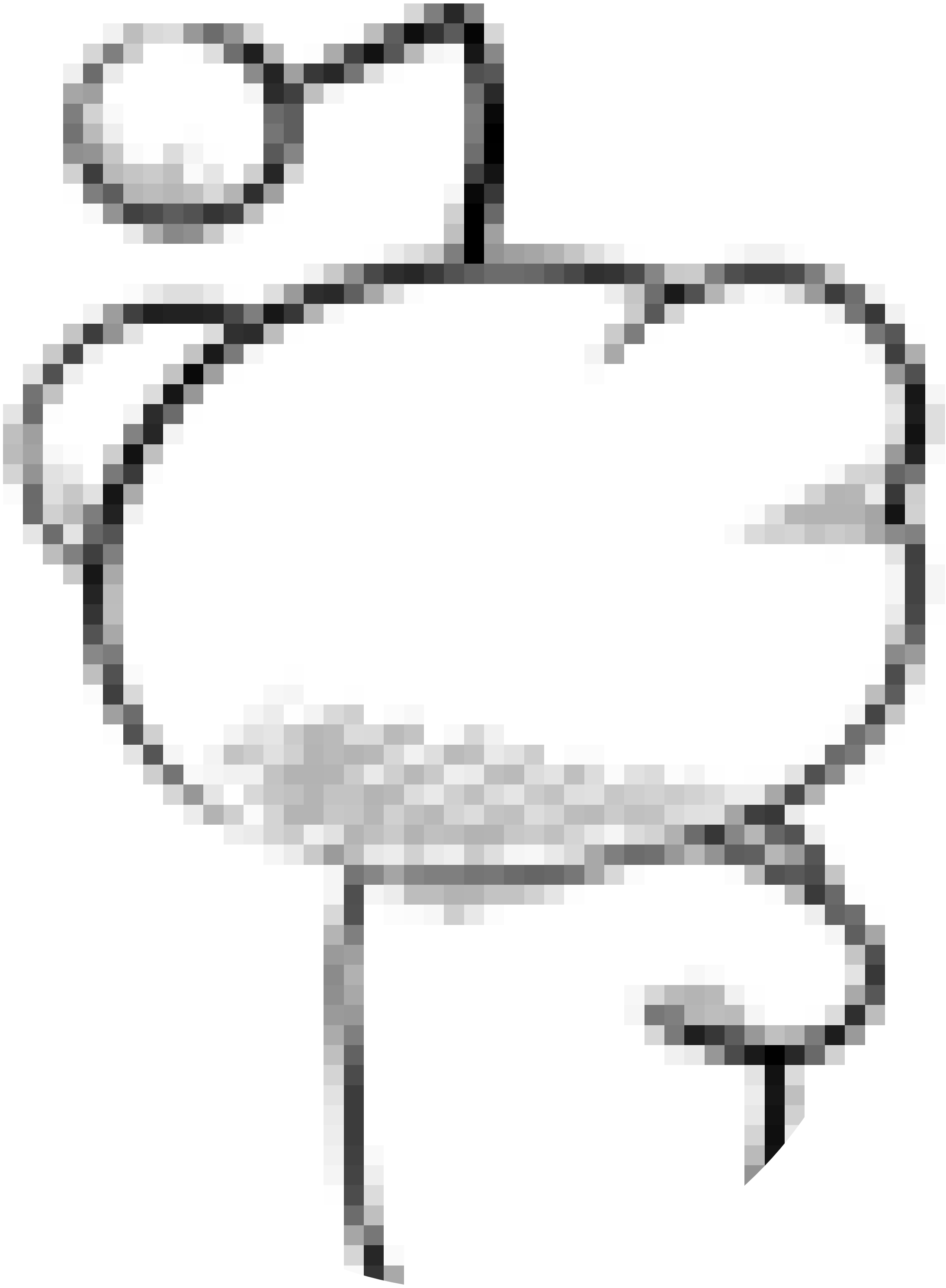
purg3be
â€¢ 13y ago

lucid dreaming (unintentional)



FiveAliv3
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm not sure how one would categorize this. Lucid dreaming or sleep paralysis, but anyways. It was just this past summer and I was going to bed, and I soon fell asleep but for some reason I was awake at the same time. Here is the creepy part, I was standing at the edge of my bed seeing myself sleep but at the same time I can feel myself that I was laying in bed conscious of what is happening but unable to move. I struggled for awhile to move, an arm, leg, toe whatever! Soon I woke up and it was still middle of the night, and the things visualized while I was hovering at the end of my bed, such as blanket/pillow placement and stuff around me was exactly how it was when I felt that I was watching myself sleep.

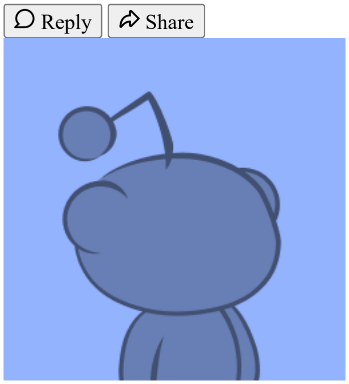
I felt so scared, or atleast "the one" lying in bed trying to move and get myself to wake up because it creeped me the fuck out.

Reply Share

Stuckinablueroom
â€¢ 13y ago

I was visiting my grandfather in the hospital one day when he was on his death bed. The old lady in the room next to his was very very sick so I was not surprised when I heard whispering in the hall that she had died. My grandpa randomly waved towards the close door and said oh I see you are leaving. I turned and saw noone and asked him who he was talking to he said its the lady from the next room. This couldn't have been a joke bcs my grandpa Is practically deaf and you have to yell at him so he can hear so he had no way of knowing she had passed away . I was pretty scared.

Reply Share



Quail_eater
â€¢ 13y ago

Told it before but it fits here.
I live in an old farm house and we have one of those 'Haunted rooms' At the moment it is my sisters. Anyway my dad told me that people in the room have a recurring dream, a short fat old man is at the bottom of the bed shaking their foot as if to wake them up. It happened to my dad first when he was in his twenties he came and told his mother that he had had the weirdest dream, she said, 'let me guess. Was there a little old man at the bottom of the bed shaking your foot? Harold, Ronnie and David (her brothers) have all seen him too.' so my dad said yep that was him. He showed up a few other times with my uncle and a guy who was renting the house for a few years. I asked my grandmother about who slept in the room normally when she grew up and she said, 'Oh goodness no it was only for rare occasions when the house was full, I don't know how your sister can sleep in there.' A few years ago I was up stairs with my grand mother when we passed the room I asked her if she thought it was haunted, her reply was the most frightening thing she tensed up and said, 'we don't use that word in this house Quail_eater, never use that word' Personally I have never seen or heard anything other than the house creaking now and then but I find it hard to look into the room when I walk past.
TL;DR The story of a recurring dream of a little old man that stands at the bottom of the bed in a room in my house, the dream has been had by numerous people sleeping in the room.

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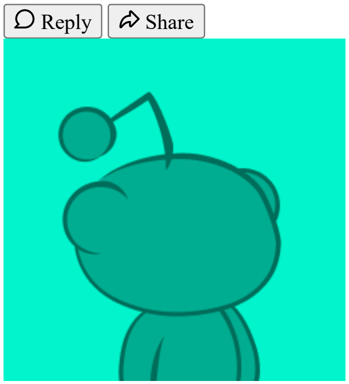


LonesomeBob

â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 10 years old, I watched the Exorcist and got freaked out. Starting reading up on devil worship, then one day the phone rang, I picked it up, and there was a deep voice speaking really fast gibberish. I asked, "Who is this?", and the voice replied "YOU KNOW WHO THE FUCK THIS IS!" I froze and hung up the phone. This was pre-caller id and pre-star 69.

Reply Share

Popsspop23
â€¢ 13y ago

Don't believe in the supernatural realm but this had me an my gf spooked the other night. We were stayin at the rents house while they were on vacation, of course partying a bit. I opened the back sliding glass door due to smoke from burning scallops.

Long story short I wake up around 530 am to urinate and get a cup of water. I leave the previously closed bedroom door open because it got hot in her room. @ about 550 am I wake up to footsteps and the sound of a garage/room door closing. She wakes up startled by the sound of the door, only I heard footsteps. She immediately turns around and asks me if I closed the back door... Neither of us did.

Apparently either someone was walking by and found a nice house to sleep in or they were watching us as we slept. By far the most creeped out I have ever felt.

Reply Share

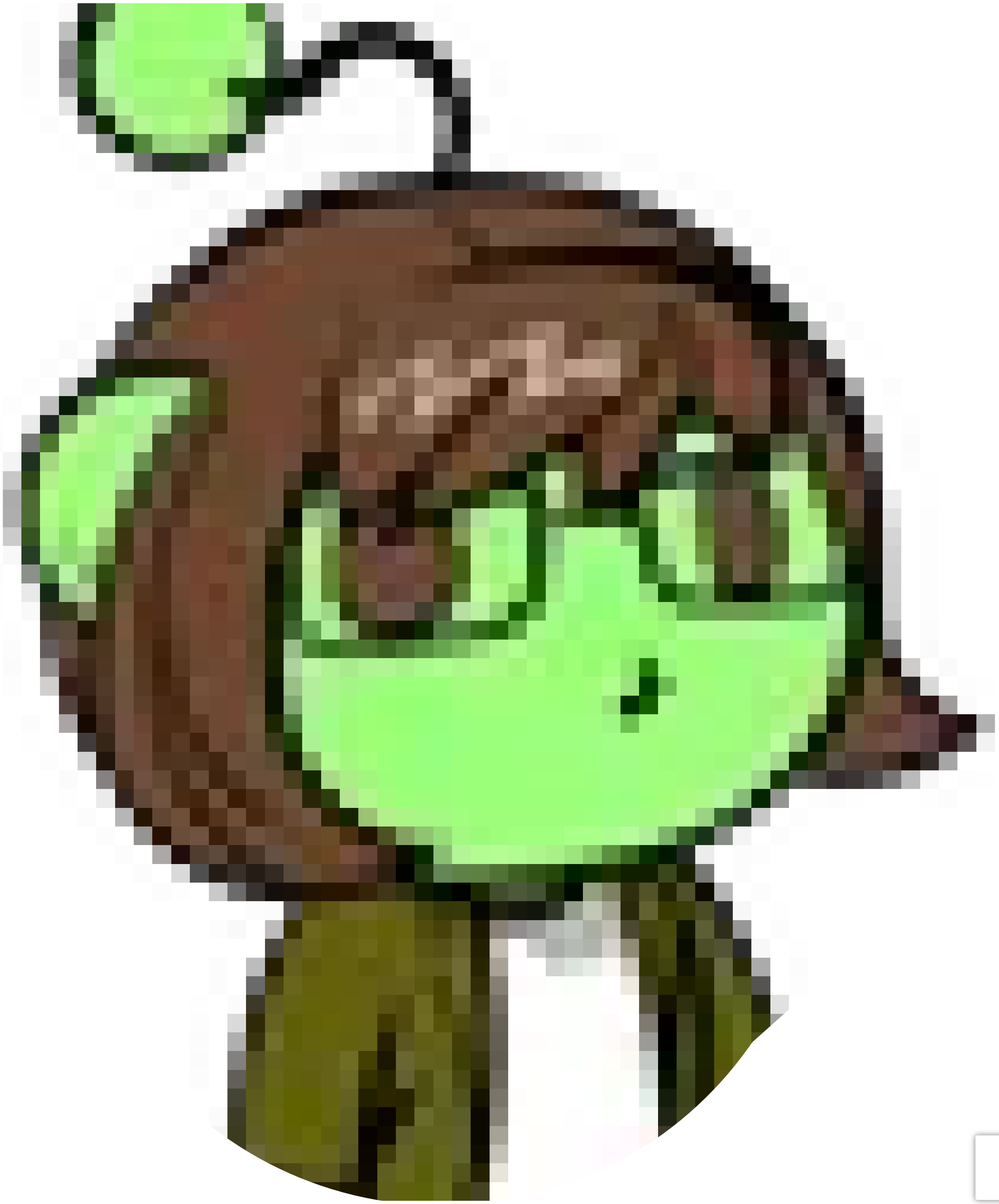
heimdal77
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid I was into that whole Astral projection stuff and was trying do the OB meditations. Well one time I was doing it and was in fairly deep suddenly feeling like something was pounding on my chest so hard that it was bouncing me on top of the bed I was laying on. Needless to say this freaked me right out of doing it and still freaks me out a lil thinking back to it.

Reply Share

dogdiarrhea
â€¢ 13y ago

I like that the thread title pretty much reads: "I'm not saying it's aliens, but it's aliens".



[FunnyFiska](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Pretty much the only supernatural experience I've had so far...

Last year I worked part-time at a bookstore in the airport, and I was doing stuff in the back room when I clearly heard what sounded like an entire rack of magazines falling over on the other side of the wall. I dashed outside expecting to see magazines strewn all over the floor and a sheepish-looking customer standing awkwardly nearby, but everything was in place when I got there.

I stared at the rack for a bit, shook it off and went back to work in the back room. Upon entering the room, some movement on the top shelf caught my eye. There was a box nearly overflowing with travel accessories on it and I could clearly see the topmost items shifting around in the box. I was spooked and promptly exited the room without saying a word, but I forced myself to calm down and reasoned that it was probably the work of a rat that had got in somehow. I went back into the room and stared at the box to see if it would move again - it didn't, so back to work.

Later I asked my supervisor if there were ever any rats in the back room and she said no. I told her my story and it was then that I found out such odd occurrences (like sensing ominous presences, seeing things) were actually pretty commonplace there - they just didn't bother to tell me about it. Though I suppose my supervisor saying a short prayer before opening every morning and closing every night should've tipped me off somewhat...?

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Well, I guess this isn't as bad as some stories on here but when I was 8 I had a room in the basement of my house that I shared with my older brother. It was always sorta creepy but most sounds could be explained by mice or my family living upstairs. Well, the basement extended all around the house and a stairwell to the main floor which was located in the center. Our room was in a corner so we had to walk through a section that was just creepy old basement, and it always felt wrong.

I understand that basements in are creepy as a fact, but this was probably the worst contender I have ever been in. It started once where I swear I saw someone in the unfurnished portion but the lights were off. I summoned all my courage to investigate. I turned the lights on and went around the stairs but no one was there. Then it sounded like someone was very softly walking up the stairs so I figured one of my brothers were screwing with me. I guess I should mention that the basement went around the stairs and was stopped by the wall to my room, so he had to have been hiding close to the door because he couldn't have slipped by myeas I was tremendously on edge.

I remember waking up one night and thought there was someone moving around my room, I could hear them but there was no one there. I looked around to where the noise was coming from, near the door but in my room, and I just couldn't find anyone. I pretty much just blamed my imagination and pulled the blankets over my head.

The last thing I remember really happening pretty much sealed the deal as to there being something in the house with us. When I would walk up the stairs, the door was normally closed at the top, and I would have to turn the light off via a switch at the bottom. As you could imagine, this meant walking up the stairs in the dark which was pretty scary for an 8 year old. One time as I was walking up the stairs, the wall next to me just started banging. Something hit the basement wall four times really hard. I fell and climbed the stairs as fast as I could. I almost pissed my pants. I'm so glad we moved out shortly afterwards.

My brother also experienced some weirdness down there but we never told our parents. Our family was very academic, so we figured nobody would believe us. Well, that's my story.

PaperPhoneBox
â€¢ 13y ago

I've got a few between most of my family, but I'll give you one that happend to me.

I used to deliver newspapers to stores in the early AM and listened to coast to coast AM. Back when Art Bell was host.

One night Art had a guest that tought how to have an out of body experience and also how to help people NOT have one. Sleep paralasys can sometimes happen to a sleeper and while this is the first step leading into an OBE, it is scary if you are not wanting one.

Few hours later its about 4am, Im home and asleep, some time later I snap wide awake for no reason at all. I try to get up to see what time it is but i cant move. I am completly immobile.

Because of what i heard later that night I instantly recognize the stage of sleep paralasys I'm in and then the second stage begins...

Just before an OBE people will hear a loud roaring/ wooshing sound all around them. Like a sustained wind, but the sound of it only. Art's guest described this as transition from the physical to the astral body. according to him all that was left for me to do was "push" or roll out of my body.

I wanted to so badly, but I became afraid. Panic started to set in so i did as the guy said and focused on trying to move a toe or a finger as opposed to my whole body. I quickly gained the ability to move again, the roaring stopped and I lurched out of bed. I was very much awake, I did not go back to sleep and sat there till the sun rose.

To this day I still regret not taking that next step.

Reply Share

rubbishfoo
â€¢ 13y ago

Some pretty creepy stuff in here. But I have to say that I really enjoyed a few of these stories. I don't have much experience w/ any of this... but here is my ONE story:

When I was in my early 20s, I used to live in Bloomington, Illinois. I was between jobs & started working for a lady who ran a small house cleaning business.

We would arrive at her place in the morning, get our supplies & address lists & set off to do the work that was queue'd up. On this particular day, I was working with a guy named Phil. I sure don't remember his last name... college student at ISU, nice guy, but about what you would stereotype as your typical young adult college guy.

So anyways... we get to this house on the east side of town. We knock on the door - the lady who lives there comes to the door. Talked to her for a bit & she explains that she wants the upstairs & downstairs cleaned. "Sure no problem" I said. She says that she has to run out to take care of a couple of errands and that there is a check on the table for us to take when we leave.

Phil looks at me and says - "I'll do the downstairs if you want to take the upstairs." "Sounds good" I say back.

So I go upstairs... cleaned the kids bedrooms, clean the hallway bathroom... and then I walked into the Master Bedroom.

I'm not sure how to say this... I walked into this room and felt kinda funny. Not terrified or anything or even creeped out... but I guess the best way to explain my feeling was that it seemed like "hey notice this room". Ok... I cleaned it. I then proceeded into the master bathroom... and felt the same damn thing in there... It's as if these were completely ordinary rooms, and they seemed somehow extraordinary and I couldn't explain why. There was a small portion of the mirror in the master bathroom that had been roughed a little bit - you know, how it is no longer reflective? I can still recall exactly how it looked. I still don't know why I remember that detail & it is fairly irrelevant to the story... but may explain that my brain was filming this.

Anyways... I finished cleaning the upstairs, went downstairs and helped Phil with the remainder of the home - grabbed the check, and packed up to head out.

So we get in the car & Phil says to me - "do you know where we just were"?

"Nope" I said.

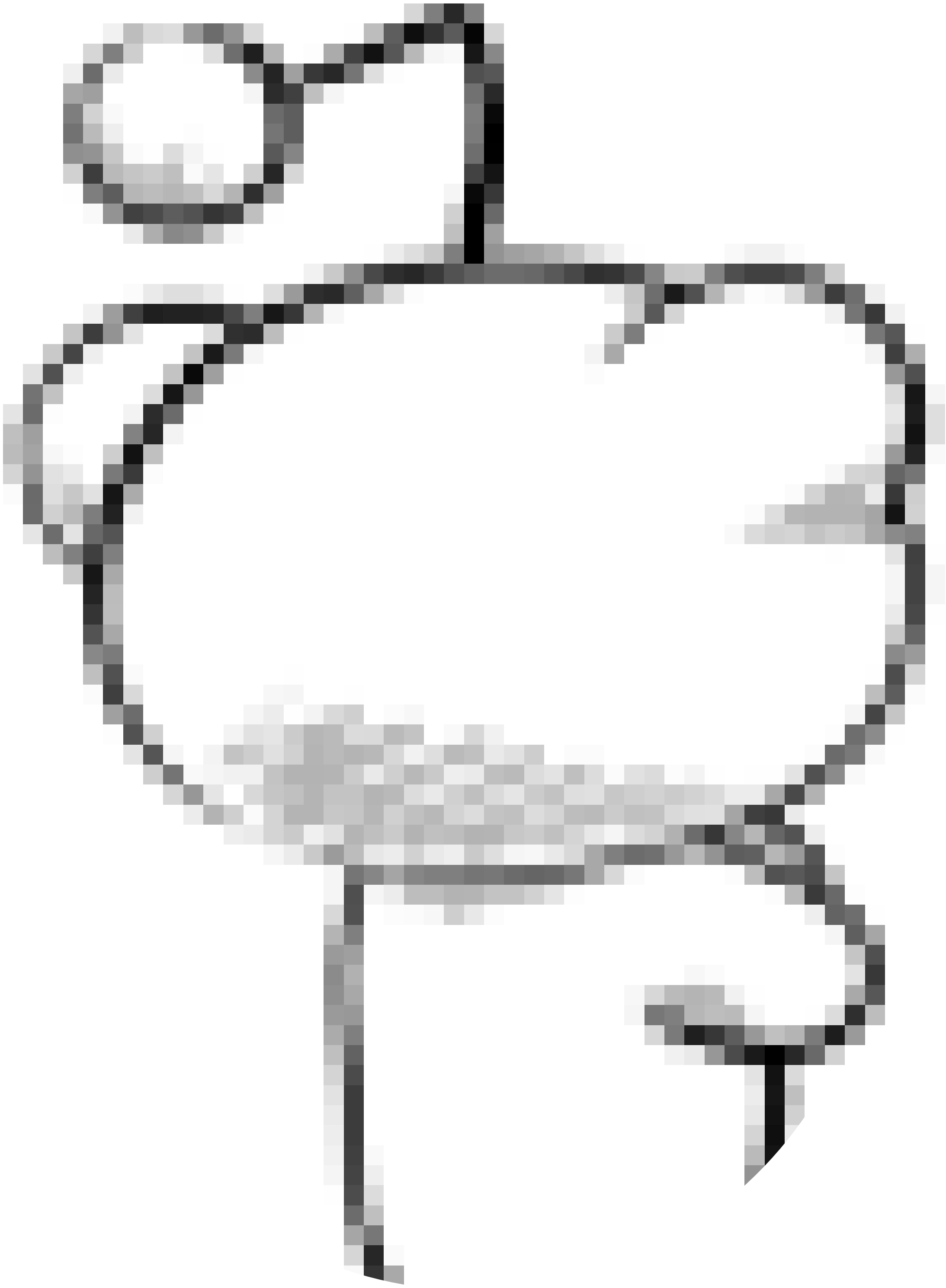
Phil then says "That was the Hendricks house".

"What is the Hendricks House"? I asked...

He then begins to explain to me the story of David Hendricks who lived at this address (not going to post it here, you can find it on google if you look around). David Hendricks was tried for murdering his wife and three children, convicted, and sent to prison. Later released in 1991.

There has been much speculation on this topic over the years and several books were written about the murders, the investigation, and if he was truly guilty of the charges. I cannot claim to have any more information on the subject - though I am interested in reading one of the books "Reasonable Doubt" that was about these events.

All I can say with certainty is that I have ZERO experience with the supernatural... I went to this home, and noticed that an ordinary room seemed like something had happened there, but I couldn't put my finger on it, and later learned a gruesome story about where I had occupied space in the universe.



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â€¢ 13y ago

I have 7 cousins on my mom's side. All of us have had the same dream about our Grandmothers house. A house which most of it was built in the early 1800s.

The dream is that we push on a back wall of one of the bedroom closets and access hidden vaults and passageways behind the walls, stairs to hidden parts of the house. The closet in particular is rather creepy, it seems to go back forever as it was. So we never tried it.

My grandma had a psychic out at the house cuz she was kind of into weird stuff like that. The psychic said there was something evil calling people into that closet and refused to go in.

Reply Share

TheLoveTin
â€¢ 13y ago

Went to check out an abandoned, supposedly haunted, house onhalloween.

Looked like a family had gotten up and left in the middle of dinner...kids had been using the living room for satanic rituals. No power.

Walking away, a light came on upstairs...this was in the middle of nowehete, not a reflection.

Reply Share

TrippyElmo
â€¢ 13y ago

My mother brought a statue of an angel home one day. Days after that I started acting a fool since I was left home alone and started talking shit to the statue. Passed out on my living rooms couch and woke up to being home alone. still half asleep, I grab my ipod and head to the bathroom. I put music on but briefly I turn it off and set it on the ground. I'm sitting there and I start to hear a little boys cry. Now I'm thinkin its one of the neighbors BUT, my neighbors don't have kids. So I'm wondering where could it be coming from. I listen closely and I hear it coming from below me. I find it strange but I lose focus and grab my ipod off the ground and I set it on the counter next to me...now the crying is even louder and I hear it to the left of me... In amazement, I look at my ipod and reality check myself if its truly think its actually coming out of the ipod. I grab it and I checked if it was off...it was...I grab the headphones and put them close to my ears and I fucking hear a little boy crying ever so clear throught my headphones...I freaked out and threw my ipod across the room. I was left stumbled and thinking "was that real" trying to find explaination I don't have a clue how that happened. But then I remembered about the statue and how I ducked with it...once done handling my business, I stepped out and actually apologized to the statue. Maybe the day after, I told my mom to get rid of it

Reply Share

somethingstupid_
â€¢ 13y ago

Not that creepy but I woke up, but for some reason I couldn't move, and I see this lady standing in the corner of my room but I can't do anything! I can't cry for help or move at all. And I can't she her face but she's just THERE. About 5 - 10 minutes later I can move so I start screaming but once I can move she's just gone.

Parents told me it was sleep paralysis or something like that.

Reply Share

StubblesTheClown
â€¢ 13y ago

Oh well this thread is wonderfully perfect for me! I was just telling this story the other day. So I was living in DC in 2010 and I visited my friend Will's house on Logan Circle. The house was very old, as all of the houses on that block were historical properties and had been there since DC was first built. When I first walked in, I immediately felt some intense energy and even more as I looked around the house. So I mention it to Will and he becomes exasperated, saying that people keep telling him that and it makes it hard for him to fall asleep at night. He said he didn't want to talk about it but his house did kind of give him the creeps. Anyway, a bunch of friends meet us there and we go out to the bar for a bit before coming back to Will's to crash. When everyone had gone to sleep I took a moment to "listen" to the house and really pay attention to the creepy energy I felt. All of a sudden, I just "knew" things about the house-- I knew about a wife and two children, a little boy and a little girl. I knew the little boy liked to spy on people and the little girl was really shy (all these random details kept flooding into my mind.) I sort of just "saw" them with my minds eye. And then I felt this more palpable energy "come home" and all i could keep thinking was "BLACK, dark, angry, stern, militaristic" and that he was a philanderer. It was really strange how many details were just popping into my mind. I wasn't even really scared but the feeling of there being other entities present was overwhelming and spooky. When Will woke up I told him about it, and I asked him if he knew anything about the history of the house. He said he did not.

Enter: The Internet. I decide to do a little research on Logan Circle and what I found was very interesting. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Logan_Circle,_Washington,_D.C.

If you didnt read the article, the main point is that Logan circle was named after a General in the Civil war, and If you look at the picture on the wiki, you'll see which house is General John A. Logan's house. And guess whose house I was in. So I decide to do some snooping about of John A. Logan's family (who I'd never seen before or even hear about) and my jaw literally fell to the ground. It was a picture of the exactly family I saw in my "vision."

http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/3/34/Logan_family.jpg/200px-Logan_family.jpg

And Gen Logan's army nickname? "Black Jack" It really freaked me out that I knew all of this. Never happened again.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I only have three scary stories and they all have rational explanations :(.

Royal7

â€¢ 13y ago

Jinn; nuff' said. Look it up.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

1337N00B5T3R
â€¢ 13y ago

These 2 girls and I were at this middle school park at around 9 or so. It was dark out. We were talking and having a good time, casually making jokes and every once in a while a sex joke came out. It was one of those innocent type of nights. We went to one of the objects close to the woodline, and after about 2 minutes of playing around on it, we heard this bloodcurdling scream that just sounded supernatural. I can't even begin to explain it except it sounded like something you would have heard in a movie. It sounded like mixing a werewolf with a banshee. To this day, I still can't explain it.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Probably isn't the worst one, but this last summer my buddies and I went camping in the rolling hills of New Mexico, literally in the middle of nowhere, we hiked in so there were no roads or even a pthway to get where we were. Around 11:30 pm while we were sitting arpound the campfire talking, this incredibility bright blueish white light flooded the ground where we sitting for about 5 seconds. 5. Long. Seconds. We thought of everything and nothing could explain it. We were iterally in the middle of nowhere. Next day Googled where we were and it was a old Indian burial ground about a forth of a mile away from where we camped.

Reply Share

[ummmwhut](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Not my story but my sister's. This happened when I was away at university.

Anyway my sister and my mom lived alone in my mom's house. One day my sister tried to call the house to ask my mom something, but instead of my mom picking up some random man did. My sister asked who he was and he hung up. My mom wasn't home at the time, but when she got home no one was there.

We don't know if someone broke into the house (nothing was missing, but beyond jewelery there's also nothing really worth stealing in my house anyway), or if the call somehow got misrouted or what, but it was creepy.

For the next couple weeks after someone kept calling the house and just breathing heavily into the phone. After awhile any time my mom or my sister didn't recognise a number they'd get my sister's boyfriend to answer the phone or just not answer at all if he wasn't around.

argh_minecraft
â€¢ 13y ago

THIS. http://i.imgur.com/lpiF7yH.gif

Addop
â€¢ 13y ago

All these damn ghost stories!

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I have night terrors, so maybe this is technically explainable, but I often see freaky things just before going to sleep or when waking up in the middle of the night. I scream uncontrollably, then they appear. It's usually aman standing over me, sometimes with a knife. Other times it's a little girl in the corner of my room. Sometimes, I don't see anything at allâ€”I just hear an invisible man whisper "Sarah" into my ear.

HeyItsCharnae
â€¢ 13y ago

Well, this is going to sound like I'm insane. But here you go:

My grandfather lived in east Texas at his really, really old concrete manufacturing warehouse. He was sort of a hoarder, and had tons of stuff in old cardboard boxes. It was dusty and cob-webby and old metal everywhere. It looked really similar to this, except way older and dirtier (pic I found on google, but damn close)

He was killed by a drunk driver who was driving on his side of the road when I was in 6th grade. After his funeral, my mom was in charge of his estate, and we had to go through EVERYTHING. It took over a year to get through most of it. My sister and I were too young to really help out much, but we went with to be with our mom.

My grandfather had a friend in town, Henry, who was helping my mom with clearing, and he offered to go get lunch for everyone. He asked if I wanted anything, but I didn't, and he left to pick up stuff for everyone else. It was around midday, and I was walking through that part of the warehouse that looked similar to the picture above, complete with the dark/damp atmosphere and rays of light shining through the windows. I was alone. Here's the part I cannot explain: From behind me, I heard Henry's voice as me "Are you hungry little girl?" I of course, thinking it was Henry (he had a very deep and unique voice, and there was no other men there with us) answered "No!" I turned around and there was no one there. Only shredded plastic on the windows scraping against the rusty rebar welded to the windows, which still barely made any noise. I ran like hell to get out of there, and to this day do not know what that was. It was not a dream. No one was tricking me. Henry hadn't come back yet and my mom and sister were ten minutes away on the other side of the property. It was terrifying.

Edit/ Grammar

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This one's probably only creepy to me, as nobody else had this happen to them and it sounds stupid, but I still hate walking down that path! I don't believe in anything supernatural but it's the best weird experience I have anyway...

I live in a small English seaside town where nothing exciting ever happens, so my friends and I used to walk up to and hang out in a small golf course at night (don't ask). Anyway to get to the course you have to walk down a dark narrow pathway surrounded by trees, sounds a bit cliched I know. For a period of about 6 months, almost every time I walked down there, something very physically 'touched' the back of my head or brushed my hair, I still cannot describe how it felt, it was like nothing any human could do and sent shivers down my spine, it definitely wasn't my friends or a tree branch. It made me spin round, freeze then run like a fucking lunatic every time, thus making me look stupid as I'm in my mid teens at this point. I even tried running through and wearing a hood sometimes but that shit still happened in the exact same spot. Eventually it stopped and I found out that there had been a fatal crash on the road just at the end of the pathway a while before this started, which hasn't helped my disposition!

[ImDotTK](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Just gonna post this now, it's 5am, and I am going to read this.

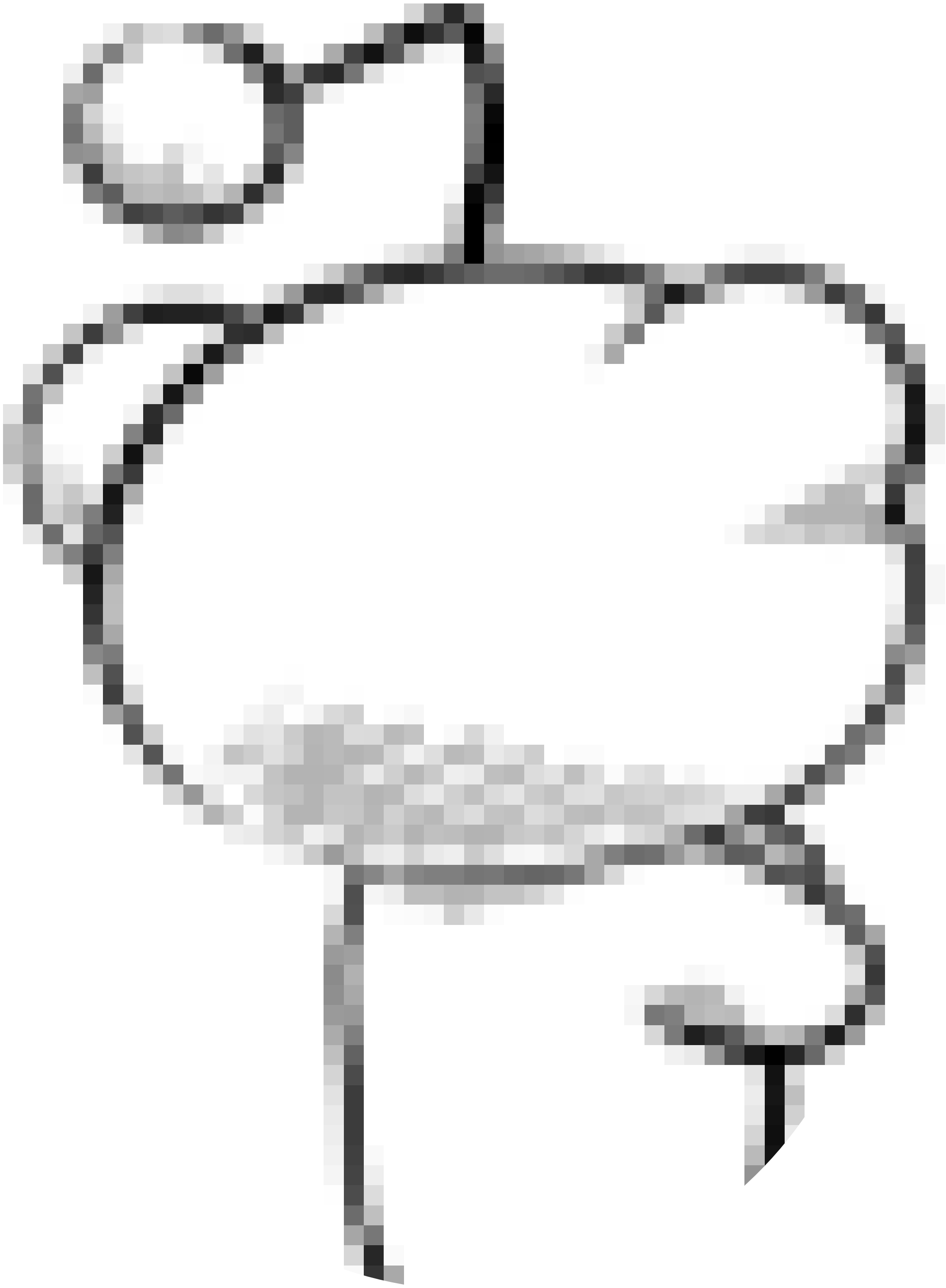
I am not sleeping tonight.

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

As a kid, probably about 8 years old, we had some new neighbors move in next door. I got to be friends with them, but never went inside their house. One night I had a dream that I was in their bedroom and of course in the dream saw the layout of the room, the bed placement, desks, etc.

A few weeks later I did get invited to their house and went upstairs into the bedroom. Everything was laid out and completely identical to the way I had seen it in my dream.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 13y ago

I was very young, possibly 3 or 4.... I woke up one night when it was storming and my mom was on the phone. All of a sudden, our back door swung open and there was a black outline of a man just standing there but he wasn't real. Then my mom went and shut the door.

I have seen him 2 or 3 times since then. I've told my mom and grandma and they have told me that he will also appear before them sometimes. He hasn't shown up in a long time but goodness I am scared when he does!

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My story really isn't that freaky compared to most but it freaked me out. This summer I had been watching TV late at night in the living room. I was just chilling and randomly heard loud bounding steps up the stairs from my room like someone had jumped over multiple steps. I didnt see anyone but it was kind of dark so I wasnt too freaked out I guessed my sister had been playing in the room connected to mind and called her name. After three or four times I heard nothing then she peeked her head out from her room. I asked her what happened and she claimed that she'd been in her room the whole time. Well I went to my brother who said he hadn't heard any noise like I had. More than a little freaked out I stayed in the living room and only went to bed after I turned a light on for the stairs.

Reply Share

[kkrusky](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Okay so I guess I have more of these then I thought regardless of the fact its going to get buried I need to share. My family took a trip to the Fairmont Banff Springs hotel to go skiing when I was probably 12. Our room was a two bedroom unit which was not in the original part of the building. This meant we had to walk a long ass way thru the whole hotel past multiple reading rooms and serving rooms. One day my dad went skiing and my mom and I decided to go to the pool. We got about half way there and I realized I forgot something so my mom walked me back to our room. When we got there our room key wouldnt open the door so my mom starts looking around for someone to help us with the door we look up and down hallways before returning to our room with the idea to try our key one last time. out of no where an older man in a fairmont uniform shows up and we explain our situation he simply nods and swipes his key card in our door and hold the door for us my mom turned to thank him and he was completly gone. No way he could have made it down the hallway that fast.

Reply Share

MoarPowah
â€¢ 13y ago

This was a lot more odd for my parents than me and I don't even remember it seeing as I was a child at the time(4 or 5 years old). My room was in the attic of my old house and my parents used to tell me they would hear me conversing with someone through the vents(older house with ceiling floor vents that ran throughout). They said I also used to tell them that I was playing with my 'friend' and they couldn't figure out what it may have been. To this day I have never had a truly scary story involving something other worldly, but it is creepy to think as a child I may have had that kind of interaction.

Reply Share

[MyBeardBtweenUrThys](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I was helping close up a bar one night, it's only me and the bartender, she's over behind the bar going over her end of the night numbers and I'm walking around turning off lights. I'm in the back room when I hear a *thud* and the bartender say "what the fuck?" I turn around and a chair in front of the juke box about mid point between the back room and the bar area had just flipped on to it's side without anyone near it. Come to find out a ledgend about the bar is that back in the 30's when it was a general store, the owner hung himself in it.

TL;DR Chair flipped itself in a supposedly haunted bar.

[daddys_gurl](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

when I was in the Army a gal I knew was dating this guy from Jamaica and she said she really didn't like him .. next thing we know she had married him ... she invited us over to her house and she told us that he practiced some kind of black magic and there was a closet that she wasn't allowed into. It was locked with a padlock. Walking by it you could feel cold emanating from it. Creepiest thing ever. We just figured he 'spelled' her into marrying him.

[titang](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I worked for a family at their shop in high school. Their 5 year old and 12 year old hung out there when not in school themselves. One day the 5 year old comes up to me and her mom while we were chatting during some down time and says she feels really bad that the cat got lost because he was hurt and no one would be able to find him. We thought she was just playing a game when she wouldn't give us any more detail than that. A few hours later one of their older friends comes in and asks if the boy and his dad if they could come help him out. He is in a wheel chair and can't get around very well. So they went to go help him and when they came back a little while later the boy was pretty sad. His mom asked what was wrong and he said while they were at his place they noticed his cat was missing so they all went out to search for him. They found him in the bushes across the street. He'd been hit by a car and had sadly crawled into the bush where he died. They hadn't been in the building when the little girl had mentioned the cat and we hadn't told them the story since we didn't think it was anything worth mentioning. We didn't tell the little girl about the cat dying since she'd become rather attached to it and we didn't want to make her sad but that night apparently she woke up crying for her mom because she knew she'd never get to see it again.

Reply Share

undead_rattler
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was little, like 6 or 7, my mom ran our church's youth-group. Every year we would take a trip to South Dakota, and I'd get to go with because my grandparents lived up there.

That year, we got to spend the night on an indian reservation. During the day, we got to goof off, so what do I decide to do? "Let's make a spear out of a stick and try to nab a fish!" Looking back, it isn't something I would normally do.

Later that night, we all went to sleep, but being younger, I fell asleep first. I don't really remember my dreams, so to me it's 'eyes close, wake up later with feeling of time passed and being rested'. During my sleep, I apparently SAT UP, and said *"They don't want us to be here. They said to leave"* or similar.

Then I laid back down and kept sleeping. They told me about it the next morning.

Sorry for any formatting issues, on my phone.

Reply Share

brendancummins
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm sitting in class and I hear a very low music, I assumed it was from another room and it gradually got louder and louder to the point where it sounds like I have headphones in and I'm looking around like a crazy person and I cover my ears and it becomes so loud it deafens me. I imediantly leave class and go home and fall asleep on my couch. Wake up in my bed the morning of the day I just lived. But when I woke up I didn't have that feeling it was a dream.

TLDR Lived a day twice or One of the most realistic dreams imaginable.

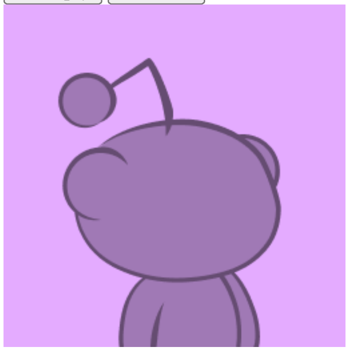
Reply Share

tehbanz
â€¢ 13y ago

This thing happened to me in my 2 story home in the little town of two rivers wisconsin. It was the middle of the night and I was around the age of 13-14. I woke up and went from my upstairs bedroom to the first floor kitchen to grab a glass of water. The way the house was set-up I had to walk through our living room towards the bay window to get to the stairs to my room. This night was no different than any other night except the luminescent blue figure of a native american staring into our bay window, Frightened at first I ran back into the kitchen and re-evaluated the situation. Peering around the corner I noticed the figure was still there, assuming at this point he meant no harm i slowly walked towards the stairs, he never moved. I ran up the stairs at full blast, hid under the covers and promptly forced myself back to sleep. I've never seen this man again, but often times I feel his presence. I know now that he meant no harm, and perhaps he was just watching over me. Perhaps had I turned around and peered into our sun room I would have seen a much more frightening figure that this blue man might have been guarding me from. Life was weird in Two Rivers

A comment i made in r/nosleep awhile back.

Reply Share



Azelphur
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid, around 10 years old, I was at this religious event. Note that I'm not religious at all, but they had rented a double decker bus and filled it with various consoles (playstations, n64's, etc), and I'm not one to turn down buses filled with fun.

One day I lost my bag, had lots of stuff in it. Me and my parents searched for it for ages and figured somebody had stolen it. My dad was talking to the guy who ran the event about it, and he decided to pray that I would find it, a matter of seconds after he completed said prayer, my mum comes walking along having found my bag in a nearby bush. Whoever had stolen it had taken my gameboy, but they left most of the expensive stuff in the bag.

Quite the coincidence.

Reply Share

Intergalactic_Hussie
â€¢ 13y ago

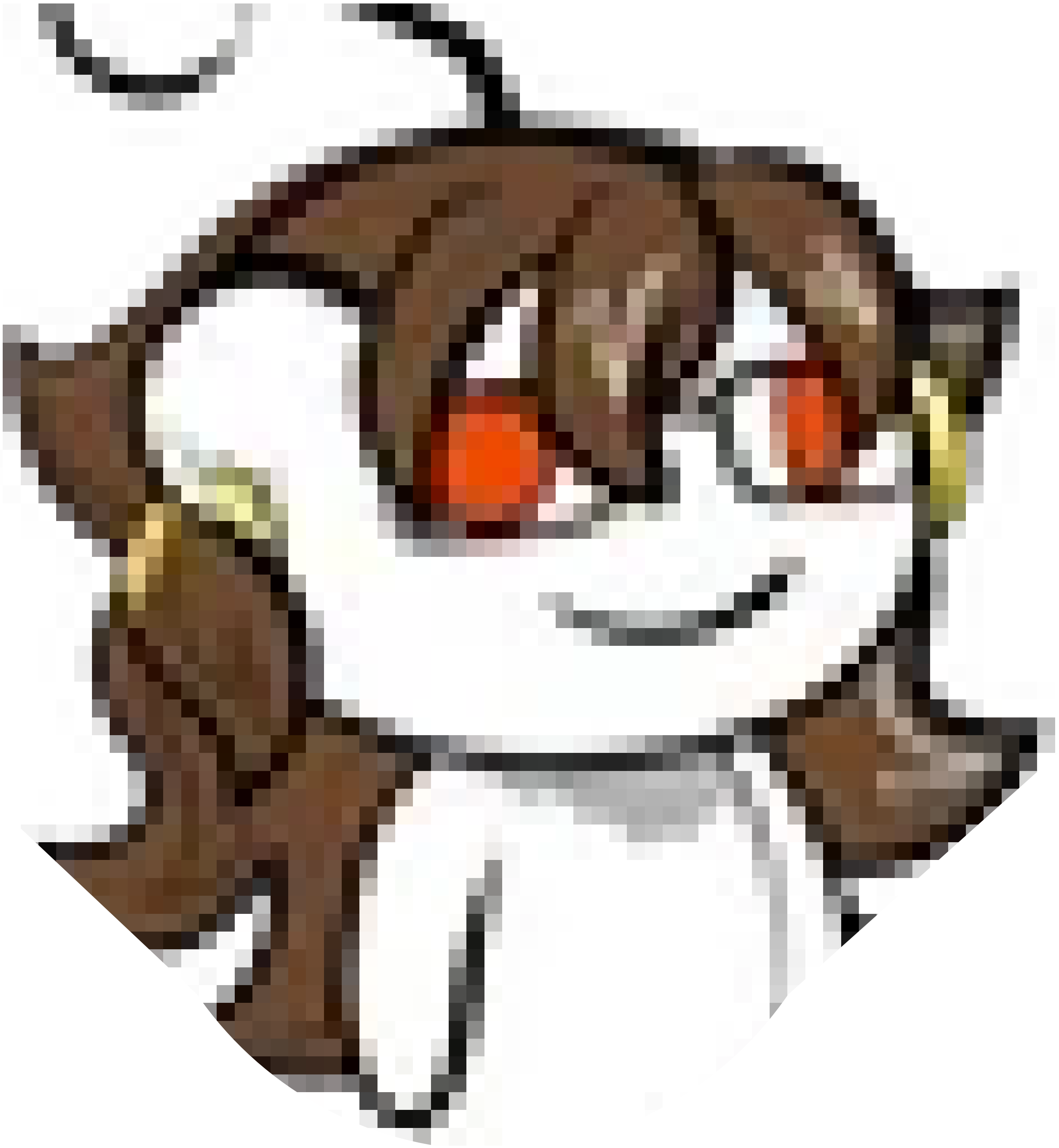
At an apartment I have since moved out of,there was a young boy that seem to want to play with my son.Who was about 4 at the time. One day he kept mentioning a "Johnny". "Johnny" wanted to play ,or he was going to play with "Johnny" Now this did not happen all the time ,it was rare if he said that .This went on about two or three days. And also his cousin name was "Johnny" plus he was young and I assumed it was just imagination. I had asked my son "So where is Johnny at ?" and he said " Right here" and pointed next to him! Of course there was nothing there! And one evening we came home, I was changing his baby sister my son had some toys and was running around playing.Then my son said "Mom,tell Johnny to stop ,tell him to leave alone he is not playing nice!" He pointed to the kitchen,and of course there was nothing there.

That was the last time "Johnny" was ever mentioned from him. And about two days later after a bad argument with my boyfriend,I was crying alone in the bedroom. I was trying to go to sleep,it was dark and had a lot of shit on my mind. I swear I felt a something small and cold touch my had for a full 2 seconds. I believe it, I believe that there was a spirit there.

raajneesh
â€¢ 13y ago

This kind of eerie coincidences is not uncommon throughout history. Carl Jung tried to scientifically look further in it in his work Synchronicity. It's very interesting.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Synchronicity



moriturí230
â€¢ 13y ago

Used to live in Virginia, right outside of Petersburg. One morning, probably around 1-2am I woke up for no discernible reason. I found myself looking out the window at the street. We had no streetlights so it was typically dark as shit. Out on the road, in the middle of the night, there was a column of civil war soldiers, cannon and all, just marching down the road. They were like a glowing bluish transparenty color. I dont recall any sounds, but there they were, just marching down the road.

Normally I'd have written it off as a dream or something, but my brother was on the bottom bunk and he said he saw the same thing that night. I cant say I'm all that surprised though, it was an old battlefield and that shit's haunted as hell.

thebigmack
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

These threads always spook the hell out of me but I keep reading haha. Here's three seperate stories I have that happened to my Mom, my grandmother and myself:

Story 1: My Grandma is a sweet hearted badass who raised her family of 5, practicably on her own in the east coast of Canada during the 1950's. The house they lived in at the time was very remote, dirt roads, trees, brush and open field countryside surrounded them. My grandfather didn't make much money and would be off on business trips with the car most of the time. They were quite poor and they didn't have electricity or indoor plumbing. Late one night, when all the kids were put to bed, my grandma was up, reading on the couch by candle light, waiting for my grandpa to come home. She sat facing the door, which had windows side by side. Suddenly, a powerful, constant green light erupted from the windows, completely illuminating the room, corner to corner for a few moments. like this. The part that makes this more unnerving is that there was no sound being made. Nothing. Cars would be able to be heard long before they drove by the house, there was no fireworks or a holiday to use them on, and there closest neighbors were a *very* long walk away. My grandma doesn't like to talk about it and the story was told by my Mom.

Story 2: In the early 2000's, My Mom had a restless night trying to sleep (one of many) because my Dad snores as loud as a firetruck. So she decided to sleep on the couch in our living room. Our house had two floors, which our living room was on the 2nd. The living room has a great big window Like this, but more modern. She eventually fell asleep, only to wake up an hour later. She turned her glance to the window to see what she called "a glowing orb, the size of a baseball" hovering in the window. It hovered there long enough to make my moms eyes widen the same size, and softly floated to the left and out of sight. Hearing my mom tell the story the next morning. I haven't seen a look of fear in her like that before :S.

Story 3! This isn't in the occult category but it was the strangest things I've ever seen. I never thought I'd see a UFO before and I'm still very skeptical at what I saw but it makes for a fun story! Roughly around mid April, 2011. I was out on a date with my girlfriend at a downtown pub, having dinner with her friends whom I was meeting for the first time. We left and we all parted ways. My girlfriend and I started walking up the block towards one of the busiest streets in the city to catch a street car, only to have something very strange catch my eye. Three stationary, horizontal ovals in the sky, that glowed and undulated with a firey streetlamp orange. I immediately stopped and stared. Whatever I was seeing was something different. Obviously, my thoughts went to aliens first but I kept a clear mind and stared at intensely watched while my girlfriend wanted to keep moving. The ovals were positioned like this and stayed that way for a minute. Then #2 and #3 softly started gliding towards #1 in different slow speeds. #2 stopped while #3 cought up and faded away below it. Moments passed and #2 continued its way toward #1, stopping just under it and faded away. The remaining oval #1 began to move left and displeasure behind the clouds. I heard no helicopters in the sky and planes don't glide and stop. I caught a picture of the 3 ovals but surprise surprise, it taken on my shitty 2 megapixel camera phone. You can only see 1 of the ovals and its grainy at best. I'll update with the pic when I get home from work. I feel like one of those goofy people with a lame UFO story and shit proof to boot -_-. Surely, OP will deliver, right? haha

tl;dr. Story 1: A green light filled the living room of my grandmothers house in the 50's. Story 2: My mom saw a wisp float by our living room window at 1am. Story 3: I saw 3 spooky oval UFO's in the sky that glided and faded away.

Reply Share

Dioxic
â€¢ 13y ago

This is a little late, but I've never told anybody this.

Back in high school I used to sleep on a futon in the living room. At night the house would get extremely dark because we lived on the edge of the city, which meant less light pollution.

So I go to sleep this night, just like any other night, and something violently jerks me awake, I couldn't totally comprehend what it was at first, but I knew something was incredibly wrong when I realized I couldn't move. Then out of nowhere I realize there's a dark shadowy figure standing above me....it was about 8 feet tall and was just a pitch black silhouette of darkness shrouded within the already dark shadows of night.

I immediately freaked out and wanted to move, to scream, to do something, but I. I was stuck and at the mercy of this thing's will. Then it began to couldn't speak. At this point I'm loosing it because I can't understand it. It's not english, but instead some sort of guttural demonic speak, that sounds like no language I've ever heard or capable of being spoke by human tongue. It seemed like I was paralyzed there for hours with nothing in the world but me and this thing. Finally, all of a sudden, I could move and just like that it was gone.

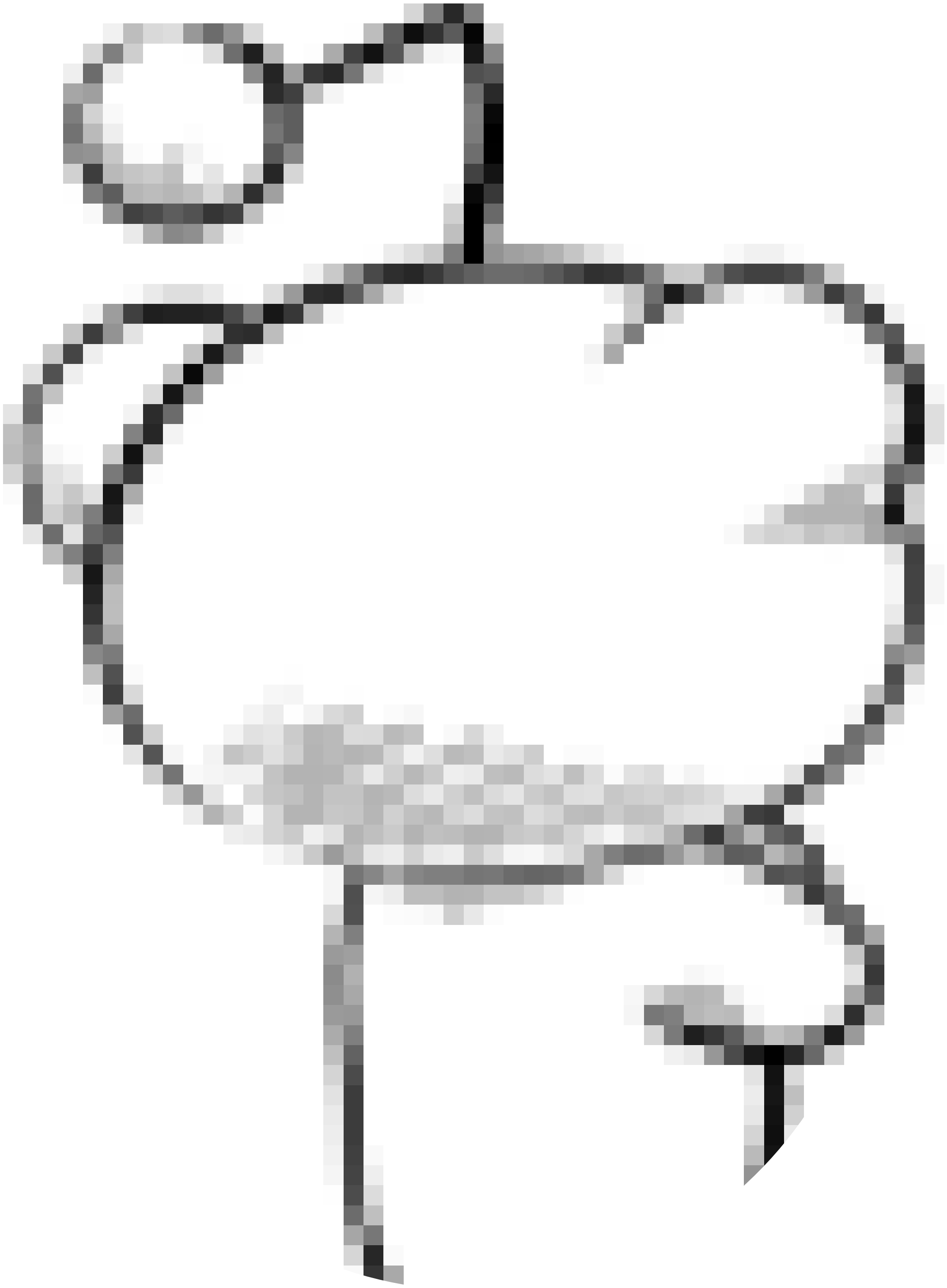
I immediately jumped up and ran to my parents room like a little girl (I was 18 when this happened). When I went back my futon was soaked with sweat as if I had been sweating there for hours and the place on the floor that that thing was occupying was warm. To this day I don't know how long it was there or what it wanted, but I hope it never comes back.

tldr; A demon came in the night and gave me a lecture of some sort. Just read it.

Reply Share

[Confozedperson](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't understand why everyone is calling the people postings stories "stupid." The question was "whether or not you believe in whatever you attribute the unexplained too, what was the most unexplainable?" Just because they said it may have been supernatural, doesn't mean they for sure believe it. You're all being really dick headed about it. Jeez.



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â€¢ 13y ago

I've experienced "prophetic" dreams. I mean, I've had dreams of fairly mundane things (a prominent example is a dream I had about two and a half months ago, and in said dream I met the owner of one of my now favorite restaurants where I live) where the dreams have been so accurate I was, with about 95% accuracy, able to know what the people around me were saying.

I don't know what to make of this.

blondevenus
â€¢ 13y ago

The weirdest thing that I've ever experienced (which isn't a lot compared to some of these stories) is when I was at my local pub playing poker and I went to the toilet. As I was washing my hands I looked up to the mirror above the sink and saw an old hagged lady looking at me. I wasn't scared which is odd, I just shrugged it off and left the toilets. I went back to my poker table and just said to the group about my experience and they all told me about a women called Alice and people regularly see her in the toilets! Weird. Haven't seen her since though.

White_Graffiti
â€¢ 13y ago

I was over at my friends house and I was staying the night. He lives in a duplex. Now keep in mind, there is absolutely no living in the other part of the house at this time, they were gone on vacation or something. Anyways my buddy told me that there was some really creepy stuff going on recently. Keep in mind he lives in a pretty old building and I also love supernatural events, just being able to experience them and such. As soon as he told me about what was going on and that he had pictures of what looked like balls of light, I came right over. I was really excited about this.

I got to his place and I noticed a very strange feeling, a feeling I haven't felt before at his place. I felt as if I was being watched closely. I have heard about these feelings and just ignored it. Everything was normal most of the time at his place, it was only he and I at his house, keep this in mind.

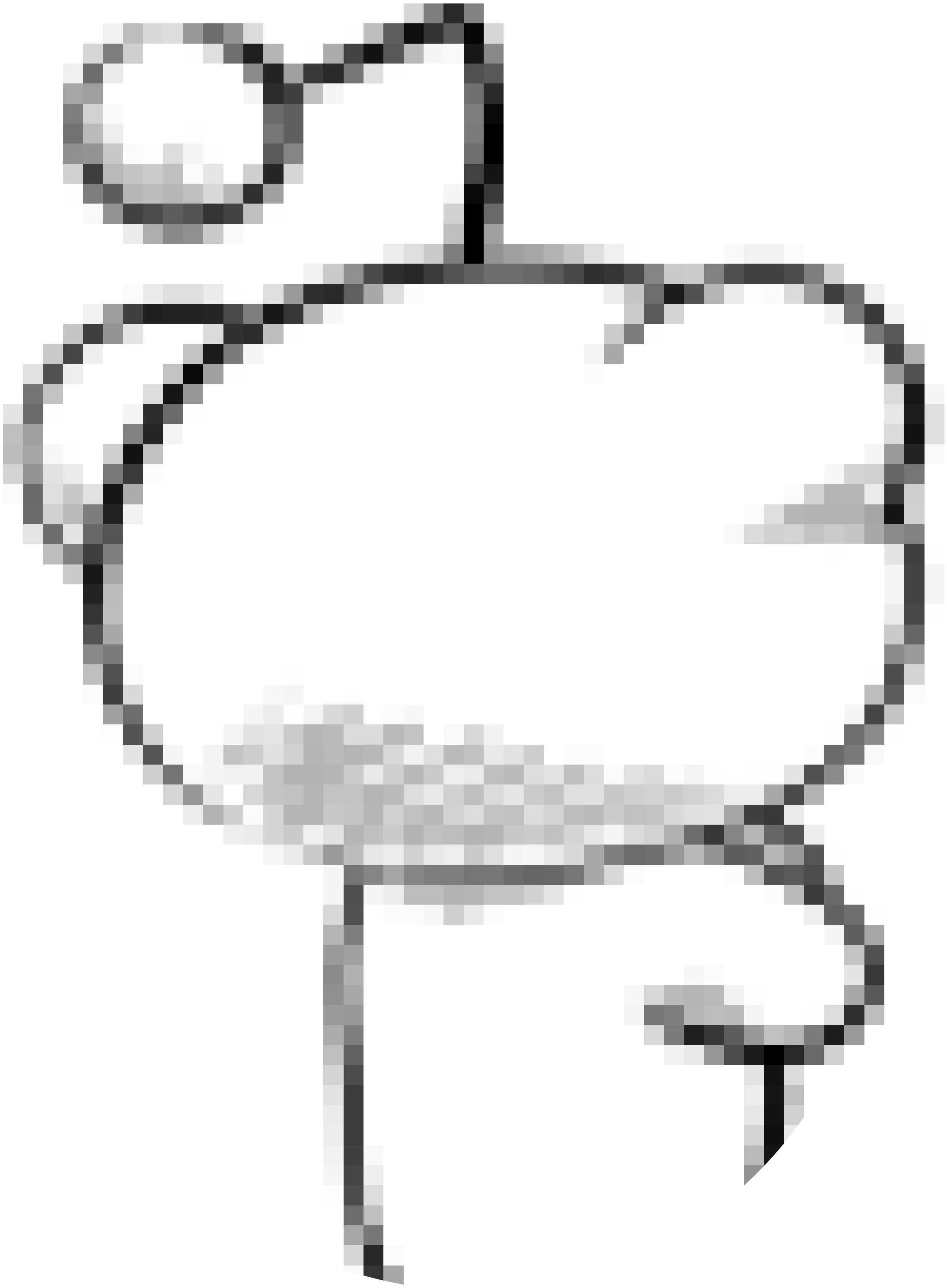
Ill get on with what happened to him and I. It was 3:00 a.m. and we were watching tv. Just normal tv, I think it was the news or some movie but all I remember was that it was only a couple of people talking. And then all of a sudden, it just got quiet, like dead silent. The TV's volume was muted and there was absolutely no sound from anywhere. I suspected that James (friend) had muted the tv, but no...I had the remote next to me, and the muted symbol wasnt showing. No, this isnt all that happened. As there was silence, I heard a little girls voice LAUGHING and then the volume went up to max and practically blew our ears out. He said that never happened to him before. I was creeped out, completely scared. Doesnt help when I go upstairs that all of the doors were straight out open. They were all shut. And the best part is, I was sleeping on the couch in the same room where I heard the little girls voice.

So I go to bed, I thought everything would be normal. NOPE. James wakes me with a concerned and scared look on his face. There was a HANDPRINT BURNED INTO TO WALL ABOVE MY HEAD. And just to check...it was smaller than both of our hands. It wasnt there the night before.

Lets just say, it was the first time I have ever been legitimately scared in my life. I did not know what to think, but all I know is that I will always remember this. Maybe something was done to me, but I doubt it...or maybe I am marked....I just hope this doesnt happen to anybody else.

Nanookthebear
â€¢ 13y ago

One Saturday morning, my wife went to the store and left me in bed to sleep. While coming home, she came inches from being hit by a train at an unguarded RR crossing. She wasn't looking. At home, at the very same moment, I woke up in complete terror from a deep deep sleep, knowing that something bad (or terrifying) had happened to her. It was before cell phones so I waited in agony for her. I told her I knew something scary had happened before she spoke. We still don't get what happened.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

This past summer (July), I was researching rare diseases. I came across Wilson's disease and found myself glued. I read entire pages and learned almost everything about the disease. That night, I get a call from an extremely close friend of mine (now my girlfriend) telling me how she'd been in the hospital all weekend. It took that long for the doctors to figure out she had Wilson's disease. Approximately 1 in 30,000 people have this disease. She got a liver transplant and is doing ok now. It was scary at the time though. Wilson's disease: http://ghr.nlm.nih.gov/condition/wilson-disease

Dobosmoez
â€¢ 13y ago

This will most likely be buried but here goes.

When I was a kid (around 5 or 6) we lived in an older home that always kinda felt eerie, you know strange noises things disappearing the whole shebang. The most notable memory I have tho happened one night I'm laying in my bed having a really hard time getting to sleep, when I open my eyes and see my door wide open (which was strange as I always made it a habit of closing the door when I went to bed). I lay there trying to figure out why the doors open when I see a woman's face appear around the corner of the door. At this point I'm terrified its really dark and I can't make out her features but as the woman steps through the door I get an immense sense of relief, Its my mom wearing a long dress. She just stands there in the door way and that eerie feeling starts to creep back in, So I call out to her but I get no response. She stands there for a bit staring gives me a big grin and then walks out of the room. I jumped out of the bed to follow her but no ones in the hall way, I run to my parents and their both fast asleep.

Safe to say I slept in their bed that night..

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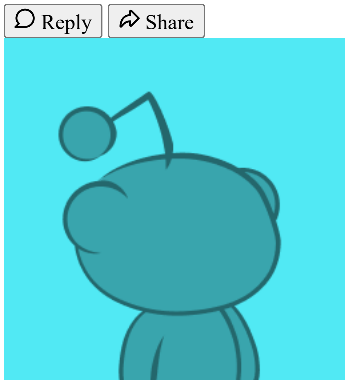

paladinguy
â€¢ 13y ago

Being born.

Existence and self-awareness in and of itself is pretty supernatural and crazy.

Reply Share

[ohoona](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I work in a haunted bar/restaurant (1894, previously brothel & speakeasy). It's generally a little creepy in the whole building, basement and 3 floors. There is a lot of historical trauma that have happened in the area and in the building itself, but in general it's relatively peaceful. It always feels like someone is standing just out of your peripheral vision while in the basement, and glasses fall off shelves for no reason.... But that's just day to day activity.

A couple weeks ago I was taking a couple friends through a kind of mini-tour after we had a few drinks at the bar, after I got off work. I took them up to the 3rd floor penthouse, where there was a brutal murder/suicide not quite 100 years ago. We had each had a couple drinks, so we're babbling and I'm showing them the pictures, telling them about the history of the place. The bathroom is right at the top of the stairs, and only used if there is an overnight reservation (there was not this night). When we reach the top of the stairs, the bathroom door is closed, and the light is on. I think to myself "that's weird, all the other lights were shut off after the tour, she must have forgotten."... And pass by it to continue with my impromptu tour. We take some pictures, talk about the stories and what a nice apartment it would be if it wasn't so historically creepy. So we are getting ready to go back downstairs, and I notice the bathroom again. And this time I'm like...ya know what? I'm sure the tour guide just forgot the light, she had had a tour that night that had been plagued with creepy experiences, and had left early (after a few shots! - it shook her up.) So I write it off as a coincidence.

So I turn the knob and push the door open softly, and it swings open slowly (just like a movie, although I had kind of hoped for that, to freak out my friends a little).... I step up onto the bathroom floor, and as soon as I set my foot down, it sounds like the walls are coming down. The toilet flushes by itself, and it sounds like someone turned the jacuzzi tub jets on. Immediately I scream like a little girl, spill some beer spinning around so fast, my two friends and I hightail it down two flights of stairs laughing/screaming (Oddly I can barely remember that part, I only remember getting back down to the first floor, to the bar), where all we can do is ask each other if that REALLY just happened. It was so loud and undeniable, yet it didn't carry the dread and heaviness that many other (not as obvious) paranormal activities seem to hold. The whole thing felt kind of like we were being pranked more than being haunted, but it made us uneasy enough to fly all the way down the stairs before we looked back.

Now I have to tell this story to people like 3 times a week after they take the ghost tour. I think it was the brothel girls getting some paranormal giggles.

There are a million other stories about that place, if you are from Milwaukee area and are interested in the paranormal, I can't recommend enough that you take the ghost tour. The haunted penthouse is also available for overnights. (I stayed once, on New Years Eve - but I got real twisted, so if anything happened, I was too out of it to care!)

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Living in the Nashville area I have access to several civil war battle sites. One October my wife and I decide to do a "haunted house" tour. On the tour is the historic Carnton Plantation, site of the bloody Battle of Franklin.

We were walking through the property's cemetery when we heard, very clearly, the sounds of gunfire, cannons, hooves pounding and men shouting from nearby. We figure there is a reenactment somewhere close, but as we left the cemetery and headed for our car, we noticed that it was markedly warmer and we could no longer hear the battle.

We went online and looked up reenactments in the area later, and there were none scheduled at that time and place.

Could be a fluke, but that had me up at night for a while.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid on a family trip near Lake Tahoe, California, we were doing the Ouija board in our small cabin in the middle of nowhere with some family friends. The board itself started spinning in circles while I was doing it, and our fingers were barely touching the piece.

Hai_kitteh_mow
â€¢ 13y ago

Alright, so I was 17 and living in Florida at the time of this occurrence. It was around 10 o clock at night and I had just dropped my friend off at her house in the swamps, the very very dark, no street light boondocks area. It was about a 25-30 minute-ish drive from my house. So Im driving along the dark road, that was so desolate I would have nightmares about my old car breaking down in that area (fortunately that never happened).

But because its so eerie I liked to blast some hardcore metal or something just to get me pumped and keep my mind off it. So I pop in my Rammstein CD and rock out. Suddenly, I felt a weird presence in my car. My eyes start to tear up and every hair on my body started to stand up as I see in my peripherals an old woman dressed in white sitting in my passenger seat (oh god Im getting the goose bumps again re-living this). I slowly turned to look and she was facing the windshield, and she quickly turned to look back at me and disappeared.

Needless to say I flipped out and drove about 80 MPH till I got home and was crying the entire time. I rushed into the house in tears and I scared my mom as I came barreling towards her to tell her what happened. Before I could even say anything she goes "Are you okay? Is this because of Grandma?" Right there she said I turned white. I asked "..grandma?" and she says "Your great grandmother just passed away about an hour ago..."

I felt sick. I have only ever really been around my great grandmother maybe 5 or 6 times in my life and most of it I was between 8-13 years old. I told my mom what had happened to me and even then made the connection that it was her, and she wanted to see me once more. We had been trying to make plans to visit Chicago to go visit her before she passed but we just never made it. My mom thinks this was her way of saying goodbye to me.

That is one helluva way to say goodbye grandma!

Reply Share

[OdinsBacon](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

I am a big fraidy cat so everything scares me. This is a link to a thread in a survivalist forum about creepy experiences and seemingly paranormal things. It is a great read, over 120 pages now. http://www.survivalistboards.com/showthread.php?t=57236

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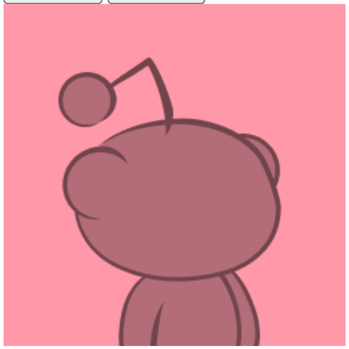


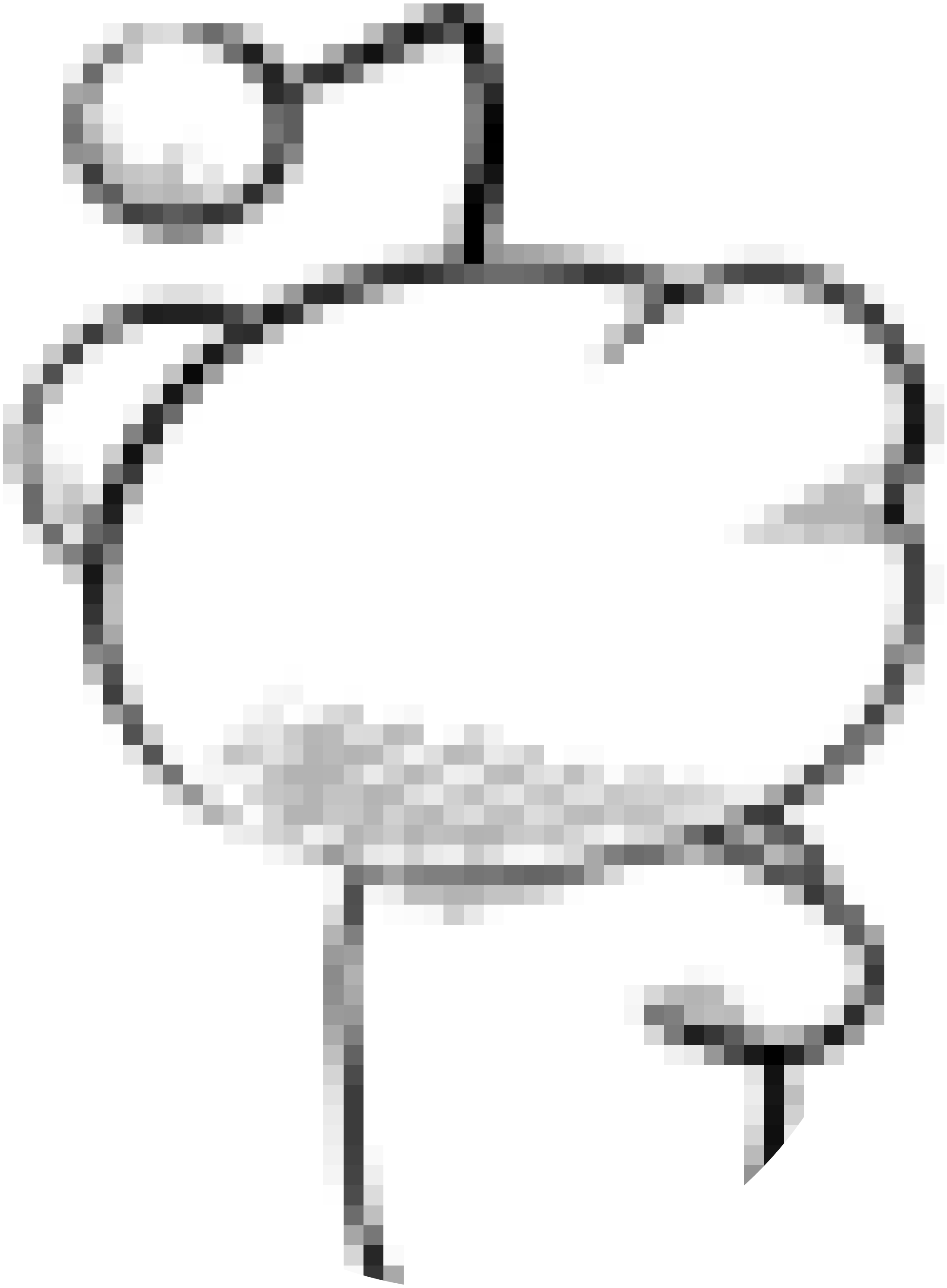
kittenbutter
â€¢ 13y ago

Late one night I finally drifted off after a restless hour or so. I was asleep facing the bedroom window with one of my cats curled up by my chest. Not long after I was startled awake and saw through the moonlight a tall grey translucent figure bent over looking at my sleeping cat. With one hand reaching for the bed lamp, I simultaneously started punching through it while yelling "What?! What?!" As I switched on the light, nothing was there and the cat was still curled up trying to fall back asleep. Fully awake now with my heart pounding, I cuddled the cat and turn on the TV for good measure. I finally fell asleep a few hours later when I heard my roommate get up for work.

I don't know if I'll ever believe in the supernatural or ghosts. As more time progresses I think I just found that space between dream and waking life.

NeuroFuturist
â€¢ 13y ago

Two scary things happen to me both in the same house which I no longer live in thankfully. First thing happened when I was about 12 with a friend of mine. We were both in my room with my radio on talking about random stuff when all of a sudden my radio's volume maxes out. I'd like to mention we were both at least a couple meters away from the radio so there was no way we were trolling each other. Needless to say it scared the shit out of us and this happened more than once while I was living there. It never did this anywhere else. Second thing happened while I was having a sleep over on I believe it was my thirteenth birthday. We were all situated in my basement which had no gyprock or even insulation on the walls. This was a creepy room. Anyway it was late and everyone was asleep and I started dozing off myself when all of a sudden I looked at the door in the basement that was slightly opened and I saw a silhouette of a little girl with just the most empty looking eyes peering through open crack of the door. This especially scared me because my sister was 3 years old at the time and the girl looked like her except the eyes. This was absolutely terrifying so much so that I had to seek therapy. Anyway I thought I share that one with you guys, both were very terrifying experiences that plague me for quite some time.



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â€¢ 13y ago

My friend, Alex was interning at my universities alumni center. He worked with the alumni magazine. It was going to be the October edition so they decided to write a creepy feature story about the old church just off campus. It's supposedly haunted by the old care taker, who fought in the Civil war, and his daughter.

They got some ghost hunters to come into town and set up all their equipment (cameras, magnetic detection stuff, you've seen the shows I'm sure). Alex doesn't believe in ghosts and was very skeptical about the whole thing, but decided it was going to be fun hanging out with ghost hunters late at night in an old church. Night comes, all the lights in the church have been turned off. Everything that makes some kind of light has been unplugged. He's hanging out with the ghost peeps and they decided to walk around and get some recordings asking the "ghosts" questions and waiting for responses. They didn't hear anything.

At about 1 a.m. one of the ghost hunters wanted to walk around and check to see if their camera traps had gone off. Alex accompanied him. They were approaching the bathroom and noticed a red light, which was odd because they had unplugged all of the wall air fresheners and such. My friend and ghost hunter enter the restroom and see a air freshener plugged in, no big deal they unplug it and the ghost hunter takes a recording. "Is there anyone here?" he asked, "What is your name?", "Do you like to play?", he asked thinking the little girl might be around.

No response, but as they were leaving Alex was the last to exit the bathroom. He told me it had gotten noticeably colder when the door slammed shut as if someone was inside, but there was no one. They freaked out and ran back to the rest of the group. They listened to the recording they took in the bathroom. After the question "Do you like to play?" there an eerie voice could be heard saying "Play."

They left that night with no other poltergeist incidents. Alex still doesn't believe in ghosts, but he was freaked out, that's for sure.

askins4trouble
🍰 â€¢ 13y ago

This will assuredly get buried because I'm posting so late in the game but I wanted to share my stories anyway. When I was probably 10 or so we were at my uncles farm and a couple of days in our 13 year old golden retriever ran away. He was a great dog, had never run away before and we looked all over for him. We had convinced he had gone off to die as dogs will sometimes do. After a day or two u have a dream of him walking up to us from the back road of the farm and I tell my parents. Later that day I'm outside playing and I swear he comes walking up to me exactly as I saw it in my dream.

lulzpec
â€¢ 13y ago

http://i.imgur.com/FmGB0l4.gif

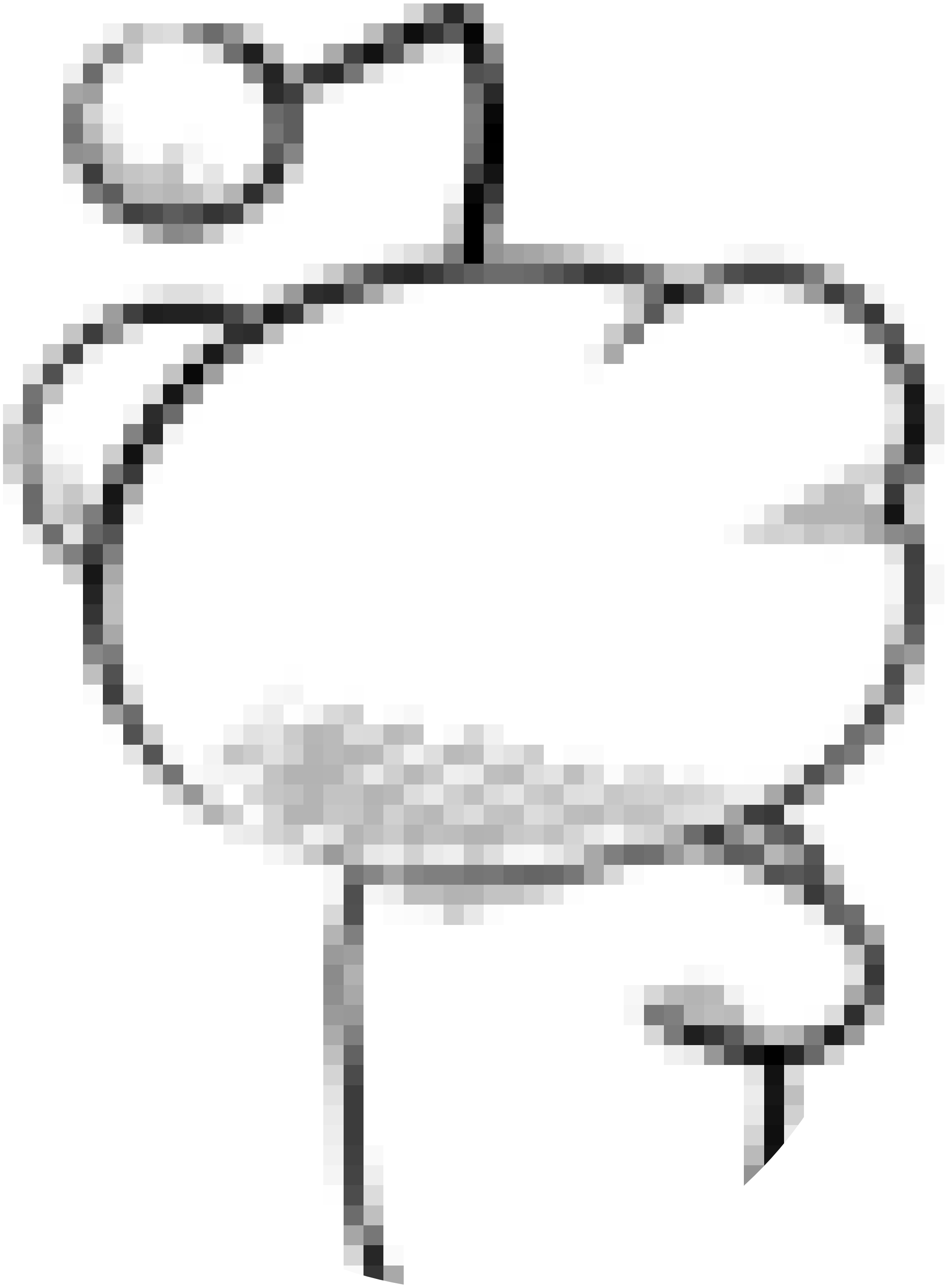
Super_delicious
â€¢ 13y ago

Went through an old hospital that had been converted into a haunted house with the owners daughter. Remember that she was very involved with the haunted house and knew what was suppose to go on in every room. So we were going through and we came to a maze. We were almost through the maze when I get a creepy feeling. I look behind me and I see a teenage boy. He's dressed in a hospital gown with scars on his legs and hands. His hair looks like it hasn't been cut in awhile, he has dark circles around his eyes and I couldn't tell if it was makeup or shadows. When I got to his eyes he was glaring at me and it just gave me chills and made the hair on my neck stand up. I turned to my friend and asked her if there was a worker in the maze. She instantly says no looks around and tells me there's no one in here but us.

So I turn around. Not only was he still there but he had gotten closer and looked more menacing. I freaked and ran. To this day I cannot explain what happened only that later I heard about a boy who had died there and did not die well.

ClemHD
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was young and trying to sleep, I would see missiles coming towards me which really fucked me up.. even when my eyes were open I could still see the missiles coming towards me so I had to dodge them and fuck me it was scary!



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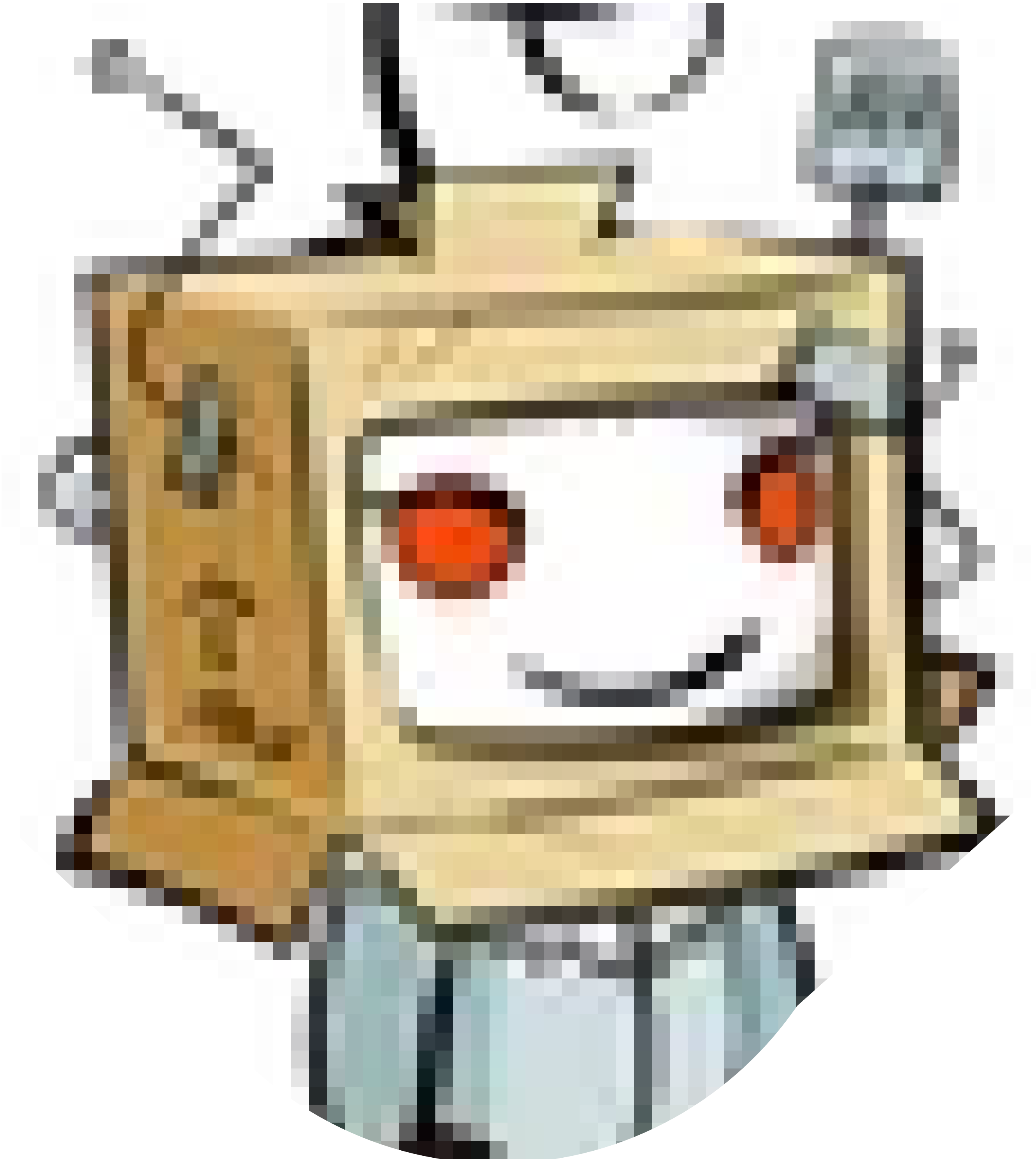
â€¢ [13y ago]

Once when I was younger, I was home alone and walking to my parents' bedroom, when I hear a door shut from within their bedroom. (It was either the closet or the bathroom door.) I fucking bolted upstairs and locked myself in my room until my parents came home, but I didn't say anything about it really.

Also when I was younger, my grandmother was babysitting me and my brother during the day. We were playing some board game, when all of a sudden we hear a door slam, coming from the hallway that led to my parents' bedroom. Once again, could have been the bathroom or the closet door. All three of us definitely heard it, but we just continued playing our board game.

I do believe in the supernatural to some extent. That being said, I am sure there are no ghosts in our house, because it was built *for* us (ie, right before we moved in). Still gave me the chills though.



phalo
â€¢ 13y ago

Driving over to have dinner with some friends about 11 years ago, our radio suddenly cut out entirely (but was still on). Changed stations, nothing. Seemed strange, but we were pulling into the parking lot at their apartment so didn't think too much about it. When we got inside, our friends said "The weirdest thing just happened. Our radio just went out for a minute or so.". Still not sure what can cause all FM frequencies to go *poof* like that.

KennyMOGO
â€¢ 13y ago

My bedroom of my house is situated above the music room. In there hangs a picture of my deceased grandfather, who I never had the opportunity to meet. He was a brilliant singer and musician and he loved music. He also played piano. We happened to have an old one in the music room. One night when everyone was asleep, I heard a melody being played on the piano. I listened carefully and it sounded sort of like one of my grandfather's favorite songs. Nobody else in the family had heard it. Now I feel creeped out whenever I walk in there.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Well I guess I'll share.

I began having epic hallucination/nightmares when I was 6 years old. Picture your average nightmare.... then amplify it by 1000. It was the kind of shit that would happen and I'd still be screaming hours after it happened in terror.

It wasn't that the dreams were "scary" or anything... no monsters per say. These hallucinations... were mostly regular dreams but with intense FEELING behind them. Emotions I could never begin to describe.. never have a word for... and they were intensely strong.

For example... My first dream when i was 6, I had a seemingly standard dream of some mice standing motionless in a sewer pipe (looking back now I picture the mice as rather ominous..).
The dream had an overlaying feeling of pure hopelessness and doom, not of just myself... but of life itself. Life everywhere. The universe was doomed, and the responsibilty was completely mine. I fully felt the burden... the terror of what this meant... it was... horrible. I screamed for about 2 hours after "waking up". Even after waking up the feeling didnt fade. I felt doomed, and I kept seeing the mice, as well as a column of numbers (millions and millions of numbers) which seemed to float in an abyss, and a feeling that if I was able to choose the right number (only one guess) I would be able to save... I didnt know what I was saving I just knew this agony would be over... but I also knew the hopelessness of ever being able to choose the right number...

I cant possibly explain this accurately. It was awful. Thankfully my parents were around for me and calmed me down after 2 hours.

I had about 7 of these hallucinations from when I was 6 until I was 14.

They were all different from one another regarding the "plot" of the dream, but they all had the same larger-then-life emotions that i cant describe that left me horrified, screamin, and delusional for hours after.

My parent were around for about half of them. They were able to calm me down usually within an hour. the other half of the times I was alone in the house or with my 2 younger sisters who were unable to do anything to help me/scared shitless and crying from seeing me like that.

When I was alone I would always find myself in some place other then where I began to sleep. One time I found myself naked, with my clothes 10 feet away and soaking wet. The time I hallucinated and my sisters were watching they told my I wandered around the house crying bitterly and randomly choosing places to curl up and cry before moving to a new spot. I ended up locking myself ina a bathroom and crying up against the bathtub.

I didn't learn this until I was 15, but my mom was convinced I was possessed by a demon. Mixed emotions from me upon learning this.

Haven't had a nother hallucination since I was 14. I'm 22 now. However I get brief flashes of remembering the same emotions I felt in the hallucinations. Its pretty scary/unsettling, but brief.

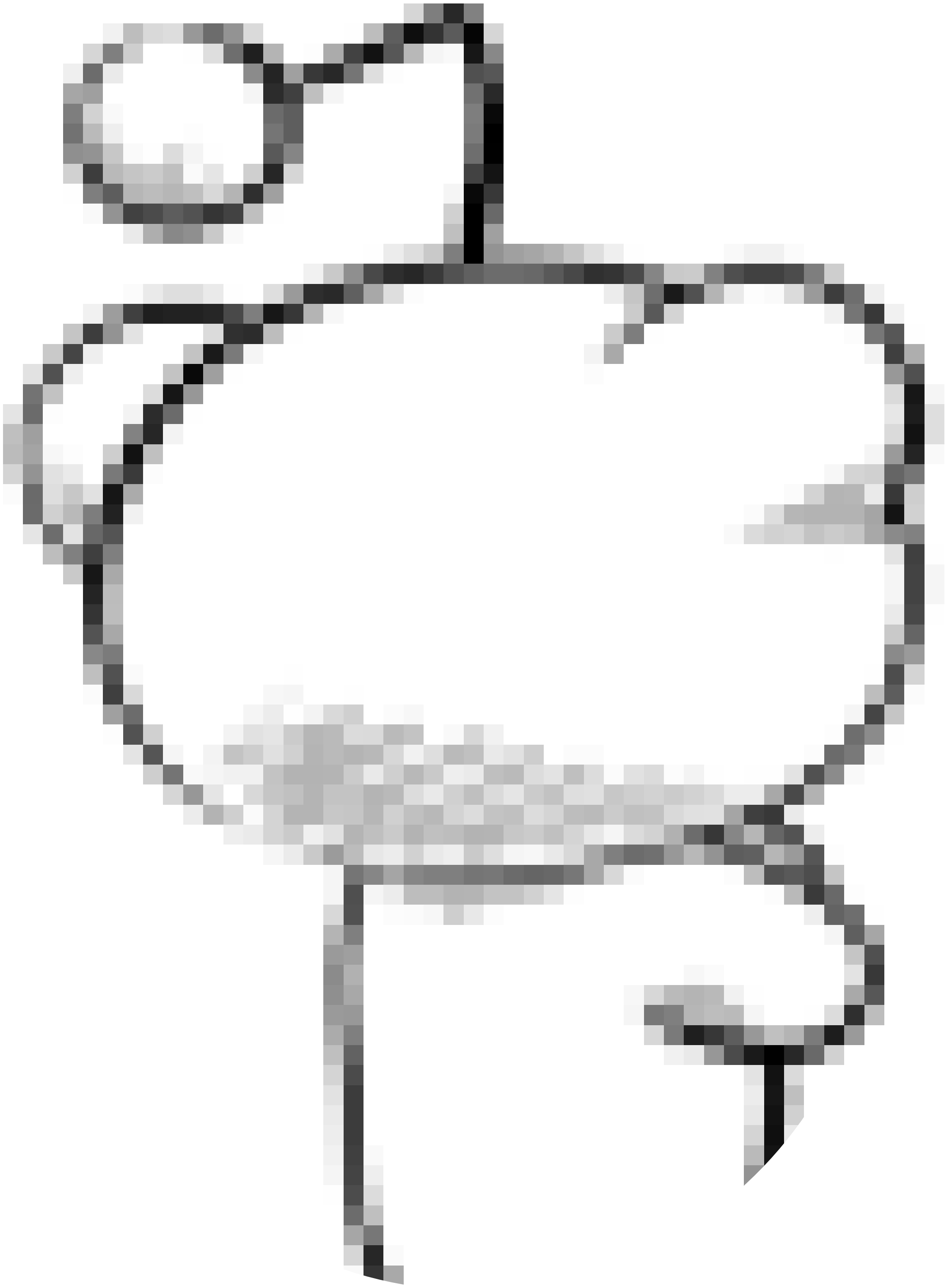
Altogether I'm glad I had those hallucinations. As much as they terrified me at the time, they kind of fill me with wonder thinking about them. They were larger then life... I can never explain them or understand them... they make me look at the world differently.

Reply Share

Mt_Dewd
â€¢ 13y ago

I've had a few minor things happen from time to time, nothing too traumatic. The weirdest though turned out to not be paranormal, but still inexplicable (by me at least). When I was younger, I tended to wake up early on Saturdays like most kids. Normally it wasn't an issue but sometimes I managed to freak myself out. Like one morning I swore I heard voices. At first they were nothing but then I could understand them and they were saying "Where's *my name*". Because of this, I tended to be a bit paranoid during these early mornings. One morning I'm playing Super Mario World and every time it wen to the map screen, I heard a noise coming from outside. It was a loud sound, but I couldn't say exactly what it was. Once I left the map screen, the noise would end. It happened numerous times, far too many to be a coincidence. Finally, once the sun started coming up and I was feeling a touch braver, I left the game on the map screen and went outside to see what the noise was. Turns out it was the CB in my neighbors work truck. Apparently he left it on and every time I went to the map screen, the radio just belted out static at full blast. I tested it a few more times, and it kept happening that morning. I was less freaked out once I knew it was his radio but really wanted an explanation as to what the hell made it do that.

As I think about it, I had another experience several years prior to that. It may have been some form of sleep paralysis, but it didn't mirror the textbook-like cases I've been reading on here. I was half asleep in bed and then started hearing this kind of growling sound. My leg was hanging off the bed and then I felt something tug on it. I pulled my leg up and fell back to sleep, not thinking about it until the next morning when it freaked me the hell out. We didn't have any pets, and my parents have thoroughly denied pranking me. To this day, I can't sleep with anything hanging over the edge of the bed.



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â€¢ 13y ago

I was sleeping at my grandparents in a bed next to them, I was 7 years old.

My grandmother woke in the middle of the night and started making her traveling backpack, when I asked her what happened she told me to go to sleep and that she has to go to see her mother. In about an hour someone was knocking on door... It was her brother coming after her, their mother just died.

They didn't have any phones at the time...

Later she told me that she dreamed her mother on a white horse, passing a river.

TL;DR: Grandmother dreams here mom passing a river, yup she passed away.

Missing_nosleep
â€¢ 13y ago

I know by my screen name where this belongs ,but this is my real experience. (not creepy pasta) At the age of around 9 or so I went to visit my aunts family in Dallas fortworth for a week. My cousin who was a bit older that me pulled out his sega with a copy of Sonic the hedgehog which we then played for a couple of hours. After a while (when we died a bunch of times) we gave up and he said I should check out something cool in his closet... So we enter his closet when he reaches up and pulls the cord leaving us in darkness and stading next to him was a red hedgehog that looked like sonic but not quite. It's color was off it was like looking at a bright light then shutting your eyes kind of a bright neon red color which I stared at for a few moments and it wa staring back then realizing that it wasn't quite right... I reach up and pull the cord for the light to turn on and when the light filled the room the red sonic like thing faded away and I told my cousin we should tell his mom right away. When we told her she laughed it off and said we played that game too much that was the end of it but it'll always stay with me being a avid gamer this just freaks me out thinking about it.

goodbyegalaxy
â€¢ 13y ago

A few weird stories that are all about me when I was very young (I don't remember them myself, but apparently it really freaked my parents out):

- Came into my parents' room in the middle of the night and told them there was an old woman in bed with my brother
- Freaked out and insisted to my parents there was a baby behind the wall in the basement
- My picture on a table upstairs was always turned around. I laugh this one off as me (or one of my brothers) being a prankster, but my mom insists she would face it the right way, leave go to work, and be the first one home and it would be flipped again
- This one is just crazy but my dad's friend came upstairs once after being down there alone with me, white as a ghost, telling my parents I just made one of my toys float across the room

tldr; I was (am?) possessed

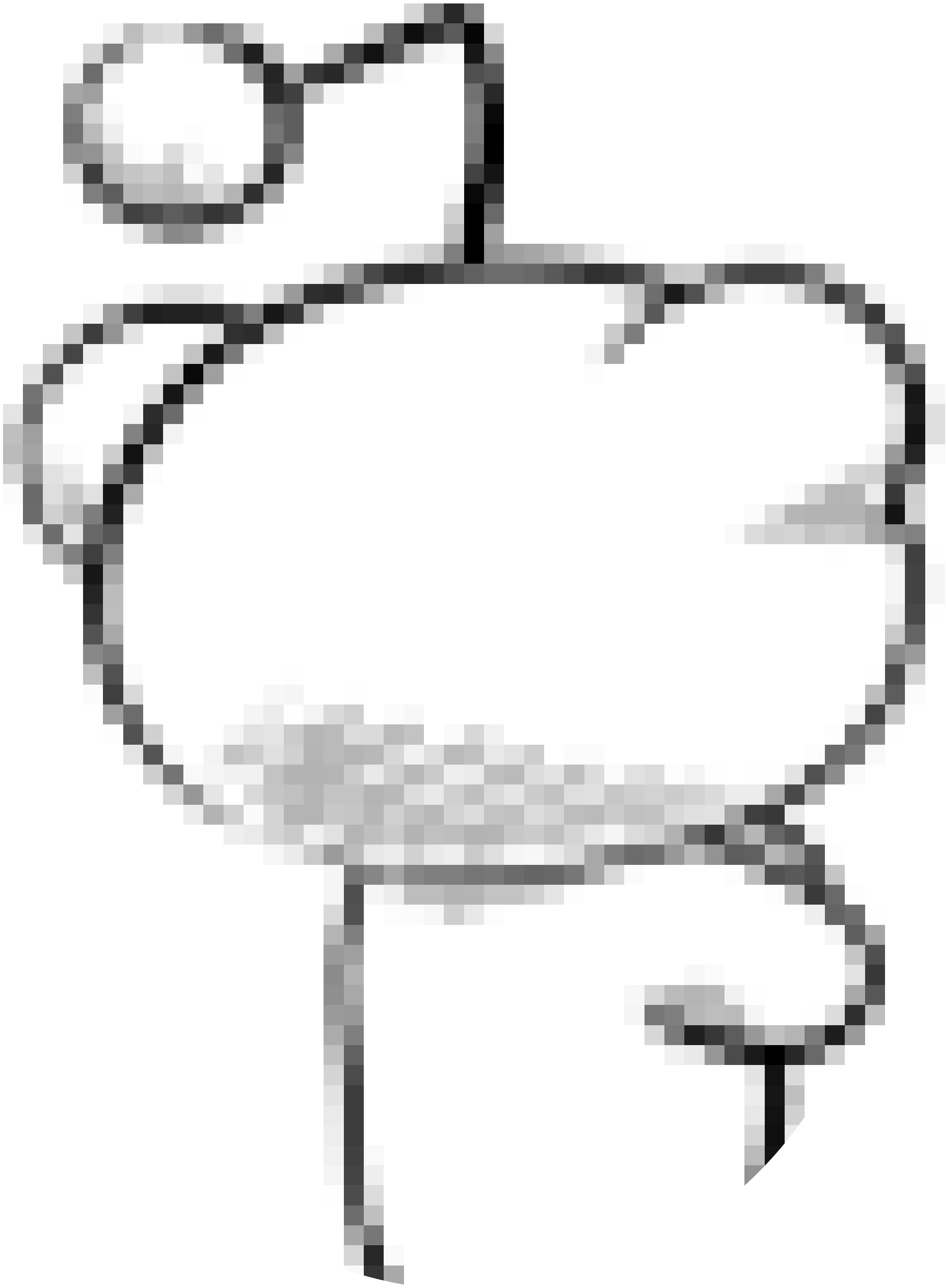
Jalapeno_Poop
â€¢ 13y ago

Has anyone ever been to Clinton road in New Jersey?

Uredus
â€¢ 13y ago

Around April last year I was at a youth drama group that I help at, and it was roughly 8pm. I was sitting with a friend of mine, reading through the script and suddenly I shivered for no reason at all - it wasn't cold or anything. My friend asked if I was okay, and I kinda shrugged it off.

Next morning I was woken up by a phone call from one of my best friend's sisters telling me that at around 8pm the night before she'd had a heart attack at a bus stop and died shortly after.



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â€¢ 13y ago

This is more eerie than scary.

I've had several instances where I've connected with others in my dreams. On one occasion, I randomly had a dream that I was screaming at an acquaintance named Victoria. Emphasis on "acquaintance" -- I'd see this girl on occasion in my sister's dorm and say hi sometimes, but we weren't friends by any means.

The next day, I get breakfast with my sister and tell her about my dream. As we're leaving the dining hall, we run into Victoria and her boyfriend. She and my sister make small talk and we're about to leave when she turns to me and says "Hey, this is so weird but I had a dream about you last night. You were yelling at me."

Fast-forward to that summer. I have another random dream about this super annoying girl I went to high school with (again, just an acquaintance). The next day, I see she's written on my Facebook wall. "Hey, I know this might be funny but I just wanted to say hey :)"

I haven't experienced anything like this in a couple years now, but it was sorta cool.

bambulance
â€¢ 13y ago

Atheist here so I don't believe in the supernatural. After my grandfather died I would often stay the night at their house. Most times I would stay up late downstairs watching tv. Often the damn tv would shut off around 1 am or so. Every time I would turn it on it would shut back off. It probably was the tv wearing out but as a teen that shit freaked me the fuck out.

Reply Share

[oneironaughty](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I once felt as if something kept me from falling into a glass table after loosing my balance. I was tipping back into it and thought I was surely in for some pain, but immediately after, it was as if I had been caught by something. I was able to regain my balance quickly and stumbled forward to avoid the table. It was weird, but I was 8 and though it was like an angel or something. At least that's what I told myself until I realized there's no such thing, so now I chuck it up as weirdness.

Reply Share

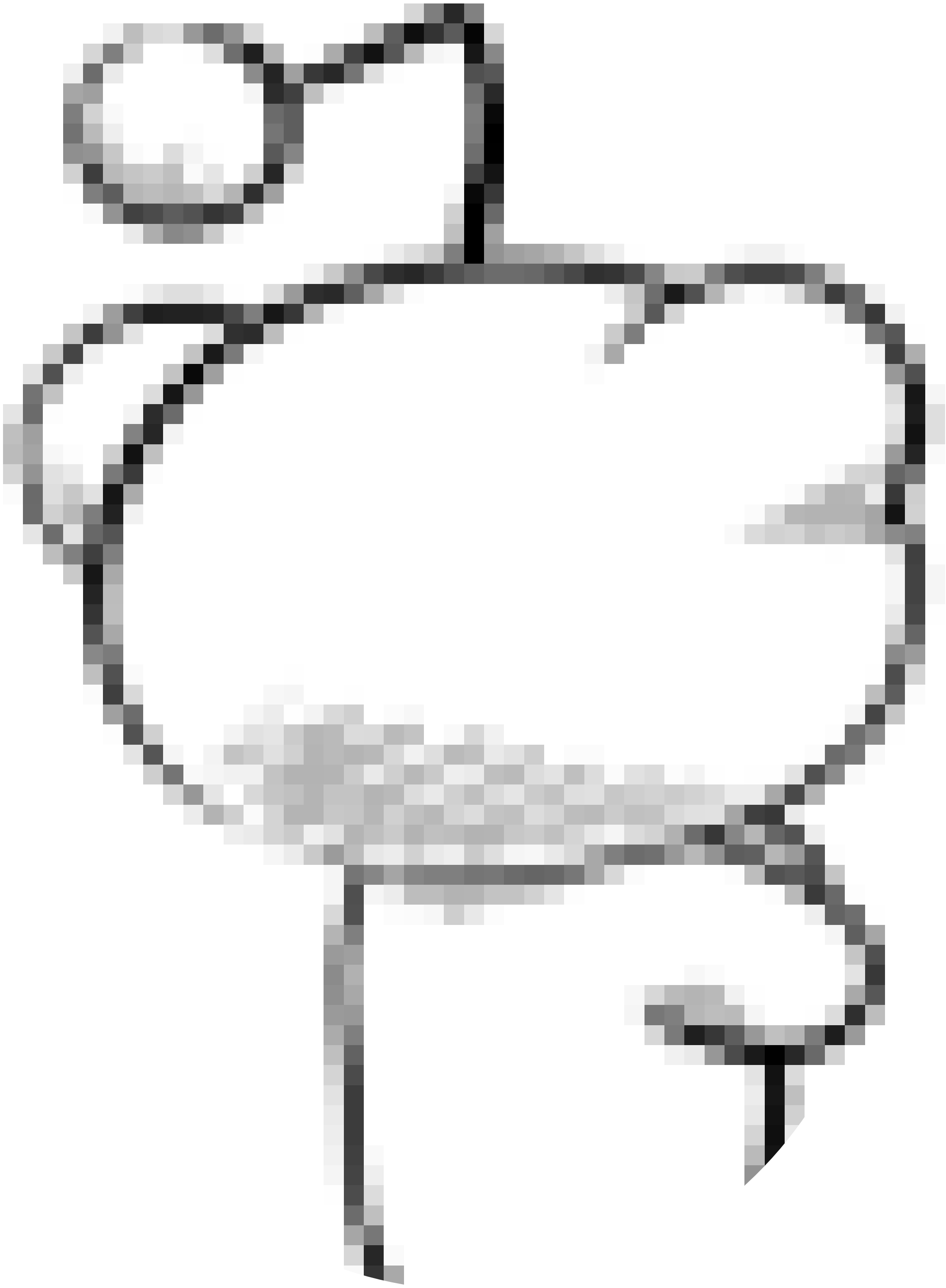
LenMahl
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

In freshman year of college, my best friend lived in an old house converted into apartments. We'd hang out over there a lot in the fall and winter. The doorbells over there never worked, which wasn't too surprising because everything in the house was old. They were the classic type of doorbells with the actual mallet and bell.

Sometime in Spring, we began to notice the place always smelled, like one of his neighbors was cooking pot roast. One day, he came back from classes to find hazmat teams going through the house. Apparently the woman who lived directly above him died and had been lying on the floor for months. She had been "melting into the floorboards."

When I went over there to help him move his shit out, the doorbell began ringing repeatedly. Nobody was at the door and they had never rung before. It kept ringing and we had to get a chair to reach it and physically stop the mallet from striking the bell.

I'm not the type to believe in ghosts and I think people who do often exaggerate their stories, but this was definitely the most creepy and unexplainable thing I've ever experienced.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Not a good idea to read these while I'm home alone sitting in my basement..

AsAScientist
â€¢ 13y ago

One morning almost two years ago, my husband gets a phone call at about 7 in the morning, when we were both in bed. I'm an incredibly sound sleeper, so I was still very groggy through his conversation. All he said was "Yes. Yes. Okay, we'll get some bags together and go get you. We'll all go up."

A normal member of my family would've assumed my grandfather was in the hospital again, as he was in and out and was very sickly. My grandMOTHER, despite having some lung issues, was perfectly fine.

So my husband looks at me, and I say "Grandma died."

He went white and looked intensely uncomfortable. He kept asking me how I knew as, again, if anyone would have died it would have reasonably been my grandfather. Also, there was no mention in the phone call about anyone dying.

He still brings it up sometimes-usually accompanied by the fact that he was walking into the room once and I was sitting straight up in bed, eyes closed, staring right at him.

TL;DR: I'm possessed.

Dethlight
â€¢ 13y ago

I've also seen these shadow people everyone talks about. I use to sleep on the floor pretty often. I once woke up in the middle of the night in my completely dark room. I could see someone was there but I couldn't see them clearly in the dark. Then I was overcome with a slow creeping sense of terror. I realized that the shadow person had no skin. It also seemed like the rest of the darkness in the room was swirling around me like fog made of shadows. I knew if I could just get up and turn off the light that everything would be ok. But I couldn't move.

Long story short. Scumbag brain fails to disengage paralysis mode and then tries to explain it away with nightmare fuel.

Wutz_Taterz_Precious
â€¢ 13y ago

I posted this a while ago in another thread, but here goes...

For decades, whenever my grandpa would leave after a visit, he'd slip my dad a $20 dollar bill. Several years ago we got called into the hospital because he was about to die. As we were walking through the deserted parking lot just at the break of dawn, my father (it was his dad who was dying) sees a $20 dollar bill fluttering on the ground in front of him. He was walking behind my mom and me, so we somehow missed it. We found out later that my grandpa died at almost the exact same moment my dad found the bill. I know it's not particularly unsettling, but as someone who doubts the veracity of claims about "the paranormal," it did make me wonder...

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[Zeon636](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

this whole thread

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[Ghost42](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I live in New England. When I was growing up, my friend lived in a house that dates back to the late 1600s. He would always preface being in his house by saying that sometimes weird things happen, but not to worry because the spirits that live there aren't mean just a bit mischievous. Which I thought was insane.

His living room was so large that there was a basketball hoop affixed to one of the walls and there was plenty of room to shoot around. As a kid, this was pretty much the coolest thing ever. I mention this just to give an idea of how big the room is. We were shooting hoops for awhile and sat down in the same room to watch some tv. We put in a vhs of I don't remember what and as soon as we sat down the remote control for the vhs levitated off of the table, hovered for a moment in mid-air and then flew across the room smashing into the wall, in what seemed like a small explosion of batteries and parts. Before I could even vocalize my confusion the remote for the tv did the same thing.

I was 10 or 11 then, I'm 29 now and still have no idea what the fuck happened up there.

[foppishfox](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Not unexplainable, or particularly creepy, but it freaked me out at the time. [Exploding head syndrome.] (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Exploding_head_syndrome)

[xwarborn26x](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Driving down a road by my house with a friend. This is the only road that I take to go home, so I drive down it multiple times a day. On this particular day, I had a friend with me. It was around 6 p.m. and the sun was setting. It was pretty bright still, bright enough to not need my headlights. We were driving east, so the sun was behind us. All of a sudden, far off in the distance, we saw what seemed to be this orange/red/yellow fireball (the only word I can use to describe it) in the sky. I dismissed it because I thought it was an effect from the sun. I looked again and it was moving SUPER fast, skyward. This object had to be enormous. The fireball was far away and still looked rather large. I thought it was some sort of space shuttle launch, but I live in the Midwest and am surrounded by land. Nothing like that around here.

To this day, I cannot come up with an explanation other than something extraterrestrial.

[flesh_tearers_tear](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was cutting the fairway on the 16th hole of the golf course I worked for in college one morning at about 6. I was making my pass up towards the tee box when I see a man waiting to tee off. I quickly move the mower off of the fairway into the trees that separate the 16th and the 17th hole. I never see or hear a ball go buy so I get off the mower and the guy is still waiting. I turn off the mower because this ahole is gonna complain that I ruined his shot. Still never see or hear the ball go by. I go out to wave him on the the guy is gone. I look around and don't see anyone. I walk into the area next to the tee that was a path for over head power lines and nothing. I figure someone is messing with me.

The wierd part is that he was dressed in old style golfer clothes. I remember the shape but when I was telling the story to a girl that tended bar at the course I couldn't remember the color of his clothing or his bag. The girl was Fey and she said "Oh you saw Bob "insert name here". I looked at her and said you mean my boss's dead father. She said yes. She said she would see him a lot in the early morning by the snack shack if she was setting up for a tournament. Anyways I never saw it again but she would ask me all the time.

Reply Share

vanity_account_taken
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a non-believer in ghosts, aliens, and the super-natural of all kinds. When I was younger, however, we lived in a old house that had its creeks and moans that scared me. I was a constant victim of sleep paralysis and transitional dreaming. As well as sleep walking.

One of the most creepy instances was when I had heard a story about aliens taking people in their sleep and implanting things in their body to track them and to study us. I slept on the second story of our house by myself. The rooms had 6' ceilings and sloped walls and very little insulation. In the winter it would get very cold. I had a waterbed that was heated so I could sleep without freezing. The rooms had wooden floors at the time that were very cold and creaky.

One night I fell asleep but had woken up at 1:33 AM. I still remember the time on the alarm clock. I felt a presence in the room and locked up, going into a sleep paralysis, staring at the ceiling and clutching my duvet with my hands near my chest. I felt someone step on the corner of my water bed and I closed my eyes. I convinced my-self to open them to see what was going to get me only to find my water bed freezing cold and clock changed to 4:54 AM. It had only seemed like an instance but was 3 1/2 hours. My arms were now under the duvet and not pulling the blanket close. I fell asleep thinking it was normal for me, as I was fighting my fear trying to stop the sleep paralysis episodes I was having lately.

I had a small scratch the next morning on the back of my hand near my thumb. There was a lump under the scratch. I had planed on cutting the lump out after school, thinking it was an alien implant or cancer. My best friend had even felt it. By the time school had let out I had forgotten about it. I played the PS until mom got home from work and I missed my chance to operate.

I went to bed. Slept soundly. I woke up right before my alarm clock in a daze. At that point I had been having transitional dreams for a while and I didn't fear them. I knew they were just dreams. I woke up, swung my feet off the bed and fell 4'. My water bed was only a couple of feet off the ground and I had never had a similar experience, so I was freaked out. I fell on to a metal floor. I picked my self up and saw a human face. He reached for my hand and I snapped out of it. My alarm is now going off and apparently it had been going off for 15 minuets.

I went to school. My buddy asked if I cut the lump out. I looked down and the scratch had healed and the lump was gone. After that I never had any more transitional dreams and my sleep paralysis went away. I did sleep walk a few more times but never to the extreme, think step brothers, as I did before.

TLDR; Aliens

Reply Share

donovanjneumann
â€¢ 13y ago

Actually, happened a week or so ago. I'm sitting in bed on the lappy, door closed, when I hear the dog going nuts (in a playful way) right outside my door. She's a husky, so she's howling and scampering around claws going clackity clack, when through all that I hear a voice.

It sounded like my pop's friend who lives with us, and it said "Hey there girl!" excitedly. The dog howled again, almost in response, I holler out there, "Oh is that you, back from work?". Dead silence. I go out, nothing. All the lights off, doors closed, etc.

I run downstairs and my brother confirms he heard the whole thing from the living room, thinking it was me he went about his business. We both confirm we heard the same exact thing, including the voice talking to the dog. He hands me his redneck 6 inch hunting knife, grabs his BB gun, and we do a swat walk through room to room.

The house was empty, neither of us imagined it. I wish dogs could talk.

TL;DR - Dogs. Talk. Now.

kitcatkid
â€¢ 13y ago

I woke up, but I didn't want to open my eyes because I was warm and cozy in bed. I heard my boyfriend walk around to my side of the bed and felt him stand there a moment looking at me. They way he does if he's trying to determine if I am asleep still. He walked back around to his side of the bed and climbed in and I could feel him facing me and watching me again still trying to determine if I was asleep. I didn't move. I kept my eyes closed. Far too cozy and wanted to go back to sleep. I felt the depression of the bed as if he rolled onto his back and was facing up. After about 10 minutes I finally had to acknowledge to myself I was up and might as well start my day. So I opened my eyes and...no one was laying next to me. Confused I climbed out of bed and called out his named and searched our small apartment. Empty. It finally dawned on me that he would have left for work 2 hours ago.

I wanted to chalk that up to haze from sleep, but this happened 3 times. Slightly different each time.

The second time I felt a distinct "bump" from the foot of the bed. I thought my boyfriend was getting ready for woke and accidentally bumped the bed pretty hard. I ignored it. Fully up and alert, but eyes closed. Then I wondered if I had imagined it. And as soon as I wondered if I was imagining it, I felt a very distinct bump again. I opened my eyes and empty house. I rolled out of bed and went to see if there was an earthquake. Nothing.

And the third time I thought my boyfriend was laying next to me. Again early morning and just woke up. I thought he was watching me and then breathed on me. That exhale like when you try to breath on a window to make condensation. Including that sound loud and clear. That annoyed me and I opened my eyes. Again empty house.

[donotclickjim](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was reading a book in my living room late one night. All the lights in the house were off except the lamp next to me. All the kids and my wife were sound asleep in their beds. The house was completely quiet. I had been reading for roughly an hour or so when all of a sudden I heard an ear piercing grinding noise. Startled, I quickly jumped up and slowly walked to the bathroom from where the noise was coming from. It was coming from behind the shower curtain. I slowly pull back the curtain to see that my kids bubble maker toy was running. I hit the button to turn it off but it wouldn't stop so I flipped it over and took the batteries out. I checked on the kids to see if one of them had maybe gotten out of the bed to play in the bathroom but both of them were still asleep. The creepiest part of all of it... the toy had not worked for months and I just assumed the batteries had already died.

jmachnik
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

I don't believe in ghosts, but this I can't explain: My old friend had a two story house. What made this house creepy is that the first floor and the second floor were exactly the same, same floor plan, room layout, and walls etc. But the downstairs was mostly used for storage, so old paintings on the wall, creepy old bedspreads on the beds and the list goes on. But this family of 3 never went down there without need, they spent all their time, in the upper floor, and why was that? Because my friends Dad and Grandma had both died down there, and this rational family swore with their souls that it was haunted down there. My friend said he couldn't explain it, but if you spent enough time alone in that house it was haunted....One night, I stayed over when his mom and brother were gone. I woke up because I heard something downstairs. I was sleeping in the living room and noticed right away the door to downstairs was wide open, and we ALWAYs kept it closed. Creeped out I decided to close it, and saw that the lights were on downstairs too. Really creeped out by that place for years I decided not to turn off the lights, just to close the door. I know what your thinking, but my friend couldn't have gone down there and done that without stepping over me while sleeping, and I'm a light sleeper. The next day I told him and when we went down to turn off the lights, we realized the entire circuit for downstairs was blown...simple, but i couldn't explain it

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was 15 and I was sitting in my bedroom drinking a Dr. Pepper at around midnight. The house I grew up in was almost 200 years old and my mother always used to joke about all the "old ghosts" that still lived there.

Anyway, I heard shouting from the hallway outside my bedroom. I thought to myself "Oh, great. My sister and her boyfriend are fighting again." I went to go look and the exact moment that my head passed through my doorframe, when the hallway came into view, the shouting stopped.

I wrote it off. No big deal. I sat back down and put on the TV and it started again. Distinct shouting. A man and a woman yelling at each other. I lowered the volume and the TV and I could hear it even better. I was just starting to get scared at this point when I went to look out again...and it stopped. The hallway light was on, but the shouting stopped again. I pulled my head back so the hallway was now out of view and it INSTANTLY started again. Now, I was scared. I looked back at the hallway and it stopped. I slowly walked into the hall, got about halfway between my door and the staircase and then ran as fast as I could down the stairs and woke up my brother, who had fallen asleep on the couch.

He was younger than me and twice as scared as I was when I told him. We stayed up all night. It never happened again.

pighalf
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 11, I often walked home from a friend's house and would cut through the cemetery (it was usually day time -5 or 6 o'clock- and it saved me about 10 minutes of walking). Even though it was an old cemetery and hadn't been kept up, it really wasn't too scary. One rainy afternoon while cutting through I heard a soft voice coming from behind me saying "fliiiiip me ooooooverrrrrr". It repeated this about 2-3 times and I freaked out. I didn't look back and bolted home. Fast forward three days later and I'm cutting through the cemetery again and I noticed on the ground- a burned waffle. It was at the same exact spot where I heard the voice.

arefu
â€¢ 13y ago

I'd always been really close to my great-grandmother... to this day, she remains a huge influence on how I try to treat other people. She was one of the kindest, warmest human beings you'd ever meet, never had a bad word to say about anyone. When I was 17 years old, she was going further and further into dementia. She lived an hour or so away, and since I was in school and didn't have a car, I didn't get to see her as often as I liked. Her son was supposed to be her caretaker, but did a shit job at it. One morning in winter, at around 4 AM, she slipped and fell outside. She was left out in the cold for god knows how long until her neighbor found her. My great grandmother was taken to a hospital here in the city with pneumonia. My mom would go visit her, but didn't want me to go since she didn't want me to see my great grandma like that. In retrospect, I should have pushed harder, but I was so afraid of seeing her in pain that I listened and stayed home.

So about a week later, I'm heading to bed and I notice my mom hasn't come home. I thought little of it and fell right to sleep because it had been a particularly long day. The strangest dream woke me up, though. I saw the city in grey and white, right outside the hospital my great grandma was staying in. The doors opened, and there she was, walking out. She paused to turn and smile, before walking forward into a white light. I woke at about 5:30 AM, tears in my eyes, and just sat there. My mom still wasn't home. I couldn't go back to sleep, so I got ready for school. My dad took me, drove me there completely wordlessly. The dream tugged at me for the rest of the day, bothering me so much that one of my teachers actually thought I was high. I came home, to the sight of my mom sitting at our dinner table. She told me to sit down, and said that my great grandma had passed away that morning.... at about 5:30 AM. I always think about that day, but don't talk about it very much since my friends aren't huge believers in that kind of thing. Those that I *have* told, laughed in my face, so you can see why I kept this to myself.

TL;DR: I believe I saw my great grandmother pass peacefully into another life in a dream.

Reply Share

lolstaz
â€¢ 13y ago

A lot of sleep related ones here.

One time I remember waking up in the middle of the night and seeing cockroaches crawling around my pillow. I sat up fucking terrified and looked down at the pillow and they seems to all crawl behind it. I decided to just wait whilst holding my pillow down somehow preventing them from escaping. I sat there for a good few minutes holding this pillow and eventually convinced myself that I was a fucking idiot and that it'd never happened. I went back to sleep.

A few years back I remember waking up in the morning, picking something off of my face in my semi-awake state and holding it in front of my face thinking "Oh, it's one of those things that sometimes shows up on your face when you wake up". Eyes focussed. I was holding a spider. Shat myself, threw it across the room.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Background: I grew up on land that was a Federal encampment/temporary location in a modertely-sized Civil War battle. The issue is that the land was within the firing range of the Conferate guns on a nearby mountain. There are some exploded Confederate shells all over, so they were definitely being fired on. Therefore, my assumption is that some people died there, and my house is the only one in the immediate proximity.

Story: I was pretty young, say 8 or 9, so I've never fully trusted myself on this one. I woke up one night because I was suddenly cold to see a semi-translucent figure in Federal enlistedman attire, staring at me from about 3 or 4 feet away. I originally assumed that I was dreaming (I didn't believe in that crap), so turned over and tried to go back to sleep. The cold didn't go away, so I turned back over too see him sort of looking off wistfully. I got up and chased him out of my room, into my large closet that has a window. He opened up the window, jumped out, and I went back to sleep, again assuming that I was dreaming.

The next morning, the window was open. I had checked before I went to bed, and was absolutely sure it had been closed as this happened during winter. I asked my parents, and neither of them had opened it that night while I was asleep. My siblings had never done anything like that before and also said they didn't do it.

So for this to be my imagination, I would have had to sleepwalk from pretty much the only time in my life, opened my window, and had a dream to make up the backstory.

Still freaks me out.

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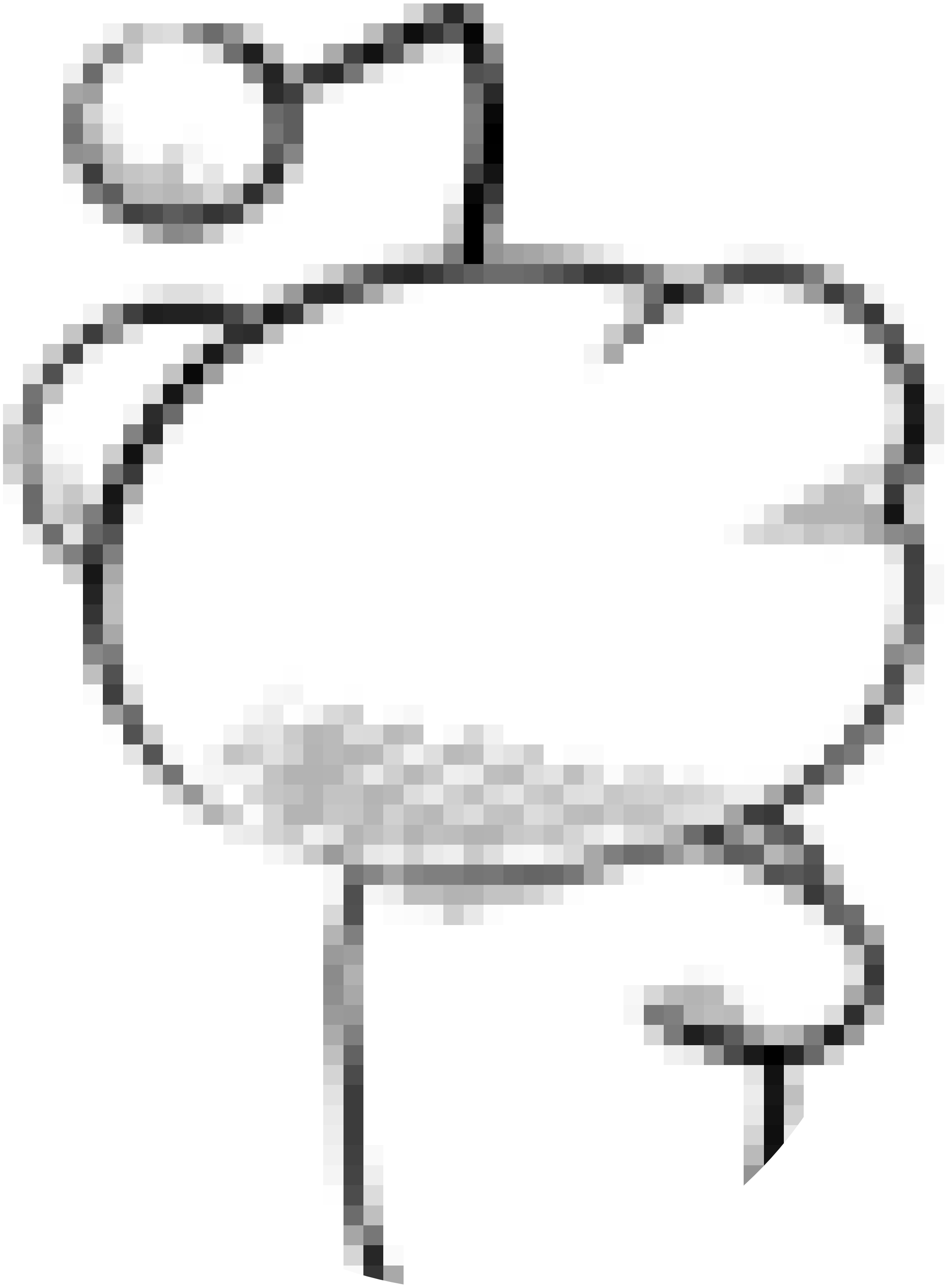

[stevencage](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

[r/glitchinthematrix](#)

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Infuriated
â€¢ 13y ago

I was....visited.

Reply Share

Asyx
â€¢ 13y ago

Just being in this threads gives me the urge to look behind me all the time.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm going to scare the hell out of myself reading this thread. Damn you and thank you to everyone who contributes. Old X-Files fan who loves scaring myself something rotten!

Reply Share

graphic_fartist
â€¢ 13y ago

I saw my soul and/or silent witness, on mushrooms, in a hotel room in Las Vegas.

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FuzzyPinata
â€¢ 13y ago

Candlejack ruined my

Reply Share

crazymancraigles
â€¢ 13y ago

So I got a few stories. Ill post one of the ones the makes me look less crazy haha.

So when I was 18 I moved into a place with some friends of mine, 4 guys total and 2 girls. It was a nice place 5 bedroom 3 bath and only 850 a month and where I'm from that is absurdly cheap. Well turns out there was a reason for that.

Everything went great for a few weeks, I moved in and we all got settled in. Through some really good parties and had a great time. Shortly after though we had started noticing little things: doors and cabinents would all be open randomly, or if you walked out into the garage it would lock and you where stuck tell someone came and rescued you. This went on for a little while and no one really spoke of it untill finally the oldest person living with us got locked in the garage and she claimed she could hear the voice of her grandma, telling her that she needed to clean up her act.

Well then we had a group meeting. Turns out everyone was having similer experiences. An old womans voice accompanied by other real world things like the doors and cabinents. It had happened to everyone in the house. So the more we talked about it and gave descriptions of what we had seen and heard it all started to click: the eldest person there, her grandma had died on that street years and years ago and as far as we could tell wasn't happy with her grand daughters life choices.

One time all the doors in the house opened and slammed and we all heard laughter. Another time all of the empty bottles we had been rinsing out for recycling were knocked off the counter and spread all over the room.

Okay I know that's kinda long, and I'm on my phone right now but this is giving me goose bumps thinking about it all again lol.

Long story short: friends grandma died on our street years ago, and we moved in to find out she likes to mess with people.

Ask_me_about_birds
â€¢ 13y ago

Probably way late but here goes

My family purchases a small chunk of land when I was Around 8. On which were three abandoned houses. The land used to be a plantation where workers would pick tomatoes. Anyway my dad decided to demolish one of the past workers quarters to build our home on. I got to see the inside before it was wrecked. It looked like the occupants left in a hurry, there were suitcases, papers, chairs strewn everywhere. The freakiest bit was the dining room, it was still completely set with tarnished silverware, faded napkins and a whole pig skeleton still on the dusty table. Scared me something awful when I was only eight.

Fast forward to when our house was built on top of the remains. I would always here noises, thumpings. Things would move when you left the room. I specifically remember walking past my dresser and a Pennie whizzed off the top of it to strike my forehead. But those werent bad compared to what happened in the night. My room was in the attic, right below the roof. Some nights the screeching started. Other nights I was allowed a restless sleep. I always knew when it was going to happen, the world would go still, all night noises extinguished, and a deafening silence blanketed my senses. Then SSSSCCRRREEE the sound of something scraping the roof shingles with what i imagined were long, hooked claws and scrabbling, horrible scrabbling and clicking of some Thing on the roof. Then it would pass, and I blame my sleep problems now for living in that house for a year.

cristianbam
â€¢ 13y ago

So ur with ur honey and yur making out wen the phone rigns. U anser it n the vioce is â€œwut r u doing wit my daughter?â€ U tell ur girl n she say â€œmy dad is dedâ€. THEN WHO WAS PHONE?

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

Imisstouchingyou
â€¢ 13y ago

I would like to preface my story by saying i'm a skeptic who doesn't believe in ghosts only electromagnetic phenomenon. I have 2 stories both very peculiar. 1st story i'm 10 years old in my bed trying to fall asleep. I hear someone coming up the stairs which leads directly into my bed room. The steps are very deliberate and slow almost to the point where it sounds like someone is sneaking up the stairs. I figure it's one of my older brothers being the typical jack-ass older brothers wearing a halloween mask coming to scare me. Thing is i'm ready for them, I grab a baseball bat and crawl army style along the banister near the light switch. As the person gets to the top of the landing I throw the switch and jump around the corner with my bat raised only to find....no one there.....now as a 10 year old i'm quite perplexed I sat down and just sort of felt fuzzy in the head...I try to think...floor boards creaking...old house settling....wood warping over time....heater making noises...none of it adds up I've heard someone come up those stairs 1000's of times the pitch changes as some ascends the steps I know I heard someone but no one is there....

flash forward 8 years story 2 I'm home alone cooking some jimmy dean sausages on a saute' pan in my kitchen. I'm holding a pair of regular metal grill tongs occasionally turning the sausages as they brown. As I move in to adjust the cooking food something strange starts to happen, one of the sausages begins to roll away as I move the tongs twords it. My first reaction was to jerk the tongs back in a recoil from pure strangeness, as I do the sausage rolls back twords me. Now things really start getting weird I try to touch the same sausage with the tongs again and it moves away, as I bring the tongs back the sausage rolls back to me. at this point i'm thinking it's probably just the pressure of the fluid inside the sealed sausage casing causing it to roll coincidentally seemingly related to the distance of the tongs i'm holding in my hand. I set the tongs down and take several deep breaths laughing at my foolishness. I pick the tongs up and try to touch the sausage and immediately it starts reacting to the tongs in my hand. At one point I hold the tongs directly over the sausage about 3 inches from the surface and begin to rotate the tongs 360 degrees and sure enough the sausage starts reacting by slowly turning in a circle fucking creepy! So I set the tongs down take several more deep breaths thinking surely I must be going crazy and this is a result of years of drug and candy abuse. I pick the tongs up and once again try to replicate the experiment only to find the sausage no longer reacts with the tongs. i try several more times with no reaction. As best as I can figure there were metal shaving that some how got into the sausage while at the processing plant, naturally being magnetic in nature they reacted to the polarity of the tongs I had in my hand thus the strange invisible connection between the 2 objects. I've tried telling other people about this experience only to be laughed and told i'm "making it up"

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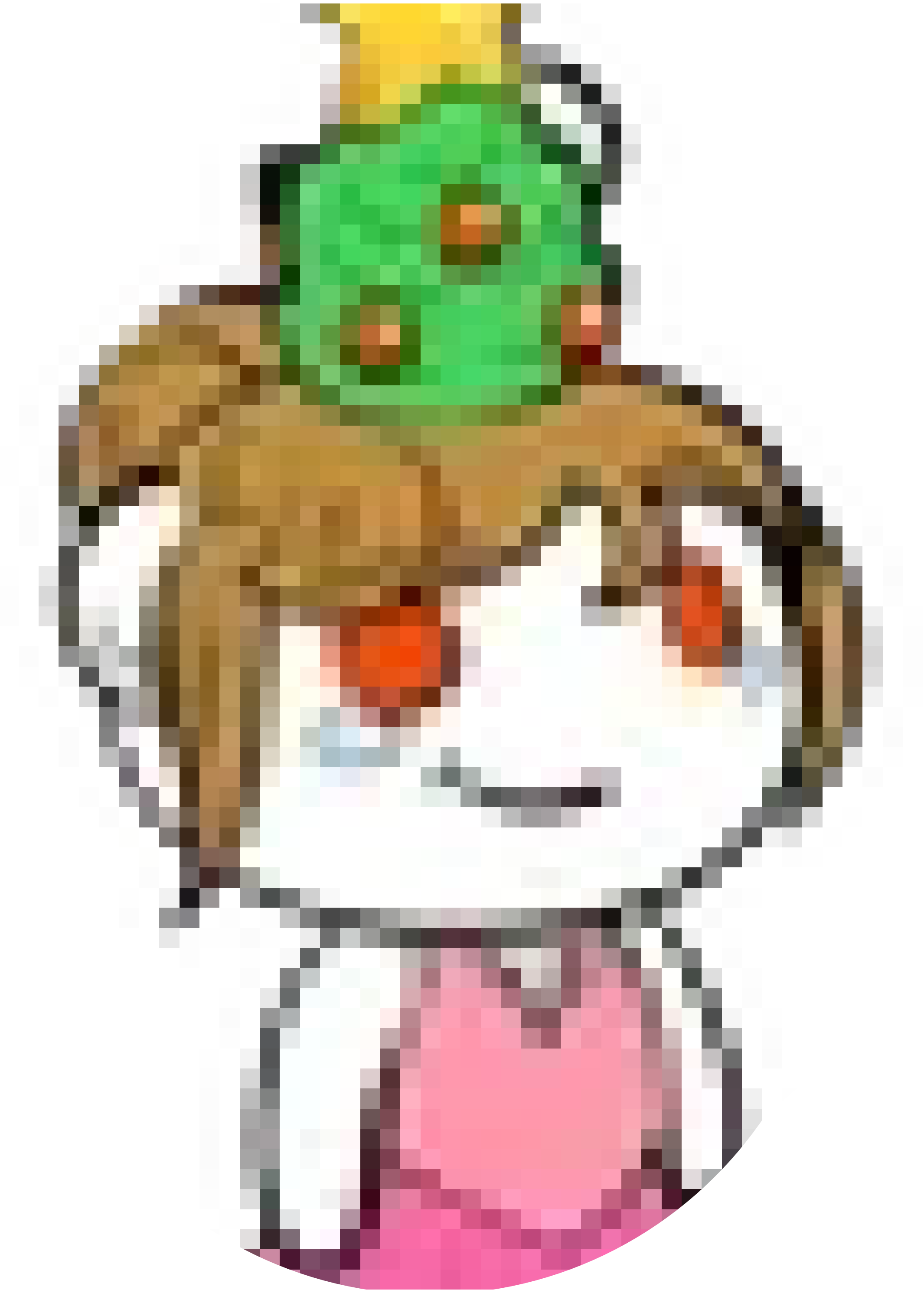


ooopsie14
â€¢ 13y ago

It was christmas eve in 2008 and I was back from college staying in my parents very large and creaky 100 year old house. My mom likes to keep mementos from her grandparents and one of them is a wind up porcelain sculpture of santa reading over a list. You have to crank this thing pretty hard to get it to start playing and when it plays the little crank visible turns around and around. It was about 2 am in the morning when I woke up suddenly and realized I could hear the wind up santa playing it's eerie little jingle. We slept two floors above where the santa was placed on our fireplace mantle and normally it is not that loud at all. Being more inclined to blame a weird incidence I went downstairs to check it out thinking maybe the wind up had gotten stuck before and become unstuck over night. When I get down stairs and pick up the santa I notice that it's playing but it's winder is not moving, which is impossible, the whole thing is a gear driven system, if the barrel is rotating to hit the little metal spokes the winder has to be turning. Freaking out I pushed it under a couch cushion and ran back up to stairs to wake up my parents. When my dad went downstairs he found that it wasn't playing anymore. Now whenever we wind it to play the sound is so faint you have to hold it up to your ear. Weird shit.

Reply Share

dwf

â€¢ 13y ago

My mom's cousin seems to have visited her infirmed mother shortly after said cousin's death.

Basically, my mom and her cousin both immigrated from Ireland. Cousin got breast cancer, they caught it really late. Long story short, she was dead in a matter of months. Her biggest regret was not making it home to her mother (my mom's aunt Chris) more often.

Chris was over 90, in a nursing home back in Ireland, but mostly with her wits about her. There were family friends who lived close to her house and kept an eye on it for her, and they'd visit her in the home a few times per week. They came in one day to Chris telling them that her daughter was in town, and they'd just missed her. They were skeptical of this unannounced visit, and were at first convinced it was a dream/hallucination. But her recount of the conversation they'd just had was so incredibly detailed and with an air of truth to it that they concluded that the daughter must be in town and just hadn't managed to touch base with them yet (they're sort of old fashioned folk, I doubt they even had cell phones at this point).

Only later that night did they get a call from across the Atlantic telling them that the person who had allegedly visited Chris was, in fact, recently dead.

The family collectively decided that Chris was not to know that her daughter had predeceased her, as knowing this would only cause her pain. I'm fully aware that she was teetering on the brink of senility (the next time I visited her, I was mistaken for my father, but that could be as much failing eyesight as anything else), and that this could have just been a coincidence. I am a very skeptical individual. Nonetheless, it was creepy, but also somehow comforting.

Reply Share

superme33
â€¢ 13y ago

My whole family doesn't really believe in the ghost kind of stuff, but we've experienced a lot of weird things (as well as some visitors in our house).

1. Personally me, walking down the hallway, there was the only stairway to the second floor at the end. While walking down this hallway, the top 3/4 of the stairs were cut off by the door way. I was walking down, and I saw someone walking up the stairs from the knees down. Thinking it was my parents, I called out to Mom, then Dad, then Sister. Parents weren't upstairs, Sister replied from the other room on the bottom floor. This was the only room in the house that had direct access to the attic as well, which basically any small attic is creepy in general.

2. Sister - we lived in the country, and my sister was walking outside in the dark. Close to our large garage was a tree with a tire swing. There was a motion light on the garage, however it was off. Leaning on the tree was a tall man, dressed all in black. My sister clearly saw his face light up when he dragged his cigarette. The whole break-sight thing when she looked away quickly and looked back, and he was gone. My morbid family called this guy the "Patio Door Rapist" for the remaining years we lived there.

3. Dad - Dad is the big unbeliever, but stated he was in his room, late at night. The garage attached to the house has been reno'd and turned into their bedroom for more space. My Dad woke up in the night, and had that feeling someone was in the room. He didn't look, but said he felt someone sit on the end of the bed. He said he couldn't bring himself to look at who sat there since my Mom was lying next to him. Couldn't fall asleep for the rest of the night.

Visitors: My bedroom was at the top of the stairs (which was my parents old room before they moved to the reno'd garage) and people would often get weird feelings about the room, and scurry past it on the way to the bathroom. When I was a kid, I would ALWAYS run past the room. I was about 17, had been living in the room for awhile, and remember getting their weird lingering eyes feeling, so weird that I slept with the light on that night. And no, I'm not a whiny scared bitch. I live for horror movies and getting scared, it just gave me this weird feeling.

We had a 5 or 6 year old kid (kid of Mom's friend) that came to our house, and said that he would often play with his dead grandma when he came over. He didn't think it was weird, and never mentioned it to him Mom about seeing Grandma in any other place than our house.

Had a few door slams / window slams, but nothing that I would say couldn't be caused by wind, but still..it happened. Sometimes the dogs (which were outdoor dogs) would act weird and bark at nothing, or all run around the sides of the house all together for no reason as if they were chasing something, which again, could be anything, just stating facts here.

Grello
â€¢ 13y ago

not directly to do with me but my family

when I was about 12 we had to travel up to see my grandparents, who live 3hrs away, we had 2 new additions to the family so we had to stay in a b and b just up the road. we arrived outside the creepiest looking house at night...but it was ok we were going to be staying in a converted barn and not in this ghost house, or so we thought, apparently it was damp and we then had to stay in the house with the creepy old couple. dread filled my young heart. I was sharing a room with my sister and my 2 brothers were in another. the whole house was like from the 1800s and I found it so hard to sleep, was just freaked the fuck out. ended up staying in my parents bed, something I never even did as a younger child. anyway,the next day my sister asked me did I come back into the room and sit at the end of the bed (I hadn't) and two brothers had their door handle turn repeatedly and the door shook. so it was either ghosts or the creepy old couple were just actually creepy.

EvilTim777
â€¢ 13y ago

It's probably too late for this to get seen, but here goes!

Just this last Christmas Eve, I got stuck working the closing shift, which we closed the store at 10:30. I am basically a bag boy, so there was also the closing manager there with me (we'll call her Cindy).

So 10 o'clock rolls on by and we close all entrances so we will be able to finish our closing duties on time; to make sure nobody was in the store, barricade all emergency exits so nobody could break in from there, lock up the coin dispensers in the safe, etc etc.

Now it's getting very close to 10:30, I'm on edge because I am already nearly 2 hours late to a pre-xmas gift opening with my girlfriend's family, so I'm doing everything I can to speed things up. We finally get to the point where we're ready to set the alarm, I can feel the relief coming already.

But wait... an error message comes up. The alarm can't be set because of movement in an office upstairs.

Odd... we locked all of those doors long before we even closed the store, what could be setting off the motion sensors?

We both go and check it out (Cindy didn't want to go alone, she gets creeped out pretty easilly). We stand in front of the manager's office for a moment, somewhat scared of what we might find. She inserts the keys, we slowly open the door, and reach for the lights.......

Balloons.... Fucking balloons....

So these were effecting the burglar alarm?! Sheesh!

We decide to put them in the elevator since the alarm wouldn't detect them in there.

Ok, that's taken care of, let's get the fuck out of here! We go back down stairs, get our stuff ready to go, and attemp to set the alarm a second time. She enters the code, we wait for the message... but nope! Another error. Something about a door not being locked/shut.

Ooooookay, this is getting kind of old. It's already 10:50 by this point, we both want to leave, and this damn store alarm is doing everything it can to keep us from doing so!

Sighing, we both walk upstairs once more, with our goal being to check every damn door in this place and make sure they're locked!

First stop, boss's office. Check, locked and closed, we're good. Next up, bookkeeper's. All is well and good here. Break room? Nothing wrong with this. We walk down the halls, checking bathrooms in case some random person is hiding out in there. Nothing, of course. And now we make our way to a branch in the hall.

Ok, straight ahead is the motor room and after that is the machine room. Those places are creepy as FUUUUUCK. Not to mention they're so loud you can hardly hear the person next to you. So we decide to take the other path, down to the last emergency exit. I mean, this will be quick and easy, and definitely not as spooky.

As we get to the bottom of the stairs, there is some clutter of random boxes propped on the stairs making it so we have to squeeze by, one by one. Ok, whatever, someone threw their garbage down here, no biggy. We get to the door, make sure its locked, but then Cindy notices something. Now our store has these silver tags that "seal" the emergency doors, which allow us to know if the door has been used since the last seal was placed. Well, this seal was broken. But the thing is, it was placed back carefully to look like it was still sealed. This is starting to get strange...

I looked down to Cindy, asking what it meant, and she replied with "Ah, it probably just got overlooked and someone didn't replace it. We'll deal with it after the holiday.

Alright, you're the boss, whatever you say. So i turn to start walking back upstairs with Cindy right behind me. I'm just about to say something when BAM! A door somewhere upstairs just slammed shut, and i mean SLAMMED. ....

What

The

Fuck...?!

I slowly turn to look at Cindy, our eyes lock and her face was of pure terror. I gave a kind of chuckle and ask her if she just heard that.

We start slowly walking upstairs, and as we came to the branch in the hallway, I peek my head around the corner to see if I can see anything.

Nothing.

Well, we still need to check this damn motor room. I offer to go alone, since Cindy looked like she might faint if whatever or whoever made the sound decided to make its appearance. She refuses to leave my side, so we go in and check it out.

Like I said, it was LOUD in the motor room, so the inability to hear anything made the situation even worse. I turn to look at Cindy, and she has her phone out with 9-1-1 pre-dialed in case anything happens. I kind of smirk at this, but it was a sensible thing to do. We wander through the machine room and the motor room, double/triple checking all the doors to make sure everything was ok, and then we make our way back downstairs.

OK! This has to work now, let's set this damn alarm and get out of here! We give it another shot, and still no luck! WTF! We are completely fed up and still scared of the possible serial murderer that could potentially be loose in the store with us, so Cindy goes to plan B: She calls the security company directly, and works on overriding the alarm remotely.

I stand by the door, ready to get out right when she gives the signal, she hangs up, runs over, and we leave the building.

Goodbye grocery store killer/ ghostly eerie door slammer! I'm done!

We lock the door behind us....and we are finally FREE!

We stand there for a moment, and Cindy gives me a big hug, telling me how that was straight out of some horror film and how glad I stayed over with her. We part ways, and I head home, relieved that this night was over.

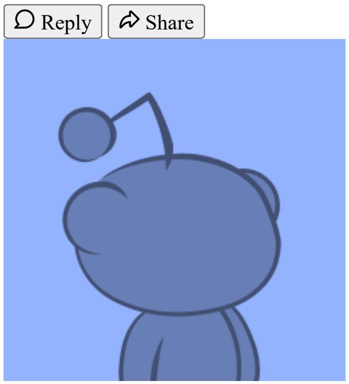
TL;DR - Closing at a grocery store on x-mas eve, alarm won't set, random loud-ass door slamming when nobody else is in the store. Ghosts and shit. Yea :<

Reply Share

glclark
â€¢ 13y ago

I caught a Feebas 5 minutes before the lake reset.

Reply Share



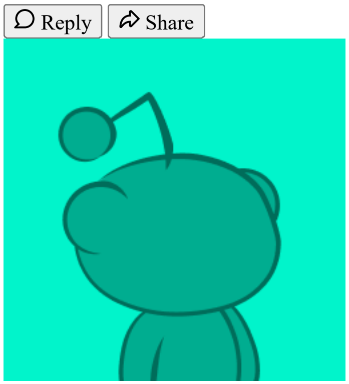
TechnoApe
â€¢ 13y ago

Luckily before mine happened I was aware of what sleep paralysis was. I don't know if I was drifting *into* or *out of* sleep, all I know is suddenly I was laying in my bed and I couldn't move. It was simultaneously one of the most horrifying and frustrating feelings I've had, where I'm just screaming internally to just move, just break this paralysis, right now goddamnit, what's the matter with you? I could just feel it, like breaking it was on the tip of my tongue or something, I was right on the threshold, but it just wouldn't go.

Then all of the sudden I had this very strange pressure, with my body vibrating/shaking as some presence approached the side of my bed. It came closer and got in my face and began whispering something demonic, and as it did the shaking grew. Finally it floated above and behind my head, and I felt its presence just sitting there watching and growling as the vibrations in my head became more and more intense, like it was placing them there. All of a sudden it broke and it was over, but it was without a doubt the scariest hallucination I ever had. The only way I can think to describe what the presence was like is this hidden face from the Exorcist.

TL;DR Demon thought it'd be cool to shake me and whisper in my ear

Reply Share



Reginold_Swan_the_IV

â€¢ 13y ago

Every time I've disrespected my grandmother I've had a nose bleed within a few hours.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This happenned to me when I was 6.

I was in bed, and my parents were saying goodnight to me. They were at the foot of my bed, and they were just... sillouhettes... standing there. Unmoving.

Then they vanished. I started to cry. I don't remember anything after that.

Reply Share

My_Two_Sense
â€¢ 13y ago

Crazy cat story ahead! My best friend (call him Dave) had a cat named Felix. A big tomcat that was an avid hunter. Hanging in Daves' house is a scenic picture and in the bottom left is a mountain lion killing a rabbit. Looking at the picture I said, "hey Dave look, it's Felix killing a rabbit!" At that instant Daves' little brother says "guys come here!" I shit you not, at that instant, Felix was killing a baby rabbit in the back yard. We took the disemboweled rabbit from him and put the rabbit out of its' misery, buried it and proceeded to WTF.

MariaBF
â€¢ 13y ago

Recently me and some of my friends spoke about this supernatural things, and two of them said that the believe in this things, for real. They say that already happened things to them. One of them said that one night she was in bed between awake and asleep and felt something in the end of the bed, but she had a cat, so she thought it was it, but then, I don't really know why she looked it up, just like a normal person would, and she saw a man sitting in her bed. The bedroom door closed and she said that she wanted to scream but she couldn't. She even says that she remembers the clothes that the man was wearing, and that is spoke and said that "everything was alright", but she just wanted to get out of there, so she got off the bed to the door and opened it and then she was able to scream and a friend came and start asking what was the matter. Next day she had a hand figure in one of her arms. She told us this and I don't believe in this things at all, but truth is, she really got of the room screaming and she really had that hand figure in her arm, a lot of her friends saw that, what really happened there I don't know...

The other one said that one day she was with some friends in a friend's house, which was big, and they remembered to play those ghost's games, here we called it "cup game", and they were in the living room and there was a hallway to one bedroom. When they were playing the bedroom light turned on, one thing is normal.. but then , the friend went there and turn off the light, and when she was coming back the light turned on again.. When they were leaving, (they wanted to go to a party), they were all already in the cars when all the lights from the house turned on. I don't believe in this things, I really don't but when they told us these historys, they were talking in such a serious way, they say that those things they believe, even if we laughed at them.

[Dalo600](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My story happened to me when I was in fourth grade. My family moved from CA to Colorado Springs CO. We had moved in to a town home about 10 minutes away from my new elementary school. Both of my parents worked late and my brother went to school farther than I did. It was a lot easier for me just to walk home then to wait for a ride. After I walked home from school I would be home alone for about an hour or more. I didnâ€™t mind. I usually just turn on cartoons and let the time fly by. Here is when things got weird.

About a week after being home alone I sawâ€¦something strange. (Ugh, I hate thinking about this) I saw a really tall, really skinny skeleton in a long black robe. It looked a lot like you would imagine a grim reaper, but it had no scythe and it looked like it had a large grin. Imagine a real skeleton skull with a Jack Skeleton smile on its face. It just stood there smiling at me. It didnâ€™t move at first but would move its head slightly to the side like it was interested in me.

I told myself immediately that I was a stupid little kid and it wasnâ€™t really there. This didnâ€™t make since to me, because my family doesnâ€™t believe in ghosts. I ignored it just repeating to myself that I was a stupid little kid and it wasnâ€™t real. As soon as my family came home it wasnâ€™t there anymore. I didnâ€™t tell anyone what I saw. â€œIâ€™m just a stupid fourth grader, with a stupid imagination. It has to just be my imagination, right?â€ I saw it every day after that. It started to get more active. I would see it staring at me as I sat on the couch, so I would get up to go to my room that was upstairs. The problem was when I started walking to the stairs it would flash to the bottom of the stairs wrap its fingers over the banister, lean over and continue its grinning stair. The only thing that Iâ€™ve ever seen come anywhere close to describing this thing move was the movie 13 Ghosts. The way the ghosts moved in slow motion then would zip to where ever they were going. This was way before that movie came out, but is EXACTLY how this thing moved. I thought this thing is getting crazy! Itâ€™s starting to cut me off! How could this happen if it was my imagination?

So I just sat back on the couch and would just repeat, â€œIâ€™m just a stupid little kid with a stupid imaginationâ€. This went on for over 3 months without me telling a soul. It started to just get worse and worse. At first it just stood there smiling at me while slightly tilting its head, staring close but at a distance. Then it started cut me off where ever I went in the house, but now I knew it wanted meâ€¦ It started to do its slow-mo zip thing right in front of me. It never got that close before. It would look me dead in my face and reach its hands around my head like it wanted to grab me the ZIP away to another part of the house just staring. It did this over and over and over! It was like it wanted to just pick me up and run, but for some reason it couldnâ€™tâ€¦not yet.

At this point I didnâ€™t care if it was my imagination! I was going to tell my parents as soon as they got home. I was raised extremely traditional Christian, so it made since to me that this thing could not touch a child of god. What didnâ€™t make since to me was IT. We donâ€™t believe in ghosts. Thatâ€™s why this just had to be my childish imagination.

As soon as my parents pulled into the driveway I ran to my Mommaâ€™s side of the door just in tears. I felt like I was going to get in trouble for telling them. I didnâ€™t want to tell anyone because I knew what everyone would think. â€œStupid boy, you didnâ€™t see anything. You have just been watching too much TV.â€ My parents started to of course ask what happened. I didnâ€™t say anything until we went inside. Until I knew he wasnâ€™t there to hurt me if I told them. I told my parents everything. Every detail of all 3 months of this torture that I thought I was creating for myself. It felt amazing to say this out loud, but I was still afraid of their reactions. They didnâ€™t say a word or move an inch the entire time I spoke. They just sat there with wide eyes and pail faces.

They both said as soon as I stopped at the same time, â€œWhy didnâ€™t you tell us!â€ This scared me because: 1. they didnâ€™t call me a stupid little boy with a stupid imagination. 2. because they sounded like they knew something! I was absolutely shocked at their response. They believed me. They actually believed me. What they told me next was extremely hard to swallow. They told me that the people that lived before us had a little girl that lived in my room. They said that the parents of the little girl told them that she had been demon possessed and had actually died in that room. I DIDNâ€T KNOW I WAS SLEEPING WITH THIS THING! Once they stopped telling me this my Momma looked at me and said, â€œYou have to tell us anything that makes you uncomfortable baby, whether you think itâ€™s your imagination or not. This demon wants you.â€ Those words still haunt me.

My parents then took baby oil from our shelf and poured some in a wooden cap. They began to pray over the house and the baby oil to make holly water of it. Again my family is Christian. After praying my Papa stuck his finger in the baby oil and placed a drop over ever corner of every door and window of the house. After my Pop did this I felt an immediate weight come from my shoulders. My house for once felt happy. When I got home from school the next day I wasnâ€™t scared anymore. I saw it outside the window about 5 times over the span of 3 weeks, but it never once came inside. We moved about 2 months after that. I promised myself to listen to my children as my parents did me.

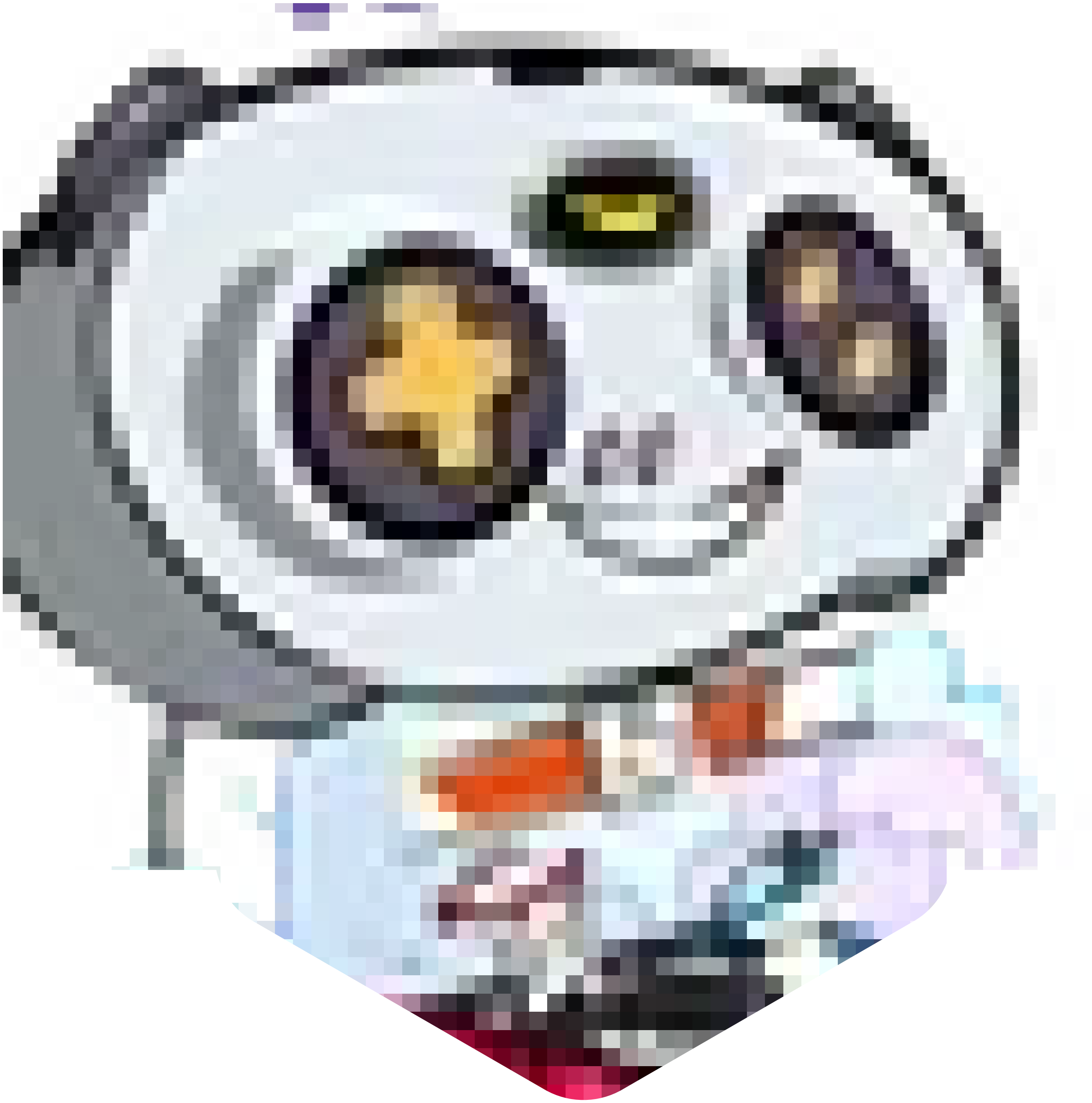
Sorry again for the length!

DrGrizzley
â€¢ 13y ago

I moved into an apartment in the Hollywood District of PDX in my 20's that I truely loved. The neighborhood was fantastic, my 7 other tenets were great, the landlords were awesome... I loved it all. It was more of a mini-community than just an apartment.

One week I got sick... really really sick. I had a raging fever, I couldn't breathe, and when I would try to move I'd pass out. I remember hearing someone ask if I was okay, and when I opened my eyes there was an old woman looking over me. She stayed with me telling me I'd be okay. She walked behind me, encouraging me to try and get to the bathroom. She warned me that I needed to try and get some fluids in me and forced me to drink water. She helped me make soup and get something into my body. I vaguely remember crying and her singing to me. Finally at some point I looked over and she smiled and I heard her say I'd be okay. Then I was unconcious and when I woke up she was gone.

I never had that happen again, but I've also never been alone and that sick again. I told my wife about it and as a Christian she believes an angel watched over me. As an athiest I think that my brain invented a complete person as a mental trick to keep me alive and moving. Either way it's one of the oddest things's I've ever experienced.



MattoGman
â€¢ 13y ago

I was helping out by staffing for a local youth group on religious retreat over the summer, but I'll give you some information about the campsite first.

I'm from Louisiana. We were staying in some valley of Georgia, on a beautiful site really, surrounded by waterfalls, rivers, and mountains. You think it would be peaceful right? Well, my friend who went to the retreat about 3 weeks before I did told me that there was some demonic and paranormal happenings that took place at the camp. Apparently the camp was built next to an Native American burial ground. Pretty much what he told me is that a girl was possessed for a good two hours, with pictures and objects flying across the room. He told me not to worry when I went, because they closed off the room that it took place in and four priest blessed the whole campsite. Needless to say, I was freaked out, but wasn't worried too much.

So on about the second or third day of camp, I met the lady who owned the site. I could tell she was a little off. When I talked to her, I felt as if she was looking past me or over my shoulder. Her fingernails we as long as fuck. She eventually told us, after five minutes of talking to her, that she can see inside people, and she could tell we were good people she could trust. She told us to go visit this big rock up the mountain. She referred to the rock as "the Vortex," in which we could connect with our inner spirit. Sounded like a whole lotta voodoo to me so I never went near it.

Now on our last day of being at the camp, we were all hanging out in the main room where we would meet to do church things, and we are praying in groups and what not. By this point our priest had already flown back to Louisiana to preform a wedding for someone. I look over to my right and one of the kids was laying on his back. I got the youth ministers attention and she walked over to him. His lips were moving but we couldn't here what he was saying. He was just breathing really heavy. The youth minister looked up at my and told me to go find Deacon Brian and get a bottle of water. By this point I was freaking out, but found the deacon and got some water. Deacon blessed the water, and I thought to myself, "Holy shit, we are about to do an exorcism."

Everyone gathers around the kid and I'm kneeling next to his head. We started to pray the rosary over him and as I'm looking at his face, it started to change. His face changed into something I didn't recognize. It looked like a demon of some sort, with horns and a beard and all that. I tried my best to look away but my eyes were stuck and I couldn't move. He started laughing and by this point I nearly shit myself. And just like that it was all over.

When helped the kid stand up and I asked him if he was okay. He turned and looked at me and said, "it will happen to you too." I could not sleep for the rest of the night or the plane ride back the next day.

tl;dr Some scary shit went down at summer camp

Fog80
â€¢ 13y ago

When i was a teenager, I got into a fight with my mom and ran up to my room and plopped on the bed. I remember the clock reading 9:00 on my nightstand and I dozed off.

The next thing i remember is a very bad smell, like burning flesh and I see like bloody vomit dripping from the ceilings. I tried to get up but I couldnt move. I had to lay there like that for a while until it eventually went away.

When I got up, I glanced at the clock and it said 9:02. Typing this story 15 years later still gives me goosebumps.

dukington
â€¢ 13y ago

So me and my friends went on one of those team challenge trips with school where they send about 15 kids to a place like South Africa to help farmers and go trekking and spend a week in R+R because you are 16 and this is the most work you have ever done and still deserve most of your time to be leisure time.

Anyway there are about 16 of us total, including two teachers and a guide from the company, me and three guys knew eachother beforehand but that was it, the rest of the group were pretty much new to us.

One evening on the first week the guys I know are being hush hush about something. After asking about it a bit they say C has had a dream. C says its nothing much really, but he would prefer it if i didn't mention it to anyone so he doesn't seem like a freak.

His dream was that on the fourth day of the mountain trek (our second trek of the trip) one of the girls, K, has to be collected by a truck and driven off the mountain because her back is fucked up. So of course he doesnt want it mentioned because its just a dream and we dont know these girls so well so it would seem weird to have dreams about them.

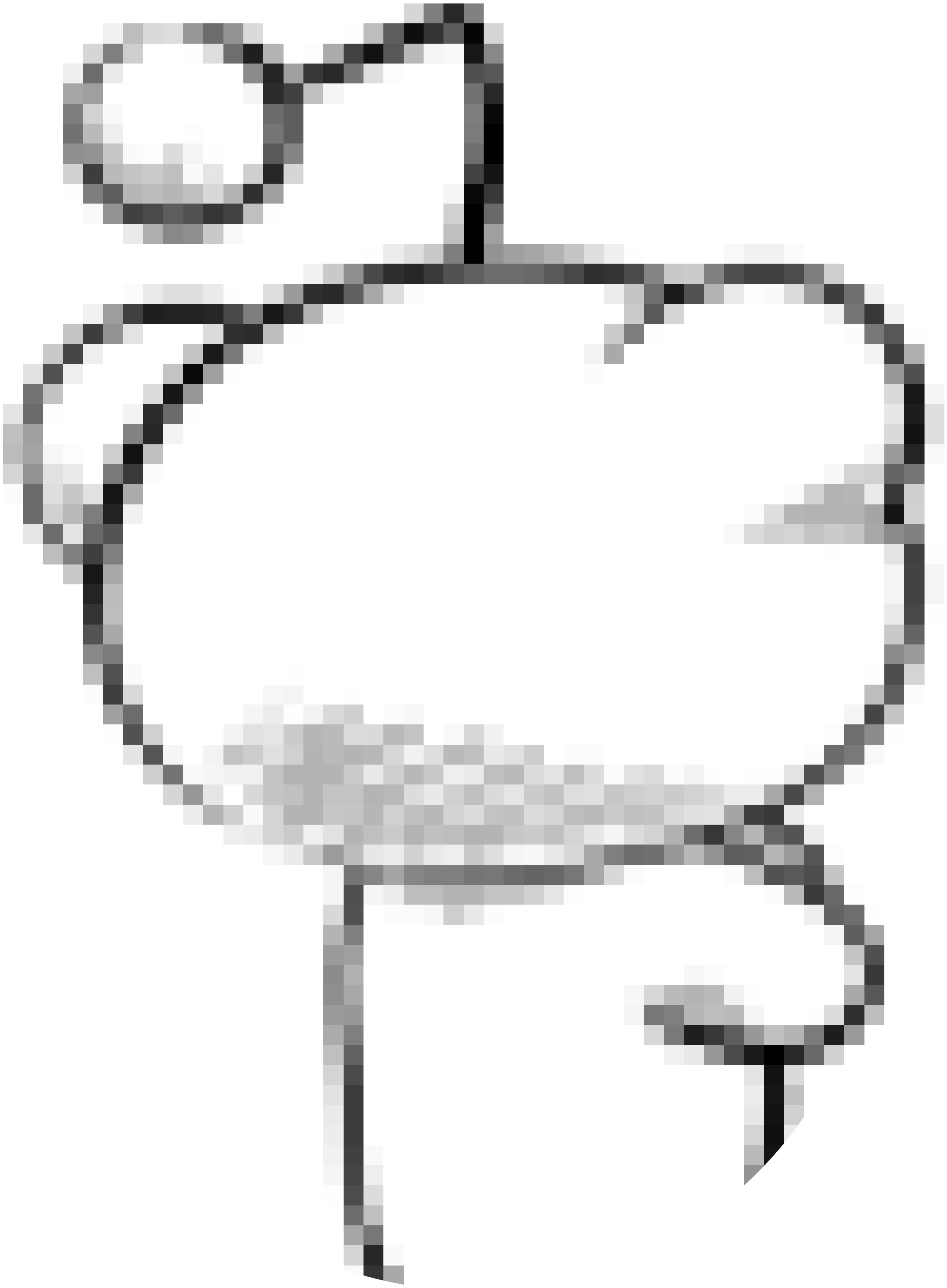
I say I don't really see why this is an issue, so my friend T tells me some story about how C can sense things and once upon a time C predicted a car coming around the corner or something. So i forgot about it.

Then two weeks later, there we are trekking in the Drachensberg. We are gearing up to leave on the morning of the fourth day when the guide tells us to set our stuff down, we have a situation. It turns out that K cannot hike that day because her back is totally fucked up, if you were to look at her back her spine isnt straight, its kind of wavy. So the guide sets about planning a shorter route for the rest of the trek to accommodate for us waiting until midday for these horse farm guys to drive their truck up the mountain to collect her.

I remember looking over at C and he is just sitting there avoiding eye contact with people, its really strange he just looks scared of himself.

London_weather
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine happened about 2 years ago. I had just finished watching the Unborn (which scared the shit out of me since anything with mirrors creeps me out). Anyway I was just about to go to bed when I hear heavy breathing coming from the corner of my room. It's only me and my mum in the house. Naturally I was to scared to move so I just stayed there awhile waiting for this thing to strike. Eventually I gather the courage to turn on the light and nervously look into said corner. Turn's out it was my fucking cat! My fucking snoring cat! I mean seriously what cat snores.



ElagabalusCaesar
â€¢ 13y ago

Sun goes up, Sun goes down. Never any miscommunication.

Checkmate, atheists.

Dilemma9Lives
â€¢ 13y ago

Not creepy, but the whole double slit experiment seems pretty damn unexplainable to me. Don't tell me you can explain that.

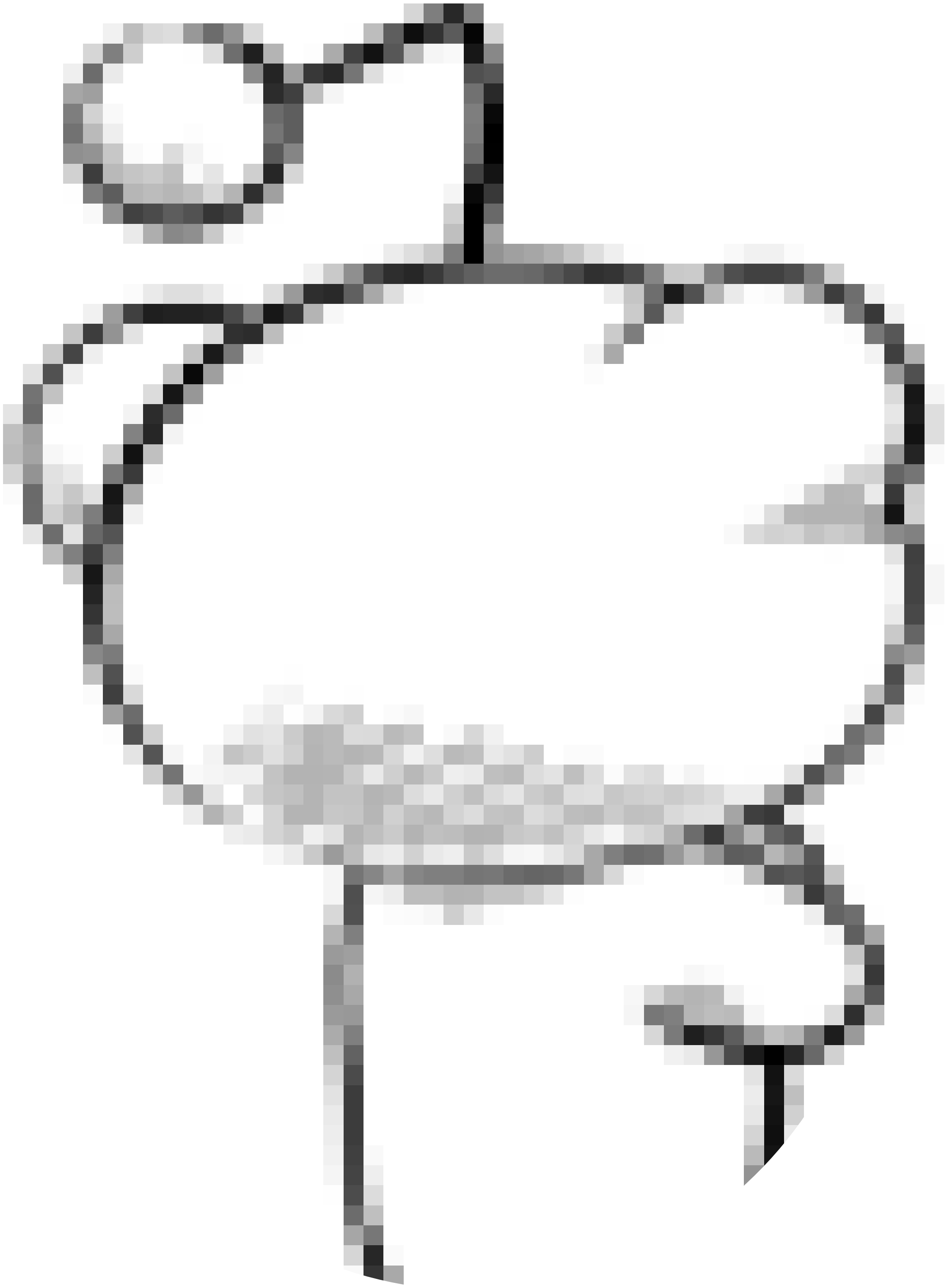
johnnymoto
â€¢ 13y ago

In 1986 my high school was having a dance on a Friday night after school. Everybody was talking about it as we headed home to get ready for the big event. About half an hour after I had gotten home the phone rang. I answered the call and heard what seemed like a very bad connection, and what I thought was my friend Brad on the line. I said hello a few times, and all I could make out was him saying his name a few times before the line was disconnected.

A little while later, someone called and gave me the bad news that Brad and his sister's were killed when their car was struck by a train about a mile from my house on the way home from school.

I was so freaked out about the call that I couldn't bring myself to go to their funeral.

RIP Brad and Lisa.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This is my friends story, not mine. I also believe him 100% because he's not the type of guy to make this shit up.

My friend grew up in a house that used to be a barn but was renovated. In this barn a man hung himself on the rafters, which is right where my friends room is. There are numerous stories he told me but there is one that is just hellish. He was sleeping one night and was abruptly woken up because he heard breathing right over his face and had that "someone's there" feeling. He then sat up straight and as he did his closet swung open. He then proceeded to run to his parents room down the hall and as he was heading there the bathroom light turned on and the door opened. His parents door was locked and he started banging on the door and screaming. Then, the faucets in the bathroom both turn on full blast. He then turns around and starts banging on the parents door more and more and no one comes to help. He decides to just run into his room and lock the door.

Illinois_Jones
â€¢ 13y ago

Absolutely nothing

The_Misappropriator
â€¢ 13y ago

Posted this a few days ago in a "creepy college" thread:

I went to William and Mary in Williamsburg, VA. That town has the historic Colonial-era district. Part of the touristy allure of the area is the wealth of ghost stories from the Jamestown-period up to the Civil War.

A tradition for students involves getting wasted and jumping the walls of the Governor's Palace late at night in order to run around, make out, or get even more wasted in the hedge maze located in the back garden. I'm sure it was the suspense (and fear of getting arrested), but there was one time where I swear the bushes along the maze all started shaking violently in unison. We all noped out as fast as we could and never went back.

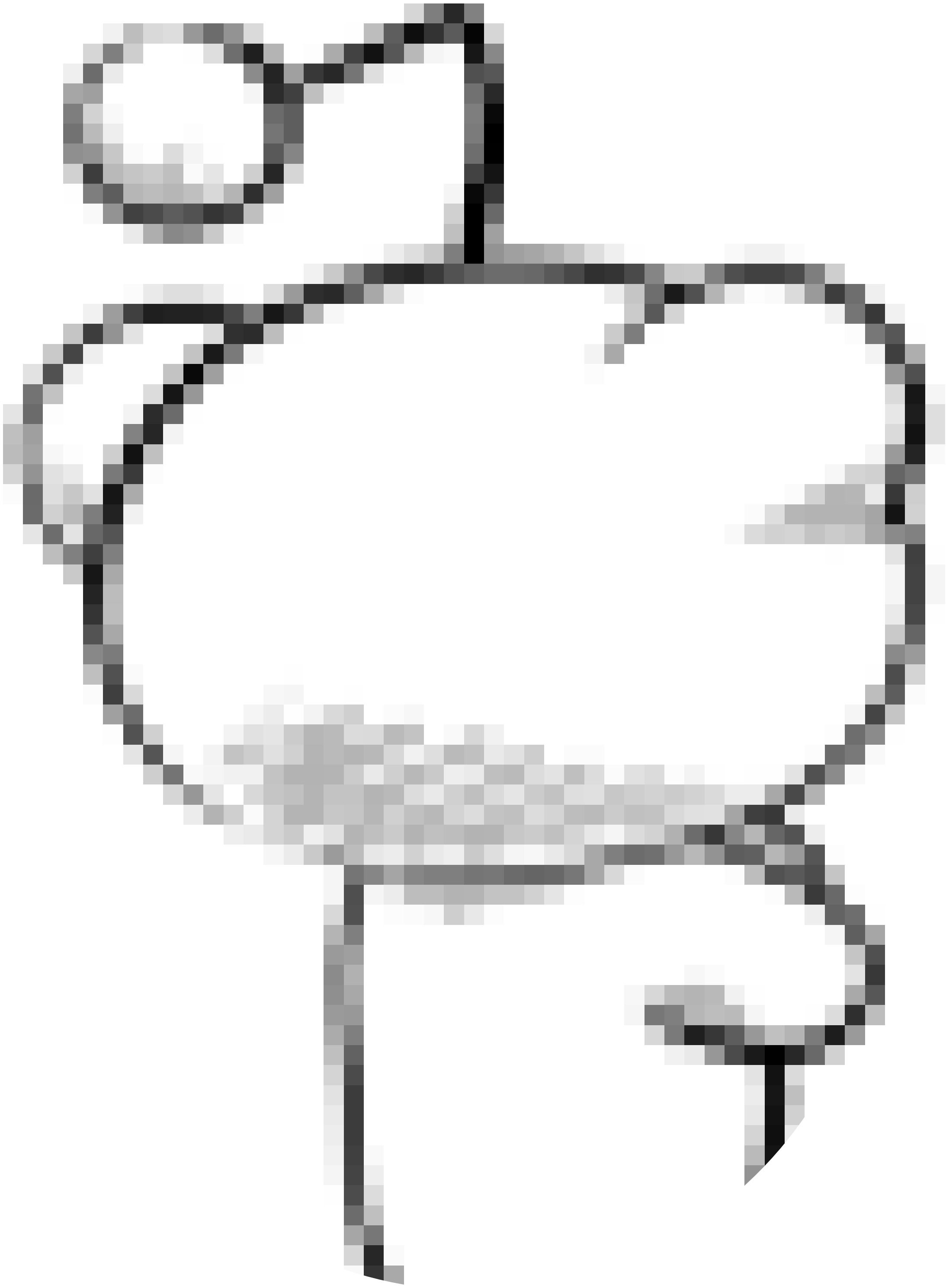
TerrifiedDreamer
â€¢ 13y ago

Ever heard of sleep paralysis? I used to never believe in anything supernatural until I started having extreme episodes of SP. Now I visit the Subreddit r/sleepparalysis regularly and realize the same thing that I see, the "entity" if you will, appears to MANY other sufferers.

Allow me to explain. This was my worst episode to date.

I was visiting my family, I had fallen asleep on the couch mid-day due to not enough sleep beforehand. I had slept for I don't know how long. Suddenly I am awake, but can't move. I can see everything around me, I can hear the cackling laughter of my younger sister playing Peek-a-Boo with my son a mere feet away from my still seized body. I could hear the TV, Fox News, talking about the weather. I could see the top of my dogs head and see the other dog Tank trot past the couch. I couldn't follow him with my gaze. I could only see what was directly in my line of vision, which was very slim. Then I feel something climb on top of me. I feel the weight of something pushing on the cushions on both sides of my body. I thought my sister was messing with me by climbing on the couch. Or that my son was doing it himself, but he was really sloppy to get on the couch, it was a whole leg lift, arm pull up..it was a process to say that least. So I knew it wasn't him. This..thing.. felt almost if it had landed on me. I felt a rush of cold air slap me in the motionless frozen face. I couldn't move, but I knew what was happening. As my body started to make itself fall back asleep, the room grew dark. The sounds faded and I could no longer see. Suddenly, I felt another cold breeze, on my cheek and slowly it moved over my face, almost smothering me. But finally it came into my line of semi-vision. A black face. No features, no "ghostly" air, nothing. Just this human face shaped black entity. The sound emitting from its form sounded like when you call a phone that has no line. Dead air. I started panicking at this point, mentally.. breathing harder and faster, and the more I did that, the "thing" tilted its head as if to say "Whats wrong with you??" My face was getting hot and I could feel the weight of the soul pressed on my chest. Felt like it was sitting on me whilst still staring into me.. No features.. Just blank. I later learned that these are "Shadow People" and A LOT of sufferers see them. More frequently than not.

Finally I could hear my sister again, offering to wake me up because I was breathing funny.. My whole family knows I suffer terribly from SP and they know the signs to look for whenever they can. So I was woken up, and just started to cry. I felt like I had literally looked Death in the face.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This is late and I didn't experience this. However my aunts, uncles and grandparents all experienced it. My grandparents lived in a Mennonite village in Mexico and moved into a new house. Every night there would be loud knocking on the door and it would get increasingly louder and more violent. It was a metal door closed only with a hook. When the door was opened, there was nobody there. This continued for awhile, every night at the same time. It got to the point where my grandfather would wait up and watch out of a window. The knocking would happen but he never saw anyone.

One day he was building a new barbed wire fence and digging holes to put the poles in. He found a human skull. He continued to dig and found an entire skeleton, jumbled up. Being a Mennonite village in Mexico, they didn't call the authorities but the village people helped bury the skeleton properly and the pastor held a small funeral service. Apparently there was never any knocking again after that.

Spygirl690
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a teenager I was chilling out in my room listening to music and reading. I was expecting my parents to be home at any moment. I heard someone come up the stairs so I started talking, thinking it was my mom. I saw a shadow come over mine and I turned to my doorway to see my mom. But when I looked there was no one there. Still freaks me out to this day.

rekushib
â€¢ 13y ago

It's funny how when you're young, scary is that much more vivid. I can still remember the whole ordeal like it was yesterday.

It starts off when I was six or seven, and *Child's Play* had just hit cable. It was date night for my parents, and they'd instructed my two big brothers to watch me while they were out to dinner, etc for a few hours. The night began like it normally would, my brothers had been playing cards and medieval Playmobil pretend with me for about two hours, but like all baby sitters, you hit that stage where you convince the child/children you're babysitting to watch a movie with you, to pass the time. Anyhow, *Child's Play* was on, and from the perspective of a very imaginative kid, this was my worst nightmare. A doll coming to life and killing the crap out of people? Not my forte. I begged my brother to turn it off, but he wouldn't. I even went into my other brother's room for some solace, but he was watching it too. I did the only seemingly good solution to escape the intense music and the noise from the movie being played on loud surround-sound, I tried going to bed. Worst. Idea. Ever.

It was then that I would experience one of the creepiest, if not **the** creepiest experience of my life. The scrolling images of the movie were fresh in mind, and after desperately eyeing the closet to make sure nothing was amiss (watchers of the movie will know what i'm talking about) I finally fell asleep. And that's when my eyes flew open and the shapes began to form. The pressure on my chest was phenomenal, I would of hyperventilated if I could, but I couldn't feel anything but terror as my eyes watched this doll or perception of whatever the hell it was move towards my bed. I was screaming, or I thought I was, but no one was coming. My brothers, my protectors, where were they? Had this apparition, or this truly evil, psychotic doll killed them? I squeezed my eyes shut and waited for my inevitable death, and the only thing to explain the rush of cool air by my throat was either the air-con waking me from my sleep, or the closeness of icy steel from the hallucinated knife that would cut me up. I woke in darkness, and for about ten seconds, I didn't know if I had actually died and this was the place I ended up in, or if it was just late at night. I threw off the covers and sprinted out of my room, all the lights in the house were on, my brothers were still watching *Child's Play*, but I ran passed them and up the stairs to the front door. I don't know how I knew it then, but I opened the front door and ran outside, and my parents had just arrived. I clutched my Mom, shut my eyes, and just cried into her side.

After that incident, my brothers would go on to become the most trolly brothers in all of history, buying Chucky dolls and sifting them into my arms at night so i'd wake up beside them. Eventually also scarring my sister with tales of Bloody Mary.

And that Reddit, is my story.

psmitty914
â€¢ 13y ago

I was laying in bed at my parents one night and its completely silent and all of a sudden, all the surge protectors at the house trip and the ones that are alarmed start making like a buzzing noise and all the movement sensor lights outside turn on and my dog starts going nuts barking at the window. No one else seemed to notice this I ran to where the dog was to look out the window but saw nothing. She was going crazy though heart racing and everything. It was creepy.

v_krishna
â€¢ 13y ago

Large doses of dmt, sometimes spaced years apart, taking me to the exact same "place" as the last time. The mind is a terrible thing not to play with.

Aaron1977
â€¢ 13y ago

I experienced sleep paralysis a few times in my life but nothing like when I lived at our previous home. Funny thing is it was built in 1997. We had lived there for a few months and eventually I learned that everybody felt 'uneasy' when alone. It was me, my wife, our 2 daughters and my wife's sister. It was a nice 2 story house, a very open floor-plan. But it often felt like somebody was staring you down, 2 inches from your face.

One time I came home from work on break (i work graveyard) and after eating dinner fell asleep on the couch. Almost immediately i remember waking up frozen on the couch. I thought I saw my daughter walk around the corner towards me on the couch and soon realized that the girl's hair and eyes were too dark. This 'thing' crawled on-top of me and got in my face (i couldn't move) and said in a chilling voice (more like a man) 'hell is in the television'.

This sounds pretty ridiculous, I know. But the creepy part was that a week or so later I noticed that in the door jam, near the ceiling, was written in pencil 'Jesus is Here'. I looked further and it was written in EVERY DOORWAY OF THE HOUSE.

This weirded me out big-time! The owner had just asked me several times (he was a Chinese dude, had a wife and daughter, wife was pregnant with a son) if everything was ok. He asked several time like he was prying for more. Maybe I was reading into it. Then other things happened...

My wife and I had gone to bed. I was exhausted from my work schedule and fell quickly asleep. I then had a dream I was getting out of bed to go back to work. I stood up from bed and walked toward the bathroom when I stopped in front of the black shadow of a man, a cloud, it had depth. I stopped in absolute fear and it spoke... It said "My name is ....." That's all I heard in a mans voice before my mind completely retracted in fear and I didn't give it a chance to speak more. To this day I wish I was able to hang long enough to hear what it's name was.

Another time I saw the same man, but I was gripped with paralysis. I saw him in the reflection of our bedroom vanity as he stood in the corner of our room, next to where my wife was sleeping. I swear he was looking at me.

sabbacabbage
â€¢ 13y ago

Alright. So I'm a very skeptical person, and don't believe in ghosts or any of that stuff, but something happened that I still can't explain. My wife and I had recently bought a brand new house, and had a couple from out of town visiting us. The women were upstairs sleeping, and I was downstairs on the couch drinking a few beers with my friend. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when we heard what sounded like a body falling on the floor directly above us. Like a huge BOOM, right above us. I honestly thought my wife did a swan dive off the dresser. I freaked out, and ran upstairs to investigate. By the time I was upstairs, both of the women were awake and wondering what that sound was. Turns out, they both heard it above them, like from the attic. I pulled the ladder out and inspected everything, and absolutely nothing was out of place. Now, that on it's own is kind of creepy, a huge unexplained sound, but when I told my parents about it they thought I was messing with them.

Apparently, when my parents were a young couple, my mom was home alone, and that exact thing happened. She described it as sounding like someone falling down hard in the attic. She told my dad when she got home from work and he thought she was crazy, but it happened AGAIN later that night when my dad got home.

I don't know what the fuck it is, but it scared the hell out of me. That's all. Have a nice day.

[cathocras](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I already posted under a comment about watching Paranormal Activities with dogs in the house, but here's one that doesn't involve dogs.

My friends dad is a real estate developer and owned a building in our town called the Governor's Club. It is an old building right across the street from the original state Governor's house and was originally used for state parties and had some office space upstairs as well. He had used it as an office for quite a while but was selling the building and moving to a new office.

Another friend of mine and I were hired to clean out the offices. Basically, we just had to pack up a bunch of junk still laying around the upstairs offices and also some junk and an old industrial a/c unit in the basement.

So we get to the building, and meet the secretary who unlocks the door. She tells us that she has some other stuff to do that day, and to turn off the breakers and call her when we're done and she'll come over and lock up.

We go in and start laying out a game plan for all the stuff we have to pack up. My friend decides we should go upstairs and take a full inventory, as he says this the elevator that was installed in the 70s dings and opens in the next room. We figure the secretary forgot something, but no. Nobody there. No cars besides ours outside.

We shrug it off, and continue packing. We work for a few a hours, get most of the stuff outside and head down to the basement. We both get that 'someone's watching you' feeling and work as quickly as possible, we clear that place out in about twenty minutes and go to have a smoke out front.

As we're standing outside, my friend looks up at the second story window, and sort of half gasps. I turn around and see one of the curtains, that was closed while we were up there, pulled all the way back. It sits pulled back for a few seconds and then drops back closed.

We decide to get the fuck out, turn off the breakers and take a final inventory. As we start to get the last of the stuff, the ceiling fan in the room we are in starts to spin, slowly at first, and then all the way up to full speed.

We look at the breaker, all the power is out. We get the fuck out. When we called the secretary to let her know we were done, she asked if the elevator came without being called, because "yeah it does that."

Probably not all that creepy in text, but damn it was creepy at the time.

Barnowl79
â€¢ 13y ago

I've always kind of gone back and forth about UFOs. A part of me thinks they're just modern day angels or fairies, but another part thinks that the sheer number of people who claim to have seen completely unexplainable things in the sky makes it hard to explain away.

Anyway, one night my lady friend and I were laying on our backs in my front yard, looking up at the stars. No drugs or alcohol were involved. As we were taking in the romantic view, a huge, transparent dark triangle shape, flying low and totally silent, floated over our heads, for thirty seconds to a minute, then was gone. I wasn't sure about what I had seen, so I turned to her and said, "did you see that?" "Yes! Did you?" "Yeah." What the fuck was that?" "I have no idea, a transparent blimp?" "Why would it be flying over Springfield, Missouri in the middle of the night?"

So we just kind of said, okay that was crazy. It's hard to explain, except you know how Space Ghost used to fly around in that transparent plane, where you could just see the edges? It was like that, you could only see the rounded edges where the starlight was being distorted, otherwise it was completely clear.

Fast forward to a few years later, I'm looking at a Scientific American magazine, and I see a picture of the exact thing I saw, and they were calling it a "Stealth Blimp." Some people say they've been around for years, the government just doesn't admit they exist yet. Here is an artist's rendering of one.

TyrannosaurusGod
â€¢ 13y ago

I was 14, at my parents house during Christmas break. Our front door leads to an open foyer next to the living room. My mom brought her movie projector home from school during the break, and I'm watching Life of Brian. Not a scary movie, fortunately. I keep hearing a raking noise at the front door, but nothing that can't be explained by wind. Suddenly, the door flies open violently, slamming against the wall with a bang, and the rug in front of it flips halfway up to the ceiling and lurches about four feet towards the living room. I immediately moved to flee an intruder, but, seeing no one, was paralyzed with fear until it got too cold to take and I took a deep breathe and crept over to close the door.

Obviously, once I warmed up I realized that someone hadn't shut the door all the way and a freak gust of wind caused the mayhem, but that moment and ensuing few minutes were as terrified as I've ever been.

RevGonzo19
â€¢ 13y ago

I've been wanting to tell this story for so long:

Last February, my grandmother found out she had pancreatic cancer. She succumbed quickly and passed several weeks after being diagnosed. While I am sad that she passed, I am grateful that she did not suffer for long. Feels aside, onto the creepy part...

I came home to be with my mother and help with clearing out the house and all those other duties one must perform when a loved one passes away.

Mom told me to go to grandma's house and go through her jewelry boxes to see if there was anything my girlfriend might want. While the gf doesn't wear jewlry ever, I went over anyway to see what was there.

It was night out by this point, and i went into grandma's bedroom where she kept her jewlry boxes on her bureau. I felt like a guilty intruder, and could still feel all those old memories of Christmases and Easters past. I do believe in some sort of paranormal existence which I think made me susceptible to feeling the "presence" of the recently departed.

Grandma was never one for fancy things, and her jewlry boxes were full of the gaudy costume jewlry that grandmas are want to wear. In one jewlry box, and this was apparently a musical jewlry box with a wind up mechanism in the bottom left corner, a particular piece stood out to me. It was a plain band, probably silver or white gold, and was obviously my grandfather's old wedding band. My grandfather had passed away in the late seventies due to colon cancer and i had never known him, but seeing this physical object of his, and one so meaningful, filled me with a sense of trepidation.

On a whim, and I couldn't tell you why, I slipped the wedding band onto my ring finger. I suppose I just wanted to know how it felt, to feel that connection to times and people past. As soon as the ring made it past my second knuckle, the music box started to play a faint, tinny, and haunting tune.

At that moment, the feeling of being a trespasser was so great that I put everything back in it's place and went home.

thefirebear
â€¢ 13y ago

TL;DR- I was the kid from the Shining.

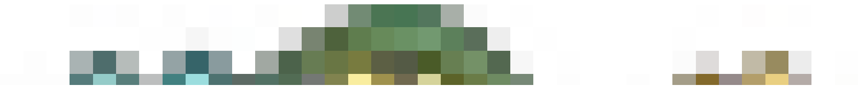
My mom, being the lovely homemaker that she is, used to take me and my brothers to the public library before we started grammar school.

As it so happens, the library is right next to a funeral home. Up until I was about 5 or 6, when we would pull up to the library, I would occasionally say "there are monsters up there," and point to the upper level of the funeral home, where they held wakes or memorial services.

Eventually, my mom figured out what I was talking about, to the point where she would ask me "how many monsters are there?" when we would park. Whatever number I replied was the number of services they were hosting at the time.

Gunslingering
â€¢ 13y ago

So my best friend had a girlfriend in highschool who was very odd and had some unique friends, we were hanging out at her house and asked if we had ever done a seance before. Of course we had not and this had to be corrected immediately so we go down into her basement and his girlfriend draws up a pentagram with some candles and whatnot using salt or something. So we sit there and talk about who we should contact, believe we decided on a class mate that had died a few years before. Nothing really happens for a while, she contends that its hit or miss as to whether something happens and says it will work better without any lights. We are in a windowless basement in the pitch dark now with the wicks on the candles giving off ever so little light. Suddenly all of us get goosebumps and the girlfriend says someones is with us, I am still very skeptical at this point but remain silent as does everyone except her. She asks for it to give us a sign that it can hear us... then it gets creepy as a very faint glow with no source appears on the other corner of the basement. Needless to say a little freaked out, this glow was strange because it didnt seem to waver in intensity whatsoever. I was still convinced it was a joke despite all the goosebumps and how cold it felt at this point so I break up the handholding circle and walk over to it as I walk over to it, the light just fades. When i move further away it grew again, still not shimmering at all. I go as close as I can while still seeing the light and turn the opposite way to see a source of which there is none. The girlfriend at this point is bewildered because in all of these she has ever done nothing physical has ever happened.. usually just goosebumps at some point. As I was discussing where the hell the light was coming from for a few minutes it slowly faded away into complete darkness again. Even today my friend says it was not a prank and I dont think she could have pulled something like this off in the first place. So I am uncertain as to what the hell happened. TL:DR Saw unexplained light in corner during a seance.



Amonette2012
â€¢ 13y ago

Probably a little late on this one but here goes.

I grew up in West Oxfordshire, and we had dogs. There was one place, a crossroads of country lanes, that my dogs would just refuse to go past at dusk. They would stop, hackles up, feet firmly planted and refuse to go on, you couldn't drag them if you tried. We thought it was weird, and occasionally asked dog walkers if they had any issues with their dogs there - and they did. Pretty much everyone we spoke to avoided going that way close to sunset because dogs (and horses too) either got nervous or plain refused to go past.

My mother, who tends to have odd little hunches from time to time that invariably turn out to be dead on, once commented that the few times she had gone that way without the dogs (or looking for them because they'd bolted) she had the weirdest feeling that someone was going to hit her over the back of the head.

Years later we learned more about the history of the area, and found out that this used to be a well used road between the villages hundreds of years ago (to give you a scale of the age of the community there, the older part of one of the pubs is thought to be about 600 years old). According to local history, that crossroads was regularly used as an ambush point for highway men and was avoided after dark.

Now I didn't feel a thing walking past there, I'd like to say I had some kind of experience to add to this but I didn't, however I know the village dogs did. There was something there they picked up on. Weird huh?

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I was working in a ghost town in Alaska, staying in an old Motel. I woke up at night because my roommate was lifting my quilt and dropping it back down on me, over and over. Eventually when I started giving her shit for it I realized she was asleep in her bed. I then tried to get back to sleep for hours but I couldn't because there was a constant draft on and off the side of my face, and it felt like there was a mouse in my bed because something was grazing up and down my leg.

In the morning I mentioned that I had a horrible sleep (but not why) to a local woman. She replied with "Yeah, that was probably just the ghosts. My roommate's got it bad. They shake his blankets till he wakes up, then breathe on his face and stroke his legs all night".

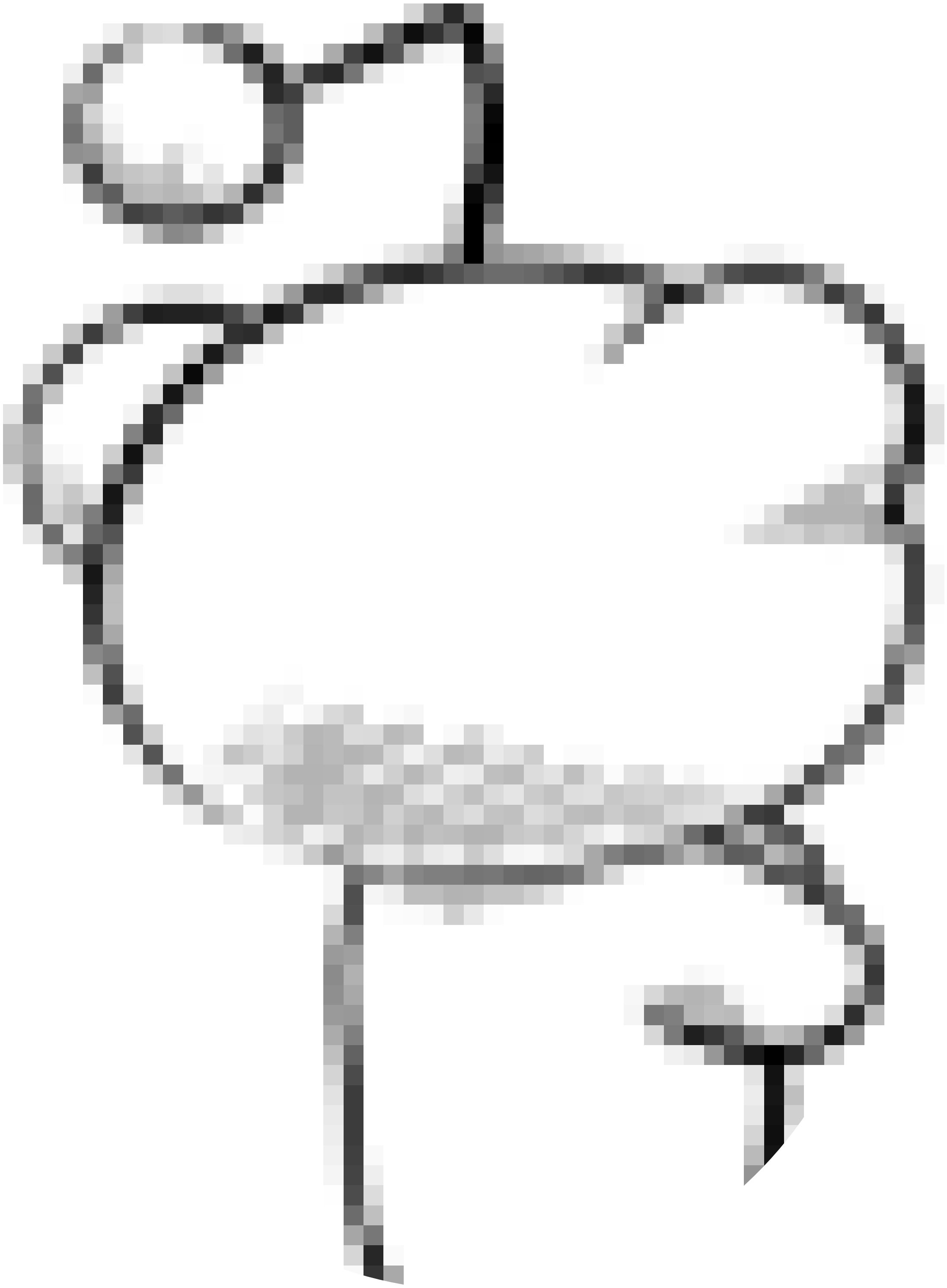
Never slept well after that one.

Ayumu7
â€¢ 13y ago

Definitely sleep paralysis.

0r_not
â€¢ 13y ago

OK. Reading through this I am confident all of Canada is haunted. Thanks..



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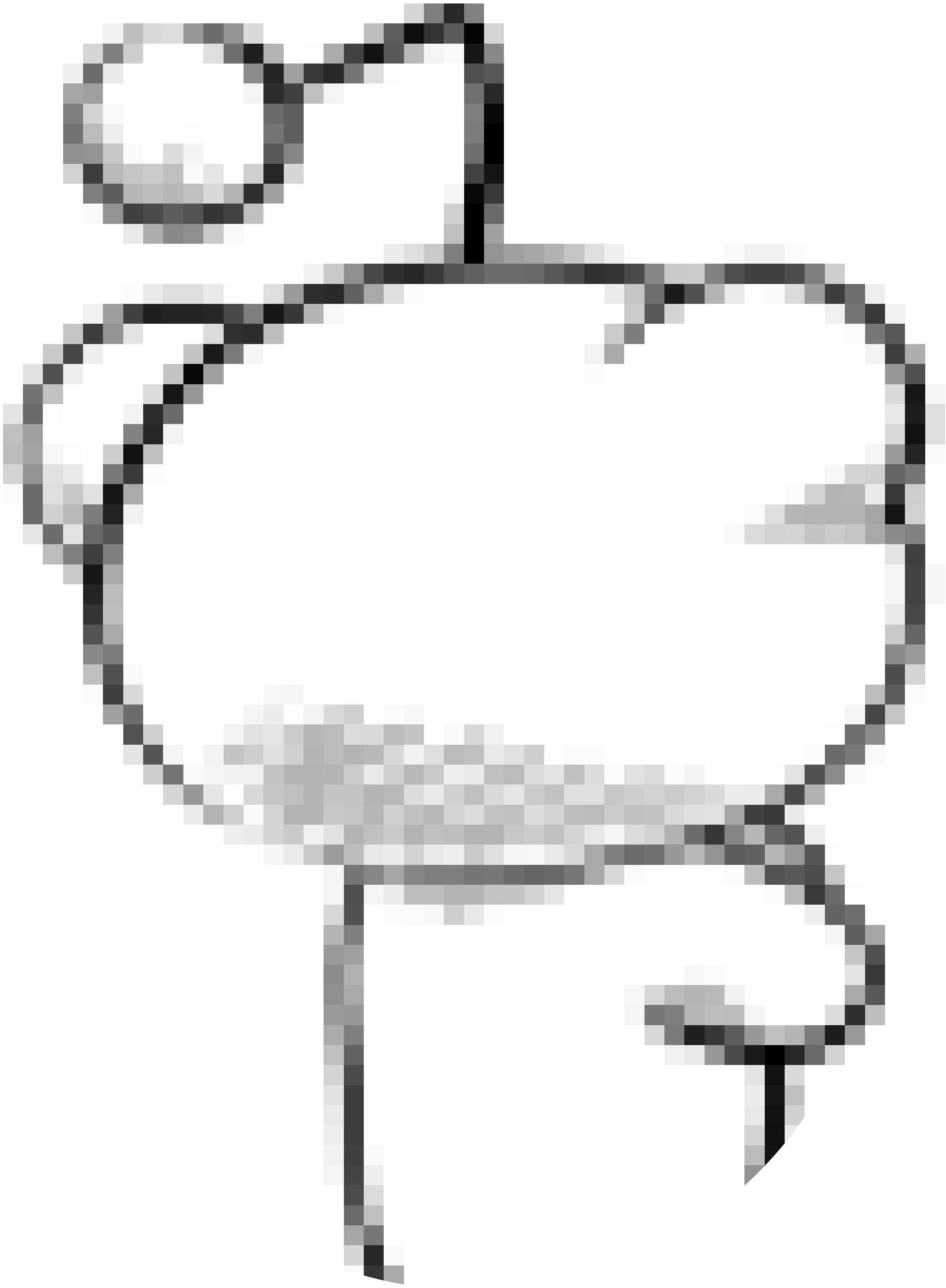
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in high school, my mom and one of my sisters were in my room. Younger sis was on the computer, mom and I were sitting on the bed. Mom was facing the bedroom door, while I could see it in my peripherals. Suddenly, I see a flash of white go past the door out of the corner of my eye. I must have had a strange look on my face because my mom said, "what did you just see?" I explained what I saw, and she tells me that she saw a little girl in a dress walk by. As the girl passed, she turned her head and gave my mom a big smile. The direction she walked led to only one place, my little sister's room. Oddly enough, a few days before this happened, my sister came into my room asking if she could sleep with me because someone kept poking her while she was trying to sleep.

TL; DR - Ghost girl smiles at mom and pokes little sis as she's trying to sleep.

Edit - typos



xRyNo
â€¢ 13y ago

My mother dreamed her friend had a miscarriage. That morning she woke up to learn that her friend had in fact had a miscarriage.

J-dazzy
â€¢ 13y ago

I met my best friend in the 3rd grade. Let's call him Rambo. Rambo and I used to hang out almost every weekend, playing video games, helping his Dad work in the yard, and just general kid stuff. One of the things that we enjoyed doing most was pretending that scary stuff was happening and that we could see weird things. We joked around about seeing Pokemon in real life as we were exploring his neighborhood, joked about seeing an enormous bird flying around in the trees of his backyard, and other things. You know, just fun kid stuff.

On one particular day, we were playing in the empty lot in front of his house. There is a wall of kudzu that is covering the front of the forest there, and it's huge, and I mean huge. We were messing around with his dogs and just overall enjoying ourselves, but then we decided to throw some sticks into the kudzu wall. He picked up a big stick and threw it through the top of the kudzu. We heard it go through the brush, but then nothing else. It didn't land. It never reached the ground. Shortly after, the same stick came flying back out at us. We both looked at each other in disbelief, but then something even more strange happen. After making eye contact, we turned back to the kudzu wall and noticed a white hand coming out. You know, like it was reaching for us. The hand came out, moved towards us, and we bolted. We both saw it. This was not a made up play story that we had concocted, this was legit. We've lied about many thing, but this is not one of them. This isn't the only incident.

Rambo liked to scare me when I was at his house. He liked to say "let's go to my room" and then run ahead so he could hide around a corner. I learned, but knowing he was gonna scare me never did me any good. Flash forward a number of years when both of us are freshman in college. I visited Rambo's house for the weekend and slept over one night. I can't shake past habits, so when I'm over there I always, always check corners before I go around them. I went to the restroom near his bedroom while he and our other friends were across the house in the living room playing WoW or something. I use the restroom and then start walking through his house. I take out my phone so that I could illuminate the house and see where I was going. I turn a corner and shine my light into a fairly big room. I see Rambo, standing there with his long hair in front of his face wearing all white clothing. He looked really pale. I jumped from being startled and said something like "damnit dude, why? why?!?!" Well, he didn't move. He just faded away from where he was standing. What... in all the damn world... just happened. I run back to the living room scared shitless and start telling him that I saw something in his house. He's said that he's seen shit in his house before too, mind you, so when he started describing seeing a white version of himself before, I shat my pantaloons. No, this wasn't a case of "I saw this, did you see it?" "yeah man I saw that too!" This was more like "... omg I just saw something..." Rambo, wide-eyed, jumps up and proclaims "Did it look like me except wearing all white, really pale, and hair in front of his face?" Again... what the hell.

More stuff has happened. His parents and grandparents claim that they hear voices from the family room while they try and sleep. His Dad has seen shit in his room. Rambo has seen even more things. I love that house, I basically grew up there, but I hate sleeping there.

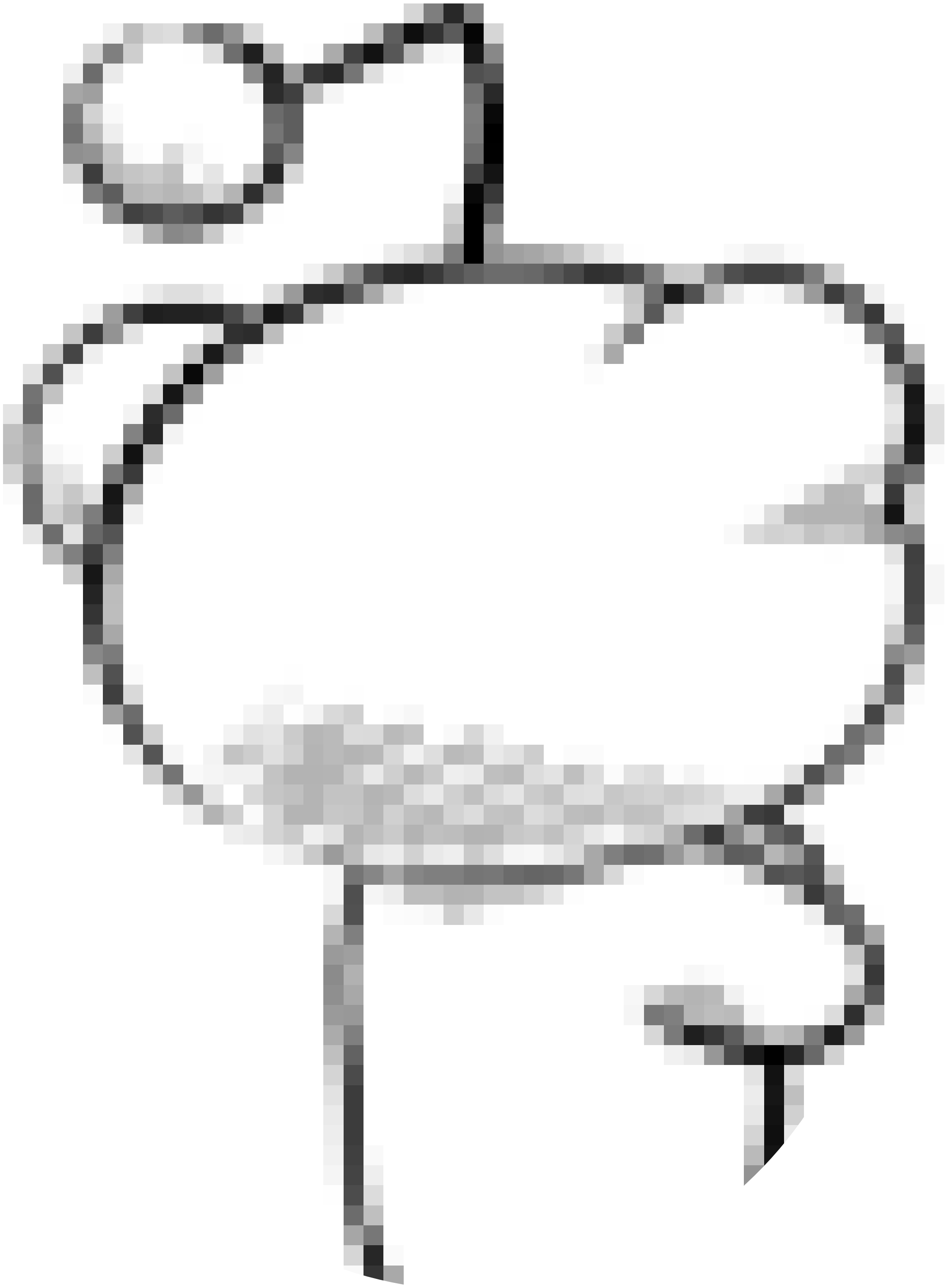
i_am_nednarb
â€¢ 13y ago

It'll get buried but I finally have something to contribute to AskReddit :D

So when I was 5, I had an imaginary friend. He was a boy, about my age, and we did everything together. I would use Microsoft paint to paint pictures of him and I doing kid things. I thought nothing of it.

One day my Grandpa was over and he was upstairs working on something. The next thing we know he was running down the stairs, scared shitless. He said he seen a boy up there and asked who it was. The boy turned around, said nothing, and then disappeared. The description he gave my parents matched my imaginary friend.

tl;dr: my imaginary friend was a ghost.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened to me a few months ago. I was coming back from a long-ish bike ride, and when I was maybe half a mile from my house, I passed this strange individual walking in the direction of my house. He was about as close as a human can get to looking like Squidward from Spongebob(bald, long hooked nose, skinny, grumpy looking), and he was just shuffling/staggering extremely slowly down the side of the road, carrying a grocery bag filled with who knows what.

As I came up behind him, I had to swerve to the right to avoid hitting him. When I was a few seconds away, I shouted "On your right" so that I wouldn't startle him as I passed. There was no reaction, but as I actually passed him, he suddenly jerked to the side, and pulled his grocery bag away from me protectively, and gave me this strange look like a mix between loathing and confusion. Then I was past him, and on my way home.

Once I got home, I went for a short run to loosen my legs up from biking, and just happened to take the same road out. In the 5-7 minutes it took me to get home and get back out there, he had shuffled maybe 100 yards, he was moving that slowly. I passed him running going the opposite direction, and it was only about 10 seconds after that that I reached the point at which I usually turn around. So I turned to head back home, and he was just gone. This guy had been moving so slowly that whole time, and he just disappeared. The road we were on was in a pretty open space, nowhere nearby where he could really have been hidden from sight. I run regularly, and at top speed it would have taken me maybe a full minute to get to a spot where I could not be seen. I have never encountered this individual since.

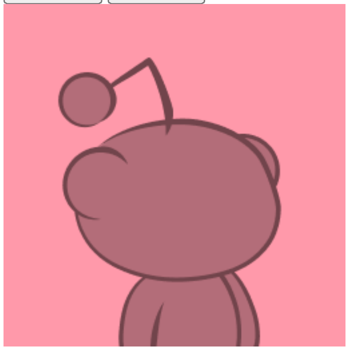
Not exactly supernatural, but really, really weird.

Reply Share

[iniightmareav](#)
â€¢ 13y ago

Laying down on my couch, finally going to try and get some sleep, at 5 AM. I notice it is pitch black, I literally couldn't see my hand in front of my face. It just gets eerily quiet, and I get super uncomfortable fast. Then I hear it. 'Jaaack' (my name), right in my ear. I froze for probably five minutes before I could move to get my phone out of my pocket. I called my friend, and needless to say, never fell asleep that night.

Reply Share



aeonblack
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was around 4 or 5 years old, my bedroom was essentially a square with one corner angled (which is where the door entering the room was). The foot of my bed faced the door and on the opposite wall was my dresser (which had a mirror on it). I always slept with the door open at that time and, when I was in bed, if I looked in the mirror I could see out into the hallway leading to my brothers rooms and my parents room. Because I would often look into the mirror as I fell asleep, I became very familiar with what I could see in the mirror. Well, one night, long after everyone had gone to bed and the house was silent, I awoke and was facing the mirror. As I often slept with my head under the covers (but my face exposed), I essentially opened my eyes to an unfamiliar image in the mirror.

Blocking the view I normally see out my door was the figure of a tall person filling the doorway up. It looked as though "he" was wearing a sort of trenchcoat or duster and a thin brimmed hat. I stared at this image for what seemed like an hour, just trying to resolve if what I was looking at was actually there or if I was just seeing things. I didn't move an inch this whole time, and eventually, I decided I would quickly sit up, throw the covers off and look at the foot of my bed and see if there really was something standing in the door. I did, and as soon as I looked, there was nothing, I looked back at the mirror...totally normal, no one standing there. I went back and forth a few times, freaked out, and ran right out the door to my parents room.

It has stuck with me my whole life, as it's the only really "paranormal" thing I have experienced. But, that's not the part that really weirds me out. If you do a search for "the hat man", it is apparently a pretty common thing that kids see. It has developed a sort of creepypasta vibe around it. Anyways, a couple years ago I stumbled across all this and immediately got chills.

Reply Share

[Winniedapoonbear](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

This is for whoever cares also typed on my iPhone during class.

When I was 14 my mom went into surgery I stayed at my uncles house that night. At 12:34 I briefly woke up to a warm feeling washing over me I glanced at the clock and then was back asleep. I was then awoken at 3-4am by my uncle he told me my mom had passed away during surgery. Now after the funeral and everything I didn't think much of that night until I read the autopsy my mother passed at exactly 12:34 when I asked my grandma about it she said when a mother passed they check on their kids before they go. It gave me a comforting feeling.

[Kay_Elle](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Creepy?

I saw a silhouette standing at my bed one night when I was a teenager.

I'm not sure if it was a hallucination, or if I was just really tired and imaging things. But it was creepy as fuck.

Also, when the phone rang to tell me my grandmother was dead...I knew before I picked up...*twice*. I similarly "felt" the death of my first dog.

It creeps me out.

itsMarieeYall
â€¢ 13y ago

I've had my own experiences with paranormal stuff but my mom told me this story from when she was in High school (maybe jr. High) and I thought it was really creepy.

My mother was out eating lunch with a group of friends and they were talking about paranormal stuff ghost, demons etc. Then some girl out of nowhere pulls out an Ouija board, and everyone's like "Whoa, let's use it see if it works" (in Spanish obviously) . So they gather around it and see what it does. The Ouija board spells out the name of one of their teachers and then the word "dead". They were creeped out but brushed it off as nothing more than some one in the group moving the piece. The bell rings, they go off to their class which happens to be the class with the teacher that the Ouija board spelled out. (Side note: this teacher was always there, he was never absent, never late and that's what he was known for) they get to class and they don't see him there. 'Oo he's late'. More time passes and he doesn't show up. The next day they found out that he had died (I don't remember if he died or had been killed and they couldn't find whom had done it). My mom and her group of friends freak out and decided never to touch the Ouija board again.

TL:dr mom and friends played with Ouija board, said their teacher was dead. went to class he wasn't there next day were told he had died.

PoisonCoyote
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't believe in ghosts but my girlfriend gets freaked out. We were in Vegas and I told her the second floor of Binon's casino had a haunted abandoned area.
We find the way up and nobody is on second floor at all. Sure enough, there's an old dusty coffee shop area that has been closed for years. I'm having fun looking at the old creepy area, my gf is scared.
Then i see one of the fake trees in the corner rustle as if someone was hiding behind it. The gf turns to see one of the branches still moving and that was enough for her. I laughed about it but I saw it with my own eyes. It was creepy but cool at the same time.

metapede
â€¢ 13y ago

I signed a lease for an apartment in Tucson, but on move-in day, the landlord (who was also the developer) had not finished renovating it, so he told me I could stay rent-free for a month in another building he owned.

This other building was a very big old house he was also planning to renovate into four apartments, and it just felt *creepy*. To put myself at ease, I did a walkthrough of the place while it was still light outside, checking every room and closet.

That night I woke up, and there was no power. It was absolutely pitch dark in my room. Impossibly dark. Not a speck of light from anywhere. I was freaked out, wondering if I was even really awake. It just seemed impossible that there wouldn't be a speck of light coming into the room from somewhere. My heart was pounding.

Suddenly I heard a loud rumbling, rattling sound coming from somewhere upstairs that seemed to go on for 30 seconds or so. Terrified, I sat frozen the rest of the night, trying not to make any sound at all.

The next day, I called a friend. He came over, and we went upstairs to investigate.

In the room above the one I slept in, there were old (like hundred-year-old) clothes strewn all over the place.

No idea where they came from.

TL;DR I heard noises at night in a creepy old house, and the next day I found really old clothes strewn all around that *definitely* hadn't been in the house the day before.

Edit: Typos.

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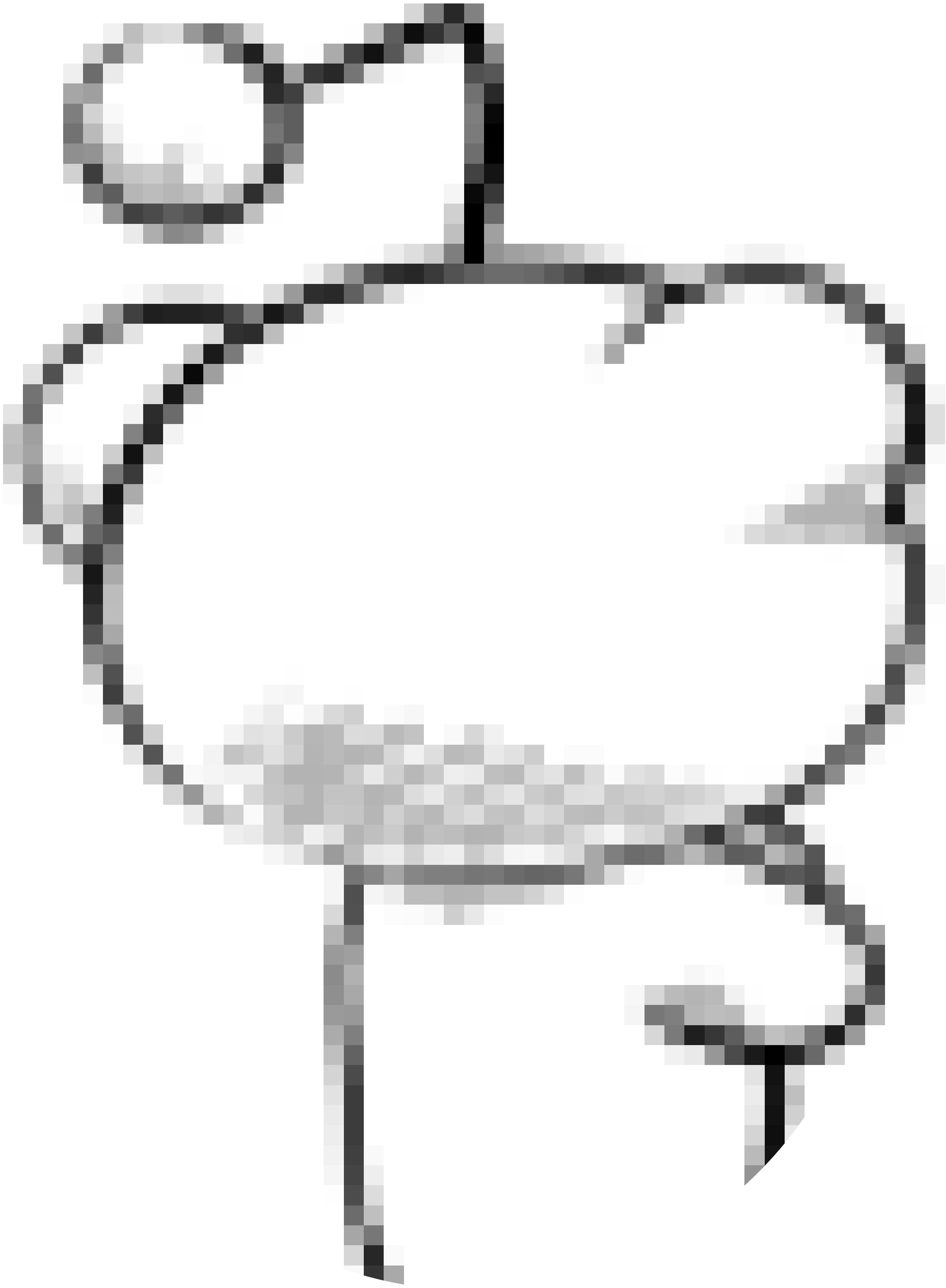

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Summary of the comments on this post:

Confirmation Bias + Mild Schizophrenia + Coincidence = GHOSTS GHOSTS GHOSTS

Reply Share

[Dezoo](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

when I was 23 I lived by myself in a basement apartment, and it was always so cold. Little things would happen but I never would see or hear it, my bedroom door would be closed when I had left it open, little things like the kitchen hand soap or one of my shoes would be moved. Alrighty creepy but I can deal.

One day I bought a vaccum and was putting it together with a friend, we hear a scratchy sound and look over and the empty box was shaking. My first though is CRAP, a mouse! The box is scratching and shaking, then just falls over. Empty, nada, mouse-less. Okay... I'm creeped out but I had a friend over so I have my big girl face on. After he left I'm cooking dinner and I hear a BANG, then a door closing. I go to investigate (with my cooking knife) and my big giant candle that sat on my bathroom counter was on floor and the glass holder was broken. Needless to say I got zero sleep that night and stayed awake trying to rationalize what had happened. I must of left it on the edge of the counter.... nope it was in the back corner. A draft must of closed the bathroom door... nope, it's winter and this place is locked down. Final conclusion? Boogeyman. I did not renew the lease when it ended the next month. I haven't lived by myself since.

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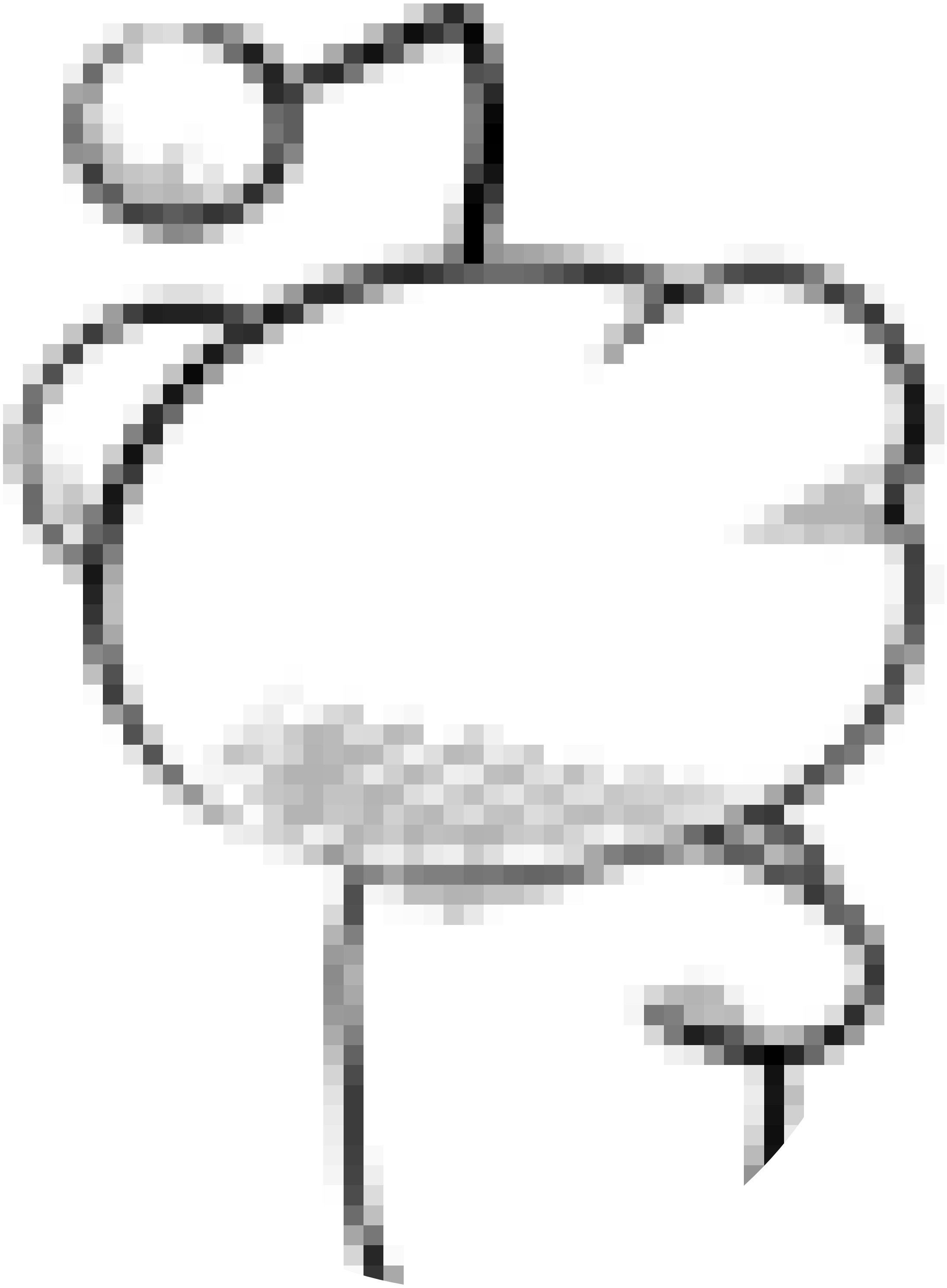

Spiderbetes
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a couple of stories one possibly paranormal, the other just a creepy coincidence.

So the paranormal part is not really a story just a collaboration of accounts from several people. Anyway on my mother's land there are several mounds in the woods (she lives in the country). The woods themselves are very overgrown, having not been logged or cleared for trails or anything like that. Around these mounds all of the trees are dead, and no new plants or trees have grown there. Well almost everyone who has ever gone to the house has heard children's laughter coming from the woods near the mounds, like the iconic child laughter you hear in the movies. In addition to this when my nephew was like 3 or 4 we heard him talking to someone in another room and when we went to ask him who he was talking to he said that it was his new friend. He described her as a little girl with brown hair with a feather on her head. Obvious thoughts would be Native Americans burial mounds.

The creepy coincidence was when I was in high school and my older sister's boyfriend at the time, now husband, had gone outside for a smoke. Since he was the only other male in the house at the time, I of course tagged along to talk about cars or something at least remotely masculine. Well my mother has a large shed that my father had built that is nestled nicely into the woods. At that point in time she had piled a bunch of junk right in front of the doorway and had left it there to be sorted later. Now it had been sitting there for months because she never got around to doing anything with it. The creepy part is that the light that was on the front of the shed hit the junk and cast a perfect woman shaped shadow that you could see through the door. Well my brother in law had been talking about just how creepy that looked and right about that moment the pile of junk for whatever reason decided to fall over. So here he and I are talking about this creepy looking shadow of a woman, and it suddenly backs slowly away from the window. Needless to say we were both like "Fuck that" and "Nope" and went back inside.

jvangoor
â€¢ 13y ago

I have had two things that have scared the living shit out of me.

I live in a house that was built in 1801 so it's very old but it isn't a scary house at all. It is comfy old house in the middle of the woods.

Backstory (which as I type this I realize both have connections to my grandma's house which my family believes to be haunted). My grandma is a devote catholic and she bought me a cross carved from olive wood from the holy land with a hole in the top of it so it could be worn as a necklace. Rather than wearing it I decide I would hang it from my window. That night I hear something fall on the ground, I don't really think anything of it. The next morning I go to look out the window and realize that the string was still there but the cross was missing. I look on the ground underneath the window and see the cross on the ground with no damage to to hole in which the string was attached to. That freaked me out for a while.

Backstory #2, I share a room with my little brother, at the time he was six.

That night before he was going to bed I heard him tell my mom how scared he was of mouse bones. My mom was curious as to why he was scared of them and he said that he overheard me mentioning seeing them in my grandparents basement once. My mom (rightfully) dismisses his fear and tells him to go to bed. The next morning I wake up to find mouse bones on my little brothers dresser (nothing was on the dresser besides a fish tank before that), I call my mother over to ask her If it was some kinda joke. She told me she knew nothing about it and quickly cleaned up the bones before my brother found them.

TL;DR cross making an impossible leap of faith, ominous mouse parts

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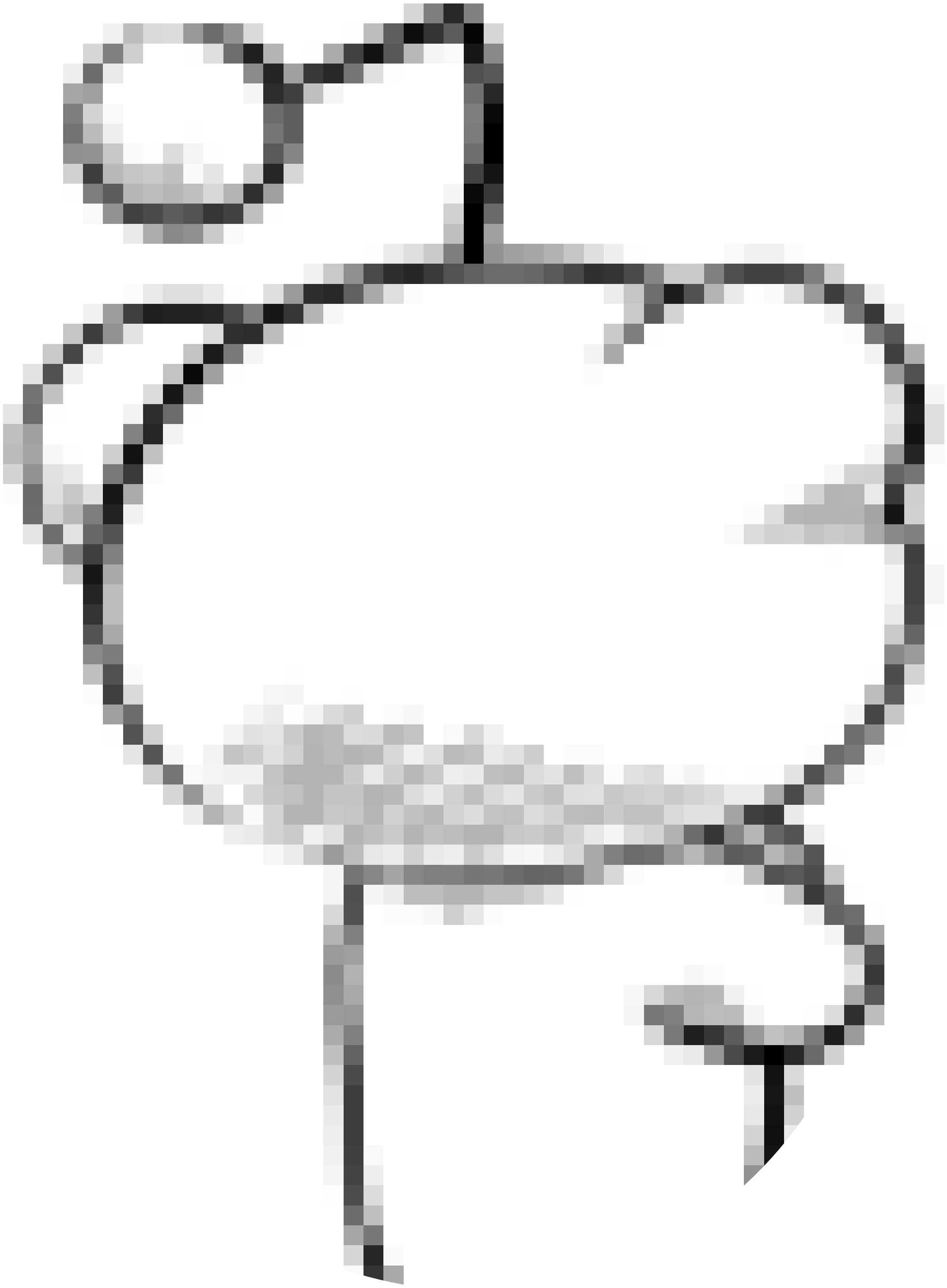

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm not one to believe in such things, but there was one point where I'm not sure what happened.

So, I'm asleep. I can remember the dream vaguely, just one of your run-of-the-mill interesting dreams where something fun happens. Then, without warning, and no shift of surroundings that I normally associate with dreams changing, a guy comes out of nowhere.

He's all shadow. My mind immediately made it clear that looking at him would be a bad idea, but he was getting closer and by then I was pretty lucid and aware it was a dream. Now, since I don't believe in this stuff, I knew the best way to get rid of it and continue with my dream was to face it.

So I look at it, right in its eyes. As soon as I do, pain fills my body and darkness curls at my vision. I figure it's probably just more dream stuff, so I continue looking at him, right in his eyes. It's hard to do so, really hard. My mind urges me to look away and give up.

Then he gets right in front of me, grabs my shoulders and asks, "Where is she!? Where is she? Where is she!"

Darkness fills my vision and its gets hard to think and the pain is only increasing and just before I succumb to it, despite my best efforts, I wake up.

For a few seconds, the pain is still there. It's not like sleep paralysis, because I could move. It felt like pain was just radiating through my body.

I stared up at the ceiling wide eyed for awhile and then looked around, because I'm obviously freaked out. I get bull-headed and am determined to stare him down again to face my fear, but he's gone and I can feel he left.

Pretty unexplainable to me, felt real and I know I was lucid enough to realize it was a dream and thought to control the dream because of that. But what I got was pain and something similar to unconsciousness claiming me before I wake up at the last moment.

tl;dr I met a guy in a lucid dream who caused pain to radiate throughout my body and when the dream ends, the pain slowly fades.

Reply Share

EhhJR
â€¢ 13y ago

The house I live in while attending college my parents bought, it's in the town my dad grew up in and despite having a college is rather small.

The house we got for a really good deal, the reason for that being that the previous woman living there (an old professor from the college) died in her bed in the house. We purchased the house in June, fast forward to fall and me and some of my high school friends moved in, two months later they would move out. After they moved out they feeling of the house changed, in the previous months I had never once felt uncomfortable in the house. But now the house felt unwelcoming, not to mention that with 3 of us living there the house was rather silent, (no creeks etc) but now that I was by myself, I could hear creeks, thuds, and worst of all my door...

So I should also mention I sleep in the room where the previous owner died, and the door to that room does not fully close. This was becuase the doorknob did not line up with the frame where it clicks in, this meant that my door would swing open and closed with drafts. In the summer this was VERY ANNOYING, because of the cost of A/C I would just pop open the windows in the late summer/early fall. So during the summer I became accustomed to my door occasionally swinging open and then hearing and audible slam as it closed again when the wind gusted.

So last year on a December night I was laying in bed just about to fall asleep, I roll over onto my left side (which faces my door) just as sleep is about to come I see my door swing a good 1/2 way open, and then shut very fast. Nothing new, seen it happen before. But then it sank in, it wasn't summer, I didn't have my windows open and there was no moving air inside. After I realized that I felt sick and quickly dressed and went and stayed at my girlfriends.

TL;DR: Previous owner died in the room I sleep in, while i'm about to fall asleep the door swings open, then shuts. But no windows are open nor fans of any kind on. (Also the windows had been replaced just 6 weeks before that so the house was free of drafts.)

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

2000 election

LadyJ26
â€¢ 13y ago

One night I was in my room sleeping when I suddenly woke up and got the feeling I was being watched. I laid there in silent panic as I went over scenarios in my head of who/what could be watching me. I could feel the presence of someone in the room with me now. I looked at my wall and I promise you I could see the outline of someone's shadow. I nervously look over to the other side of my room and didn't see anyone. After that I felt an overwhelming calm sweep over me, and I went right back to sleep!

Reply Share

NeonPredatorEnt
â€¢ 13y ago

At an old job I had I hoad to get something out of the walk in cooler. The way the building was set up there is a door with a window facing the cooler. You can cross the room on the other side in a few strides. I saw another worker go into the cooler through the window and I actually caught the cooler door before it closed. I walk in and the cooler is completely empty. I didn't even get the thing I needed and left.

Reply Share

katyusha87
â€¢ 13y ago

A couple of years ago, I found this small dingy digital clock in my husband's old stuff. Turned out that it belonged to his dad, who passed away when he was little. His dad used to keep the clock in his cubicle at work.

We have displayed the clock ever since in our apt, but only as a memento. It doesn't show the right time - we've never tinkered with it or tried to fix it or really even touched it.

One day I am home alone when an alarm on the clock (I didn't even know it had an alarm) goes off. I don't feel scared, I approach and pick up the clock to see how to turn it off. AS SOON AS I TOUCH IT, the alarm stops. I check, and indeed there is a little alarm button, but it has been on "off" the entire time. This happened the day after I was telling a friend how much I wish I could have met my husband's dad.

It happened once more a few months ago, again when I was home but my husband was not. It was 1 AM and that time, it freaked me the fuck out.

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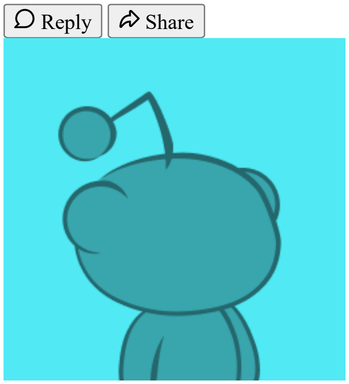


somethingyellow
â€¢ 13y ago

I've always felt a little different than others. Sometimes in my teen years I would have these feelings like I've already done and heard things that were happening, almost so much so that I could remember seeing things and could tell you what you were about to say... As I got older that stopped and a new kind of weird started. I could tell when someone was a week away from death... Anyone close to me, even animals. I would see them running around my house just hanging out, but they were always fast and always in shadows. When my child's hamster died, I knew it, I held him in my hands while he slowly stopped breathing, I knew he was going to do because I saw him human sized running around me for three days. I will say this normally doesn't bother me, but one week I had a really rough time seeing a black hooded shadow all around me all day. It would be in shadows in the room I was in, watching me from the hallway while I got ready for bed, and it would be hovering on the cealing as I slept. 7 days after it started it stopped. That next day I woke up bleeding, I miscarried. I was 11 weeks and bled badly for hours... I have never seen any black shadows since. I was a reck afterwards, I honestly felt like my baby was stolen from me... For years I couldn't shake that feeling...

Reply Share

baaaaaaaaaaaaaah
â€¢ 13y ago

I swear this is a true story. And there's over 10 witnesses to it. I went to a boy's summer camp in Michigan when I was a teenager. One night we're chilling in a cabin (about 15 of us) and a kid brings out a Ouija board. Naturally, we get into telling ghost stories, possession stories, and messing around with the board.

About half an hour into it, one of the kids (we'll call him Joe) starts coughing. Loud, malicious coughing. Then he stood up and screamed louder than anything I've ever heard. (Another group in a cabin a mile away later told us they heard his scream.) Joe ran out of the cabin and stood outside and howled like a wolf. At first we thought he was messing around but by this point, we were all pretty scared. No flickering lights, no red eyes, no devilish face. He was just screaming anglrily. The creepiest part is Joe's close friend called out to him then Joe started yelling at him in Arabic. Joe doesnt speak a word of Arabic. He was saying very vulgar things. We didnt know what to do so we called the cops. They came and an ambulance took him to the hospital. They said he had a nervous break down. Of course no adults believed the Arabic thing.

No one really spoke about it at all after that night. At least not to each other. But I couldn't drive alone at night for weeks. About 2 months later, some of us are at Joe's parent's house for dinner. He's normal and healthy and nothing's wrong. After we eat, Joe goes to the restroom to wash his hands. Another two join him. The door's open and they just stood behind him waiting to wash their hands. He started crying as he was washing. Someone asked what's wrong. He pointed at the mirror and said "I can see him. He's following me."

I still get goosebumps just remembering how he was crying. It wasn't out of fear. It was more like exhaustion. Like he can't take it anymore. I haven't seen Joe in years now but I heard he went to a college and is doing fine.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was twelve me and my friend listened to a pink barbie cassette tape. Some might remember the cassette tape coming with a Barbie workout video? We played it for shits and giggles and we hear "Hello. Is anyone there? Hellloooooo." Me and my friend both heard it so I know I'm just crazy. We looked at each other and turned it off and both asked at the same time "Did you hear that?" We replayed it and never heard it on the tape again. It was creepy.

J4k0b42
â€¢ 13y ago

So I volunteer usher at a really old theater that has been restored and is used as an auditorium/concert hall. Due to how old it is everything is super oppulent (velvet and mahogany everywhere) but also very large and sorta creepy, especially when empty. Many of the people who have worked there for ages claim that there is a ghost that lives in the old projection room that burned and caused the theater to close. One day before a show I was up I the very top of the balcony fixing a seat and my friend was sitting in a seat at the very lip of the balcony. I glanced down and swept my eyes across the stage to see if the band was set up yet. In the foreground of my vision I saw a hunched black figure sitting in the seat directly behind my friend, leaned over so it was just a few inches from his head. It took me a second to register what I had seen, and when I quickly looked back it was gone. I've convinced myself that it was just a trick of the light, but I still get creeped out when I'm alone in there.

rosaliezom
â€¢ 13y ago

Not too unbearably creepy:

My best friend's sister (let's call her Jane) was a couple years older than us (we were in middle school, Jane was in highschool) and I guess one of Jane's good friends got in a 4 wheeler accident and died. Jane and my best friend lived on the complete opposite side of town that I did so I rarely got to have my best friend over and Jane had never been anywhere near my house before.

One day Jane decided to be cool and drive my best friend over to my house, pick me up, and go drive around and be teenagers (Jane was cool and liked to hangout with us sometimes even though we were younger.) We drove past the cemetery that was by my house and Jane pulled over without warning. We asked her what was up and she just told us to hold on, that she had to do something. She got out of the car and walked straight to a particular gravestone. We got out to follow her and when we caught up to her at the gravestone she was crying. Apparently it was her friend who had died in the 4 wheeler accident. She said she had no idea he was buried here, she just had this overwhelming feeling to look at that particular grave. It wasn't as creepy as it was sad.

Reply Share

luckyChops
â€¢ 13y ago

From what I understand of sleep paralysis, and it is when your mind forgets that it put your body to sleep, and you become conscious of being asleep. But you don't have control in the sense of being in sync with your normal mechanisms. It sounds like total confusion of the sensory inputs of your asleep self while at the same time you actually expect that you should be awake.

Reply Share

TommyBoyTC
â€¢ 13y ago

The other night I went downstairs for a midnight snack. One of the table lamps started turning itself on and off. Probably just some faulty wiring or something, but it creeped me the hell out.

pettysoulgem
â€¢ 13y ago

One night I had an event of sleep paralysis like no other. This took place a a month or two after an intense acid trip so I'm sure that had something/everything to do with it, but that still didn't make it any less freaky at the time.

I felt a little weird and jittery as I was laying down to sleep, and I had a feeling that I was going to have bad dreams. The last thing I saw before I closed my eyes was my dim room as it usually was and my boyfriend sleeping shirtless next to me.

Only a few moments after I closed my eyes I felt an intense and very disconcerting sensation as though my brain was floating/escaping out of my head. At the same time I saw a perfectly clear vision of everything I had last seen with open eyes except my boyfriend was now wearing a white t-shirt and some things in my room were switched around overall a little bit different. My perspective of the room became more of a bird's eye as I felt like it was going up towards the ceiling.

Then in a fraction of a second I felt as though my mind was violently ripped away from Earth itself, my consciousness becoming like a mere point in space and I found myself in the middle of some kind of cosmic storm. All around me was swirling red and yellow streams of hot gas and dust, biting wind and fury. I remember it being all-encompassingly loud and screechy. The storm surrounded me as though I had created it - I was not standing on any kind of surface. Although I didn't feel like my body was present at this point I could swear feeling my hair being blown back.

It was actually quite beautiful in hindsight, but of course I was incredibly freaked out. After what was probably only a few moments of that madness I felt like I was back in my room again. I experienced what seemed like an eon of agonizing paralysis and finally awoke to my boyfriend next to me, looking thoroughly freaked out.

He told me that I had been breathing really hard and fast but he had been afraid to wake me, and then I told him what happened in my waking dream. He then said that only seconds after we laid down for sleep he felt a strange hot and prickling sensation wherever there was direct contact between his skin and mine (our legs were touching).

Just to clarify, this whole experience didn't have the same sensation of slipping into a normal sleep. It was downright weird.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

I get sleep paralysis where you get stuck somewhere between being awake awake and asleep. So you become paralyzed (your body does this so you don't actually move so much whilst you sleep) and yet dream with your eyes open. It usually happens when I'm super tired. Understanding it and being able to lucid dream makes it no less scary. It goes like this:

I lay in bed and hear a rushing sound, like my head is being dunked under water. I struggle but the more I do, the more 'stuck' I become. And then I see it. I can see something out of the corner of my eye but I'm frozen and can't look. I just know it's there. I try to make a sound. I think "Let me go!" but I can just about muster a groan. As I lay there, the bed sheet starts to be pulled up and over my legs. As soon as a leg is exposed I start to slide down towards 'it'. Just as I'm about to lay eyes on whatever is pulling me downwards I wake up, covered in sweat, my heart pounding.

Needless to say, it's pretty scary.

[ReflexEight](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was 14, sitting at my desk which is by the front door. I looked out and in the reflection I saw a distorted shadowy figure standing behind me in the kitchen door way. I was the only one inside.

[cdalco](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I have a few, non have to do with me, but involve my family members, and they aren't so much scary but more creepy and bizarre
I'll start with my sisters story, which is quick and I felt to be pretty creepy. My sister is good friends with our neighbor who's the same age so one night she was sleeping over her house after a night of drinking so my sister was alittle out of it when they ended up going to bed. Alittle after she fell asleep she woke up to take a piss and when she opened her eyes our neighbor was standing directly over my sister's head just staring at her. My sister said she jumped back and screamed which woke our neighbor out of her sleep walking. It was the first time our neighbor found out she slept walk so it was a creepy moment for both of them. The other stories have to do with my grandma (my mom's mother.) Ever since my mom could remember her mom would have these weird feelings and just weird things would happen around her. My grandma has been writing a letter a week to my mom ever since my mom has moved out of their house and one week in the letter my grandma asked my mom to keep a very close eye on Dan (my older brother). My mom said she rambled on and on in the letter about having a bad feeling, something about Dan and that my mom cannot take her eyes off him. Well my mom was at the public pool later that week with Dan who was young at the time and didn't know how to swim and she took his eye of him and while he was playing by the pool he ended up slipping, fell in, and began to drown. Someone saw it and saved him but my mom couldn't believe it when she thought about the letter and then this happening later on the week. Another time my grandma was having a weird feeling was when she was out to dinner with her husband. The story goes something like this; they get to the restaurant and are seated and they begin to order drinks and while they are looking at the menu my grandma says to my grandpa that something is wrong. She said something along the lines that they aren't going to be able to eat here tonight but didn't have a clue why. They end up ordering their dinner but according to my grandpa she kept bringing up this feeling she had and shortly afterwards there's a fire in the kitchen and they ended up evacuating everyone. There's other stories about my grandma but those are the ones I remember and thought they were weird enough to share

[HighJarlSoulblighter](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I'm not very eloquent, but here it goes.

I used to get bad sleep paralysis in the past, but the most supernatural was from one night a couple years ago. One early morning in the peaking AM hours, I was trying to wake up, but realized I had sleep paralysis. Now, when I have sleep paralysis, I become extremely paranoid. During this certain episode, I had the usual "Oh, I can't move anything and I'm stuck here for five minutes" crap, but with some bonus features. I saw visions, which rarely occurs unless I'm really frightened; visions of a dragon, almost like an emblem of some sort. A good description would be like a creepy version of the Mortal Kombat dragon with only the colors of black, grey, and extremely dark red. Now, that picture wouldn't stay still, it would constantly change angles from the emblem to a side face shot of a dragon. Pretty much I would see it change angles and views constantly, only quick enough to take a glance, but not enough to truly see the structure(s). I saw these visions for a couple seconds and then all of a sudden I heard a voice.

Now remember, I was already shitting my brains out and nearly hyperventilating at this point and I had never ever heard any sound from sleep paralysis. This voice was demonic and what I could only describe as the voice of Satan. I'm not a believer; I've been an atheist for a couple years by that point so I tried to come up with a conclusion what it could be. A being from another dimension? Aliens? Hallucination? However at that point I truly believed in the Devil. So Satan whispers in a booming voice some things which I can't recall word for word, but it sounded like English. However it was some language I have never ever encountered before. Some ancient language heard by man in another time that touched only the tongues of demons. This deep condescending voice raged in my ears as the draconic images turned into a face, a face that I cannot remember at all now but the very act of trying to think about it seems to open a rift between my reality and the gates of Hell. When the face appeared, it seemed to have appear through the dragon and literally burst through flames that was the colors of black and shadow. I believe it looked like some skull-like face colored by pure evil and destruction.

What made the whole thing worse was the fact that I couldn't move at all, I was prone, completely helpless to whatever this entity wanted to do with me. I tried to move with all my might, but could only twitch a couple fingers at best. I couldn't make any sound with my voice. All I was allowed to do was to watch the event unfold. I became extremely cold and hot at the same time, my body completely unprepared to react to such an encounter. When it began speaking, it only spoke for a couple seconds in the aforementioned voice, then it let out a soul-wrenching roar and my vision literally shook as if it was being affected by this creature's sound waves. Then it disappeared as it's voice faded.

It left mental scars of his attack on me as I regained control of my body. As my ears ringed, all I could see was the whole thing replaying over and over again, almost like seeing stars or spots. I was in a total state of shock not exactly sure of what just happened. This whole event occurred with my eyes opened, so I knew I was not dreaming. My thoughts were reconfirmed since everything seemed to be in what I know as reality. I did not have that moment where you wake up and realize that it was a dream. No, it was not a dream. Then I realized that the room seemed to have lighten up slightly after the event occurred. Whatever that entity was, it laid a shroud of darkness over my room.

I like to believe that whatever happened was simply sleep paralysis and my Google-fu has confirmed that. However, the scars and trauma that it has caused still haunts me. I hope to meet that thing again one day and reclaim my honor. I refuse to allow that thing to exist in my world. Having a science and logic based mind only seems to make the whole thing seem creepier since there doesn't seem to be an explanation to it except sleep paralysis. It's amazing what your mind can trick you into believing. I have some other stories, but this one takes the cake.

Edit: TL;DR: Sleep paralysis sucks.

Reply Share

GreyFoxNinjaFan
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm very much a skeptic and an atheist.

My wife used to teach a few towns over so left in the morning before I did.

Cold February morning.

Was just getting dressed to leave when the cat started meowing very loudly outside the window (he'd been out all night).

I then got one of those weird de-ja-vous feelings as I let him in, but slightly different - like something was wrong. I was just dismissing the feeling when my phone rang - it was my wife on the side of the road. She had skidded off at 70mph into oncoming traffic and nearly been killed.

edit: She was fine. Airbags deployed and people stopped. Just in shock and very achy for a while.

Reply Share

Jangetta
â€¢ 13y ago

So, I'm going to keep this one short. I was around the age of 10-11, and I had just moved into my new room. It was used as an office before so no one had ever slept in it. I awoke to a glimpse of a figure on top of me and because I felt pressure on my arms. I glimpsed to see a small child jumping off me. It wasn't my brother because he was already 5'7" and close to 150 pounds by this point. I closed my eyes again due to being scared and still sleepy. I did not have any memorable dreams that night but I remembered the pressure on my body and I never feel anything when I do remember dreams so this to me was rather odd. I could just be crazy.

Reply Share

stedfunk
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

None of my friends believe me for either of these stories and to this day, after the second one I never spent the night at my friends house every again. These both occurred when I was house sitting for him one weekend.

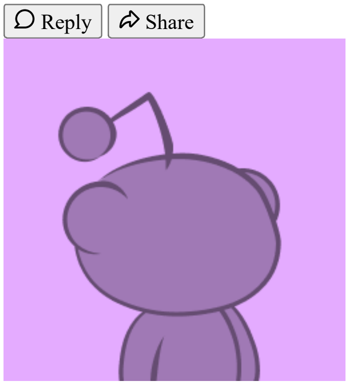
1. I was sleeping and it was about 2:30AM and I woke up because I heard mugs clinking in the kitchen and the microwave going. At my friends house his parents would always make coffee in the morning and heat up a danish or some type of treat. My sleepy mind forgot that they were out of town so I didn't put two and two together. I try to go back to sleep and hear a mug drop to the floor and break, suddenly my brain put two and two together and I ran out ready to fuck shit up. I open the door from his room that is facing the kitchen like a rabid beast only to be met my darkness. All the lights are off. I flip the switch on and yell to get the fuck out. Lights are on, there's nobody. No evidence of any mugs being moved or microwave being used, it's dead silent and the kitchen is exactly as I had left it.

2. And this one still sometimes creeps me out when I think of it. This was the second night, I'm afraid. I'm creeped out. He has wood flooring so it settles at night which as some of you may know sounds exactly like people walking around. The wood settles, I'm sweating. I fall asleep. Suddenly I wake up again same time and hear the wood settling and start praying, wood is settling but slightly louder, this time the it's "settling" but the sounds are getting closer. I shut my eyes tighter and start praying out loud when I hear a whisper in my ear "it's not gonna work" and a slight chuckle suddenly I feel someone jolt me from one side of the bed to the other and I jump up and nobody is around me.

I don't think anyone will ever believe me about either and some people try to explain it to me how it's my brain messing with me but my brain doesn't fucking drag me across the bed.

I have more but seeing as how no one will probably ready this one I wont waste my time unless someone wants to read them.

Reply Share



dadfrom101dalmations
â€¢ 13y ago

My husband bought a rocking chair from an estate sale and we immediately started hearing and seeing weird things in our house at night (footsteps in the middle of the night, music boxes randomly playing, random drops in temperature, etc). One night, my husband wakes up because of footsteps walking towards our bedroom door. He opens it and our three cats were standing there staring at him. Normally they are fighting to get in our room, but they just looked up at him with wide eyes. He then felt overwhelming chills and he froze up. Terror ran through his body and he couldn't move for at least a few moments. He has never believed in ghosts, but this guy scared the shit out of him multiple times. After a month of near nightly episodes, I firmly asked the ghost to leave and explained that the chair is ours now and he was dead. Neither of us ever saw or felt anything again. Pretty freaky stuff.

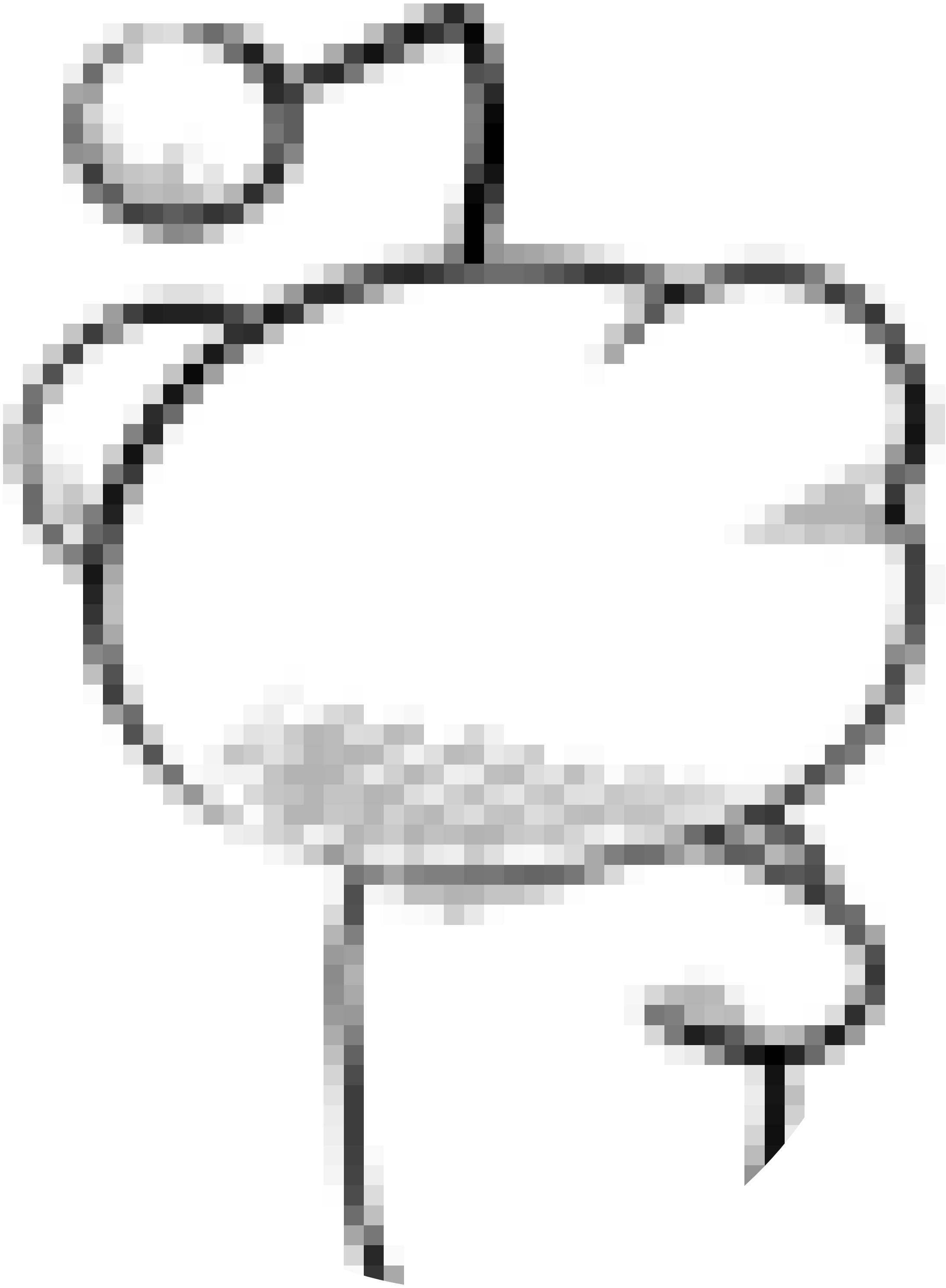
Tldr: old dead guy was pissed we bought his rocking chair. Scared the shit out of my skeptical husband and rowdy cats until I told him what's up.

Reply Share

sord_n_bored
â€¢ 13y ago

I like fun ghost stories, but let's be more rational here huh?

This thread has taught me most redditors are dumb as bricks and gullible. Just enjoy the stories, and assume that they aren't real but entertaining or caused by some unexplained but rational event. The guy who can "see ghosts" can't actually see ghosts, he's either a liar or suffers from mild schizophrenia (highly doubtful).



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 7 or 8, me and my 2 brothers stayed over night at my grandma's house. Me and my older brother shared a room with a large window that overlooked the backyard, while my younger brother slept in my grandma's room.

Later in the night, I woke up and saw a dark figure slowly walk past the window. I remember it only slightly resembling a person. Like having a human figure, but being slightly distorted. I got pretty freaked out, but told myself it was my probably just my imagination. I got up and went out in the hall to the bathroom.

Outside in the hall was my little brother. I asked him why he was awake, and he said that he saw a creepy figure walk past the window in his room, and was going to ask me and our older brother about it (he didn't want to wake up Grandma, I guess). I told him I saw the same thing.

At that point we started hearing creepy violin music in the distant, like someone scratching the strings, and eventually just stopped. After that me and my little brother both decided to sleep next to grandma.

I've sometimes doubted this ever happening, but my little brother remembers the creepy night as well.

tl;dr me and my little brother saw creepy figure outside from different rooms, and heard demented violins.

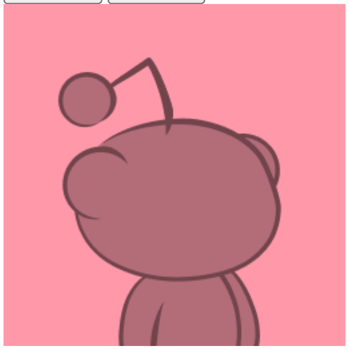
thysteffi
â€¢ 13y ago

Late to the party but hey I'll post anyway.

When I was about ten my family traveled to Maryland (we live in Washington) to visit my dad's family. Being ten I was able to sleep in a room by myself. I got my great uncles old room with a big old bed and a creepy old doll house in it. That night I attempted to sleep but was way creeped out by the doll house and asked to just sleep in the big guest bedroom with my brother and parents. My parents understanding the creepiness associated with old stuff allowed me to sleep in the guest room with them. Since me and my brother were young we had to go to bed before the adults and once we were put to bed my brother promptly passed out and I tossed and turned. After about a half and hour of that I just layed still. That's when I heard it. I heard the brushing sound of pant legs when someone walks, "enter" the room. It sounded like someone took a few steps, stopped and a few more. Thinking it was my dad I sat up and looked, he wasn't there, nor was anyone else. So I layed there in my bed very still very scared because the noise was a closer as if someone was walking closer to me. I distinctly remember the drapes on the closed Window move as if someone brushed against them. At this point I screamed for my parents. Like 10 year old pre pubescent little boy scream. No one respond and not even my brother, who was next to me, he didn't wake up. The noise was getting super close, like at the foot of my bed close. I screamed again and a couple more times before the noise, which I swear ended right next to me, stopped, and I screamed a final time for my parents and they came running up the stairs. They came in to see what was wrong. I explained myself and they said they hadn't heard me. I brushed it off but ever since I had a hard time falling asleep in that old house. I'm eighteen now and the memory still gives me shivers.

Whether you believe it or not, it happened. This is also coming from someone who doesn't believe in ghosts. Thanks for reading and sleep well all ;)

Reply Share



itsjill
â€¢ 13y ago

Freshman year of college two friends and I went to this abandoned "town" in Connecticut. There are so many rumors and legends about it, I pictured abandoned cars, and broken street signs, etc. but when we got there, it was literally just a bunch of woods and stone walls and what used to be structures of houses. I, being a gutsy/idiotic pain in the ass, decided to start mocking this abandoned town. We kept hiking for a while. It was a bright day in about May. As we got deeper into the woods, I started to feel uneasy. We all sort of looked at each other, there was absolutely no sound. No birds chirping. No leaves rustling. No wind. It was eerily bizarre. We all kind of stopped, looked down at our feet and their were hundreds of bright orange lizards running around at our feet. Now, we are basically walking to the top of the mountain in May, in Connecticut on a bright day- that shit just doesn't happen! My heart started beating faster, and that was literally the only thing I could heard. Next thing I know the sky turned first dark blue then black. It started to downpour. We ran. I don't even know how I ran so fast, running downhill while pouring rain isn't easy. I almost fell multiple times, but we finally saw the entrance to the woods. I kid you not, as soon as we walked out, it was like it never rained there at all. Nothing was wet and you could hear birds chirping and everything again. I looked back and the sign said "Keep Out, Dark Forest Entry". I really don't know what happened there that day. There are so many legends about this town. I'm not sure if I believe them all, but something very unnatural happened that day, and it will forever haunt me.

Edit: **TL;DR** Dudleytown

Reply Share

khowabunga
â€¢ 13y ago

Oh boy... where to begin. I grew up in a fairly religious household (church every Sunday, youth group every wed, etc). I got "saved" after watching a terrifying account of Jesus's going to hell after his death and stealing the keys to eternal life back... all fear mongering horseshit. Anyway.. I used to have night terrors and horrible sleep walking spells. Sometimes I would halfway wake up to them pleading to be woken up, and splashing water on my face wouldn't even work. One of these particular nights I was having a marathon of nightmares. I would become somewhat lucid in these dreams and try to cast the "demons" that were terrorizing me.. only to be told "that doesn't work here." I woke up half way through that night to see this form.. a red demon floating towards my bed. I may have had a false awakening and this was another dream but it sure as hell felt like I was awake. I was scared shitless. I threw the covers over my head and slipped right back into my nightmare marathon.

One particular dream I would have would be of this form at the bottom of my stairs. By form, I mean a blackness that felt like a being. It would attack me every time I dreamed of those stairs. About a year or two ago my brother and I talked about this kind of stuff and he froze when I told him about the stair dream. Turns out he had the exact same reoccurring dream. We asked our mother if she ever felt something was off in that house. She matter-of-factly replied "Yeah, it was haunted"

I've had maybe a handful of nightmares since I renounced religion 10 years ago.. go figure.

Reply Share

RossLH
â€¢ 13y ago

Some time ago, I visited my brother at college. We did a fair amount of drinking, played some drinking games, generally made asses of ourselves as usual, it was a good time. That night, I rolled my sleeping bag out on the couch and passed out there until morning. My brother went into his room and locked his door behind him, which had become standard with him and his roommates after some number of drunken pissing occurrences.

Fast forward until the next afternoon, my brother couldn't find his highschool class ring (he still wore it back then). I suddenly had a flashback to a vivid dream I had that night. That, mixed with the beer cloud, muddled my hold on reality for a second, causing me to think the dream had actually happened. I told him I saw the ring and a book under his bed that night, and put the ring on top of the book before going back to sleep.

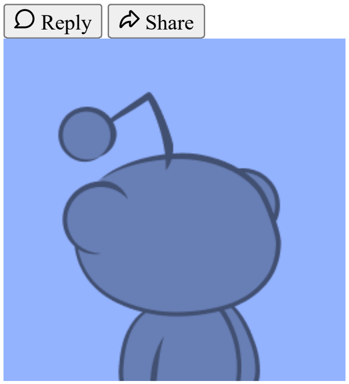
He, also being in a beer cloud, went right over the fact that I slept on the couch and he locked the door to the bedroom. Walked into his room, looked under the bed, and there was his missing ring on top of a book he had also been missing.

When he came back into the living room, he put on his ring, looked at me, and said "You slept on the couch last night...I locked my door behind me." I simply replied "Yep." We both just kinda shook it off, we were way too cloudy to even begin to think about what the hell just happened.

meagel187
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a little late to the party, but holy shit, was this ever scary. I was staying over at Aunt's house, doing homework on a downstairs bed. Nobody else was around but some people were upstairs and pretty far off. I notice something out of the corner of my eye two or three times. It would disappear as soon as I looked over. Just a figment of my imagination. I ignored it and went back to my work. The fourth time, I'm finally going to investigate. I get that creepy feeling in my spine. All the hairs stand up. I got over to the door and see the same damn thing disappear behind another door. I take a minute to grow some chest hair and go look through that door. It's a totally empty room, sort of out of place in the clutter of the basement. I look around. Nothing. Take a few deep breaths and go back to do homework.
The next day I mention this in passing to my mom. She freaks. She tells me that my uncle's first wife had committed suicide in that room. That's why it's so empty. I haven't visited since.

Reply Share



schowey
â€¢ 13y ago

My creepiest moment seems sort of mundane compared to some of these tales but it has stuck with me for years and it still weirds me out. It was around 1999 and I was in 8th grade. I lived with my mom in an upstairs apartment. The apartment was actually really well insulated with thick walls and such so noise didn't travel throughout our unit much and we never heard noises from the downstairs apartment. To put into perspective how well made it was, it was an old Victorian style house that had been made into apartments. Anyway, I was home alone one day in my room which was at the very rear of our unit. It was pretty quiet and then the silence was broken by the sound of our front door opening and someone putting their keys on the table in the living room. I thought it was odd because my mom wasn't supposed to be home so I went to see who it was. I walked into the living and it was empty, no keys on the table and the door was locked. Like I said, it's not too creepy of a story to hear but it's always given me goose bumps because it was so unexplainable.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger I used to see a man walking around the house. I never saw his face, and he was always walking away from me. I didn't realize he wasn't there until my parents divorced and I moved away.

Reply Share

sakuyuichiro
â€¢ 13y ago

Most likely this will get lost in this thread but here is my story. I don't believe in the paranormal and honestly I have never seen ghost or any type of monster/demon/etc...I'm the guy that walks through those scary amusement park events without flinching. Anyways, I live in a two story house and we have a television downstairs in the living room. I usually like to go take a smoke before I go to bed so I would always walk downstairs, open the garage, and then go smoke. At the same time I would check if all electricity is turned off and such and it was.

As I was in bed I started to toss and turn, I kept feeling like something was amiss, so I decided to get some water in the kitchen downstairs. Did I mention my father just passed recently? I also have a crazy aunt who chanted weird chants in my house before (She would stay up all night and burn incense all night and not the good smelling kinds). As I went to go grab some water I noticed that the TV was emitting a small hue and I thought to myself "weird...I remember that the TV was off" so when I went to the TV to turn it off I saw the numbers "666" on it and the screen was all static like and I started to freak out, I grab the remote and start switching the numbers to like 4 but afterwards it would keep repeating the "666" I then rationalize that it was the control and it must be broken so I took the batteries out of the control and then I shut off the TV. Obviously, I was still a bit freaked out but all was well and I did figure out that the remote was the culprit right? Wow...was I mistaken, as started walking back to my room the TV turns on again and the only thing I could think was "I just took the batteries out!!" I noped the hell out of my house and slept in my car that night.

Found out the TV was just broken pretty bad, got a new one it works with no problems. Anyone want a haunted LCD? haha

Reply Share

[TheOneMoonmahn](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I Was sitting on a toilet in my house, half asleep at about 11 PM. I was minding my own business when I heard a deep, gravelly, male voice say "Pray." Shit gives me the creeps to this day.

Aye-curumba
â€¢ 13y ago

Not as crazy as some of these awesome stories but i'll share my experiences.

Once when I was a little (between 4-6 years old), something strange happened in my bedroom. At the time I shared a bed with my older sister who is ten years older than me. Our family had a small Chihuahua mix who always slept in our bed.

While we were asleep, our dog started to growl while looking towards our bedroom door. My sister and I both awoke and looked at each other. She slowly sat up and tried to calm my dog down by silently petting him. We never took our eyes off the door because that was where my dog's focus was.

Instead of calming down, he started to snarl and all the hair on his back stood up. Just then our bedroom door opened and my sister pulled me close and started praying out loud. Our family was very religious growing up. I remember while she spoke to whatever was there, a piece of paper from her dresser (which was between the door and our bed) slowly fell to the ground. My sister began to chant prayers, still holding me close with our dog still snarling.

Then all of a sudden we felt this calming feeling and our dog stopped snarling suddenly. We sat in silence for a few seconds and my dog jumped down from the bed and walked over to the paper and sniffed it. Then he walked out the bedroom door as if to patrol the house.

My sister told my parents and I remember they said we were probably sinning and thats why it happened or some bullshit like that. I'll never forget that experience although I am not religious anymore.

Ok another story I would like to share happened when I was older, i'd say when I was around 20. My older brother and I would always play jokes on each other. One of the ongoing pranks involved holding the doorknob to the front door whenever one of us tried to come home from anything. When you hold the doorknob, you can't turn it to open the door. It was funny and annoying depending on the situation but we always did it to each other.

Well one night in the winter (when it starts getting dark around 4:30), I came home from work and tried to go inside the house. The doorknob was being held so I figured it was just my brother on the other side being an ass. I complained as I tried to turn the knob which was moving only a little but it felt like it twisted back, as if preventing me to turning it. I complained again and kicked at the bottom of the door lightly, informing my brother I had to use the bathroom and it was cold outside. When I tried again and thought he had just stopped, I entered the house to find no one was home. My pitt bull rushed ahead of me all of a sudden and started patrolling the house in a weird mannor.

I called my brother to make sure he wasn't pushing the prank further but he wasn't even home. When I told him what had just happened he was really creeped out and we never played that prank on each other again.

Clifford996
â€¢ 13y ago

It's not really all that creepy, but it always gives me the chills.

Ever since I was young I've been able to predict the thoughts or actions of others. It's always a very strong feeling, like the biggest hunch you've ever had, but I'm always hesitant to speak up about it. They arn't grand prophecies for the future or anything like that, more like I'm in direct contact with the thoughts of others around me, for a very short time. For example, when meeting new people, more often than not the persons name just seems to pop into my head seconds before it's given. A few times I've accidentally said the name at the same time and gotten some very strange looks. The same thing happens with radio stations or when my music is on shuffle, i seem to always know what song will come on next (this is especially frustrating because its like my mind is playing tricks on me).

The feeling is especially strong with my little brother. We have never been very close, but lately our minds seem to be strangely in sync when we are around each other. We have discussed it a few times and agree we have some very weird coincidences but i suspect he has similar experiences more often than he lets on.

My grandfather is also the same way, only always in tune with my mother (his daughter-in-law). Here are a few things he's done in my lifetime... -Called my mom to congratulate her on being pregnant with my brother, she did not yet know she was pregnant but he swore he heard it from someone.
-Left 6 messages on our answering machine asking, "if everything/everyone was ok". My parents had been at the hospital for two days after my mom was diagnosed with breast cancer (again, she had not told anyone yet) -Told my mom to cancel her trip to the east coast. She was going to New York for two weeks with some friends in early September 2001...

I dont know if these things traits are genetic or just a big coincidence I've built up in my head, but they are definitely real to me and my family. I very rarely talk about it and a small part of me has always hoped I could meet someone who was like me and knew what I was going through.

Reply Share

table4chairs
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I used to run a low budget photography studio with a business partner, and it always gave me the creeps. First of all, it's actually inside a old synagogue with normal service. We need the location and we don't have much money for overheads like commercial rent. So we took the space under certain religious conditions.

The space had a history of famous actors using the temple. There were headshot of all the actors from the 20's to 50's who were members of the temple plaster all over the walls. The space we're renting is dance rehearsal space. The temple fell into hard times with low memberships and our rent would really help them. And for us, we're getting a bigger space than our current studio space, and it's 20 mins travel time difference.

So with time constraint of the business and being unable to work on some days of the week, I was forced to stay inside the synagogue by myself at times. And every single time I do the "activities" became more and more loud.

First came the noises. It's an old building... It could be rats... There's a subway system underneath... so it could be that. I didn't mind it.

Then came the uneasy feeling of being watched. I wear glasses, so I often felt a light or shadow reflection moving at the corner of my eye. At this point, I was making all kinds of possible excuse not to be there alone. I would bring my work back home to avoid staying there late. And I started to realize the a dark and uneasy feeling only when I'm inside that space.

Finally, the "activities" was getting stronger and stronger that I just bailed the space and even broke the lease in order to leave. I can remember three instances of those activities vividly. One time, I was talking to my gf on the phone after finishing a shoot at around 8pm. I stayed behind, alone, and started processing and editing the photos down while being on the phone. My gf asked why are you "guys" there so late? I told her I have to continue finish up my edits not catching on to the plural. She said something in the effect of "why is the client still staying so late with you, then?" I replied "what client? I'm alone, here." She said "Then who's the girl giggling behind you?" At the point, I closed my laptop, started to pack up. Quickly closed the door and lock, and ran out. Outside, I was still on the phone and asked what did she hear. And told me that it sounded like the girl was flirting or beckoning you. When I was at the crosswalk standing next to two people who were talking within an earshot. My gf said it sounded just as loud as those two girls.

The second instance, I was talking to my client. We were having a small talk, and this is during the day. I remember seeing a shadowy figure appeared behind her back about 20 feet away. At that point, I thought it was maybe my glasses creating a light trick on me. So I repeated the same motion with my head to recreate it. I couldn't.

Finally, being that our studio is inside a the temple. The only security from our space is padlock on the outside of our door. We were on the top floor and no one else share the space. I was doing a shoot with a client and I had the door closed for privacy. I just left the padlock unlock and hooked on the hinge and continue my day with my client. I was expecting my partner to come around the time when we finished. When I finished the shoot and was making small talk with the client, my partner came in by unlocking the padlock. He asked how did I lock the door from the inside? He almost had left thinking I had left, too. Later I asked the porter that if he lock my door, and told him to knock or just leave it unlock because we're still inside. He replied, I wasn't even working on that day.

At this point, I had it. And called the president of the temple that I couldn't stay any longer. I can absolutely tell you this is a true experience of mine, and realistically I just ran. There's no exorcisms to finish this story - it's happening in a holy space anyway. When stuff like this really happens, just run.

TL DR: I ran away from my business because of unexplainable activities in my building.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I see people aren't bothering with TLDRs anymore....

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay, heres mine. (My mom told me most of this story, I dont remember it happening.) I was about two years and my maternal grandmother had just died of lung/breast cancer (when she discovered she had cancer, she was too far along tell which one was first). Anyways, my mom and I were at her old house and the whole family was there. It was a couple of days after the funeral and I was playing in my moms old room. When my mom was walking down the hallway past the room I was in, she heard me talking to someone. She came in the room and asked me who I was talking to. I said, "Grandma, mommy. She said everything will okay." My mom was shocked and asked me what she looked like. I said, "She's really pretty, and has long hair." Now heres the creepy part, when my grandma was younger she had hair that went down to her feet, yes her feet. She was half native american. This officially creeped me out and we left the next day.

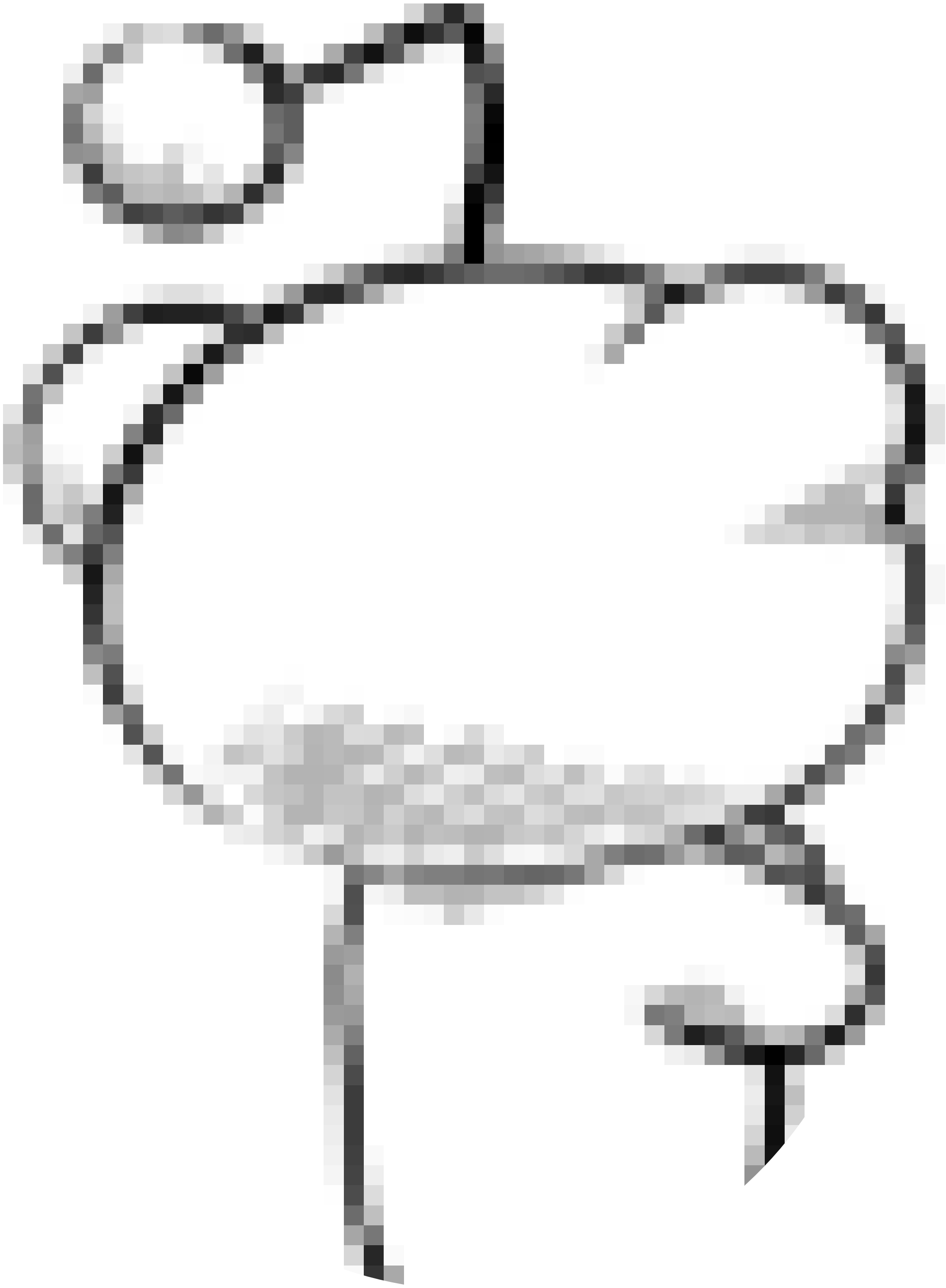
But the incidents didnt stop there. When I was in about 4th grade we were living on a farm in Texas. My dad was on his second tour of duty in Iraq. Living on a farm alone and not knowing if her husband would live another day, my mom went into a deep depression. One night she was laying in bed crying and heard the scuffling sound of jeans walk past her. My grandma used to wear really tight cowgirl jeans that would scuff when she walked. The next morning my mom felt someone sitting on the end of her bed, shaking her foot. This is how my grandma would wake her up every morning for school.

It gets even better. About my junior year of high school my parents were going through a rough time. They were planning divorce and my dad was making arrangements of moving out. Again my mom went into another depression, and one night the same incidents happened again, jeans scuffling past her, someone sitting on the end of the bed shaking her foot.

Now for the end. Even though stuff hasnt been happening to my mom lately, it has been happening to me. (Now a sophomore in college.) In my apartment freaky stuff has started to happen. Seeing closed doors, open. Doors being locked with I left unlocked. And things falling off the walls. I only hope it is my grandma, telling me that everything will be okay like how she told my mom all those years.

Nivlak87
â€¢ 13y ago

this thread has given me so many chills in the past 15 mins.



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â€¢ 13y ago

has anyone heard of the Overtoun Bridge phenomena? According to legend over 100 dogs have been known to commit suicide by jumping off this bridge... freaking creepy

YalamMagic
â€¢ 13y ago

I hear the sound of marbles being dropped into a bowl in my room every once in a while. It sounds crystal clear so there's no way it could be my neighbour who lives a floor up.

DancingNancy4136
â€¢ 13y ago

Itâ€™s probably too late and these will probably never be seen but here they are:

When my oldest niece was probably about 2, my brother-in-law worked 2nd shift and was at work while my sister tried to get the little one to calm down and fall asleep. All the lights in the house were off except for the TV in the living room where they were laying on the couch. My niece suddenly started pointing down the pitch black hallway and saying â€œMommy who is that?â€🖹 My sister probed to get more out of her and tried to tell her nobody was there but my niece just kept repeating the same question. Then one night riding with me in the car, I had the radio off so I could talk to her. She was in her car seat in the passenger side and when I looked into my rearview mirror, I saw her looking behind me like someone was sitting there and laughing. When I asked who she was laughing at it was almost like I startled her and she just turned to me and didnâ€™t know what I was talking about. I turned back around and the next thing I knew, she was looking behind me giggling again. Weâ€™ve convinced ourselves that it was our grandma, who passed away while my sister was pregnant. Itâ€™s more comforting that way.

My college roommate also had strange experiences. Most of them happened while her low-life boyfriend was around but some nights she would come sleep in my room because she heard something. The freakiest one for me was one night at her boyfriendâ€™s house while he was sound asleep, the kitchen light turned on. (They had the bedroom door open so it didnâ€™t get too hot) She waited for the sounds of his dad to be coming home, but nothing. Then the light dimmed to black. Mind you, itâ€™s just a regular on/off switch, not a dimmer. The very moment the kitchen light went out, her iPhone lit up. She looked and had no messages, nothing that would cause it to light up. She decided not to wake her boyfriend and tried to go back to sleep. Right before drifting off she heard a very loud gasp from the end of the bed which also woke her boyfriend up simultaneously. They both jumped. The strange thing is, her aunt is a â€œmedium,â€ if you believe in that sort of thing. She gave my roommate a protective saint necklace and mentioned the man thatâ€™s always around her. Roommate was terrified, but I think this â€œspiritâ€ or â€œentityâ€ was protecting her from this low-life jerk. She hasnâ€™t said much about anything happening since they broke up.

Oddly enough, I just told these stories last night.

TL;DR Niece was seeing grandma and roommate ghost hated her scumbag boyfriend

Reply Share

magnumthepi
â€¢ 13y ago

My sister and I got up early one morning before my mom did. We opened this old antique hutch because my mom kept her CD player in there. The hutch was in the living room, and my mom's room was just across the hall. We wanted to listen to the radio to find out if we had school that day because of the snow, but we were trying to be quiet.

On top of the hutch were a bunch of expensive and old china and these giant candle holders, they were huge and made of metal. My sister and I were kneeling on the floor with our ears to the speakers, when all of a sudden one of those giant candle holders hurdles across the entire room. It dented the wall in the dining room.

We were little and we both freaked out and ran to wake up our mom. She didn't believe us at first, but she did later on because weird shit happened in our house all the time. We owned a lot of antique furniture in our house because my grandfather worked at the biggest antique store in town.

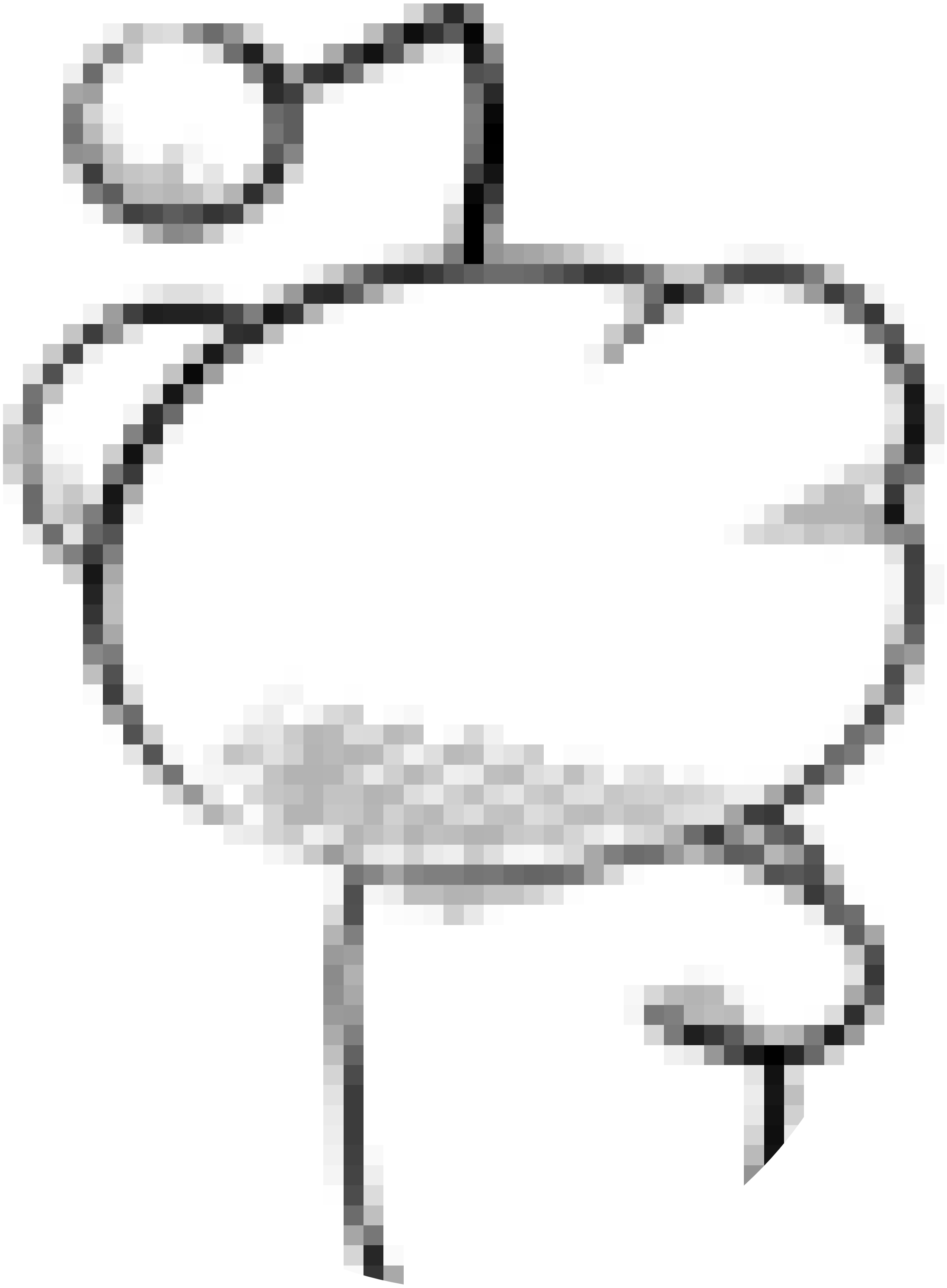
Other weird things that have happened - everyone in the family has always distinctly heard a baby crying in the night at some point or another, and always by the front door of the house. We had no baby in the house.

Cupboards and doors would swing open and shut randomly. Lights flickering and going out all the time. We always chalked it up to drafts and shorted circuits.

I've also heard footsteps in the house, as if someone were running in the attic. Our attic was more like a crawl space, you couldn't stand up inside it or anything, and it was only accessible if you had a ladder.

Finally, this one kind of takes the cake for me, but when I was sixteen, my grandfather passed away very suddenly. He caught a cold and died in less than 24 hours. (On Christmas Eve, no less) I was still reeling from shock, because my grandfather raised me from birth. After a miserable Christmas, I was in my room. His room was next to mine, and all night long I could hear things coming from his bedroom. Weird shuffling and rustling, I heard the creak and groans of his bed, like someone was getting in and out of it, and then I heard a very distinct sneeze. After awhile of tripping out over that I finally crept to his room, and when I opened the door . . . I saw nothing.

But I remember that painful feeling of wanting there to be something, so badly I would have sold my soul for it.



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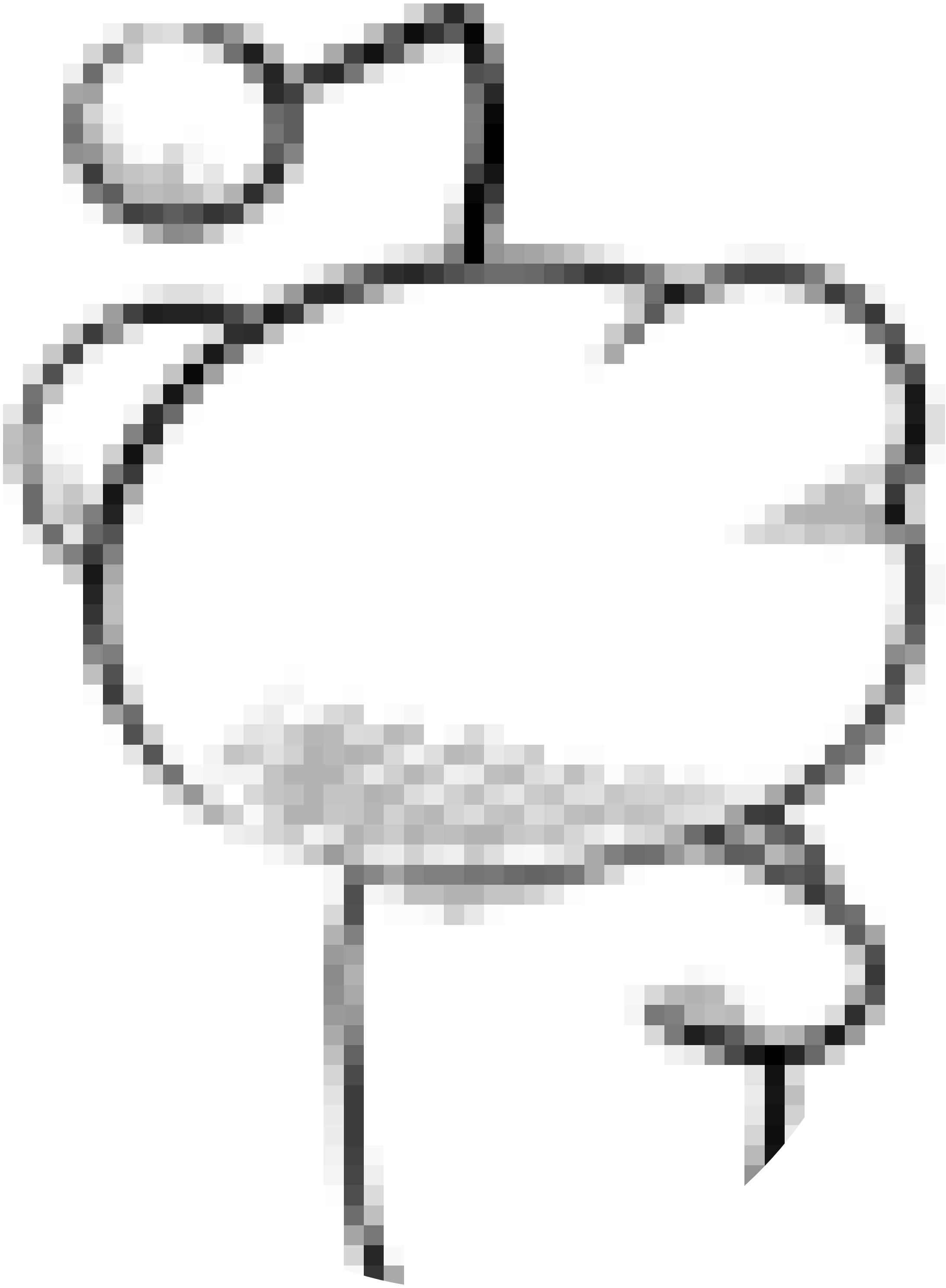
â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My first reddit comment, here we go:

Ever since I was nine or ten I've been staring at my ceiling when I wake up for about an hour or two, sometimes up to three, and just think about random things, play random scenarios in my head, plan my day, think about the future. etc. During the day I'll sometimes stare into space and have these random mind movies go off where I start playing these weird scenarios in my head, etc. Well for the past 2-3 weeks I've had a recurring "vision" of me being wheeled through an emergency room with someone trying to talk to me. I wasn't on the brink of death or anything, but they were just having a casual conversation with me. I also had a feeling that it would involve a car crash with someone that I knew. It was so fucking weird because while I would be driving I would rate every car that passed by on whether it could withstand a crash or not, and then catch myself doing it and start tripping the fuck out. Well, this past Sunday I got into a car crash with my friend Gary and ended up going to the emergency room for a concussion/whiplash. While I was in the ambulance, the guy was having a casual conversation with me about my school, how the crash happened etc. When I was being wheeled through the emergency room, the lights flashing by on the ceiling and the EMT's voice were almost exactly how I'd "seen" it. This past week I've been so fucking confused as to why this happened or how it happened the exact way I thought it would.



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â€¢ 13y ago

This is a story my mom told me, which I don't believe, but will relate to you anyway.

When we moved to Ohio, we bought a house from a very nice old man. The guy had built the house like 60 years ago, and lived there with his wife and son. A few years before we moved there, his wife died, so it was just him and his son. And then, just a few months before we arrived, his son died in an accident or something. So, this guy was all alone, his whole family gone, and he couldn't live in that house anymore. Understandable.

So anyway, we buy it, and move in. We hear that less than a month later, the guy died of a heart attack. Its sad, but, what are you gonna do, right? Well, its right about then that stuff starts happening.

While my sister and I are at school, and my dad at work, my mom is at home with my baby sister. I come home one day and she is just FREAKIN' OUT, MAN. My sister and I get her to calm down, and she is finally able to tell us that the furniture keeps getting moved. She said that she'd put a chair or something somewhere, leave the room, and come back to find it in a different spot. Rinse and repeat. Never while she is in the room, only when she leaves for a bit and comes back.

Anyway, my dad chalks it up to stress, and life goes on. Every few weeks or so, I come home from school seeing that look on my mom's face that says something weird has happened. I have to admit, going down to the basement (before I decided to move my room down there) was a creepy affair..always got this weird tight feeling in my gut.

We lived in that house for seven years, and after awhile my mom was convinced the old guy's ghost was there with us. She said she would ask him to stop moving things around, please, and that it would stop. I personally chalk it up to the craziness that is Hyperthyroid issues. That was when she was diagnosed and they had to kill her thyroid with nuclear fire.

Of course, the lady who bought the house from us many years ago says the same things happen to her.

Loryncello
â€¢ 13y ago

I was 5 years old riding my bike as fast as I could down the street. No one was around me or riding with me. I felt an adult size hand on my left shoulder blade. It didn't push, it just rested there like someone might do when they are comforting you. I looked back to see who could possibly be there but no one was there, I was alone and the sensation of the warm hand on my back left. I'm not sure who or what it was, but I knew it was unusual, special and something to never forget and I never have experienced anything like it again.

Jedi_Bingo
â€¢ 13y ago

One of my cats died a while back, and I swear I see the fucker sometimes in the corner of my eye. Very distinctive fur and peculiar behavior lead me to believe it's him; black cat (his name was blacky) who was always looking for something. Anyway, sometimes he's a grey blur, sometimes more detailed, one time he was kind of that tradition ghostly apparition. But, it was a split second of him running to the house from his grave in the backyard. The other cats act funny sometimes following something that isn't there. There are other small things not worth mentioning (feelings, blah, blah) but that's the gist of it.

CivicPiano
â€¢ 13y ago

My friend had a seriously troubling experience that even gives me chills. I'm usually skeptical about this stuff, because to me, saying that a mysterious force is causing bad stuff to happen is silly.

However, I'm here telling this story, so obviously I don't believe that very much.

So my friend lives in Oklahoma and goes to see Paranormal Activity 3. He told me that during the movie, it was probably the scariest thing he's ever watched, which was strange because he usually is not scared by horror movies at all. I'm the one who does that. Anyways, he goes home, feeling this sinking feeling the entire way home and inside his house when he finally arrived. He said it was the longest experience he's ever had, and considering traveling a 10 min distance to be the longest experience is pretty strange. He tries going to sleep that night, and he is so freaked out by a sinking feeling that he has to go sleep with his mom. Btw he's 18 years old.

In the morning, he sees writing on his stomach his name, and the way you could read it normally is by a person other than my friend looking at his stomach. The writing was in red.

For two weeks, he tries to wash it off over and over and over again, and nothing happens. However, one time, him and his dad prayed over it so that it would wash off soon and Jesus would protect them etc.

The creepiest thing is the next day it washed off, incredibly easy at that.

Startling and intruiging as frick.

electromonkey222
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

When I was younger a lot of weird shit that would seem very unlikely to happen would often happen. I would be screwing around with my friends doing something like playing basketball, video games, or something stupid and some crazy random thing would happen involving whatever we would be doing(I know It's really vague). I think a lot of it had to do with me being a dumb kid with a boring life, that probably caused everything to be so strange and exhilarating.

Basically I've grown up and as I read these posts with 1838 points I really feel like they're not far from what I thought was unexplained as a kid; really just my own way of interpreting things.

[EmanNeercsEht](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

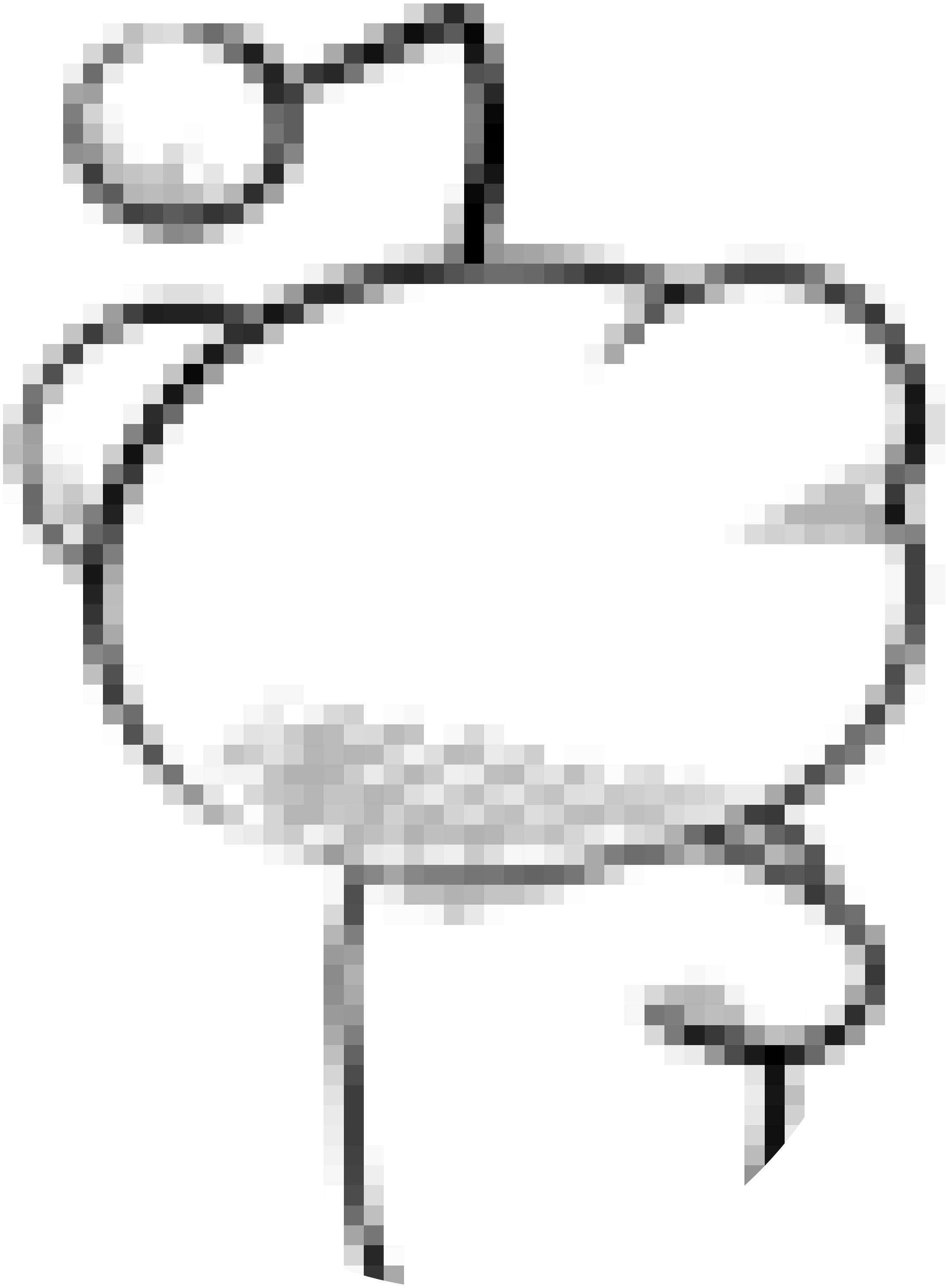
When I was younger I lived in Europe; I was about eleven or twelve when this happened, and during those years of my life my parents were gone a lot, leaving me at home alone.

One this one particular day I was home by myself. The phone rang. It was downstairs on an end table near the wall. I answered and it was my friend. We chatted for a few minutes when out of the blue my stomach starts to turn. I felt seriously sick, so much so that I got down onto the floor and told my friend I had to go.

Kneeling down like this, both my cat and dog come over to me (cat came from downstairs), and they both relaxed nearby. That's when I heard something move in the second floor of the house. It sounded like furniture moving around, but I felt so utterly ill and nauseated that I couldn't even fit in being scared as well. So I just sat there on the floor, my forehead against the carpet and listened to the deep rumbling upstairs. There was a loud bang and I threw up.

When I was done retching the sounds that stopped.

That's one of the more unsettling things that happened to me while living in that area.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Reading this thread feels like watching "Beyond belief: Fact or fiction". Worst nightmares of my childhood came from that fucking show and the red-eyed grandma episode.

Manmark
â€¢ 13y ago

My family lived in a small, run down house, 6 total rooms. My little sister and I had to share a room toward the middle of the house. This place had some serious age, and I suspect some history considering all the weirdness there. It was the classic run of 'haunted' house bits. Whispers in the dark - sometimes saying your name (many family members commented on this), boards creaking and things moving without a reason, 'shadow people' (though I chalk this one up to sleep paralysis).

One of my favorite stories from the place is of the old portable television we had back in the early 90's. My family had a fireworks stand we ran each summer, and we'd all come back home late at night, tired. Since it was summer, my parents let us watch Star Trek: TNG reruns on the local station with the sound down low. My little sister was falling asleep, and I was nearly there myself, so I got up, turned it off, and curled up in bed.

Within moments, a LOUD static sound filled the air, and the little 4" screen was full of bright, white static. Not the normal 'no signal' static, but intense white, like static in negative.

I got up, and flicked the switch to turn it off. The switch was in the off position. Massive shivers coursed through my nervous system. I flicked the switch, no response. Tried to turn the sound down, but the knob was almost at mute. Tried to move the channel band knob, same surreal static. Nothing I did changed the state of this manic little television.

My sister got freaked out and got our parents. They tried the switches, same result.

Then we unplugged it. The damn thing stayed on, and stayed loud.

It took almost 5 minutes before it gradually died down.

The kicker is, I could have sworn that I saw a face in it glaring back out at me (and it wasn't Wil Wheaton).

lah2011
â€¢ 13y ago

Fuck this thread. The doorbell just went and I shit myself.

punkdude747
â€¢ 13y ago

THIS IS NOT A STORY I WROTE. THIS IS CREEPY PASTA.

When I was 16, I had a bunch of family that lived down in Alabama. They were farmers and owned a huge amount of land down in Huntsville. My uncle owns a big house and a bunch of trailers they put out in the woods for hunting or camping. My cousins there suggested that we go out there to camp. We collected food, killed a pig and some chickens, and brought necessities to camp out for a few days. So we get to the camp and it's obvious something is weird. The air had this weird electric smell like right before a storm, like ozone. We think nothing of it and unpack and go down to a little creek to swim for a few hours. All of a sudden some older white guy and a white teeanager come out of the bushes. He had a shotgun in the crook of his arm and said hello and asked us what we're doing this far back in the woods. We told him about my uncle, who he knew, and said we were camping out. He told us we needed to be real careful out there and stick together because there was a big animal in the woods. His son, who is my age asked if he could stay and hang out with us. His dad said ok.

So we end up playing footbal, and dicking around there are me, the white kid "Tanner", 5 of my cousins, and then 4 of their friends. 5 girls and and six boys we all were around 15-17.

We ended up just dicking the day away and going back to the camp and pulling out some stuff for a campfire even though the trailers both had kitchenettes. Tanner said he wants to run home, he's families property sits up against my uncles, and ask if he can come out camping with us. My cousin Rooster says he's going to go with him since it's getting pretty dark,and one of the girls says she's going to walk with them.

it's about 7 o'clock, and it's starting to get pretty dark. They take flashlights and take the trail toward Tan's property. The rest of us, chill and make smores, drink and kiss on the girls.

About thirty or forty minutes later there's the smell of ozone again you could smell it over the smell of the fire we has started and this really nasty coppery smell like right after you've had a nosebleed and it's stopped. I wasn't exactly like dried blood, but it was that nasty metallic, back of your throat smell.

We immediately think that it's some kind of electrical malfunction, or someone left a hotplate on or some shit. We search the trailers and nothing is on, and we all can smell it. All of a sudden we can hear people booking down the path toward us and Rooster, Tan and the girl all come running into the clearing out of breath, and they don't even break stride they all run into the trailer right by where the fire is.

We all NOPE the fuck outta there and get into the trailers. They end up calming down, even Rooster is crying his fucking eyes out at this point. All the while the fire is guttering lower and lower so my other cousins say fuck it and are about to go outside to get the generator out of a shed between the trailers.

Tanner goes, fuck no. lock the front door, ain't nobody else going outside. He's been crying too and his eyes are bloodshot and puffy and his pants are dirty as shit.

He goes on to tell us, that they went up to his house, his father said sure he could go out camping but to make sure they were careful on the way back and that maybe they should take on of the hunting rifles just in case.

Evidently Tanner had seen something in their yard a few days before and then one of their pigs had come up ripped up and half eaten. They assumed it was just some big cats or coyotes even thought they don't usually fuck with live animals.

He had gone upstairs and packed his stuff, and told his dad they would be ok without the rifle because coyotes avoid people. So they started walking back toward where we were camping.

So, Rooster finally stops crying and shaking, the girl already had but she was just staring out the windown with a dumb look on her face. He says they had gotten halfway into the woods toward the camp when they started to hear shit in the forest. It was almost pitch black by this time so they we're sure at first what the fuck it was, the girl says that she hear something in the bushes right off the trail and they all beamed their flashlights over there and there was someone standing back in the woods in a little hollow. Rooster said they had shout at him and told him that he was scaring the fuck out of them and what a dick he was.

He says that's when he realized that the guy was facing away from them. So they keep walking, and they start smelling the nasty coppery ozone smell, and they say that they look off into the forest on the opposite side, and its a dude standing in the forest, backward slightly closer to the path.

So now they start powerwalking and Tan keeps going, I should have taken the fucking rifle. As their telling the story the smell is still super stong even inside the cabin.

⊕ 5 more replies

⊕ 5 more replies

⊕ More replies

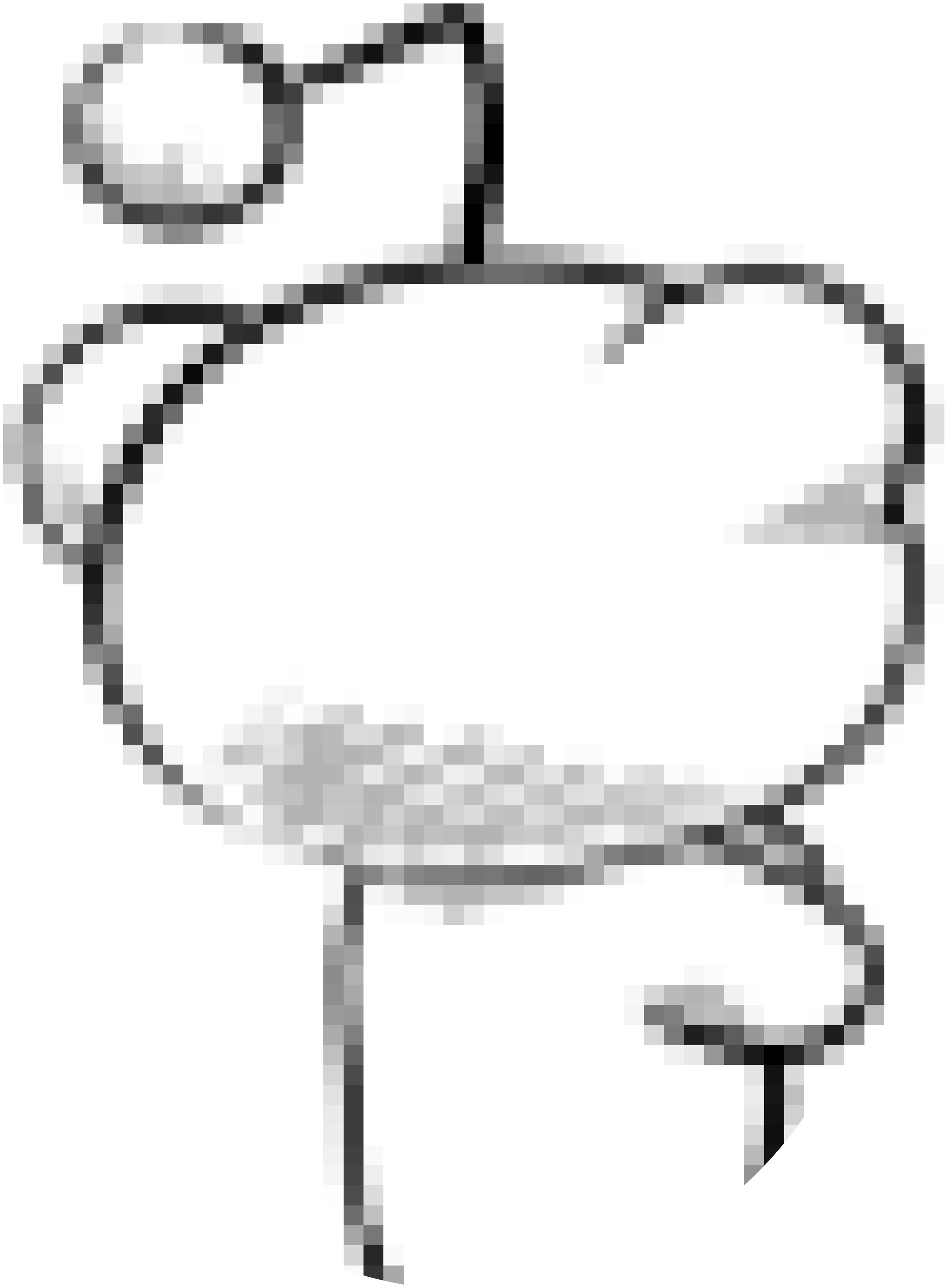
Fog80
â€¢ 13y ago

I just remembered another story my grandmother told me. My parents and my grandmother were traveling in a taxi in a very secluded area. My mother was pregnant with me at the time.

The taxi driver had told them to roll up their windows because there have been reports of weird stuff happening on this particular road.

Sure enough, in the middle of nowhere is a beautiful women dressed in red trying to get a ride. As the taxi driver guns it past the woman, the woman turned into a dog like animal and jumped into the taxi putting a dent in the side.

Freaks me out because my parents also confirmed this story.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

Here's mine.

When I was about 7 there this stray black cat that would always hang around my house. It never seemed bothered anyone and my family never bothered it. It was quite friendly and it didn't mind to be picked up.

Well one day while I was outside in the back yard for some reason I decide to put it in an empty ice chest (out of boredom at the time if memory serves me correctly) Well it wasn't until about 5 or 6 seconds after I close it that I decide to open it back up. It was gone. I had been watching the chest this entire time and there was no earthly way it could've gotten out. I was never one to show much enthusiasm and so I was just a little confused. The only thing I thought to do next was close it and wait. Gave it about another 6 seconds, opened it, and there it is! It didn't jump out though, instead it just gave me this very insulting stare.

I still wonder to this very day where that cat could've gone. Still fucks with me sometimes.

P.S forgive my horrible grammar.

MrsCaptainSnuffy
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom used to live In some apartments in a shady part of town. she picked up this table off the side of the road for the dinning room. Weird things started happening like the dogs barking into the dinning room or stuff would be in different spots. One night my mom, brothers, sister, and husband were all watching a movie. All of a sudden this pie pan comes flying out of the kitchen and lands by the couch we were sitting on. We all freak and the dogs run to the doorway and stop. They are going nuts, with hair bristled up, barking, growling, lunging , but they wouldn't go past the doorway into the kitchen. We all booked it outside and staying on the balcony for awhile until everyone calmed down. Many other things happened but that's the most prevalent one. My mom eventually got rid of the table and stuff quit happening. Feel real sorry for who ever picked it up.

Reply Share

Nibedit
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't believe in ghost, but what happened to me and my cousin when we where 15-16ish was down right weird. I happen to have a rich uncle that had a big bash at this hotel for his 50th birthday. Me and my cousin Micheal, had just taken up drinking and where looking for our other cousin Jenny to start drinking. We were looking for her in his huge hotel. The party was in the lobby and we just couldn't find her. We thought that maybe she had already began in the pool area. Well to get to the pool area you had to get to it by passing a long hall way. When we got to the hallway, lights where off. They were the only lights that where off in the hotel but we passed it anyways. It was pitch dark and we see a little kid in the cross the hallway a couple meters before the end of it. However when my cousin got to the end (I was lagging behind) he got pale and ran back, which scared me and I ran back with him. I asked him what was wrong and he told me that the hallway didn't lead anywhere, no doors only a window that over looked the pool area. Well We got creeped out and just left it at that found our cousin, drank and forgot about the whole ordeal until we went back to visit our uncle again.

Our rich uncle has a daughter (Anna) and she was graduating so he flew us over to celebrate. One night Anna had a friend over, and they were talking about some guy. Anna's friend was arguing that this guy was really mean and she didn't like him.

Here is where I got a little freaked out.

Anna defended the guy by saying that he wasn't his usual self because recently his kid brother died. Then she stared at us and said, " You know that hotel that my dad through his 50th birthday at? That's where he died. The kid brother had an seizure by the pool and drowned while he was playing."

This was when we remembered what had happened to us when we saw the shadow of the kid running through the hall way. We told her the story of what had happened to us. We all were pretty creeped out.

It's that scary, but I swear it really happened and I just don't know how to explain that..

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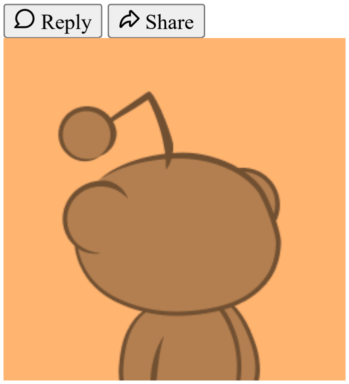


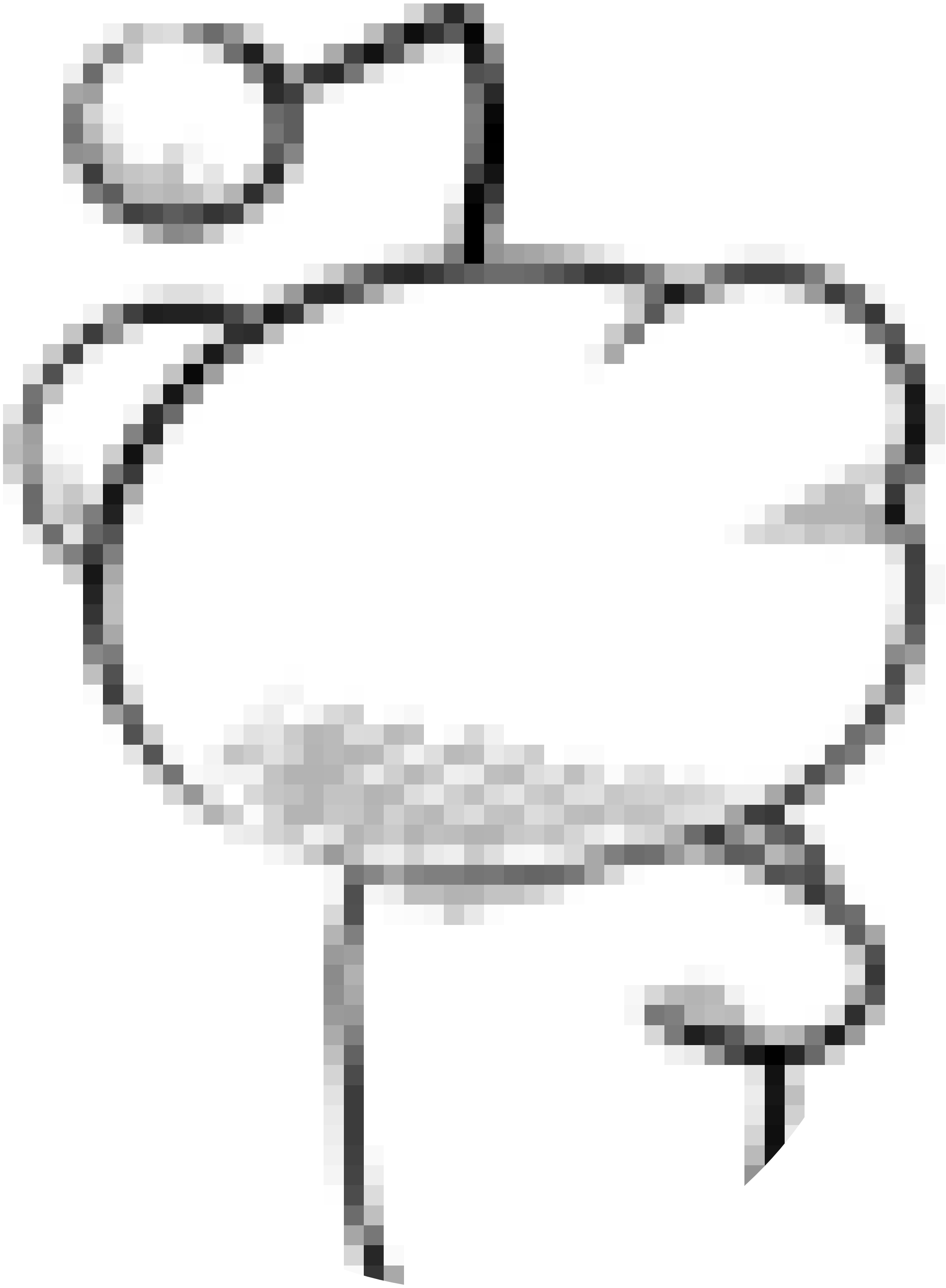
gapercizer
â€¢ 13y ago

Saw some UFOs about ten years ago. My parents had a dairy farm and we were all working one night and my mom comes up to me and says "do you want to see something?" She walked me to a spot with a view of the southern sky and pointed up in that direction and there was one UFO flying around like nothing I'd ever seen. What was so unreal about it was its ability to change direction at or near full speed - as if our laws of physics didn't apply to it. A few minutes later a second one appeared and was interacting with the first. They were circling around each other at incredible speeds. Not long after they disappeared there were at least 5 planes apparently sweeping the sky. I have no idea what those UFOs were, but that was easily the scariest moment of my life, because of the realization that whoever has that type of technology must have the type of knowledge that makes us look like ants; I felt like an ant.

ANAL_EMANCIPATOR
🍰 â€¢ 13y ago

I met jesus on an acid trip and he blew my mind.

I am a rational humanist. I was an atheist.



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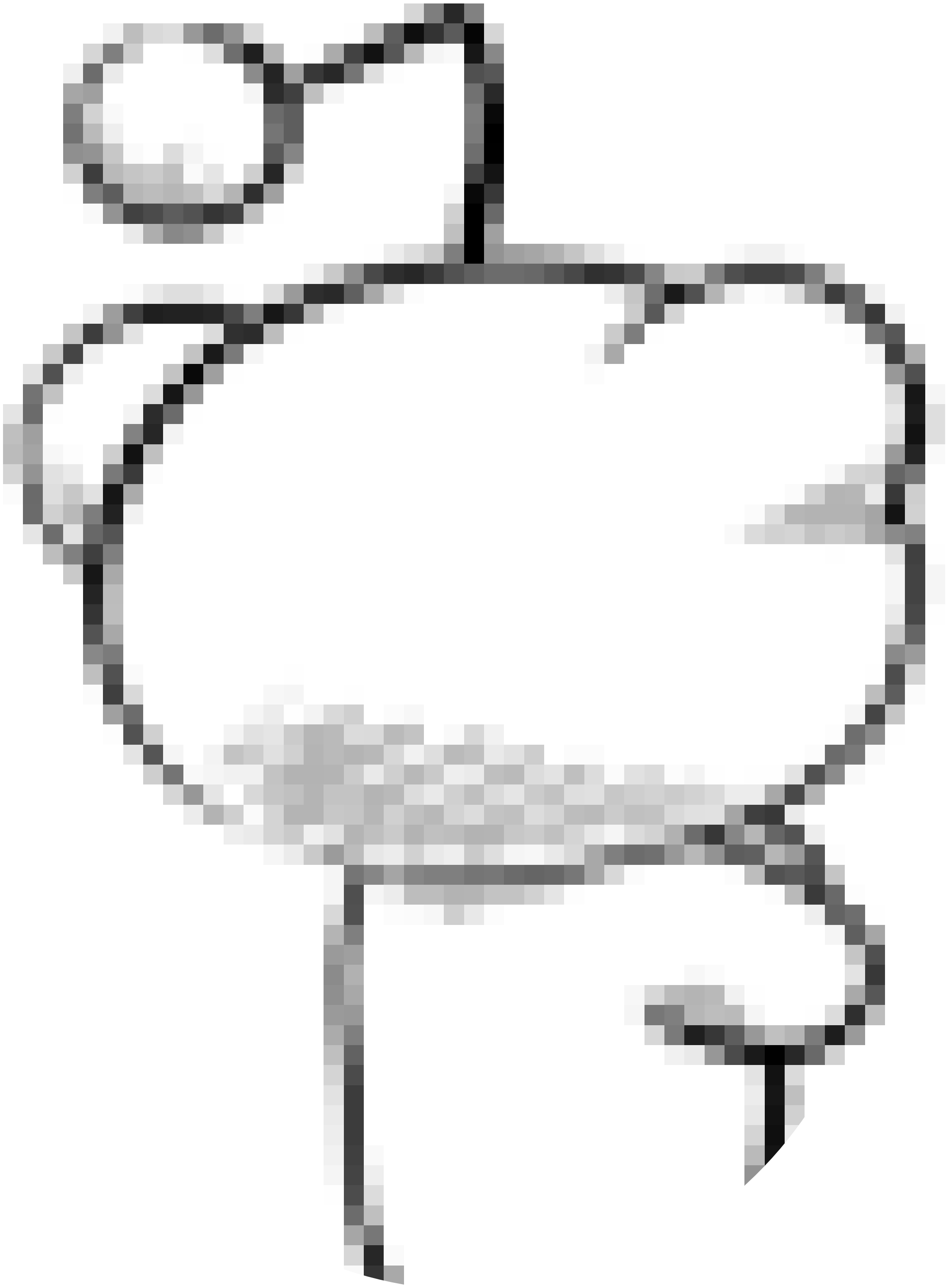
â€¢ 13y ago

I regularly experience DÃ©ja-Vus in which I could tell what is going to happen in the next two minutes but never do, fearing it won't actually happen and I will be looked upon as crazy.

Luxray
â€¢ 13y ago

Several years ago I was staying at my dad's and had a fan on in my room. I'd get up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, then come back and the fan would be off. No one else was awake, and it didn't help that my step mom told me she saw the ghost of a little girl when I brought it up the next day. This went on for a couple nights and then it stopped. To this day, I don't know if she was fucking with me or not.



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â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger and stupider I decided to make the following prayer: "God, I want an undeniable answer if world peace is possible within 24 hours."

After the amen, I had... I don't want to use vision. That is a bit trite. It was kind of like when you have a flash memory only it was of general things of a theme. A theme sufficiently of a nature it made me worry. So I opened up another prayer: "Uhm, yes... God? Okay, maybe you can't come up with a suitable answer within 24 hours without consequences. How about three months?"

If God answered my prayer, it came within eleven hours very Old Testament School style. There was "collateral damage". The reason I'm being vague is because the answer, if it was God's work, wasn't yes or no. You can interpret to be yes, you can interpret to be no, you can use it to try bring peace, or you can use it to bring forth great wars. The specific answer is too dangerous to outright declare.

Everyone knows the answer. Only God and I know the question to which it belongs specifically. Only God knows what the answer means.

The problem is I'm a near atheist. In theory, this prayer could have been made by pure chance when the "answer" would have happened anyways. Then again, I asked for it to be undeniable and it is pretty undeniable.

momzill
â€¢ 13y ago

So I was 8 1/2 months pregnant and huge as a house.

My parents lived in the upstairs apartment and my SO and I lived in the downstairs apartment of a two-family home. My parents were gone and my SO was also not home - I was alone. I waddled downstairs to the basement, about 9 steps, put in a load of laundry, plugged in the iron and waddled back upstairs to use the bathroom.

I suddenly didn't feel well so sat down on the sofa and fell asleep for about an hour and a half. Still no one is home, neither upstairs nor downstairs. I'm half asleep and start to waddle to the basement.

I was on the bottom step and my left foot was lifted off the step ready to be placed on the basement floor. Someone placed their hands on my ears from behind and spun my head sharply to the right - simultaneously my eyes were 'focused for me' (the only way I can think to explain it in words) onto the live electrical cord from the iron lying on the ground. Before my brain processed what was happening, my eyes were focused again on the loose hose from the washing machine that had been running water into our basement for the last hour and a half. The entire basement floor was under water.

Still, no one was home - I was alone.

Reply Share

jolly_rogered
â€¢ 13y ago

Probably too late to the party on this one but I tell it anyways.

One night I was sitting playing games on my pc in my 'man room'. This room is right beside my 6 year old daughter's bedroom, the doorframes are right beside each other in an L shape. So I'm playing away on pc when I hear little footsteps running really fast across her across her room. I thought maybe she was ill so I ran in to check and she was fast asleep on the top bunk (she insisted on bunk beds for sleepovers). The next morning she was complaining that Jessica was shaking her bed the night before and kept waking her up. I asked who Jessica was and my wife answered that it was her imaginary friend.

Now the bit that freaked me out.

I asked her some questions about Jessica, one of them was what she looked like. Her answer "She's really pretty but has no lips, she lost them when she fell, so you can always see her teeth and gums"

tl;dr my daughter befriended the freakiest looking ghost ever or my daughter has a freaky imagination.

Gemineye77
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine was a couple months after moving into our new house. I was in laying awake in bed trying to fall asleep and my entire bed started to shake violently. Stuff started falling off the headboard and I could of sworn I was in the middle of an earthquake. I sat there for a good 30 seconds before getting the hell out of my room. I still don't know what it was but I'm always worried it's going to happen again one night.

Awkward_wobuffet
â€¢ 13y ago

This is a story that my Aunty and mother like to tell even though I was too young to remember. (5/6 ish)

Apparently I came into the kitchen looking for cat food saying that the cat in the lounge wanted feeding. Even though we only had 2 cats and they were both already in the kitchen.

The second time this happened in the same week, I told my mum that I had seen the same cat walk through a wall into the house then back out through the same solid wall

laurier112
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger, whenever I went out did something unwise (smoking pot, etc) and come back to my car, I noticed that all my mirrors would be drastically changed, tilted, or simply moved - this happened to the side mirrors, but also somehow the rearview mirror, despite the doors being locked.

It varied in frequency, sometimes twice a week, sometimes once a month. They would occur when the car was parked at home, at work, in another city, even camping in the wilderness. This occurred across several cars: Voyager, Civic, CRV (which I shared with other people, and they never said the mirrors change), this also happened with my own car, G35 coupe.

I got into a freak accident with a semi-truck in the G35, also slide under the truck, made the papers, and evening news (and I live in metropolis)....car was completely unrecognizable....thing is, I didn't have even a scratch on me; since then, I haven't had the mirrors changed on me...

Reply Share

Joint_
â€¢ 13y ago

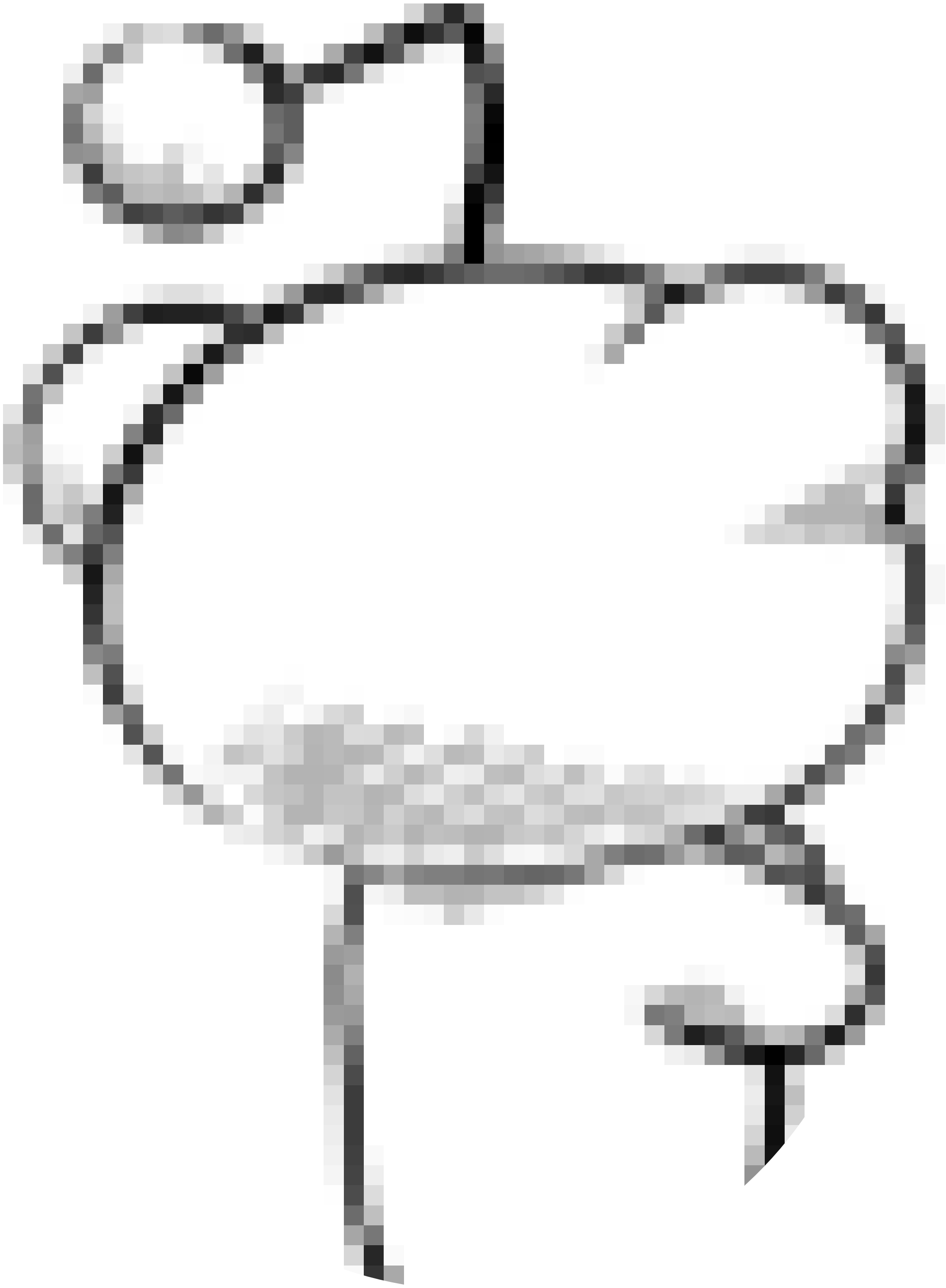
My story is not as scary as most of these are, but it's still freaky to me.

At the beginning of this year, 24 days ago, I moved into a shared appartment in Berlin. (For the people who know berlin: NeukÃ¶lhn). The building was build somewhere between the first and second worldwar, I think. The setup is pretty simple. It's on the 3rd flor, when you enter there is a hallway, one room on the right of it and one on the far left. In between the kitchen and bathroom. My room shares a wall with the kitchen.

So, everynight, at around half past 6, seven o'clock, these sounds come from the kitchen. Normal eating sounds, knifes and forks scratching on plates and the sound of them hitting eachother (don't know what this sound is called). Perfectly normal dinner sounds, which I thought they were, untill about a week ago. I heard the sound and assumed my roommate was having dinner, so I want into the kitchen to ask him someting. But he wasn't there...

Surprised, I went back into my room, to hear the same sounds continue. I go back into the kitchen to check where it's comming from. The laundymachine was on... must have been that.

However, these sounds appear every day, we dont run the laundrymachine everyday. I now know its not the laundrymachine, not the dishwasher and not the fridge. There was to be someting creating these sounds... but what? Hungry gohsts? If so... well, at least they seem to be cleaning up after they"e done (which my roommate doesnt.....)



buster_casey
â€¢ 13y ago

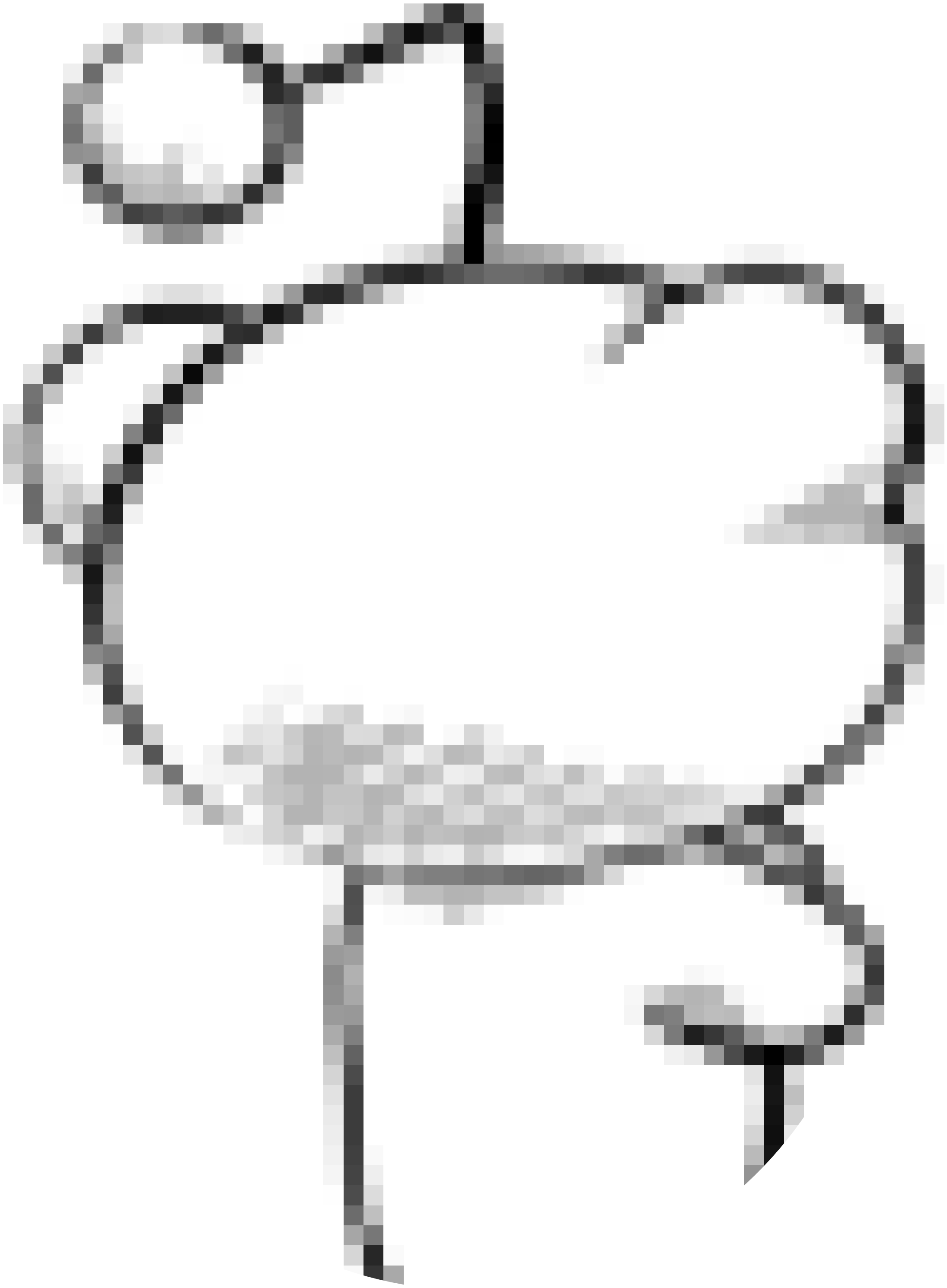
This isn't really supernatural but it freaked me out none the less. So my dad died in a car accident in 2005. A couple days after his death, I went to sleep like normal, but obviously sad as shit. I had a dream that I was at my dad's house. In my dream, I knew my dad was dead obviously, but my dream was very realistic. I heard a noise in the garage so I went to check out what it was. I look and see my dad, working on his Suzuki Samurai like always. My little brother, (who was about 12 at the time) was there, standing next to my dad but looking extremely sad. I was wondering why he was so sad, as I was super excited to see my dad alive.

So I freak out and say "Dad, you're alive!!!" and run over and give him a huge hug. My brother is still standing there, still looking very sad. I ask my brother why he is so sad, and he doesn't say anything. I look at my dad and ask him why my brother is so sad. My dad turns to me and says, "buster_casey, I am still dead, you are dreaming." I freak out when he says this, and say that I'm not dreaming, and that he's alive, he's right there in front of me. He tells me that no, he really is dead and that I am dreaming. He then tells me how much he loves me, and that nothing will ever take that away and to always remember that. I'm bawling at this point, and we spend a couple minutes together just hugging and talking about how I need to take care of my little brother and my family.

He then tells me that it's time for him to go, and that it's time for me to wake up. I start screaming that I don't want to wake up, and that I want to keep dreaming to spend time with him. He keeps saying that he can't and that I need to wake up. I then feel this force pulling me away from him, and my vision starts to get cloudy and white. I'm begging for him to stay, and screaming that I don't want to leave. He keeps saying to me, "it's time to wake up. It's time to wake up." as this force is pulling me further and further from him. My vision keeps getting whiter and whiter, and when it goes all white, I hear his voice, right in my ear as if he was right next to me say, "wake up". And at that very second, I did. I woke up and realized I was in my bed. I instantly starting crying and realized everything that had happened.

I remember this dream more clearly than any other dream I've ever had, and it still trips me out to this day.

Reply Share



[ShawnReg](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Okay...another true story but it didn't happen to me, it happened to my friendâ€™s grandma a few days before she passed away. He swears to me that itâ€™s all true. My friend lives with his two sisters and parents in a three story house, which has lots of trees, just a few blocks away. Only a few years ago during winter, his grandma came to live with them for a few month because she wanted to spend some time with the family. They arranged a spare guest room in the ground floor for grandma to sleep. He said he really liked spending time with her watching National Geographic and cartoons on TV. Everything was going great for a couple of week. But one night at the middle of night grandma came screaming on the second floor where everyone else slept in their rooms. My friend was the one who first heard her and came out of his room. He said that when he saw his grandma she looked very scared, so scared that she couldnâ€™t even speak properly. After that everyone woke up and sat down with grandma and asked her what had happened. She told something to them that night that would make my friend lock his door and sleep early even to this very day. She said that that night someone banged at her door constantly and then when she opened the door there was no one and then obviously scared by this incident she was coming upstairs. But as she did that and turned back downstairs she saw a shadowy figure of what she surely believed was a man. But the more horrifying thing is that she said that even in the earlier night she had heard small knocks on the door but she was half asleep and thought it was nothing and didnâ€™t answer it.

The next day they decided to let her sleep upstairs in my friendâ€™s sisterâ€™s room. According to my friend, that night his grandma complained of unbearable cold and again at the middle of the night woke up frightened staring at the half open curtains of the window. When my friend and his sisters asked her whatâ€™s wrong, she said that she saw a face outside the window. Now he believed his grandma was acting delusional and something was wrong with her and everybody at the house was scared. The very next night, his grandma got really sick and they took her to the hospital. The doctors said there was nothing they can do because it was her time now.

Believe what you want but I believe he is telling the truth because of the way he told me all of this.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was 12 my parents took my family to Hawaii so that they could attend a Tony Robins seminar. My brother and little sister and myself were enrolled in a camp called "adventure links" where we basically drove all over Hawaii and did various "camp" things. I used to sleepwalk frequently as a child and would usually end up doing rather humorous things that people would tell me about the next morning. However during this trip it was very unsettling the things that I was doing since none of these people knew me or that I did it a lot. On one of our last nights we were staying in cabins, (we normally slept in tents) and I "woke up" and proclaimed that there had been an emergency and I needed to go to the airport. I climbed out of my bed and walked into the closet and shut myself in while the other kids were laughing. Our counselor came to get me out but I refused to leave the closet because "they're not gonna make it without me". Luckily my counselor was stronger than 12 year old me and carried me kicking and screaming back to my bed where I fell back into a peaceful sleep. The next day we woke up it was September 11, 2001. We were told of what had happened and were all shocked and terrified but everyone in the camp including the counselors seemed more shocked about what I had done the night before. I to this day have a hard time believing that its true, but it all seemed too genuine to dismiss. On top of that my brother and sister swear that it happened and every time I slept walked after that they were convinced that things I said or did were metaphoric predictions of things that would happen the next day.

f1ncher
â€¢ 13y ago

Me and a friend were hanging out at my apartment just north of Philadelphia one night. It's one of those enclosed, dormitory style apartment buildings with enclosed hallways. It was around 8pm or so and we were sitting around watching TV when we start to hear kids running up and down the hallway laughing and carrying on. This was not an unusual occurrence as there were lots of children in the building. Well, we didn't pay it much mind until it continued well after midnight. Finally my friend had had enough of the running and noise so he walked over to my door and said "Watch this, I'm going to scare the shit out of these little fuckers." He waited until the footsteps and laughter approached and just as they ran by he snatched the door open and yelled at absolutely nothing. The footsteps continued right past him and down the hall. He slammed the door and we freaked right the fuck out.

MontgomeryB
â€¢ 13y ago

Saw a ghost. Bright white light at the corner of an abandoned train station, female form, flowing cloth. Went back the next day, all the lights nearby were orange, no wind that night

UnqustionblSupremecy
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

My mother tells this story all the time and I'm not a firm believer in the paranormal but there is no reasonable explanation to this tale. When my little sister was about 5-6yrs old she had an imaginary friend named Izzie that she played with often. One day my grandma started to argue with my mother because she wanted to move back to california. My sister was sitting on the stairs watching the argument unfold when she exclaimed "Ta Ta Ta" at my grandma. Instantly the argument ended and their jaws dropped. Reason is that when my grandmother was younger that is what her mother would say to her when she did something bad. And as it happens my great grandmother's name was Elizabeth and all her friends called her Izzie. When my mom asked my sister who told her to say "Ta Ta Ta" she told her that it was her friend Izzie. I think that was the only time I ever saw my grandma cry. TLDR: My sister's imaginary friend turned out to be my grandmother.

Reply Share

Poke493
â€¢ 13y ago

I saw the ghost of my great grandfather even tho i'v never seen a picture of him and I described him completely.

Reply Share

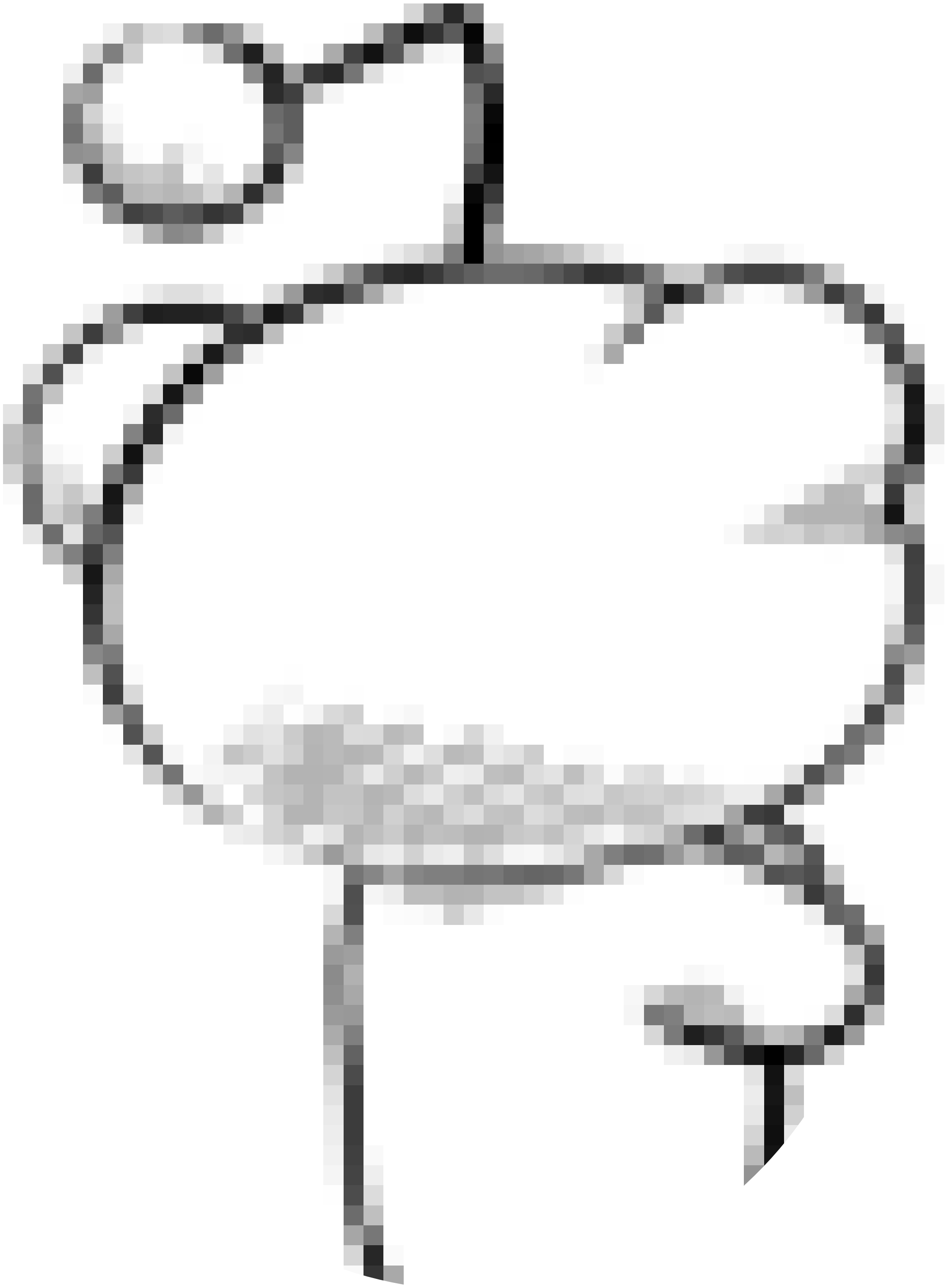
Baz744
â€¢ 13y ago

About a month before 9/11, I dreamed I crashed a passenger jet into the CIA's headquarters. It was a fairly memorable nightmare by itself. 9/11 cemented it into my memory.

Reply Share

PutridVacuum
â€¢ 13y ago

The creepiest thing that happened to me was when i was walking through the woods with my friend and we were climbing trees and all those shenanigans when this random Amish guy comes out of nowhere and walks really slowly looking up in the sky until he is out of sight. Needless to say, we freaking ran.



[JenZenTheFirst]()
â€¢ [13y ago]()

I get awful night terrors (started when I was abouy fifteen and I'm now 23). Basically during the night I'll half wake up and see white images (the last one was a hand holding a knife coming out of my cupboard) and start screaming and I can't fully wake up and have a panic attack. Thankfully I live with my partner now and he just holds me until I can calm down. It's awful =/

JasonDJ
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a teenager, there was a certain spot in the living room floor that, when you stepped on it, would turn the TV on or off.

I've experienced this with nobody else home and the remote nowhere near the line-of-sight with the TV. Still boggles my mind to this day.

Reply Share

gargoyle30
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

An ex had a phone plugged into the wall, but no service to it, then it rang

Supposedly someone died in the apartment years earlier, there were also instances of waking up and the windows were open and the tv was on

Reply Share

Largusgatus
â€¢ 13y ago

Not exactly an event, but ever since I was a kid my bed has trembled some nights when trying to sleep. I've always dismissed it as it just being my mind since it happens when I'm half asleep and I don't believe in any of that.

It actually happened last night after a long time of it not happening. I've always wanted to stand up during it, just to see what happens, but I've never been able to since I'm half asleep.

Reply Share

[nagsnyder](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I honestly love this topic; it is one of my favorite things to talk about. I have experienced many paranormal things in my life, but one really stands out to me. Back when I was in High School, my friend (letâ€™s call him Lou) lived in a development about ten to fifteen minutes outside of town. He had told me that he didnâ€™t really like the house, and that he had seen things, but at the time I didnâ€™t believe him; who would believe in a thing like that? He told me about his neighbor, â€œCraigâ€ a couple houses down, which had also seen things. Anyway, a couple friends and I were all hanging out in Louâ€™s basement, when we decided to go upstairs and grab some food. Craig had gone upstairs first to take a phone call or something. I waited a little bit to see if anyone else was going, then realized I could just go to the bathroom while I was waiting. His parents were asleep so we had all of the lights off. I saw a person walk in front of me. Distinctly a person; I could see the outline of the face and everything. I said â€œHey, Craig,â€ but he just kept walking. I assumed he was still on the phone; I thought nothing of it. Then I hear everyone else coming up the stairs, so I turned on some lights. Guess who was last to come up the stairs. Craig. I didnâ€™t really tell anyone until Craig left. My friend, Lou and I talked about ghosts for the rest of the night. We slept with the lights on.

The next week my friend did research and found that the neighborhood was built on an Indian Burial Ground.

[chodes_on_your_face](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

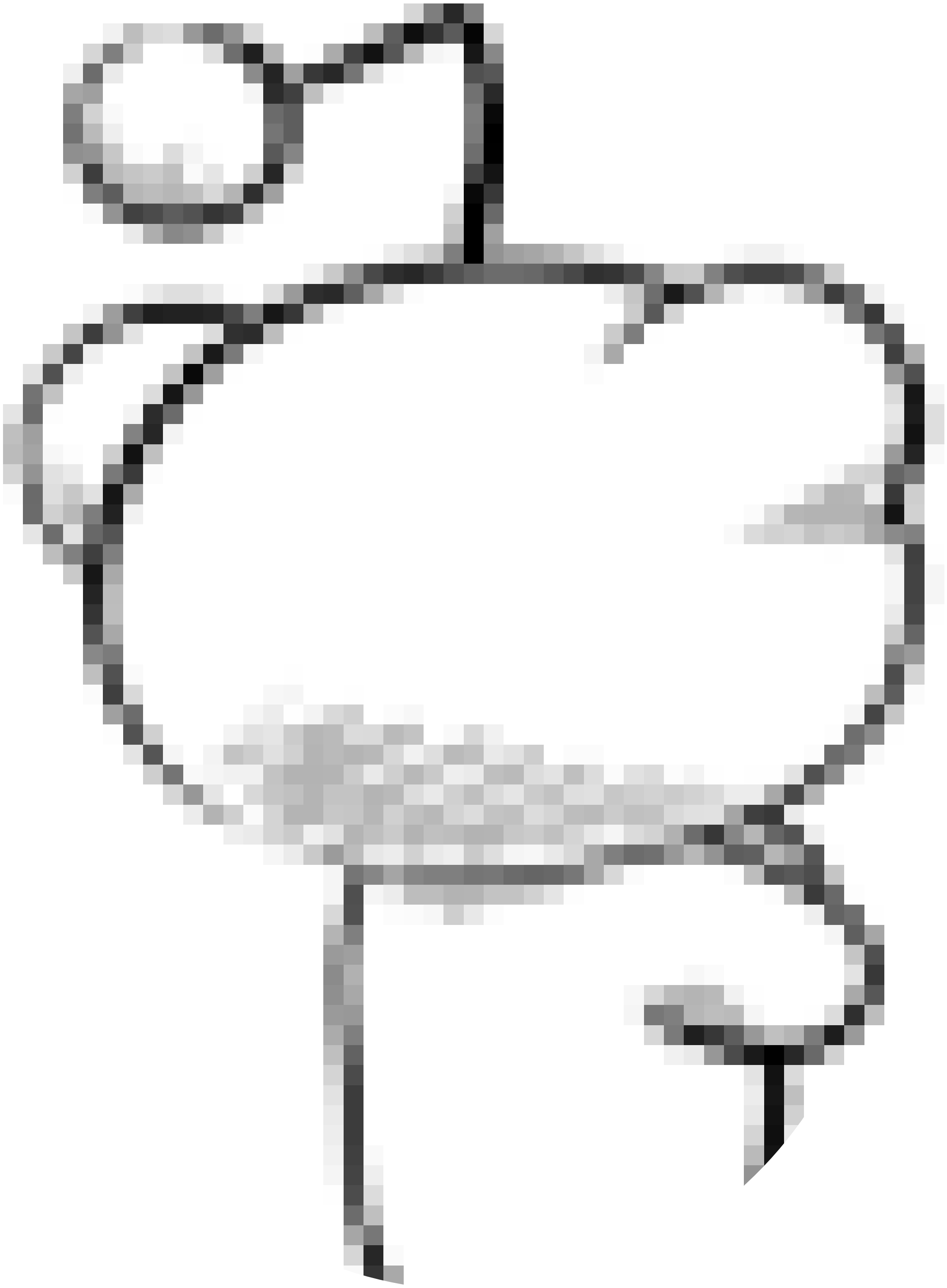
I live in winnipeg manitoba, my friend (mathematics major) and I (Engineering and physics) are driving to northern lake winnipeg to stay at a cabin with some other friends. The trip is about a 6 hour drive so we brought some cd's to pass the time. Evidently we run out of music to listen to, so we decide to turn on the radio. FM signals are to weak to pick up so we switch to AM. all there is on the AM frequencies is sermons and bbc news so we filter through the frequencies and we come across a little girls voice. at the same time we pass a dead deer (we think nothing of it) the signals faint so her voice sounds like a scratched vinyl. we notice shes listing off numbers "1,304 (highway number we are on),304,2,6,73,..." we are a little curious of what exactly we are listening to so we leave it on. we pass a dead animal probably a raccoon or a cat and the voice says "2,304" so we get a little freaked out but continue to listen. "3,12,19,86" between the 12 and the 19 we hear a lower grimmer voice mutter something but cant make it out so we assume its signal overlap. when she says the 86 my friend moves to turn it off. I laugh and ask him if its too scary for him he says yes thats my birth date. so I start freaking out and we shut it off. we sit in science for about 15 minutes and decide to let curiosity take over. we find the frequency again and more numbers but now it sounds like the little girl is crying. "2,3,3,3,4,1,16,12,3,3,3,2,2,2,1,1" it repeats that sequence 3 more times. at this time we decide to pull over to piss. we left the car running cause to be honest we are afraid to run into a bear. while pissing i look into the bush and feel this feeling of being watched. dismiss it as paranoia. we start driving numbers are still being listed. all of a sudden we slow down and my friend starts yelling "do you see it?! do you see it!?" he points to a dead deer and we see the bushes moving next to it. after that he speeds up and turns the am to some news program. white as a ghost we drive. when we get to the cottage i finally ask him what he saw. he tells me he saw a pale white thing with smooth skin. I have no idea how the two relate. I don't believe in supernatural beings or aliens visiting us. but I know that, that station and that drive was the creepiest drive of my life. we have never driven up to that cabin again.

Reply Share

[invariable](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was still in middle school, I'd be lying in bed awake in my old room across the hall. At around the same time, shortly after midnight, I'd hear the same strain of the same song. I never identified the song, but it was beautiful and sounded vaguely like a slow Patsy Cline tune if that helps. It was always a single female singer. I'd sit up and the song would disappear. I'd lay back down and soon enough, the same song would play faintly in the background. I live in a quiet neighborhood, and once I switched rooms, I never heard the song again. I've never figured out an explanation for it, even though I finally debunked my witnessing an alien visitation. :)

Reply Share



hkdharmon
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

When I was a kid, my family bought this house in Minden, NV. It had one too few bedrooms, but due to the unusual construction, there as a large space behind one of the walls. This space was inaccessible, there was not even a crawl space, but my parents knew it was there because there was an octagonal window that did not open in this inaccessible space. They got the wise idea that they could knock a hole in the wall and make it into a spare bedroom, which they did. I slept there.

I got to sleep in the room that was built with no doors or entryways, but which had a window that would not open.

Due the the cramped space and strange geometry of the room, I had to sleep under the window. The window faced west and my bed was under the wall and I would sleep with my head facing south and my feet north.

One night, I woke up in the middle of the night, and I was disoriented because I could not see the window, which was normally just to the left side of the bed. However, it was not there. I looked around and realized that my head was facing west, and my feet east. Only my shoulders and head were on the bed and my feet were hovering in the middle of the room at bed level. I stayed this was for a few seconds before I pulled a Wile E. Coyote and fell to the floor.

I always wondered whether I was trespassing in something's space, something that should not be let out, but which needed a view of the setting sun.

And that thing was Albert Einstein.

EDIT: This is the house, and that little round window went into my strange room.

Reply Share

TheyLiveAmongUs
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok so I heard this story last night and it has amplified any previous fears I had of this kind of thing...

This isn't supernatural or unexplainable but creepy none the less.

A girl I know was heading on a night out into town and when driving past her house in the taxi she remembered she forgot her credit card..so she stopped the taxi, ran into her house, grabbed the card off the table, back in taxi, fun night etc etc..

When she got back to the house later, the place was destroyed.. everything gone.

There was a note left on the table- "You're lucky you didn't turn on the light"

He was in the kitchen when she came in to get her card..

ARGHHH!!

Reply Share

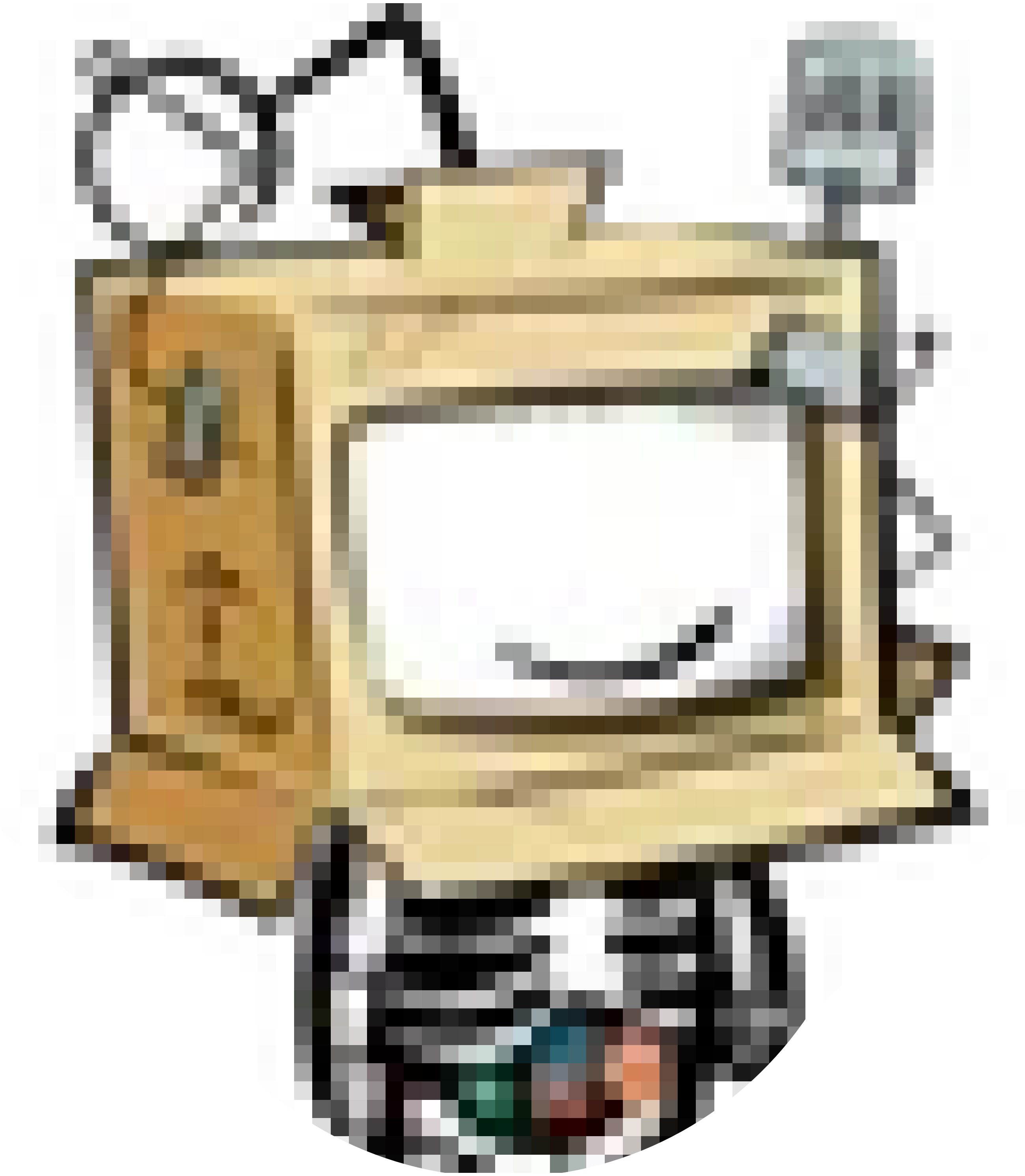
Boblles
â€¢ 13y ago

Sleep paralysis sounds about right for the first part but the part about the hand on the face and gust of air does not. Especially since the mom had similar experiences around the same time. Sounds pretty freaky dude.

ezekiel2517_
â€¢ 13y ago

I'll just post my tldr and if y'all want more detail ill come back Tldr: dreams of my grandma dying in my bedroom even though she died in a hospital, told my mom and I find out she lied to me and my grandmother did die in my room. I also saw the shape of an elderly woman a few times out of the corner of my eye, we all did. Also I was almost possessed once, not really religious so it scared the shit out of me.

Reply Share



foxtopus
â€¢ 13y ago

I live alone in an shut down fraternity where a man shot himself in the basement 20 years ago. Nothing too terrible has happened yet but the house is heated by an old boiler system with pipes to funnel the steam around the house that makes a decent amount of noise clanking and popping. Not weird, I know. But sometimes when I leave my room to go to the kitchen or upstairs to do laundry I swear the clanking and popping follow me and then get abnormally louder in the radiator if the room I'm in. It kinda freaks me out because I feel like something/someone is stuck in the pipes and is angry that I'm there living in his space but is confined to the pipes.

Several people have told me of "incidents" where peculiar things have happened but I cannot vouch for the validity of that hearsay. I'm not religious and more of a man of science so I don't buy into ghost stories much without any solid proof or experience.

Reply Share

[Rikula](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

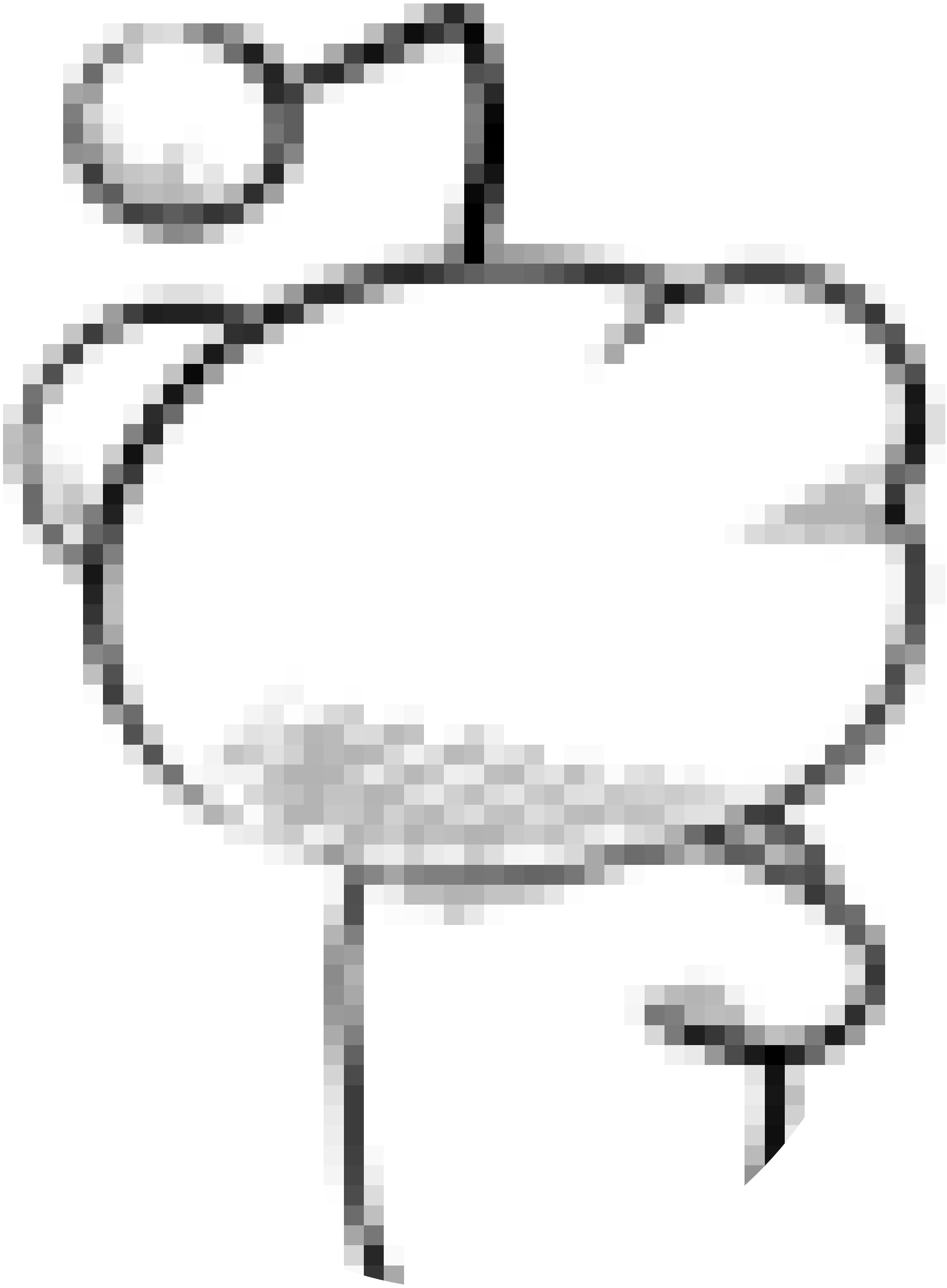
Two unexplainable things have happened to me in my life.

1- I was somewhere between 10 & 13. I was watching tv on the couch & my mom wasn't home. It was just my grandma & I. She comes into the living room & asked me for help folding my moms laundry. I don't remember what happened next. My grandma said I spaced out & was staring at the tv. I apparently said in a creepy voice "Mommy isn't coming home". After I said that, the phone rang. My mom had gotten into a car accident & was at the hospital.

2- My friends & I went to Key West for Spring Break last year. We went on a ghost tour. Our guide encouraged us to come back to a location alone (after the tour) & take video to see if we get any ghostly sounds. I took 2 long videos with my iPhone, & we did pick up something. My friend (name is changed) Ben Smith introduced himself as Ben to the ghosts, but we always call him by his last name. In the video, there was a voice that wasn't our own that called him Smith.

kari_nicole
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine was actually my own dream.some background: My brother played football in college, small school, but they won a national championship. My parents had a pic of him with some buddies after the win, 2 rows, 3 guys I'm each row. So, I have a dream on night, I'm walking through the house and stop at the pic, the guy in the bottom left is cut out. Next day, I look at it and ask my mom who he is, couldn't remember his name. She tells me, theming tell her my dream. Weird, we promptly forget. About a month or two later, my brother calls home and is telling about this guy joe, who he played with, was in a freak car accident (pipes from a truck flew off and through his windshield). I again ask my mom who he is, is he in the pic, we go look and it was the guy from the dream. That picture is still somewhere in the house, I hate it.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This didn't happen to *me*, but it involves me.

I used to talk to imaginary people when I was little. Like, I would have real, long conversations with people who just weren't there. It happened frequently and apparently the conversations (well, I was about 4 years old, so...) were quite "rich". My babysitters used to freak out and one of my aunts flat out refused to babysit me after she witnessed it for the first time.

My mom once asked me to describe the man I talked to the most. I told my mom his name and what he looked like, in great detail. Turns out that it was my great-grandfathers name and the description was *really* close (incl. the fact that he used to smoke pipe tobacco and always wore a fedora). I had never seen a picture of him, as far as she can remember.

My sister did something similar, she had an imaginary friend that she insists wasn't imaginary at all, to this day. She entered our house through the living room armoire. Apparently she was also pretty real; more real than you'd expect a three year old's imaginary friend to be. She sometimes didn't show up for weeks and my sister got really depressed and actually missed her friend. They also had fights.

tl;dr: I saw dead people

Reply Share

Fun1k
â€¢ 13y ago

It was really long time ago (also i was only a child), so i don't quite remember details. We were at our cottage (at the border of the village, right next to forest), it was a chilly spring morning. Grown-ups went indoors, when i look right up into the little clouded sky. Suddenly something flew horizontally right above my head (just few decimetres). It had lot of colorful lights on it and judging by its speed, it was as long as some of those main rocket engines. It had diameter about only 2,5 meters though (that's how wide is alley between our cottage's front and apple trees). Interesting fact: the direction it had flown was right to the steep border of the forest, but when i turned around, there was no sign of anything crashing into it.

Reply Share

Eaglesline
â€¢ 13y ago

I guess I'll share a story. This happened not to me but to a couple of friends of mine a few years back.

So my friend Dylan lived with his parents and his little brother and sister in a 2 story house, his room being upstairs. Late one night he had his friend Chris over and they were watching TV around 2 or 3 in the morning. They decided it was time to call it a night, so they turned off the TV and laid down to sleep. After lying there for a few minutes ready to drift into sleep, the door knob to his room started jerking aggressively, as if someone on the other side of the door was desperately trying to get into the room.

Dylan got up and went to the door, assuming it was his little brother being stupid or something. When he opened the door, the lights in the hallway went off, as if someone just flipped the switch. Nobody was at the door, and the hallway light switch was at the other end of the hall (keep in mind the door handle was still shaking as he opened the door).

He went into his brother's room which was just across his room, and he was sound asleep, as was everyone else in the house. Thinking someone was trying to break into the house or something, they both grabbed weapons (I think one of them grabbed a baseball bat or something) and went downstairs to check and see if someone had tried to break in... There was nothing.

He told me later that someone had died in the house before them or something. Can't remember how.

Reply Share

SexWithTwins
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 19 or 20, a friend of mine moved to a place right out in the countryside where there was very little light pollution, and we thought it would be cool to go for a walk in the woods with the dog, get stoned, and stare at the stars. Before we set off it started to snow and we thought twice about risking it, but being young and dumb we went for it anyway.

By the time we reached the deep forest the snow was really coming down, and the wind was swirling. Then the dog started to freak out. We figured it was barking at deer and wildlife in the trees, but then my friend's brother, who was a bit older than us, started freaking out as well. He pointed up at the sky and said "what the fuck is that?", and in the sky there was a spiral shaped half crescent disc-like object spinning in an arc above our heads, as if it had lights on it. We stood there for ages just amazed at what we were seeing. Then the smoke kicked in.

We scared ourselves senseless imagining what on earth this weird object could be, and started to tell UFO stories. I think we all secretly knew it was probably just a phenomena of the wind and the snow, but we kept it going because, regardless of the actual explanation, it was still a really weird sight none of us had seen before. Then the animals in the woods started moaning and making weird noises, and the next thing I know my friend and his brother are screaming and running back home as if they'd literally seen a ghost.

We told people about it for weeks, and it became a standard "remember that time..." story we'd tell whenever we could. Then someone pointed out that just a couple of miles over the other side of the hills which divided the village from the rest of the county, there was a giant shopping mall, which had search lights on the roof of the cineplex, and suddenly things seemed a lot less supernatural.

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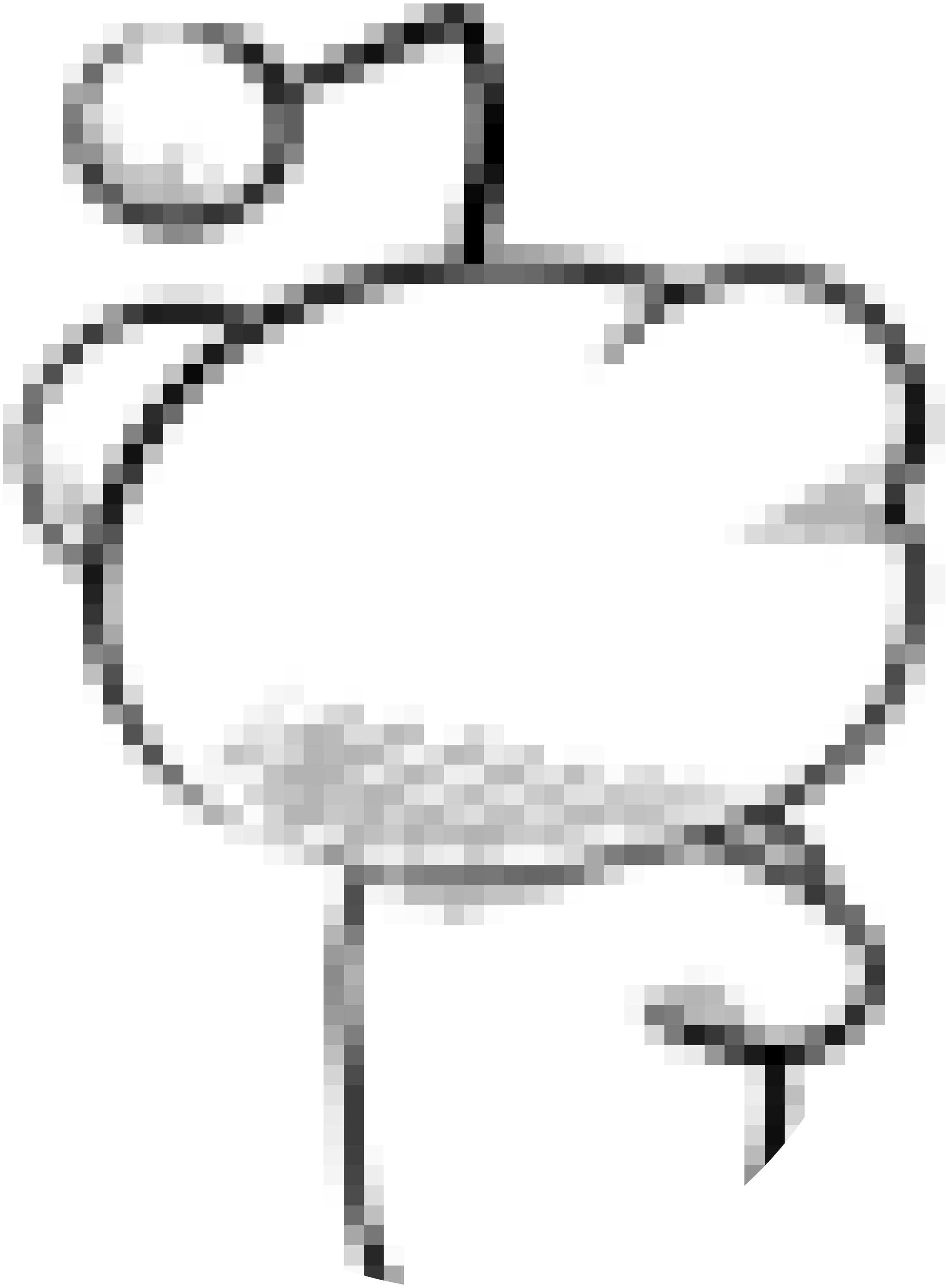
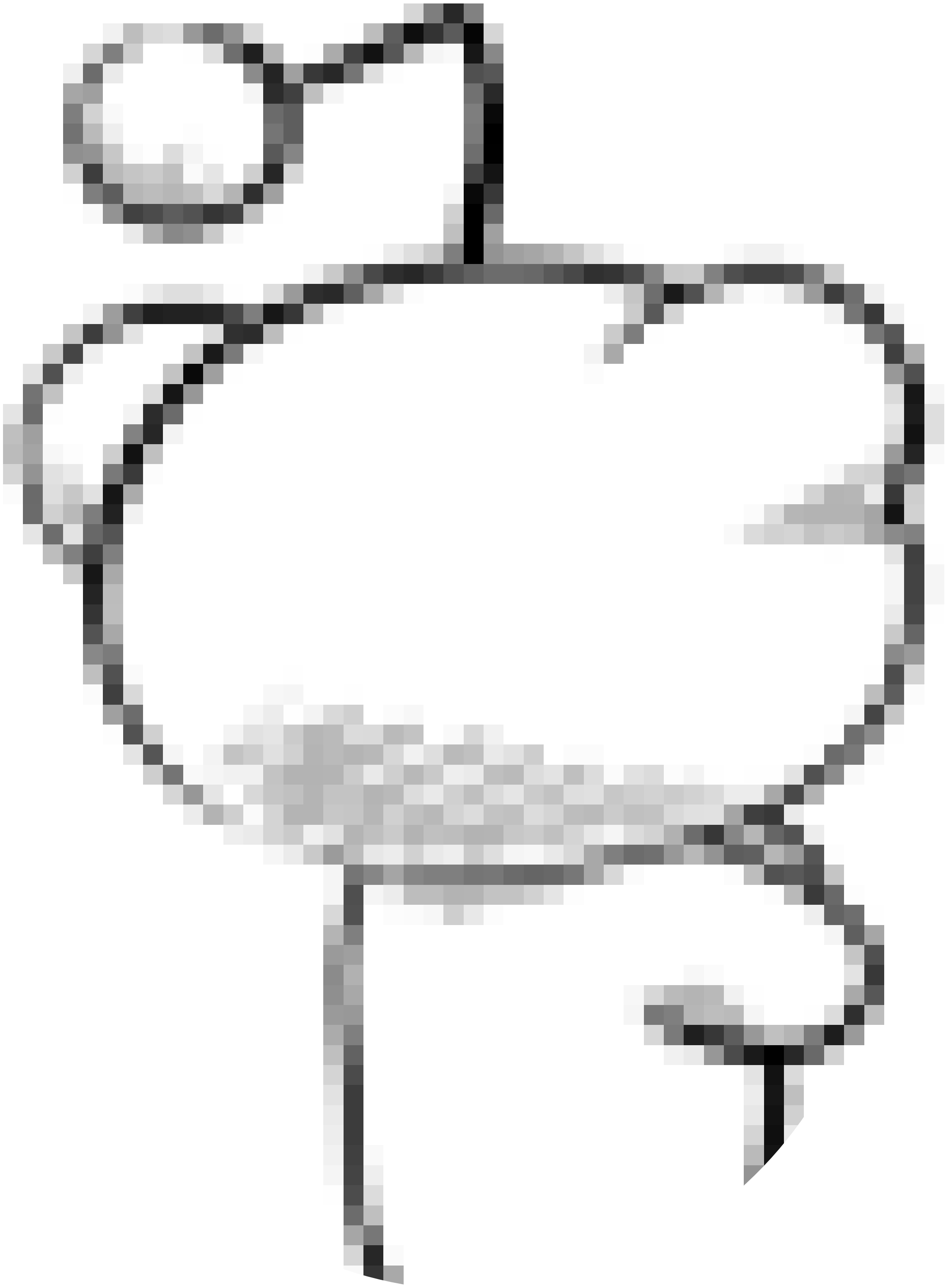


[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Sitting on couch - ceiling light goes out - reach up to check the bulb and it two turns out - screw it in sit down - light goes out - hair goes up on back of my neck - reach up - three turns loose... - screw it in sit down - ten minutes later the bulb falls to the floor and smashes.

I can't think of any reason for this... I screw that shit in tight. I didn't high-five an 17th century nun, but damn that was scary!

Reply Share



MaxLemon
â€¢ 13y ago

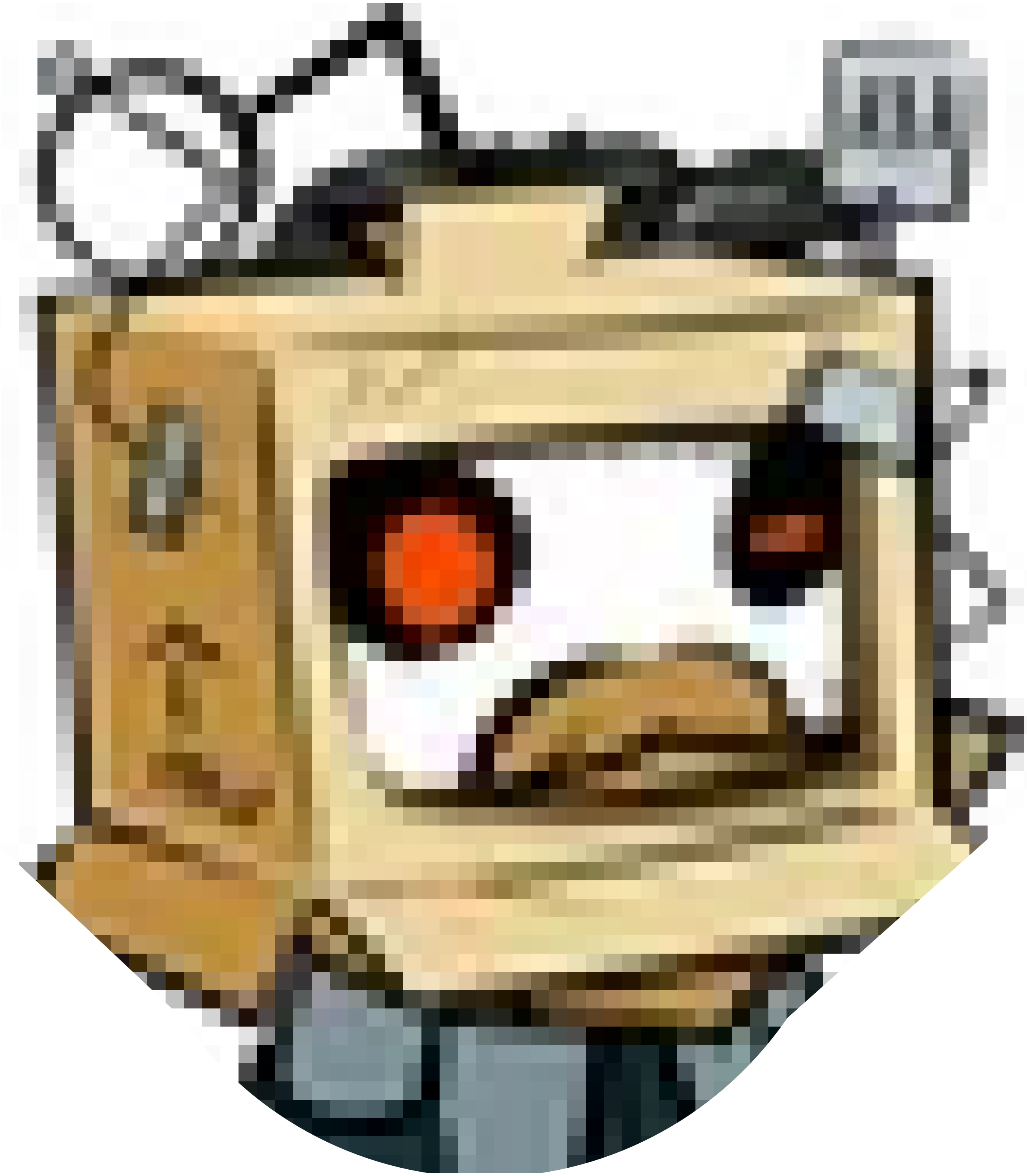
I have two doors on my house that both have screen doors attaches. When I was younger, I'd open the screen doors and the inner ones would shut. My young mind at the time automatically assumed it was ghosts and I felt rather silly when I learned the concepts of vacuums.

Reply Share

theOGchickenhead
â€¢ 13y ago

I suffer from the occasional night terror, normally I wake up screaming and can't remember why. On this night, I was dead asleep when I started feeling like my legs were being touched. Seeing how I live with my boyfriend I thought it was him. Suddenly, I feel pain, scratching, and binding like if my feet and ankles were being attacked, it was a horrible feeling that woke me up. It was as if something was trying to pull me by my feet. I sit up in bed to sense some thing else inside of the room, aside from my boyfriend and I. My boyfriend then wakes up to calm my hysteria and screaming. There was nothing in the room once we flip the lights on and move the covers. I had a hard time trying to fall asleep again. Our bedroom door was locked and we don't have pets. Never happened again, and I hope it doesn't.

Reply Share



ortt
â€¢ 13y ago

LOBSTER BOAT AND UFOS .im on a lobster boat. southern maine coast. we had 3 boats in our little fleet i guess you could say. we all parted ways to go home when a call on the radio is another captain of one of our boats. says hes gots 3 lights floating above his boat following him around. me and my captain laughed it off until i went out on the deck to have a smoke and there it was over our boat. bright as shit. but no light being reflected on the ground. silent. about 20 feet above us. and follwing us and moving with us as if it had a fixed point on the boat it was staying the excat same distance from no matter if the boat when up down left or right . then i call my captain out to look at at. he is so amazed we forgot we were running a boat. crashed into a underwater ledge. i fell to ground when i got up it was gone. and for the night a few more radio calls came in about this strange ufo follwing lobsterboats up in the southern maine area

1 more reply
1 more reply

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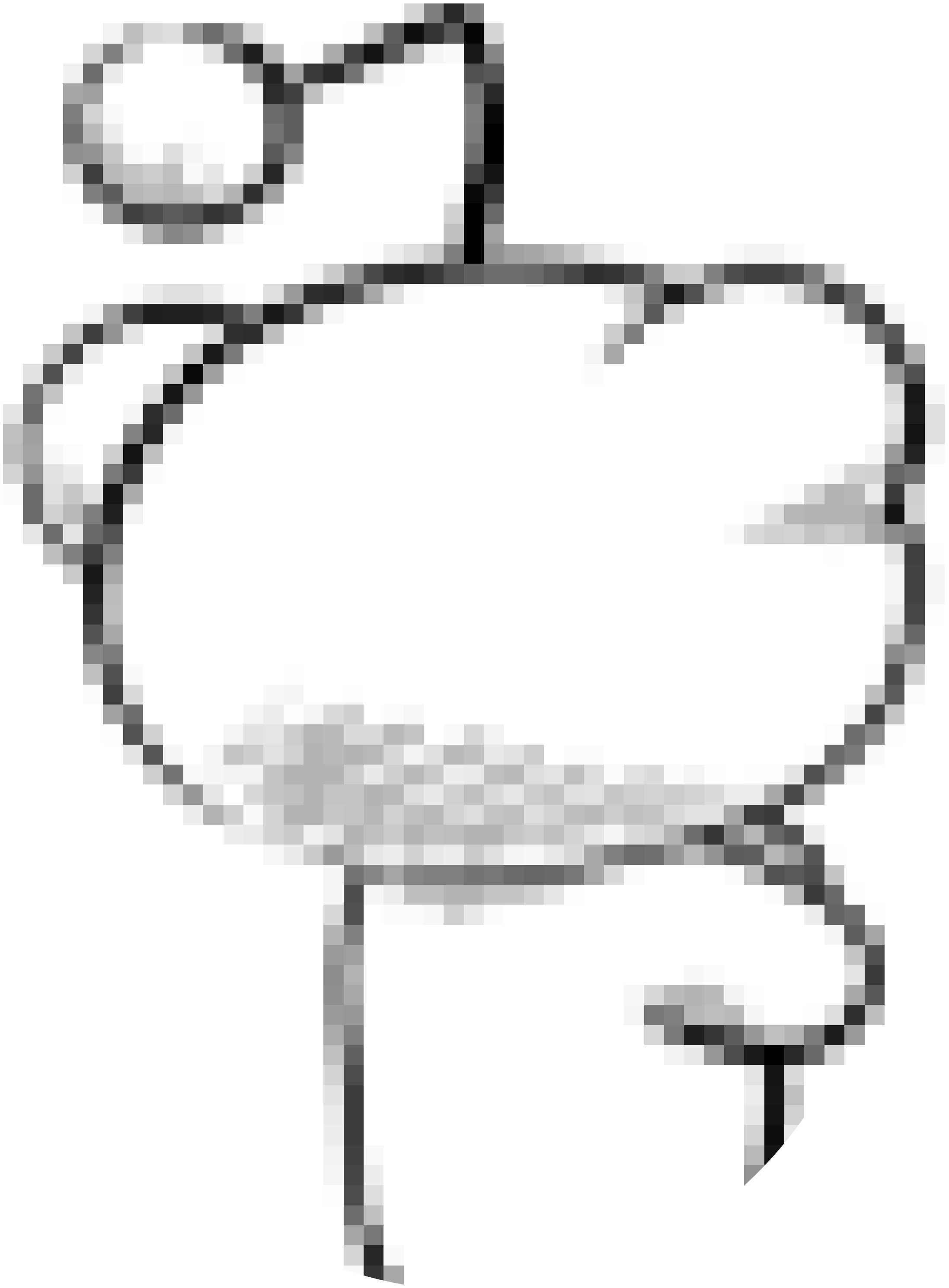
John147GHN
â€¢ 13y ago

My mom has always told me that she has had many weird coincidences related to the number 23. Having a car crash accident with a car with plates 2323, having a syncope a June 23rd. I also had my first anaphylactic reaction with my migraine medicine a June 23rd, 2 years later.

June 27th, 2007 IIRC. I was sleeping, the curtains in my room have a really small gap so some wind could "flow" in the room. I woke up in the middle of the night 'cause I felt a weird light right on my face.

It was the moon. That fucking moon was right in the spot where it would shine through a 20cm gap right into my face. I took a photo (which I will keep to myself until the end of my days), and certainly it has never happened to me again, not even close.

Oh, BTW. My phone labeled the picture as Image23.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

One time during the day on summer vacation, i was home alone (no idea where my brother was) and kept hearing screaming come from out back. There were new houses that had just been built on some old farm property. I was really young and my dad just passed away so i was pretty sensitive to anything somewhat spooky. I call my grandma (dads mom) whom lives around the corner, she tells me stop being a pussy. She's a bitch. Well turns out i should have stopped being a pussy because my now adult brain figured out the people that just moved in behind us were fucking

karmacorn
â€¢ 13y ago

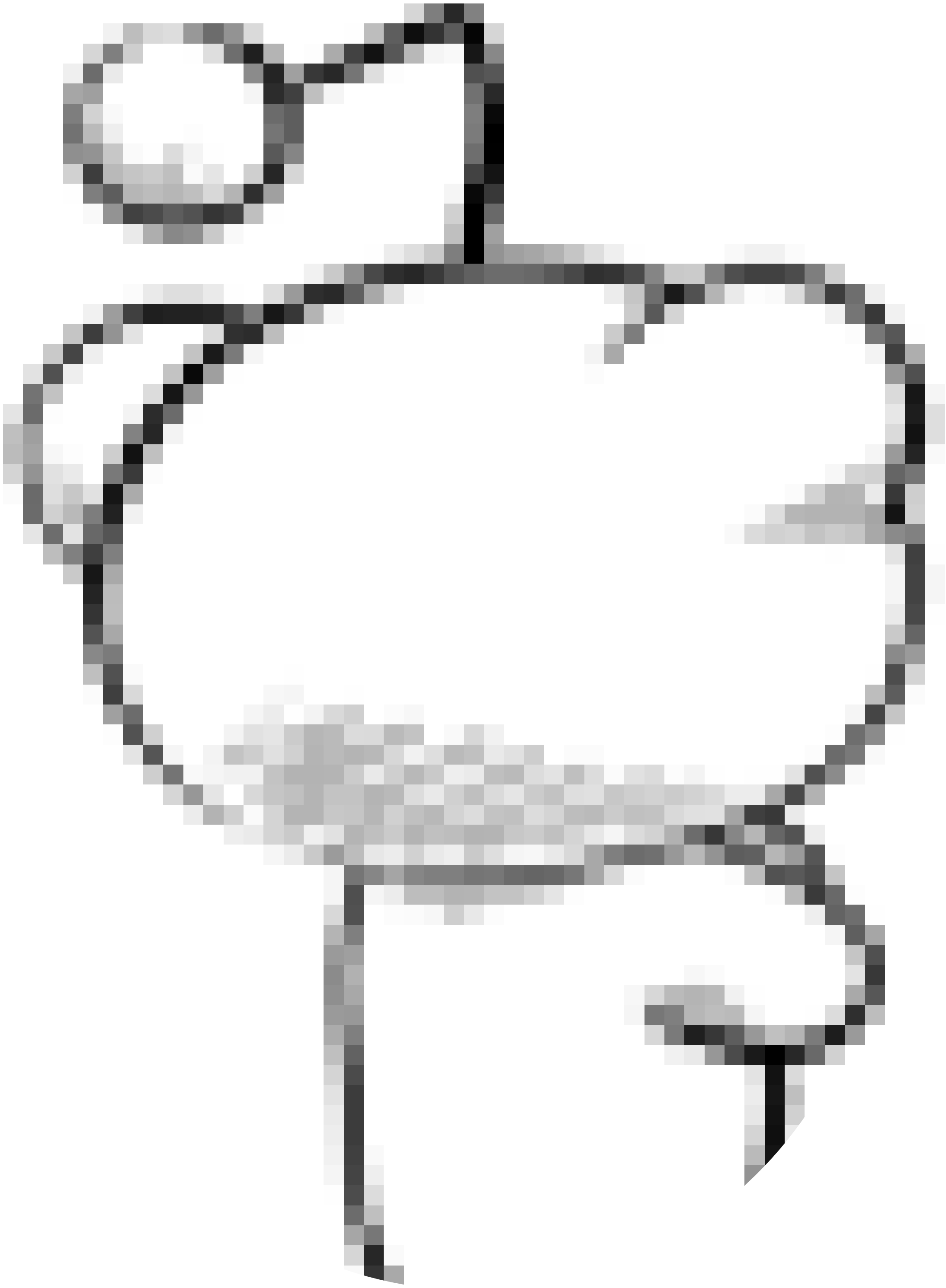
My daughter and I were driving home from an outing one day and we were behind an old, green Plymouth Duster as we headed down the exit ramp from the highway we were on. It had a few stuffed animals in the back, and a guy with a ponytail was driving. At the light at the end of the ramp, he went right, and we went left.

We continued down to the next light at the next block (without any stops or anyone even pulling in front of us for any reason) and he was in front of us again at the light. It completely and utterly freaked us out. How the hell did he get there? He turned and went the opposite direction - even if he'd backtracked, he should have been behind us. We'd only gone one block, after all.

After much consideration, my daughter and I agree that the Duster is a time machine. We look for it all the time now.

Higaswan
â€¢ 13y ago

When your ear blanks out periodically. All you hear is white noise for a bit. It's like someone is sending the wrong controlling signal to your brain.



[Chimney-Rexxar](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/175xhl/reddit_what_is_your_most_creepyparanormalscariest/

WTF, guys?

GoodwaterVillainy
â€¢ 13y ago

first time I was home alone I awoke bolt upright at 1:00am and needed to use the restroom. It was already really eerie but I decided to confront my fear of the dark by walking through the house on the dark and only using the bathroom light. The trip to the bathroom went fine, but on the way back I passed my Kitchen. as I got into the dark room I heard the most unearthly shuddering pronunciation of my name. Needless to say I was petrified, But I managed to get to the light in sheep panic. It was my fucking cat!

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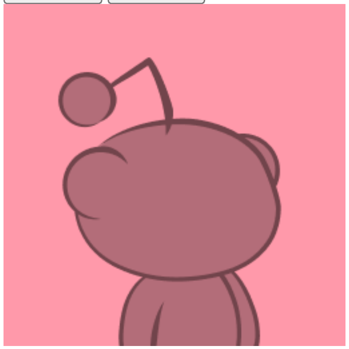

ciaraashley
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay let me just say I don't believe in ghosts or God or anything supernatural. One day though when I was maybe 14, I was sleeping and suddenly woke up, I checked the time and it was about 4 in the morning. I went back to sleep like normal, as I was like half-asleep I felt something/someone push me. Just push me into my bed and hard. So hard that I felt it on my arm afterwards. I freaked out and I couldn't move I was crying like crazy because I thought someone was there and was too terrified to get up. About 10 minutes later I was laying there having a panic attack so I finally got brave enough to turn around and look at my room. There was nothing there and I probably stared at my room for about 5 minutes. I got the courage and ran out of my room and flipped all the lights on and went to wake up my mom. My mom doesn't believe in ghosts or anything either so she decided it was just me waking up franticly. I know the difference between very suddenly waking up (hypnic jerk) and what happened. I was so scared to fall asleep after that, still freaks me out to this day.

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

My friends and I used to go visit this abandoned house that was tucked away in the woods of North Carolina. The place had a creepy well that had been filled with dirt and a terribly built tool shed that was falling apart. The driveway up to the house was really long and as you got to the house there were tons of animal skeletons and bones just strewn about (no joke). We always kind of assumed it was a hunting cabin based on that fact, but the place was super crappy with no furniture whatsoever. The bone thing always really got to me though because some of them were small birds and squirrels which just made me think that animals went there to die.

The house had a front entrance that was entirely overgrown with thorny bushes so there was really no way through that door. There was a side porch that had seen better days. The roof of the side porch slumped so far down you could easily crawl on the house, but we just ducked underneath it to use the side door. The place had a really creepy vibe to begin with. This was in High School so we all thought we were tough and would dare each other to go further and further in the house until one time we all (4) of us ended up inside roaming around together. My friend had a video camera and I had just a regular film camera. My friend was running his camera the whole time and when we walked into one of the rooms the camera spazzed out and went through all the different modes (or whatever they're called) that it had but straightened itself out and we didn't think anything of it. I'm snapping pictures the whole time and nothing has really stood out. We all went upstairs and were just talking about leaving when we all heard a super loud thump from downstairs and, what sounded like, something being drug across the wood floor. We all simultaneously flipped out, bolted down the stairs (which faced the front door), broke through the front door, and jumped through all the thorny stuff that was covering it up from the outside. (Seriously this story always gets me nervous and shaky).

So we got back into my friends car and we were looking at the video he took (still sitting in the driveway of this place) and when the camera went through all the different modes someone said they thought they saw something and had him stop the video. Through one of the windows (on the outside of the house) was a clear silhouette of a woman looking into the house. We all saw it and didn't even need to confirm it with each other before my friend put his car in drive and we got the hell out of there. One of the pictures I took was through this hallway downstairs that ran from the living room to the kitchen and when I got the film developed it looked like there was an outline of someone in some kind of haze standing in the hallway facing us.

I never went back inside the house, but probably 10 years later I wen't by with my wife to show her how creepy the place was and, to my dismay, the house had been torn down and a neighborhood built around where it stood (this is in the suburbs of a growing metropolitan area where they are putting houses wherever they can find 1/4 of an acre). The strange thing was the place that the house stood had just been leveled but there was absolutely no plan of building a house there or even selling the land it sat on. I always imagined they found something there and left it be. Anyway, the place creeps into my brain sometimes and just makes me feel a little uneasy. I've never had any other paranormal/unexplainable experiences and I, for the most part, believe stuff like this has a reasonable explanation, but I never got one and probably never will.

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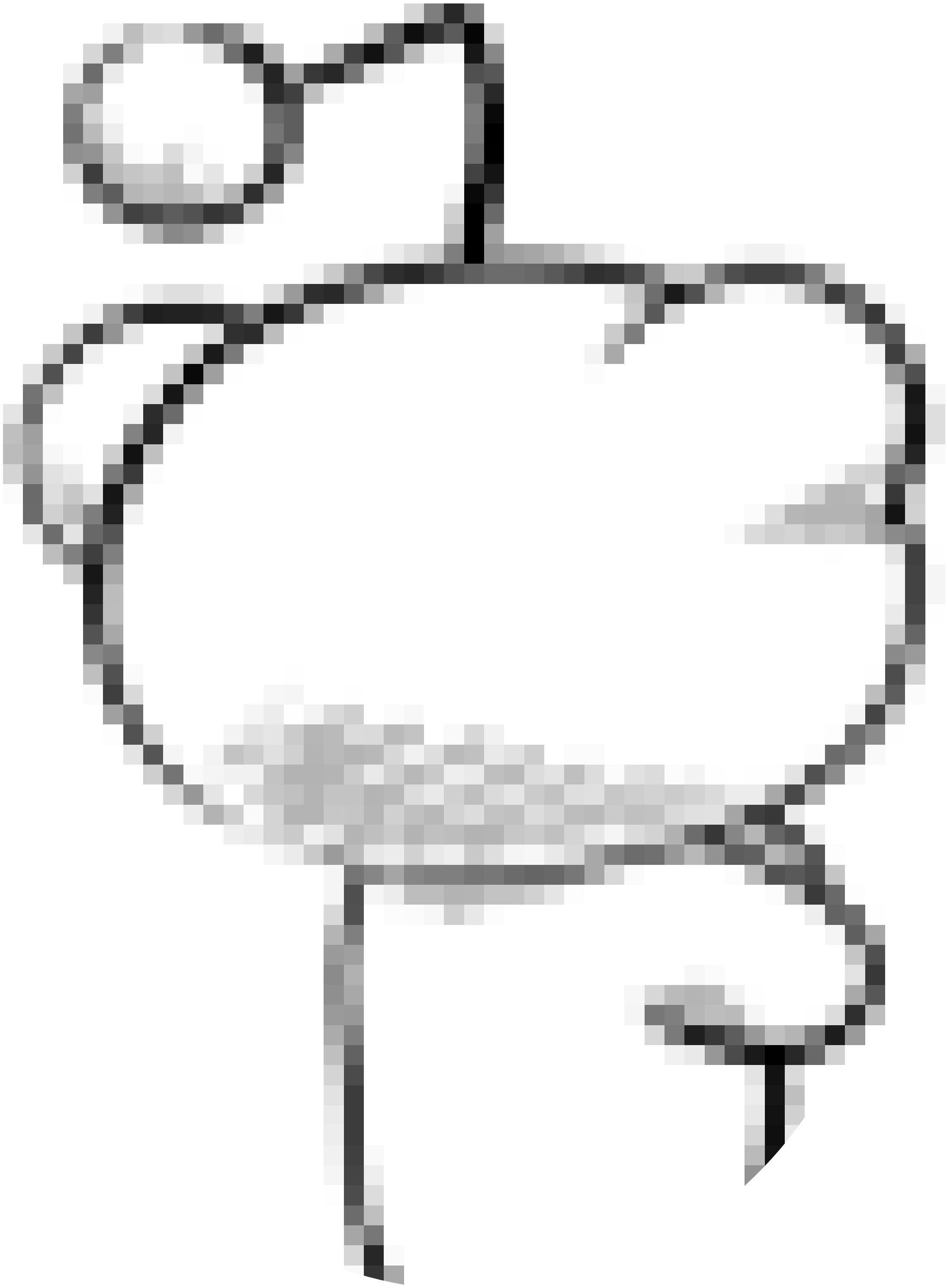

420Grim420
â€¢ 13y ago

'Bout 15 years ago, I'm sitting in my room playing my guitar through my little 15 watt Peavy. I set my guitar down and started reading a guitar magazine. Suddenly, this horrific scream came from my amp, like a woman being murdered or something. It was a brief, maybe 2 second scream, then a man mumbles for like a second, then silence.

I was pretty scared, but after a few minutes of staring wide-eyed at my amp, I convinced myself that it was probably a CB radio signal or something. I've since heard of stories like this, but in all my years of playing, that was the only time it happened to me. Freaked me the fuck out!

Reply Share

cerebral_ballsy
â€¢ 13y ago

I had a little experience that I am 100% sure was just funny sleep-state hallucinations, but it was pretty wild at the time. A girl was spending the night with me at my apartment, she on the left side of the bed, me on the right. I woke up at some point in the middle of the night because I felt someone climbing over me, so I opened my eyes. It was really dark, but I could make out the figure of my companion crawling across me to get out of bed. But instead of heading to the doorway to go to the bathroom or grab a drink of water, she went the opposite direction, into the far corner of the bedroom. Then she just stood there, very still. I was confused, & I stared right into the darkness at her to try & make out what she was up to. Then I realized that she was actually still in bed with me when I noticed the weight of her head resting on my shoulder. So there I was, convinced I had seen someone move to the corner of my bedroom, & equally convinced that the same person was sleeping on me. I seriously stared at that person in the corner for 5 minutes or more, wide-eyed. Finally I had to get up & check it out ... Sure enough, nobody was there. It sure was weird to have my senses fool me so convincingly.

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

This'll probably be buried, but what the hell.

You remember Furbies? Those little Hasbro toys that taked in their own language, and you were supposed to be able to teach them English and stuff, and they'd develop a personality. I used to have one when I was little. It talked and talked and talked. I played with it, but after a while, I got bored with it, and it went into my closet.

A few years later, we moved. All my stuff was packed up, including Mr. Furby. At this point, the batteries were dead and I haven't touched it in years. As I get older, a lot of my stuff gets sold at garage sales and stuff. Legos, action figures, etc. I completely forgot about Mr. Furby.

Last year, in the middle of the night, I think I hear a voice coming form my closet. I'm scared, I have no clue what it is. All I hear is a raspy *"feeeeed meee"* coming from my closet. It was dark and I was scared of getting out of bed, so I stay in bed all night hoping I don't get murdered by whatever was behind that door.

The next morning, I investigate. After a while, under tons of stuff, I find little Furby. I immediately remember that Furby talked a lot and it must have been him. I tried to turn him on, move him around, get him to talk, but I couldn't. The batteries were completely dead. I still have no clue how he was able to talk that night, or why something caused him to do so, but needless to say, I moved that Furby out of my closet.

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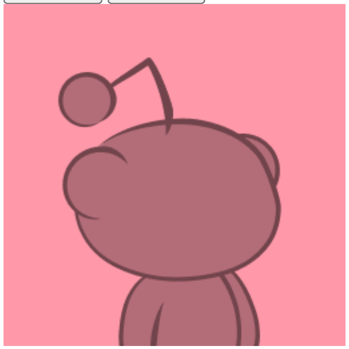

JacindaTheGreat

â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a kid on Halloween, I went out with my dad and we came back and watched some scary movies. At about 2 or 3 in the morning I heard someone calling my name. So I went downstairs because my grandpa was on that floor. I wasnt him. I heard someone still calling my name. So I followed where the voice was coming from. It came from my dining room. I walk into the dark room and see a huge shadow that had something glowing in its hands (now mind you, Im like 6 or 7) and i freak out and run back upstairs and wake my parents up and told them what I saw. My dad came down to see what I was talking about and there wasnt anything there. He told me that I ate too much candy and the movies scared me. Bullshit I saw something that I still cant explain.

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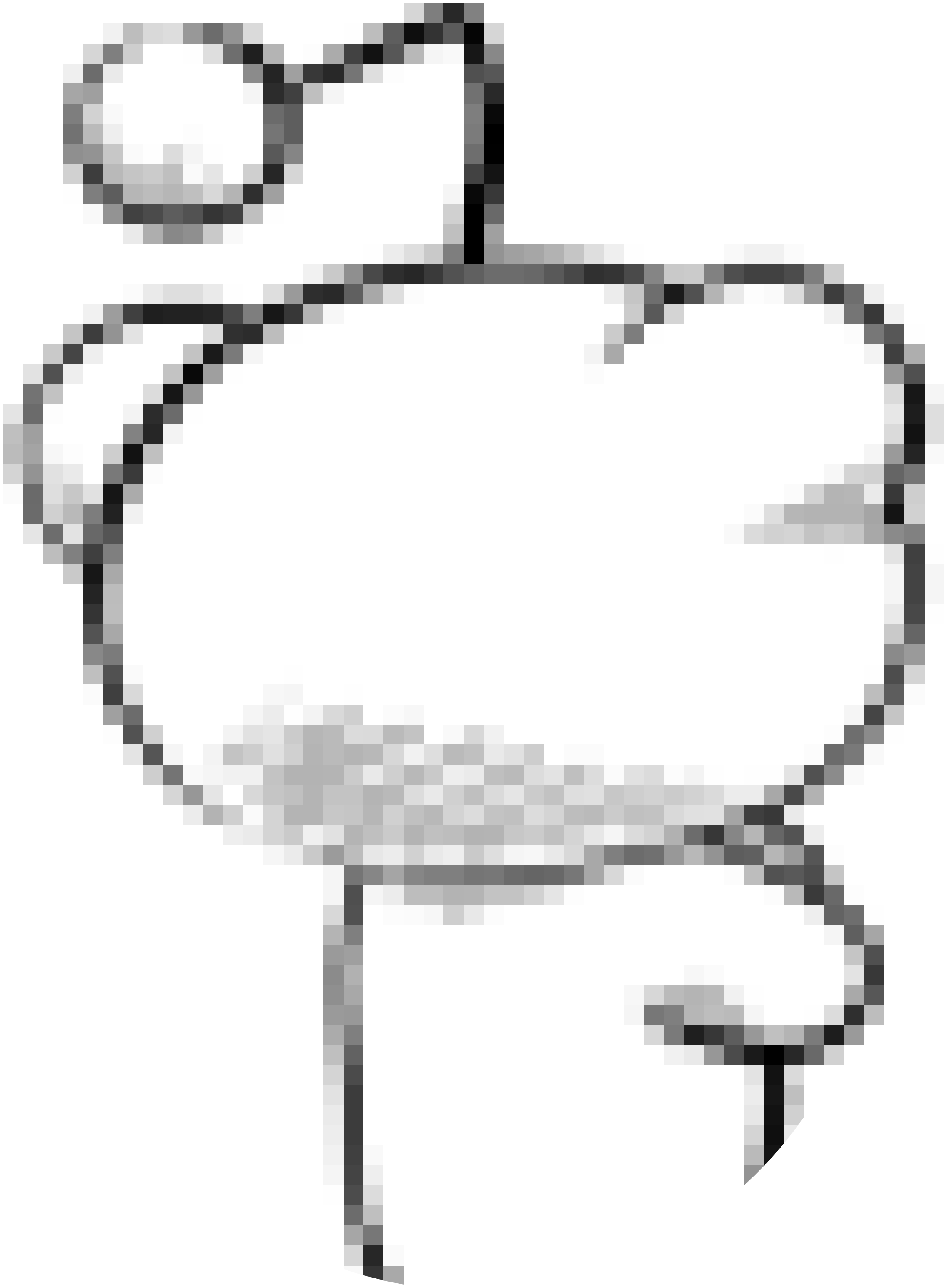

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â€¢ 13y ago

My mother and grandmother both have told me this story, I'm not sure what to believe. My great aunt used to make blood sausage homemade all the time, we're a slavic family so... One night a long time ago, before I was born, my grandmother got a whiff of blood sausage - she knew there had been none in the house but she checked anyway, and she couldn't find any. That same night my mom said she could smell blood sausage as well. Come to find out the next day, my great aunt had passed away. Another similar thing when my grandfather died, this I do remember, the day we came back from the funeral, we saw 6 hawks fly overhead, circled our property three times, then continued on their way. I don't know that I believe these things to be any sort of sign, but they sure are weird.

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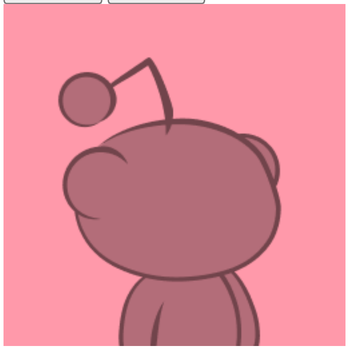

ed116

â€¢ 13y ago

I too experience sleep paralysis. The last time I had just finished feeding my son so I laid back down and fell asleep. As I'm sleeping the paralysis sets in. Behind me I hear someone just breathing and you can feel him watching you. Then it spoke saying I want your son I want your son. I'm screaming the hell your not. The demonic sounding voice just laughed and I woke up shaking looking g for my son.

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â€¢ [13y ago]

i seen a gohts ths 1 tiem

Reply Share

herque
â€¢ 13y ago

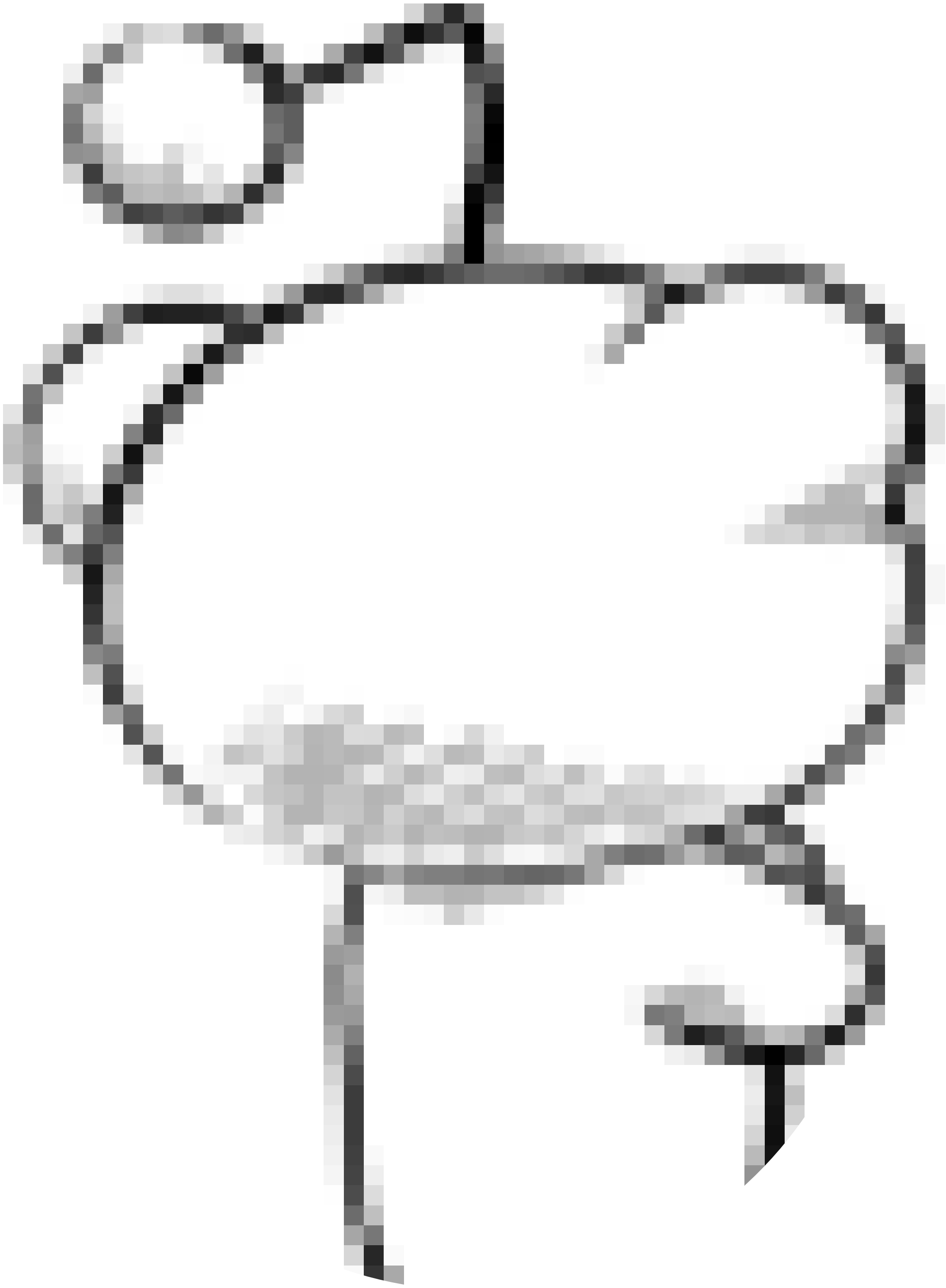
Not my story, but my wife's.

She has always been sensitive to things I have no perception for. She knows things before she should, feels people's aura, etc.

So during a drive home from college on a two lane road, everything in her body screamed at her to stop the car even though there was nothing her normal senses perceived as danger.

She listened to the feeling and screeched to a halt. Nothing happened, but the feeling remained, so she crept the car forward, crested a hill and found a tractor trailer blocking the road. He was urgently trying to get his truck onto the opposite lane, but the road he was turning from didn't give him enough clearance. Where he was in relation to how the hill was blocking the view meant that if she wouldn't have listened to that voice, she would most likely be dead.

She calls the feeling/voice her 'angels'.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Once, when my mom was pregnant with me, she woke up in the middle of the night to see a baby ghost with a veil over his/her face that was sitting at the edge of the bed and looking at her. She started freaking out and woke up my dad. She asked if he saw the ghost too, and he said "There's nothing there, go back to bed." The next morning, he admitted that he actually did see that baby last night; he just didn't want to creep my mom out any further. They said that that always felt a supernatural presence in that apartment, and were relieved to finally move out.

[Gunra](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I've got some creepy stories I decided to leave alone rather than try to explain them.

When I was eight years old, we lived in this one house where my family basically fell apart. I don't blame the house, dad liked to stick his dick in new pussy and didn't think he did anything wrong. Anyway...

In this house, weird shit happened. At night, my dad used to wander the house, completely asleep. One night, I was scared because he was just standing at the doorway of my room, kind of tettering side to side while asleep. I got out of bed and said "Dad? Dad? Wake up. You're sleepwalking." I went to rub his arm and he suddenly his eyes shot open, he picked me up with hand by the throat and slammed me against the wall and started shrieking in Urdu at me. My mom ran to the room and punched him and he started screaming "Everything is going is dark!" and then suddenly he just snapped to.

After that night, the sleep walking stopped by he occassionally shrieks in Urdu in his sleep.

Another thing that happened in this house, at night I could hear dishes moving in the kitchen from my room upstairs. My brother would hear it too and we just through it was just moving on the drying rack. Little clinks and clanks. One night, BOOM, shattering booms through the house. My brother and I jump and rush downstairs. Nothing moved but while we're in the kitchen we keep hearing little clinks and clanks coming from the drying rack but nothing is moving. No one else in the house heard it. The next day when my brother and I go into our walk-in closet, we found crayons on the floor and coloring books. All drawn in. Within the lines. Every fucking page.

My mom also... which probably didn't help with this, got into Santeria. The whole deal of killing chickens and bathing in freezing fucking flower water shit. Anyway, nothing crazy, I found a petrified goat head under her sink with red wax dried over the eyes and a ring of blood around it. Yup...

All that happened in that one house. I have more stories about that house and beyond but I'm slacking off at work and think I should start doing what I'm getting paid for.

A_Truly_Clever_Name
â€¢ 13y ago

One night a few years ago the lights in my bathroom attached to my bedroom kept turning on and off. Then, my shower turned on and back off and my TV turned black. I ran to my parents room because I was really creeped out and my dad said the electricity was just being weird and not to worry. I didn't really feel comforted but I went back to bed nevertheless. Later that night, my brother came home and was eating a bowl of cereal in the kitchen. He said the next day that half way through the bowl he dumped it in the sink and went to bed because he felt weird down there.

The morning after all that happened in my room and my brother felt weird downstairs, wegot a call from my grandmother saying our aunt had died.

To this day I don't really know what to make of all that. Pretty creepy though.

SparkyTheWolf
â€¢ 13y ago

Was outside taking up half a path watching my dad try and fix the car, stepped backwardsand thought I'd walked into someone's path cos I saw them outta the corner of my eye, turn around to apologise, no one there, then as I'm turning back to face the car the loudest hiss happens *right* in my ear, not like a cat hiss, was too close to me, and too high up for them. Idk what it was. Probably something stupid now but idk.

[TheladyEl](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I've posted this before but perhaps I can do it better this time. My mother died of a brain tumor when I was about 18 months old. It developed before she became pregnant with me and it was the reason she had me. It sucks and it hurts but it always gave me some sort of meaning in my own personal life. She died so that I could live. My father didn't handle it so well. He was and still is an alcoholic and would sometimes get very violent. Sometimes he would get violent with me but mostly with his brothers and both of his proceeding wives. Okay here's the really creepy thing. When I was a teen my Dad got married to a woman from church and after a few years they were having issues and were on the verge of splitting up when she gets a frickin brain tumor. She is still alive but had to undergo massive brain surgery and is still recovering years later. I don't know what it means. I don't know if it's just a coincidence. He totally relapsed and crashed his car while drunk driving. I don't even talk to him anymore. Since I've stopped talking to him my life in general has gotten far better...but I always worry about getting a brain tumor.

tl;dr My mother died of a brain tumor and then years later my step-mother develops one. I wonder if my father has something to do with it?

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Jaxkr
â€¢ 13y ago

There is an entire subreddit for stories like this. r/nosleep

Reply Share

tersick
â€¢ 13y ago

For 4-5 nights in a row, I would "wake up" (I felt awake, but was kind of dazed), look to the end of our bed in our master bedroom (my husband asleep next to me) and see a "man" standing at the end of the bed. The room was dark, he was in all black, had a shape; head, shoulders, body, of a man/person, with a fedora-type hat on his head. No eyes. But, I felt like this thing was staring at me, and he was pissed. I wasn't unable to move, but I just looked at this thing. I don't remember falling back asleep or what. Could have very well been a very creepy dream happening over and over for 4-5 nights. I will never forget it though! The feeling was terrifying.

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wonderpickle2147
â€¢ 13y ago

This one time, at band camp... I was staying in a nice, fairly new college dorm with my best friend, Laura. We were up, goofing around, and then decided to go to sleep. We got into out own beds, and everything was quite for a few minutes. It was so dark, I wouldn't have been able to see my hand in front of my face.

Then I hear this guttural mumbling. It sounded downright demonic. But I figured it was just Laura. I said something along the lines off "Haha, go to sleep, weirdo." and she didn't say anything.

Not two seconds later, I feel the mattress being pushed down, and thought Laura was standing by my bed and pushing down with her hand. I told her to go back to bed, and she said she was. I have a keen ear, and can pretty well tell where a sound is coming from, and she was definitely in her bed. There was no way she could have gotten out, crossed the room, pushed on the mattress, and gotten all the way across again in the time all that happened.

ancientGouda
â€¢ 13y ago

ITT: One day I rolled dice and got sixes 10 times in a row. Then my mother called and informed me my granddad just died.

Of course, this was just a coincidence.

Sakura_Ruby
â€¢ 13y ago

So one night I dreamt that my mother was pregnant. I knew about it and it was obvious that she was pregnant. (My mother has given birth to her 4th child about 2 years prior). My mother was not (to my knowledge) pregnant and had attributed the weird dream to the memory of her being pregnant as something recent.

The next day, my mom suggests we all go on a walk as a family. While we're walking, my mom starts walking slower than the other kids and keeping me back with her. She then says that she was pregnant of at least 2 months. I hadn't told her about my dream. I honestly did not know before then. It was weird.

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I remember it starting when I was young, but not sure how far back. I would come in from school or playing outside and sit down on the couch to watch tv. I would just start to relax when I would notice something, or someone, in the room moving around. I remember feeling so scared I was almost paralyzed by it. After a few minutes it would just go away.

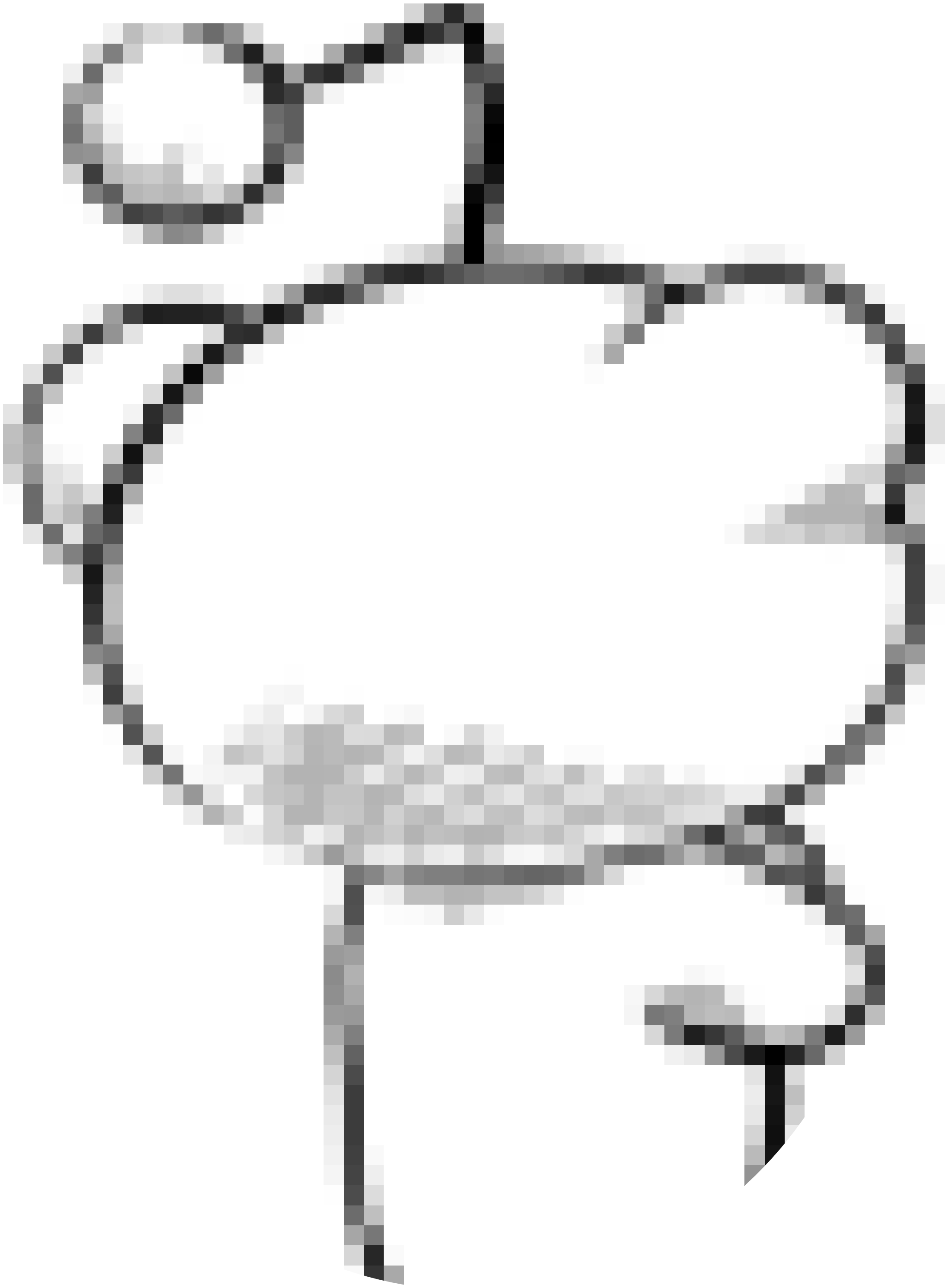
As time went on I would continue to see strange things and eventually I felt like whomever it was would be talking to me. I could never clearly remember who it was or what they would say, but it was usually very personal stuff about my life. These encounters would usually keep pretty harmless, never very threatening.

The older I got and kept experiencing these, and it never mattered where I was. I started to think I was insane or hauted. I never shared this with anyone because I feared I would be locked up in a hospital.

As I got older and these experiences continued, I also started to have some health issues that my friends and family would notice, but I would ignore- small tremor like siezures, short busts of loss of muscle control, severe sleepwalking. Eventually it got bad enough I had to see a doctor.

A few years of different doctors (physicians and therapists) and random diagnoses, I still had health issues and the strange visits continued (I kept those to myself), no one could figure out what was really wrong with me. My mother introduced me to a doctor who seemed to really care about what was going on and I eventually opened up about the "visits". When I began to tell him I remember seeing his eyes light up as if he wanted to shout "Eureka!". He ran off to his office and returned with a book and started describing my symptoms off better than I could- he diagnosed me with Narcolypsy.

All along I had been lucid dreaming- Spook encounters don't compare to what your brain can conjur up when it's been deprived of sleep for days. If anyone has ever really hallucinated (and not while on foreign substances) they will understand how real it is. Especially to a young kid.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

It was a dark North Dakota winter and I had just gotten back to my parents house. As soon as I step out of the car I get a really weird feeling and the hair on my neck stands up so I start jogging to the house. I walk up the old wood snow covered steps and really notice how loud the crunching snow/creaking wood is really loud in -15 below F silent winter.
I step inside and just stare out the back window. After a minute or so while I'm taking my shoes off I start to hear walking up those fucking stairs =|. I ran and grabbed my ruger P90 ran back to the door and nothing! Not even other foot prints on the stairs.
That is the only time i have grabbed my gun and chambered a round out of fear.

Reply Share

smnx321
â€¢ 13y ago

I instantly and permanently lost hearing in my right ear (SSHL) while watching the movie "Passion of the Christ" for the first time. I am Jewish and my name is Simon which means "he has heard" according to the New Testament.

Source: http://www.behindthename.com/name/simon

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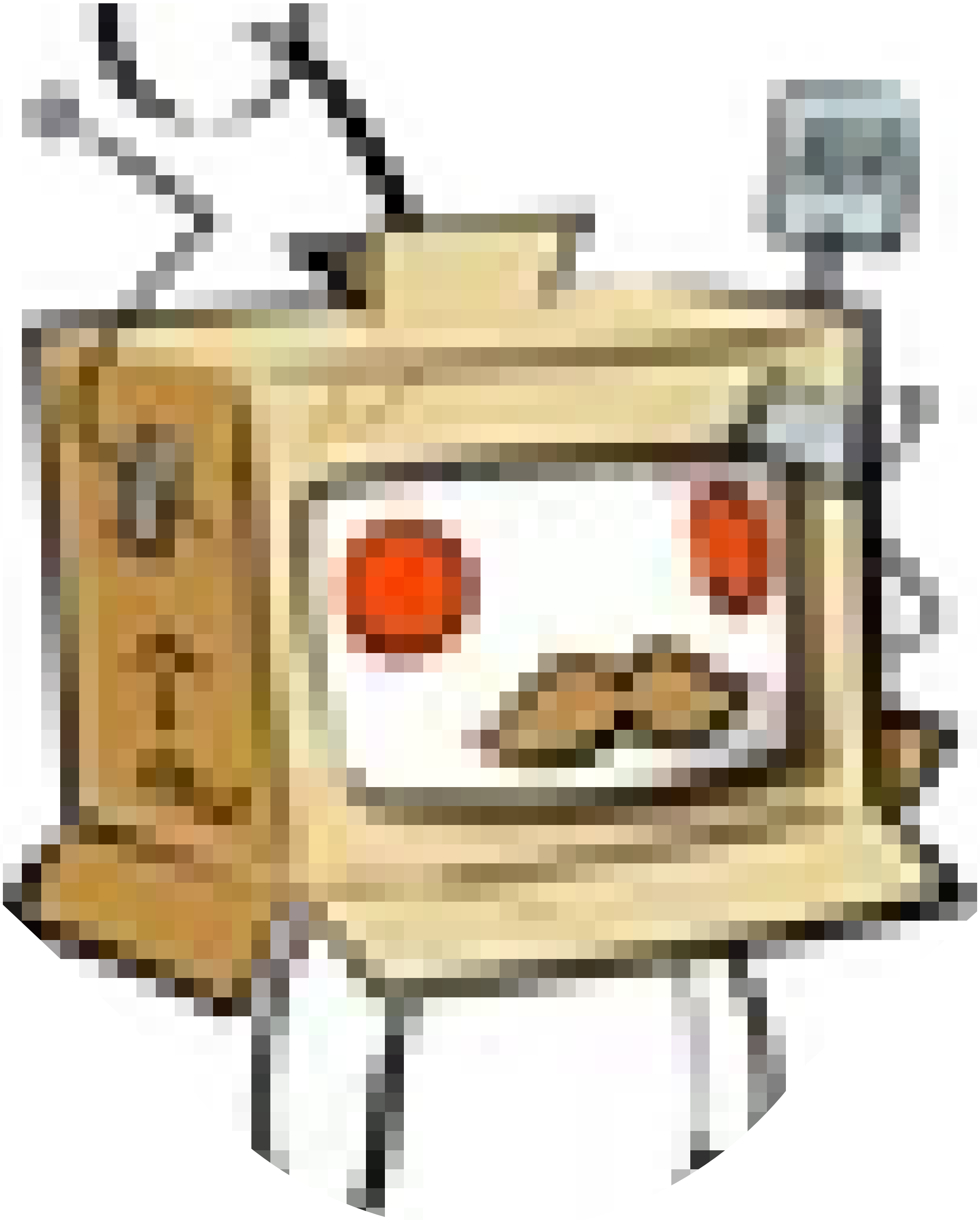


vandrak73
â€¢ 13y ago

Here's my mom's experience. Back when she was younger in Mexico, her and her siblings(she has a lot) took this street to get to their house. They didn't like to pass a store on the corner because it always had a bunch of guys, usually drinking, that would whistle at them. So instead they started taking a shortcut through a small alley behind the store. Once when they were about to go through their shortcut they stopped because they saw a glowing figure in the alley. It was foggy but shaped like a human, you could barely make out legs, arms and a head. It floated about 3-4 feet in the air motionless. It didn't do anything. After a few seconds of just staring at it my mom and her siblings bolted out of there. When they were far enough they stopped to catch their breath and they asked each other "did anybody see that?"

TrilbyCat
â€¢ 13y ago

I had a dream once that I was in the back seat of a car and my Grandmother (who passed away years ago) was in the driving seat. the car was moving uncontrollably, but there were no controls, no one was in control of it at all. In the dream I was frantically tapping her on the shoulder trying to get her attention, but she wouldn't turn round because she had no face. I don't why I knew this in the dream but I just did. When I woke up I was really freaked out, it felt so vivid, and I felt like she was in the room. Anyway, that week I had two very near misses in my car, I lost control of my car and very nearly ended up dead. I don't know if the dream had anything to do with it but I like to think my Grandma was looking out for me and warning me to be careful driving.

Asyx
â€¢ 13y ago

It's nothing big or scary or exciting. But I've got family in France and I live in Germany. We were going to visit in October 2011 for the birthday of my aunt. My family is pretty rich. They came from the Lebanon and my aunts family were really big in Egypt and then moved to France. They are not one of those newly rich bastards who think they're something better so nothing to worry there. My mother is just a common cashier in a super market (they get paid pretty well compared to the US so it's not like that's exclusively a student job in Germany).

Anyway, I had that weird fear around 2 weeks before that. Like that weekend in Paris would be something terrible and there would be nothing after that. It was not just a weird feeling but proper fear. I was legitimately afraid of going there. I'm also a stutterer and while I have pretty great control over my voice and know how to deal with it, it's still different to talk to strangers especially in any language that is not my mother language and my family speaks bad German (except my uncle) and their friends no German at all. I just explained that feeling with my insecurity about my stuttering and my social awkwardness (those two are related obviously) and the fact that I don't know how those people are and how they will react to my mother being a cashier.

Anyway, that feeling didn't go away. and it stayed until I stepped into the train and sat down. As soon as the train were going (that was the last station in Germany so the next stop was Brussels and then Paris. No way to get back out), my aunt called and told us that my uncle just had an heart attack and that it would "look bad". He then died that evening.

But what makes this story so creepy and supernatural for me is that my uncle was always very family centric. He did everything for his family and even though I haven't seen him a lot, I can safely say that he's my favourite family member together with my aunt and everybody else in France.

That was literally the first time I've met my family in France as an adult. The times before that, I was so young that I almost don't remember it. My uncle always wanted us to come to France but we never got around that. The friends of my family are also very nice people and I like them a lot. It felt basically like a family.

That coincident (if you want to call it like that in this thread) brought my family in France and Germany a lot closer together and since I was there in France, it feels like my family is enormously extended and, even though I lost my uncle, I won a lot of new friends and family. It's probably what my uncle would like to see happening out of this terrible situation.

Then something else. My grandmother met her dentist here in the city right after her father died. My grandmother isn't from this city and the doctor never met her father nor have they talked a lot about private business. My grandmother got into the room and the dentist says "who's behind you". There was nobody. Then he described the man behind her and the description fit perfectly for her father. Even the cloths were her fathers favourite cloths. At first I thought that my grandmother got crazy when I heard that. You know, like the crazy people on TV that sit in one of those shows with a guy that can talk to ghosts. But my great grandfathers death was expected. He was very ill and my grandmother was prepared for it. She's also a very sane old lady. Tries to live healthy, tries to keep her mind active and so on. There's no way my grandmother just wanted this to be true. She drilled for proper answers. Description of the shirt and the tie as well as any detail on the face. So no crazy old lady here.

Reply Share

Primalmuttons
â€¢ 13y ago

I have nightmares at least four times a week that I can recall when I wake up. One of the weird things is sometimes I feel while I'm sleeping and just about to wake up I'm letting out an audible moan kind of like a terrified cat, but no one has ever said anything about it, and I can never separate whether it happened exclusively in my dream or was actually coming from me.

The odd experience I had was one early morning about a year ago I had a very intensely simple nightmare where death was standing above my head and pointed out towards my heart. As he reached in closer I woke up. My heart was beating faster than it ever had in my life, and I could hear it pumping. I didn't move because I was worried my heart was going to burst if I exerted any energy, so I just laid there breathing.

I don't know why this one was so terrifying to me, as I die in my dreams frequently and in far more horrible ways than this. =)

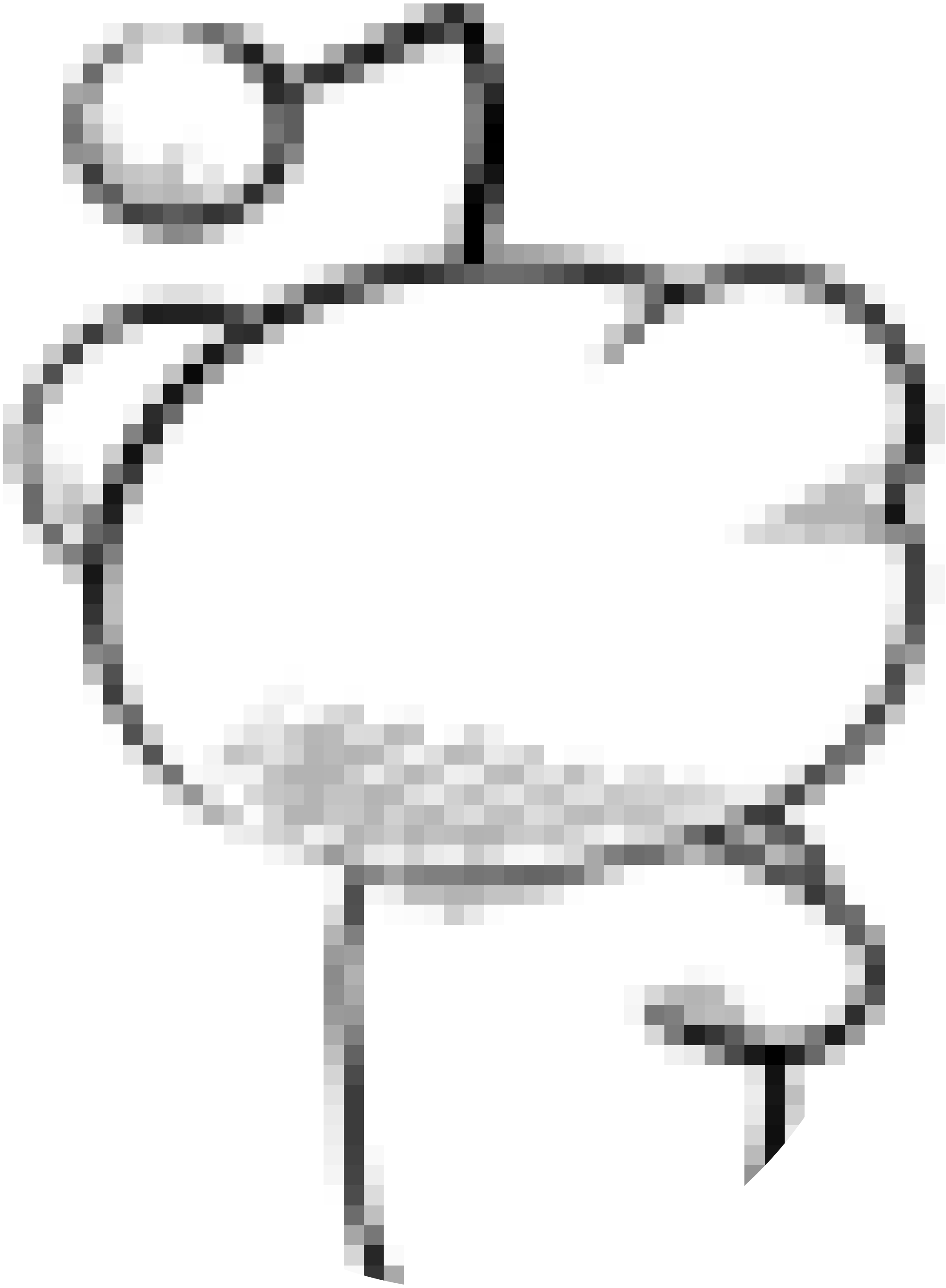
[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Hallucinations when I first stayed up 'till 4 AM as a child.

I perceived my sister calling my name from under my bed. She was asleep. Not asleep under my bed.

I perceived the bed swaying and rolling, exactly as if I were on a raft on an intrepid sea.

I perceived a cold chill, which I now assume was the tingling of shock.



Jake258
â€¢ 13y ago

It was around 3am and i was sound asleep and there was a thunderstorm predicted to happen that night. I was sleeping out in the living room when the rest of my family were sleeping in their bedrooms. A very abrupt lightning strike occurred and I woke up lost instantly to hearing something like a loud breathing, wheezing. Like someone of older age trying to breath with asthma. I was so scared I slept in my parents bedroom that night.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

My Cousin told me this story that happened to a Roommate of his. Him and his Brother went out camping/ATVing up near Yellowstone area. They made it really far out into the wilderness, like miles and miles away from anything closely resembling civilization. They decided to quit for the day and set up camp. They had one of those tents that has an open cylindrical canopy at the top, kind of like a TeePee. You could see the stars through this opening while lying down in this tent. Anyways they both go to sleep, some time passes when all of a sudden my Cousin's Roommate wakes up with a weird feeling, like he's being watched or something. He then rolls over on his back and looks up, there's this eerie blue face staring straight at him through the top of this tent canopy. He becomes paralyzed with fear and does nothing but stare back at the face for a good 5 minutes. He finally decides to roll over back on his side and try an ignore what's going on. Another 5 minutes pass and he gets up enough courage to look up again, and the face is gone.

Reply Share

Minttt
â€¢ 13y ago

One time, my mom was tucking my youngest sister into bed (3 younger sisters than me). She was 3 at the time. She looked my mom straight in the eye and said "You know, you're not my only mom. One time I had a black mom, and one time I had no mom at all." This is how my mom remembers it, and I'm sure the exact wording has changed to some degree due to her not writing it down immediately after hearing her say it.

This combined with her ridiculous fear of fires (he would go into shock and have panic attacks during fire alarms at school, and was uncomfortable with even candles), made her an interesting child to say the least.

[Shmowzow610](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Oh I have one. I was like 12 I think and was sleeping in my sisters room because the room she slept in was in the garage and it got scary at night so she would ask me to sleep in there some nights. This night was cold and since my sister would take all the covers I was walking up frequently. So it was like 1am or something and I was laying there awake and cold and I happened to look into the corner of the room. There was this giant orb just moving up and down. I'm freaking out, in my head. I'm just thinking like a million things, I thought maybe it was a the lights from outside shining in so I moved the curtains. Nope and that's when it started to move a whole lot more. I was so scared I couldn't even talk to wake my sister up. It still gets my heart beating.

⊕ 1 more reply

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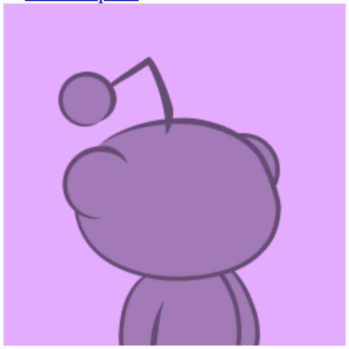
⊕ More replies



[stormkiller](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was a kid in bed I would see a figure starting from the corner of my room with slight human properties (I was young I remember it having a humanoid frame in the upper body) that would start moving towards me very slowly. My response was always to duck my head under my covers. Once I looked again it would be moved back and continued its advance. The longer I looked away the more it reset. I remember telling myself I would man up and stare it down, I let it get to the edge of my bed once before giving up and hid. I wonder now if just looking away from it would have worked but I never tried that. It used to happen a lot and then it just stopped. It didn't slow down in occurrence it just ended. I hadn't thought about it for a long time until I saw this thread. I pass it off as fear the the dark but I don't remember ever being scared of the dark in any other situation before or after. I don't believe it was actually a "thing" but who knows!

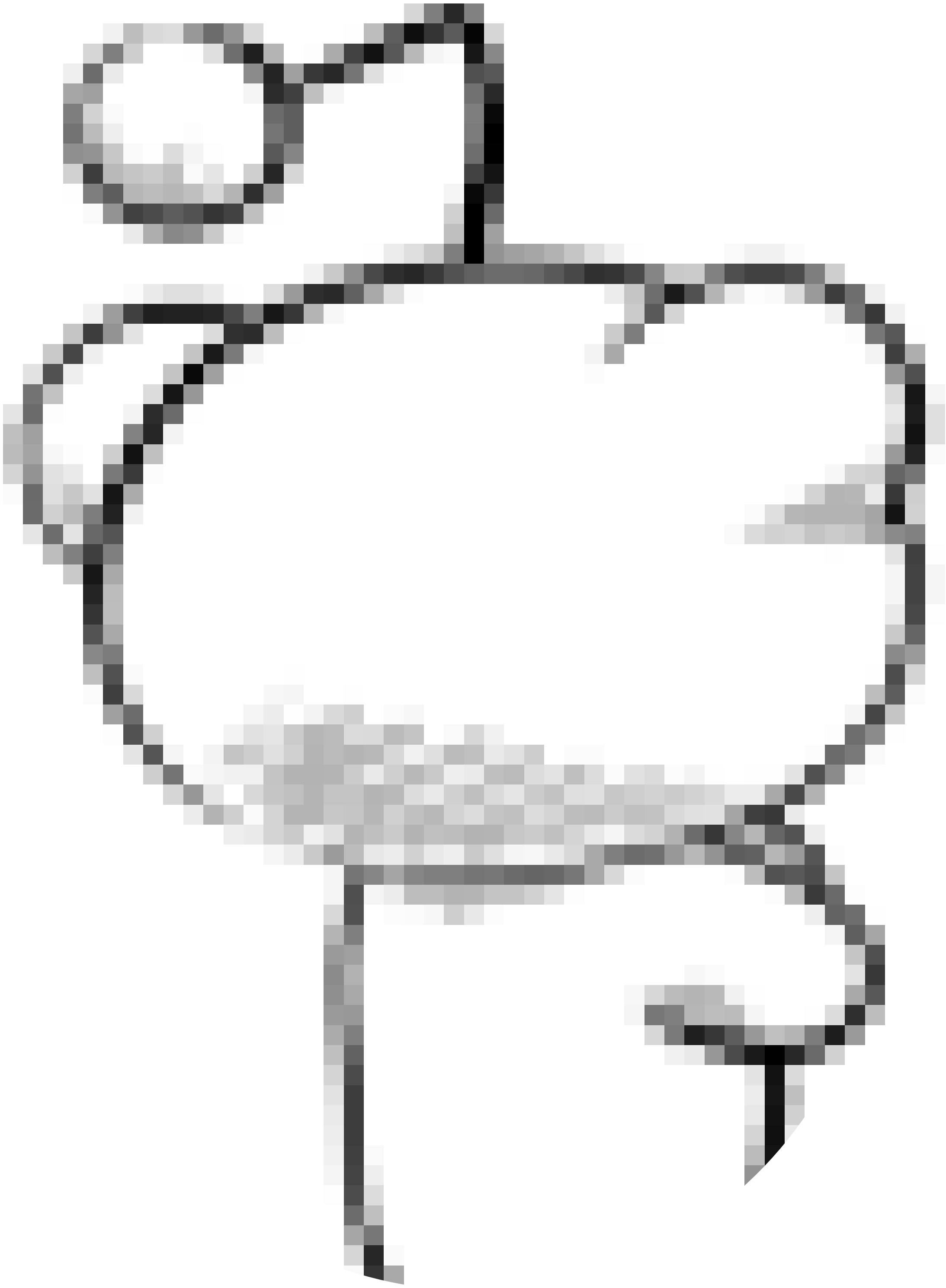
jfsalaba
â€¢ 13y ago

This is kind of crappy as compared to some of the other things in here, but to this day, it is the most unexplainable that's happened to me. So, a few weeks before my girlfriend broke up with me, I would just keep getting this feeling that something was off. Then the morning of the day she broke up with me, I woke up with this horrible feeling of sadness/being alone. I shook it off. Bad move :(

ArtificialSanity
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This is something that has been happening lately while I have been house sitting for my parents. About once a week while I am in my room playing games or whatever I will hear a loud slam right outside my door, like if you took a few big text books and threw them at the ground. When I am done shitting my self, I always will open my door and search the house for anything that could have fallen or anything that looks suspicious. I have never found anything but it consistently happens once a week.

Edit: I should also clarify that the house is in a very quiet community, the sound didn't come from anywhere outside. The sound definitely came from right outside my door.



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â€¢ 13y ago

My mother was going out with this guy for about a year when she was eighteen. One day he was driving back from her farm late at night and she was asleep. She then woke up at around 4:00 am and knew he was in her room. She knew he was trying to make her happy and letting her know he loved her. She fell back asleep and a couple hours later her mom got a phone call and came down to talk to her. My mom simply said "I know, Rod died at 4am on Highway one". She was completely correct. Her mom also dreams of sailboats whenever someone dies. Sometimes she'll call us and ask "who died" and we'll later find out that one of her friends/family members died that night. Many seeing the supernatural is genetic.

nycittay
â€¢ 13y ago

True story.

I was stalked by my own brother for several years, and was even forced once to go to the police to stop him. Didn't work.

[gilgalith](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was in college for Computer Graphics, my class was offered the opportunity to go to Canada for a design conference for one of our classes. My buddy and I didn't have our passports at school so we decided to make an overnight trip to go get them from our houses (the trip was the next day and we both lived in and went to college in NY). So we stop at his dad's house (bought it after he divorced from his wife) first as it's on the way and about 2 hours from mine. He runs inside to get his passport and say hi to his dad and I'm just waiting outside in the car, it's approximately 9pm. I'm just casually looking around and I look into the bay window in the front of his house and see a little kid waving to me. I wave back and he climbs down from the window out of my view. Some minutes later my buddy comes out of the house and gets in the car. I say "Oh hey man I didnt know you had a little brother." He responds "I don't." I say "Oh, does your dad babysit or something, or you have a little cousin?". He responds "Nope, dad doesn't babysit, no younger cousins either. Why?" I tell him about the little kid and he gives me that "I have no idea what you're talking about" eyebrow raise and shoulder shrug and backs the car out of the driveway. He never so much as broke a slight smile about it, never told me he was just pulling my leg, never mentioned it again in the years that I've known him. The only thing he ever said was as we backed up onto the street that when his dad first moved in and they were knocking down some walls that they found a baby carriage in the walls between two bedrooms.

[Liebmann](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

About a year ago my parents were in sweden for a one day trip and on their way back the car went out on the middle of the high way. Didn't really make any sense and the car started right back up afterwards. They came home and during dinner my grandpa called and told us that our grandmother (my mothers mother) had just died.

Later we found out that the car had went out at the exact time that our grandmother had passed.

When the car was checked at the dealer/mechanic they ran the data through a computer and there was nothing wrong with the car and at the time when the car broke down there was nonsense readings.

It never happened before or after.

Sinisterixi
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to live in this huge house in Seattle when I was in elementary school. I remember first moving into the house and the place just really creeped me out, it had cat eye windows and everything. Getting to the story, when I would be in bed at night I could hear footsteps in the attic. When I asked my dad what the noist was he said it was the pipes. We later discovered after some needed construction in the attic that there were no pipes running through the floors, this house is very old. So I began to wonder about the footsteps. One night I decided to go up to the attic and I could here the footsteps going up the stairs to the attic. When I opened the door they stopped completely. I started to freak out and ran downstairs to my room. When I hopped back into my bed I heard the footsteps start again. Suddenly the footsteps got really loud and fast and I heard them coming down stairs almost as if someone was falling down the stairs. I screamed really loud and went under my covers. My parents came running into my room. So I never went up to the attic again.

Second freaky thing that happened at the house involved my dog. A bride ran over driveway that lead up to my house. One night a kid jumped off the bridge and fell into the driveway. I found his body on the way to the school bus the next morning. The police told my parents that this was the third suicide on this bridge. About 1 week later my dog started to become very interested in the spot where the body fell from the bridge. We would let the dog out to go to the bathroom and she would run to he spot on the driveway and just claw at it. We started walking her outide to go to the bathroom instead of letting her go alone. So one night my dad took my dog outside quick before bed. He got distracted on the phone and the she ran back down to the spot. When my dad got off he phone about a minute later he called for the dog but she was already down the driveway. My dad came running back into the house. He told us that he saw three men petting the dog on the driveway. We left the dog outside for 5 min or so until she came back to he house. Talking with my dad he discribed one of the men to be exactly like the one hat killed himself a month earlier, and he never saw the body.

I do not believe in ghosts but these are just two very creepy experiences I have had.

AndrewL78
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Nothing supernatural, but this was the most terrifying moment of my life: I grew up and went to college in Rhode Island. In Exeter, RI, there is an old abandoned, and notoriously haunted mental hospital called the Ladd Center. It has since been repurposed and reopened, but when I was in high school and college it was pretty damn creepy. One night in college a few friends insisted on seeing this place, so we drove down from Providence to check it out. After breaking into and taking a stroll through a few buildings, we were all very rattled at hearing creaks, voices, chilling gusts and the like. One friend even allowed himself to be locked in the morgue alone for over a minute. After about 2 hours, we decided to try one more which I believe was the administration building. We spotted a weak point in one of the boarded up windows, so we cracked it and I went in first. The window was adjacent to a stairwell that ran between the 1st and 2nd floors (the building was built into a hill) so I stepped onto the stairs. At the time I played offensive line for the football team, so I weighed in at about 285 lbs. The aged stairs couldn't handle all of it and gave way. I crashed through the stairs and landed on the flight of stairs below, which promptly gave way in turn. I plummeted again through darkness and splintered wood to land in a heap in the basement of a haunted abandoned mental asylum. It was pitch black and my flashlight was nowhere to be found. As my eyes adjusted and shapes in the dark came into view, a column of light blared down from above, killing my night vision. I panicked and screamed to turn off the light. My friends asked if I was ok, and I was. They tossed down a light and after a quick scan of the room for danger, I found none and made my way up and out. I never went back.

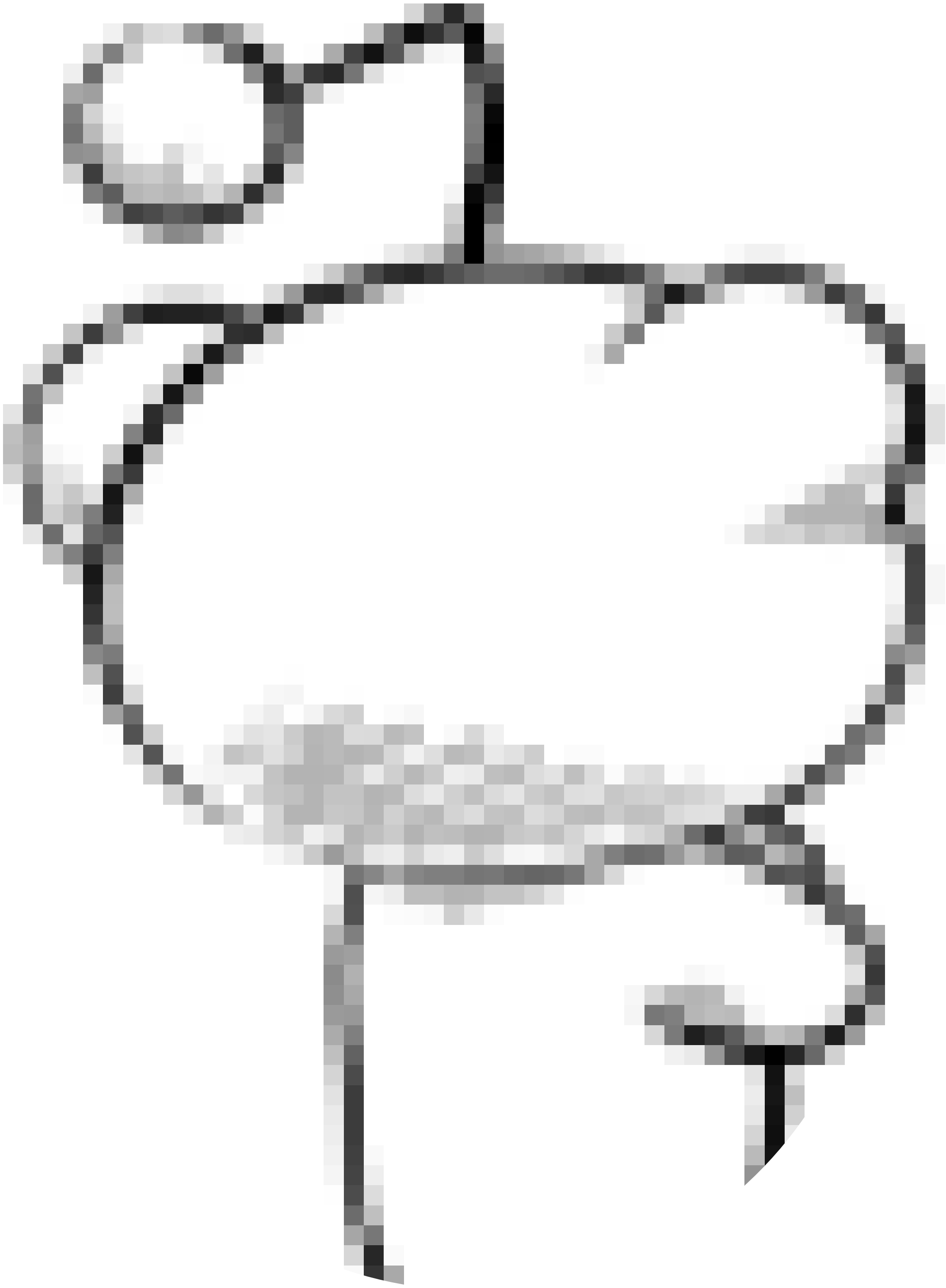
Reply Share

WasabiD
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I woke up in the middle of the night one night because I heard what sounded like crinkling paper at the foot of my bed. I didn't have my glasses on when I peered across the bed, and I saw nothing, so I figured the only logical explanation that came to mind was that my sister was sneaking around my room. That is, until I heard her mumble in her sleep across the hall. At this point I was really scared, because the noise kept persisting. I counted my fingers to make sure I wasn't dreaming, but the noise was just so unexplainable. I was scared shitless, but I just huddled under the covers, and waited it out, hoping whatever was making the noise wouldn't take them off (natural response, right?) When I woke up in the morning, I couldn't find anything in my room that could have possibly made that noise, and to this day, I still don't know what it was. It was clear as day though. On a side note, when I told my mom what happened, she told me that she had a similar experience as a child, except she swore that there was something with hooves making noises right next to her by her bed, and she was completely awake. She too was scared out of her wits.

Faalllccccooooorrrrr
â€¢ 13y ago

r/Spacedicks



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â€¢ 13y ago

I know this will probably get buried but I find Reddit is a nice place to get things off my chest.

I was messing with a friend in school about 3 months ago and he accidentally ran into me and we fell, on the ground he grabbed my shoulders with a blank look on his face and whispered "Dude, your Grandma just died."

I pushed him off and asked him what the hell he was talking about, he said sorry and couldn't understand why he did it, said he only remembers saying it vaguely. Were good friends so I just play it off as a stupid attempt at being funny.

When I get home my Mum was crying and that's when it hit me, she was never even sick or near death. I cant explain this at all but it was certainly creepy.

Swimmingsolid
â€¢ 13y ago

My grandfather had died in 2004 early on in the year. Later on in the year my parents went to go visit that side of the family in Montreal (im near Toronto) and left me at home. They were gone for a week or so but never told me when they were coming back. I had kind of a lucid'ish dream where my grandfather was standing in the doorway of my room. He is a finnish speaking man who knew very little english. I ask him what he was doing here and how he got here, not really thinking he had died. He said "Im coming to stay with you" in either finnish or english I dont know, but I understood him. In the dream I crawled back into bed. I woke up to the sound of my dad coming in the house. I go down not really thinking about the dream asking about the trip and what not when my dad says "Hey look who I brought home with me!" and shows me my grandfather's urn. Gave me shivers. I liked it.

tomtetown
â€¢ 13y ago

While I was attending graduate school for my masters I lived at my parents house. They left for a few months to visit my sister leaving my dog and I alone in the house. Every night for about a week, after having fully waken up from sleeping, I could hear slow notes coming from the piano downstairs although never went down to see what was going because it scared the hell out of me. Eventually (why did this take so long?) I closed the key cover during the day and didn't hear it anymore.

OodalollyOodalolly
â€¢ 13y ago

We do not believe in this stuff. But...

When I was a little kid maybe about 7, my sister was probably 11. We were all sitting around eating breakfast and my parents were having their coffee. Regular morning.

My mom said she had a really vivid random dream. There was a handsome young man with black hair telling a story about a rockstar who was addicted to heroine. But it turned out that years later, the rockstar had been immune to the effects of heroine the whole time. The young man was standing alone in a bright light at night on trimmed green grass and a tall wooden fence behind that. Beyond was blackness.

Fast forward about 6 years. We had moved across town to a new house and my sister invited a bunch of friends over. We were all sitting on the back patio on a warm night. My Dad turned on the flood lights because people were throwing a football around. There were no backyard neighbors, just desert. Flat green trimmed grass, new board fence, but black night beyond that because there was nothing for the light to hit. But our memory wasn't jogged yet.

Until, while everyone was sitting eating, one teenage friend of my sister was the only one standing.

And he told the story about the rockstar who was immune to the effects of heroine.

My mother, my sister and I listened. When he was done, my sister and I said in unison, "Mom didn't you have a dream about this?!" And my mother said "Yes, I had a dream about this."

We told him about the dream about 7 years earlier. Kid thought we were fucking with him.

tl;dr We all remember when my mom had the dream, we were all there when it happened in real life. It seems to specific to be just a random coincidence.

Fayefil
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Back when I lived in in Kentucky, I had a friend from Eastern Kentucky who considered herself somewhat of a white witch. Sometimes she saw things and was very in tune with the supernatural and paranormal. She read tarot cards and we played with the Ouija board quite frequently.

One night, a group of about 8 of us including myself and my Russian ex-boyfriend were sitting around and decided to start playing with the Ouija board. He flat out refused to play with it all saying that it was all bullshit but the rest of us joined in. She placed a crystal at the top of the board, pricked her finger and also placed a drop of her own blood at the top of the board to enhance the magic and attract more spirits, demons or what have you. I'm quite skeptical myself but I play along.

So the planchet starts whizzing across the board spelling my ex's name and R-U-S-S-I-A over and over again. We ask what whatever is speaking to us wants with my ex. And it says R-U-S-S-I-A, M-U-R-D-E-R again and again. We ask, are you saying if he ever returns to Russia, someone will kill him? And it says yes. My ex was half Tartar with black hair, green eyes and the kind of slight asiatic features of the Tartar people. While living in Russia he had been shot in the arm by skinheads and stabbed another time right under his ribcage. He was a fierce and very masculine guy and defended himself but all these experiences has hardened him greatly.

Nevertheless he sat there and shook his head and made fun of us for messing with stupid games. My other friend got up to use the restroom and we carry on when suddenly she comes running out of the bathroom knocking over the space heater, her face white and her body shaking. She says she saw a vision in the bathroom mirror of a bald man shooting another man whose form was indistinct. I laugh, my ex laughs and we all tell her she is full of shit. The game wraps up and everyone goes to bed. He and I are still laughing about it falling asleep.

I woke up the next morning with the Russian clinging to me for dear life, asleep with his head against my back and he whole body wrapped around mine. This was unusual for him. I woke him up and asked him what the hell was going on and he told me this story. He was woken up about 3 AM to the sound of voices in the hallway having a conversation in no language he could understand. He thought our friends were messing with us so he got up to yell at them. Then he heard BANG! He wrenched open the door and no one was there but a painting my witchy friend had done had fallen from the wall and hit the floor. He went down the stairs into the entrance way of the house, which was lined with mirrors. He checks the front door, the backdoor and starts to walk back towards the stairs through the mirrored hallway and catches movement out of the corner of his eye.

He said he turned, lit his lighter and looked up into one of those mirrors and behind him in the darkness of the hallway was a bald man with piercing eyes staring at him over his shoulder. He turned to hit him and there was no one there. So he said he slowly turned and stared him down until he disappeared. Then went back to bed. It turned him into a believer in the parnormal. He believes that the man he saw was a premonition of himself and not a ghost.

The last time we played with a Ouija board whatever came to us said it was old, cold and under the couch. That was it, no more Ouija board for any of us.

TL; DR Ouija board madness.

Rauwerda69
â€¢ 13y ago

Probably too late to post but here it goes. I experienced many creepy things in my house and the majority of things that occurred were usually directed at me. One incident in particular that stands out was one night my parents were gone, leaving my brother and I alone with our dog. Suddenly my dog goes off. Barking, hair standing on end and out of control trying to get at whatever was out near our back deck. This happened occasionally when someone was near our backyard but this was different. There was literally nothing we could do to calm our dog down. This continued for about an hour, we called our parents and eventually I grew tired of trying to stop my dog and went back to watching tv. I was laying there when suddenly the ceiling fan lights began to flicker, as soon as I looked up at the fan the lights blared on fully. I looked at the doorway to see if my brother had flicked the switch. He wasn't there. I looked up again at the ceiling fan and the pull chain which activates the light was clanging around as if something had smashed it. I ran to my brother who was still trying to calm down our dog. My dog stopped barking.

Other strange things like creeks and doors opening occurred frequently but the incident with my dog was the first weird thing. I would also wake up from deep sleep in the middle of the night and hear footsteps scraping down my hallways carpet. When I was younger I remember an incident where something violently grabbed my shoulder when I was in the shower.

That house was fucked. Glad I moved. Haven't seen or heard anything in a few years :)

unanymousholdeng
â€¢ 13y ago

In English the other day, I wrote the words 'Goodbye Kansas' on my buddy's notebook that he was preparing to take notes on. The moment later, our teacher puts on a video and the guy on the video screen is, I shit you not, FROM KANSAS. Now I had literally no reason to write this, it was just a random phrase I felt I needed to write. Those words were from nowhere. Some weird shit. :|

GoGoNJDevil
â€¢ 13y ago

Not sure how creepy this is...but definitely unexplainable.

My wife and I have been married for 10 years now...and I wasn't always the greatest husband. I grew up in a household where it was better to lie and get away with it then tell the truth...and the habit stuck with me.

Anyway, about 5 years after we got married, I got caught in a lie. (I had told my wife years ago that I quit smoking and she caught me smoking. Nothing horrible...but it wasn't the first time she caught me lying).

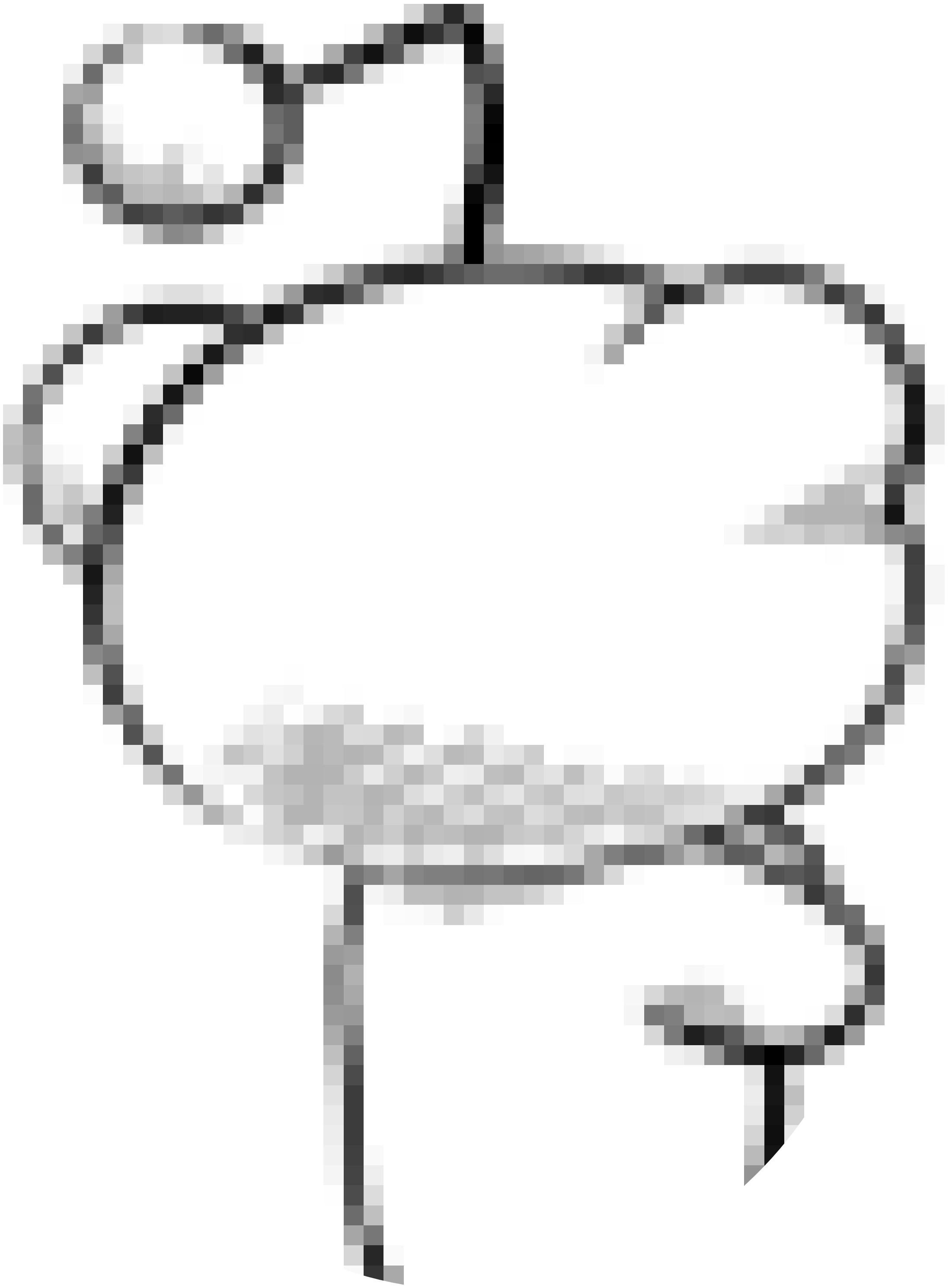
Well I always take my wedding ring off when I take a shower and that night after my shower, the ring was gone. I lock the bathroom door so no one could have come in and besides I keep the ring on a shelf in the shower. I assumed I must have accidentally knocked it off and it fell down the drain.

My wife was pissed and I was annoyed...but what can you do. We tried searching...but eventually gave up. My wife ended up getting me a cheap replacement ring and we moved on.

About 3 years later, our relationship was in a much better place. I had curbed a lot of my bad habits and we were much happier.

One day, I wake up and sitting on the kitchen table is my wedding ring. My wife is still asleep at this time and I went to bed after her.

I have no idea how it got there or where it was for 3 years and to this day it still freaks me out.



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â€¢ 13y ago

May not be so mysterious as the others but it freaked me out nonetheless. A couple days ago I had slept in quite late since I had a rough night. Well I had a vivid dream of me looking at my iPhone and seeing the time. It said 11:21... So in my dream I freaked out that I had slept in so late that I woke up at that very moment and looked at my REAL phone, and it said 11:22. I was dumbfounded. I guess I just have a really accurate internal clock, but it still seemed surreal.

phizrine
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

An except from my grandfather's memoirs:

> ... It was the first week of the beginning of my third trimester in the third grade of primary school. After one year in Jewish kindergarten school, Dad had arranged for me and Zaly to go to Italian school. Since we all were Portuguese subjects (Dad had arranged to become a Portuguese citizen in order to skip the enrolment in the Turkish army, and had succeeded only because the Portuguese consulate was a dear friend of his from Salonica) we could attend foreign schools. I was happy in this school. I got a bronze medal the first year because I was third in the class (the gold medal went to Victor Levi and the silver to Jack Mitrani). My teachers liked me very much and it was a good feeling. Home was 35 minutes walk from school and me, Victor, Jack, and me, bunched together on the way home. On the way back home we were attacked by a gang of Turkish boys, six or more of them, that wanted to mug us, beat the hell out of us. And they did. I got very very scared, ran for my life with my skinny legs, and made it home all bruised up.
>
> Next morning when I got out of bed my legs folded at my knees and I fell down. Tried again to get up but nothing doing.
>
> Hell broke loose and it stayed loose for the 10 years ahead of me. After being kept at home for a week, my situation worsening each day, I was taken to the Italian hospital for tests. They kept me in a ward with many other patients for another week and then put me in an isolated pavilion, a house in the middle of the garden, all by myself, a nun during the day and â€œUmbertoâ€�, a male nurse, at night. I do not remember ever having seen my father visit me in the â€œIsolamentoâ€�. Much later I heard he was hospitalized in a mental hospital (the straw that broke the camelâ€™s back). I had a pear-shaped electric button

> tied to my neck, and I mastered the skill to press this button with my chin every time I needed to be turned around since I could only move my head, nothing else, and I had to be turned around often or it was hell. I passed my third grade exams orally, answering to questions my teacher asked me, as she came to teach me and read to me the rest of the lessons that I had missed. During the third trimester, God love her. There was no treatment for Polio at that time, calcium needles, rubs for the pain, love and caring for the nuns, Umberto, my mother, my teacher, and towards the end of the first year there, I had visits from Jack Mitrani, Uncle Marco, sisters, till the day Dr. Arshavi, the chief doctor of the hospital, told my mother to take me home, there was nothing else he could do for me. â€œTake him home, he will be happier with his sisters aroundâ€ (the last cigarette for the sentenced). Home I went, on my Uncle Markoâ€™s back, tied to him with a tieâ€™ there was no money for taxis. Mark and me would make this trip many times, for check-ups, calcium needles. Home was now two rooms on an upper duplex, Father had resigned from the bank and out of hospital, was staying with his sister, in a village 2 hours walk from us. My sisters, crazy with joy, greeted me and it seemed to me that this was a turning point. I was 40 pounds in weight, and since I could not go any lower I had to go up. And I did, with donkeyâ€™s milk, bladder or liver blood, by the spoon or chewed raw, the juice of boiled beets with honey, raw egg yolks with the fat of the milk and a procession of Rabbis, Hojas, prayers under my pillow, Mezuzahs hanging on my neck, hot oil and black pepper massages on my legs, extremely hot baths with sulfur in granulated raw form inside (a solution that smelled so bad that we were going to be evicted form our living quarters because the neighbors could not stand the smell coming out of their drains every time we dumped the tin bathtub in the toiled, and complained), and as a last resort electric treatment, which consisted of a battery-run contraption with a wire brush at one end, rubbing the brush on my arms and legs till blood came out. Anrico, are you feeling anything? Pashaiko, are you feeling any electricity? All I knew was â€œnot feeling nothingâ€, just seeing streaks of blood on my arms and behind my legs caused by the scratches from the wire brush. Maybe the battery was dead.
>
> Mother running around to this Rabbi and that Hoja that performs miracles, Zaly my sister washing my ass most of the time and Ety with my head on her lap killing the army of lice with her two thumb nails; all that sulfur fed the lice well. It took a complete shave and a few gasoline rubs to kill the lice.
>
> Dad came home after another stay in another mental institution. He would sit in his night gown, watching the miracle maker Rabbi, rubbing, massaging my legs with hot olive oil with black pepper inside, murmuring prayers, day in day out, watching, Dad with murder in his eyes. The Haham felt he was in danger and sopped coming, and soon after Father left again to stay in the village with his sister.
>
> Back came oil rubbing miracle maker, every day, without any change, and my legs were stretching, they were not as bent as before. Sun baths, the sun rays have a curing effect, Mother yelling to Zaly to close the window next to me so I would not catch cold staying naked in the sunshine. Little did she know that sun rays through a glass have no effect at all but making one sweat from their heat. Kids playing ball and marbles down in the street, and me telling myself that soon I would join them. I passed my 4th grade exams -orally again. Mitrani brought me tests, everybody read to me, and asked questions, I had half a dozen â€œteachersâ€ helping, and my school teacher fame a few times to test me. Enrico! You passed your exams, in September you are expected in grade 5. God love her. My hands could hold cards now, so I played games with my friends and cheated sometimes. I prepared the cards before, I was a Poliometric SOB.
>
> And it happened, almost two years after I stopped walking, one morning I got up and walked, like a duck, like a one year old baby, but I walked. It was Zaly at the other end of the room with her arms stretched, luring me to take one more step, assuring me that she would not let me fall. (I guess she was fed up with washing my ass). The miracle had happened. The Prophet Eliahu Annavi, the angel, introduced himself to me during that night, wearing a â€œcasquetteâ€, cap, and told me to get up and walk in the morning. Who am I to disobey an order from Eliahu, so I got up and walked, God love him and the oil rubbing Rabbi, I kept walking, up to ten kilometers at one time, walked to play ball and marbles with the neighborhood kids, walked to the hospital to thank Umberto and the nuns, walked to the doctor that sent me home to die, walked to my teacher to pass the fifth year examinations. ...

When I asked him about his experience he said he wasn't afraid and that the angel Eliahu, whose presence was surrounded by a white glowing light, touched his legs. He doesn't talk much about the experience but it's not the only "miracle" my family has had.

Reply Share

pdxchris
â€¢ 13y ago

My wife's family creeps me out! I went on a road trip visiting her extended family in the Midwest. Her great aunt owned a bed and breakfast with her great uncle and great grandfather in rural Illinois, and we spent the night there. Her great uncle had recently had a stroke and looked half dead. He just sat in his chair staring silently the whole time.

A couple nights later we are in Michigan and my wife tells me she has an uneasy feeling. I go to get a drink of water and it tastes like blood (found out it was just high iron level in the water). We shut off the lights to sleep and my wife is staring at the upper corner of the room. She thinks she sees something and is freaking out. I am scared and mad because I think she might be just messing with me. Next day we get a phone call that her great uncle had just died the night before.

When people die in my wife's family, they visit loved ones. My father-in-law claims his dad's spirit visited him and talked to him the moment he died 300 miles away. Her grandmother claims that she frequently sees and hears her dead husband.

As an atheist, I don't know what to believe.

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⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

[deleted]

â€¢ 13y ago

I was stationed at a secret facility that housed very specific items. I was a new guy, so my first posting was up in one of a handful a 80ft tall towers to watch the fence line. This particular tower was rumored to be "haunted" by a post stander from years ago that had ended his life in said tower. The senior guys would even show you the impact spot where the 9mm round had ripped right through his skull, and into the wall. I'm a natural born skeptic, I wasn't buying it.

Very early one morning, like 0130-0200, out of exhaustion I sat down on the metal step stool. This of course was frowned upon since you've now decreased your field of view AND you'll be more inclined to fall asleep on post. A serious offense.

After sitting down, I set my chin in my palm, eyes closed & I was out. I figure I was out for maybe about 2-3 minutes. I remember hearing a looooong creaking sound and then SLAAAAAAMMMMM!!!! The access door at the base of the tower 80ft below had been opened & slammed shut with EXTREME force. When the door slammed, I basically jumped out of my skin. I grabbed my rifle, flung the floor hatch open & instantly began screaming challenge commands(HALT!!! CEASE!!! ID YOURSELF!!! etc...) at whoever had gained entry to my post. I can't emphasize enough the force that the door was slammed. Literally it was like the incredible hulk had two handed flung the bitch shut. The entire tower shook.

When my commands went unanswered, I just stopped & listened. Deafening silence. Not a sound. Not even the bugs outside. I finally picked up the phone & called the command center. They checked my door on their computers. The doors were equipped with a magnetic strip, were electronically locked & monitored. My door hadn't been opened since I went on post hours earlier.

When I finally got off post at dawn, I told this story to some senior guys. Their response, "We told you." And "Don't sit down again." There were in fact some guys that wouldn't even set foot in that specific tower. I stood that post for 7 months. Late at night, when everything was dead silent, you could hear boots coming up & down the steel stairs. All challenges unanswered. I shit you not.

ILOIVEI
â€¢ 13y ago

Which example would you like to hear more about?

1- the ghost/phantom that I saw at the foot of my bed in highschool, which my mother and sister have also reported seeing at different times. 2- when I was in the Peruvian Amazon and felt something outside my cabin door, trying to get in. Then in the morning the rest of the camp also confirmed that they felt the same thing in a, "what was that," moment over breakfast. 3- a friend, (who recently commited suicide) who had told me (when we were younger) that he had had a dream or kind of a waking dream about the house down the street from him burning down and then two weeks later the house burned down, killing a mother and two kids while they slept.

Ch3r1sh
â€¢ 13y ago

I would say this is supernatural but it was creepy.

When I was younger my family lived in an old 1920's ranch style house. My room was in the front of the house, we called it the Florida room. Any who, my bedroom window was really low to the ground and this one night when I was 8 I woke up in the middle of the night because I heard someone breathing. There was a man who was standing outside of my window who cut a hole into the screen. When I saw him I screamed as loud as I could and he ran off.. Who knows what would have happened if I didn't scream.

Ghitit
â€¢ 13y ago

I was visiting the south of France with my family. We were staying in an old B&B type hotel that had formerly been a farm - like 200 years ago. I awoke in the wee hours of the morning and laid there for about twenty minutes. Then I felt an overwhelming feeling that there was someone else in the room with my husband and me. I was scared, but not terrified. I then felt a soft touch on my upper thigh, as if someone was just gently poking me with their finger. It was as if it was a curious child. I slowly rolled over and sat up, and looked to my left where I thought someone would be standing. There was no one there, but there was what I can only describe as a ghost. She was extremely short, probably about 4'10" (147c) and was wearing what looked to be a light cloak that covered her face and went down to where her feet would have been. It was kind of a dirty looking light grey. She slowly floated from where the bathroom was, to my left about six feet away to just past the right side of the bed. At the point where she was right in front of me, she looked over at me with large dark eyes and then looked forward again and then she just disappeared. I was wide awake and not sleepy. I am sure there was a child ghost with her, but it didn't appear to me. But it was there all the same. I didn't wake up my husband because I never felt really afraid - just shocked. The appearance happened with the span of about ten seconds, so it was really over before I thought about waking him and by that time it would have been pointless since the ghost was gone. I never heard about any ghosts in the hotel prior to this happening. I didn't ask the owners about it either. I don't really know why, but part of it was that I had my kids with me and I didn't want them freaked out. I kind of want to write to them and ask if they have heard of anything like this, but as yet, I haven't. I am and have been a skeptic for as long as I can remember, but now my thoughts on ghosts and spirits and such have left me with a more open mind.

Reply Share

Redyoshi101
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Ok, not really too creepy but I will share it anyways:

(This happened a few years ago, maybe when I was 12.)

Backstory: My dad was away on a trip for a few days, and my sister and I used to have this sort of tradition where when one parent was away we would take turns sleeping in the same bed as the other parent.

So, on this particular night it was my turn. It started as a normal night, and I woke up in the morning feeling completely normal. The strange part? According to my mom, I woke her up in the middle of the night, eyes OPEN, sitting bolt upright, screaming. Now, my mom isn't really the joking type, so I highly doubt she was just screwing with my mind.

But in the morning I felt completely normal, not remembering a single thing. I know your brain tends to forget dreams easily, but my eyes were open and iirc I was also talking, and I'm not a sleeptalker (even if I wasn't talking I was screaming). Which means I was AWAKE.

I was stumped about that for a couple days and then forgot about it until now. It didn't really creep me out, it just intrigued me.

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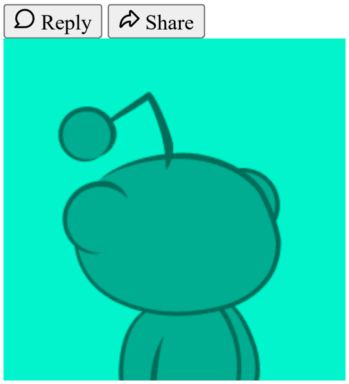


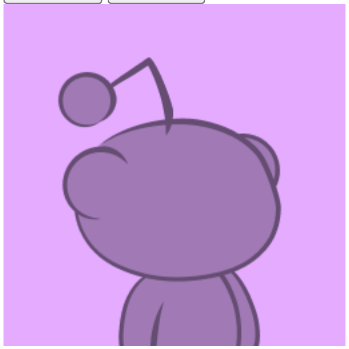
Darth_Toast
â€¢ 13y ago

I was in the basement of a hotel after a long day. The corridors were long and small, with many turns. A couple times, when I turned a corner I saw a glimpse of someone else going around a corner into another hallway. I try to follow them down the hallway, or through the door they went through, but when I get there, there's nowhere to go; just a blank wall. No other door or hallway. It was the only "supernatural" event I've experienced, but it's more than likely it was just a vivid hallucination from fatigue.

Derivi_alicon
â€¢ 13y ago

Magnets

Reply Share



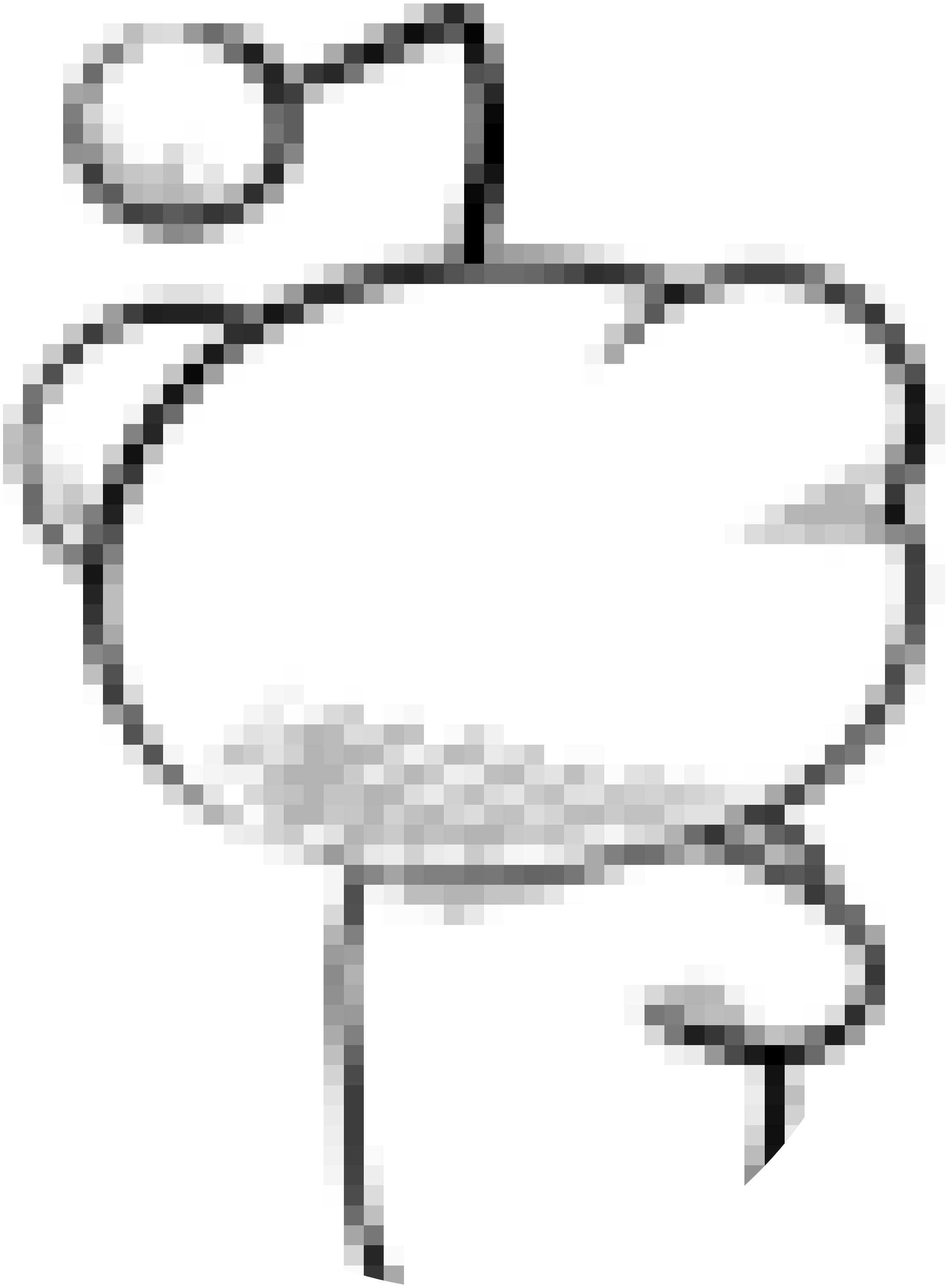
Phobos_Deimos
â€¢ 13y ago

The story takes places my Junior year of high school. It was Winter break, and about midnight. I was watching Adult Swim before bed, and back then would illuminate my room with only the tv. So I'm about ready to go to sleep, and I get up and press the power button. In the flash of light that followed (Old CRT), I saw very clearly a teenage girl standing in the corner of my room. Pretty much all I could do was stand there, trying desperately to turn it back on. Ever since, every now and then my door will silently open, and I can feel someone peek in before closing it again.

Reply Share

aimzwicki
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in college I had decided to stay in Charleston, SC for a summer. The year before had been particularly hard on my and I just didn't want to go home and have a boring summer. So I met a bunch of people and we all got to talking about ghost stories. Charleston is well known for hauntings as it's a very old port city with jails, slave blocks, plaintations, etc. About 45 minutes outside of Charleston there is this road called Parker's Ferry Rd. It used to be an old logging road and according to "legend" three boys were killed one night by a logging truck on that road. One night four of us decided to go and check it out. This road is seriously creepy at night. Spanish moss hanging from the trees, old run down house and a creep cememtery behind the really old Baptist Church which dead ends the road. We were to told that we had to go up to the church (which is surrounded by a locked, tall metal fence) and flash our lights three times while saying "we want to see the lights". Supposedly the dead boys were buried in this cemetery. After the light show we're supposed to drive down the "site of the accident" which has a 5 foot cross display (supposedly police have taken the cross down due to too much tourism and vandalism). Once we get to this point we turn the car completely off. Almost right away we see a light that looks like a lantern swinging back and forth in the middle of the road about 4 feet off the ground. It starts out about 100 yards from us. We're all in awe and wondering if some is playing a trick or maybe it was a light anomaly. It gets to be about 20 feet from the car when one of my buddies starts hyperventilating and throws himself at the driver trying to get the car lights on. The rest of us are so mesmerized by the light that we yell at him to settle down but he doesn't. We really wanted to see if it would pass through the car as "legend" has been told making it hard to start the car afterward. Unfortunately my pansy friend won the fight to get the headlights on. The light is about 10 feet away, but when the headlights pop on it disappears and there is NOTHING in the road in front of us. NOTHING WAS THERE. This did not creep me out at all, but my one buddy nearly peed his pants.



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â€¢ 13y ago

I can't say it's paranormal, probably not, but I've never been able to explain it so I just mark it up as 'WTF' since it was relatively harmless.

I'm from Indiana and when I was 16 we moved into an old country farmhouse. It's a house that was built in the early 1900s, so, it had seen some usage.

Anyways, the house always creeped me out and still does.

Either way, one night, I'm sleeping, and I wake up--- and the bed is shaking. I think, "Am I dreaming?" So I open my eyes up, nope, bed is shaking. Well. Fuck that shit. I launched myself out of bed, across the room, and hit the light switch. I mean, I think I jumped a solid 7 feet. Looked around, nothing unusual, slept with the lights on.

I'd like to say that it never happened again, but ...

It happened 4 times since that first occasion over the course of 3 years.

Finally, the last thing that made just made it oh so creepy, was the fact that my dog who would normally sleep in my room (before the move) would never sleep in my room. He'd be in there during the day, but as soon as it went night time-- he would have none of it. He'd bother me until I let him out of the room.

Reply Share

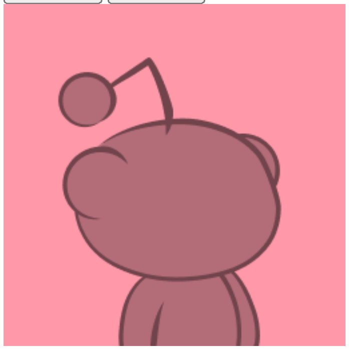
[Ginrou](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

i was deep in meditation once and at some point there was a brightness that started to expand from my mind. at the same time, it felt like my conciousness was splitting, like i had two perspectives simultaneously. I was aware that i was seated in meditation, but it also felt like i was drifting upwards, and that was when the light exploded outward radiantly and my perspective started to drift upwards rapidly. i remember freaking out and thinking to myself "no, i'm ready" and everything stopped as soon as i finished the thought. i've never told anyone about this...hurray for internet anonymity :)

[dman81](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Mine is not as cool as y'all's but my best friends brother died a while we are in a band and when I was recording a song that was written in memory of him. The lights in my garage flickered while I was recording my drum tracks. That is the only time it has ever happend the first and last since that day. It's things like that that make you wonder about life it's slef.

Reply Share



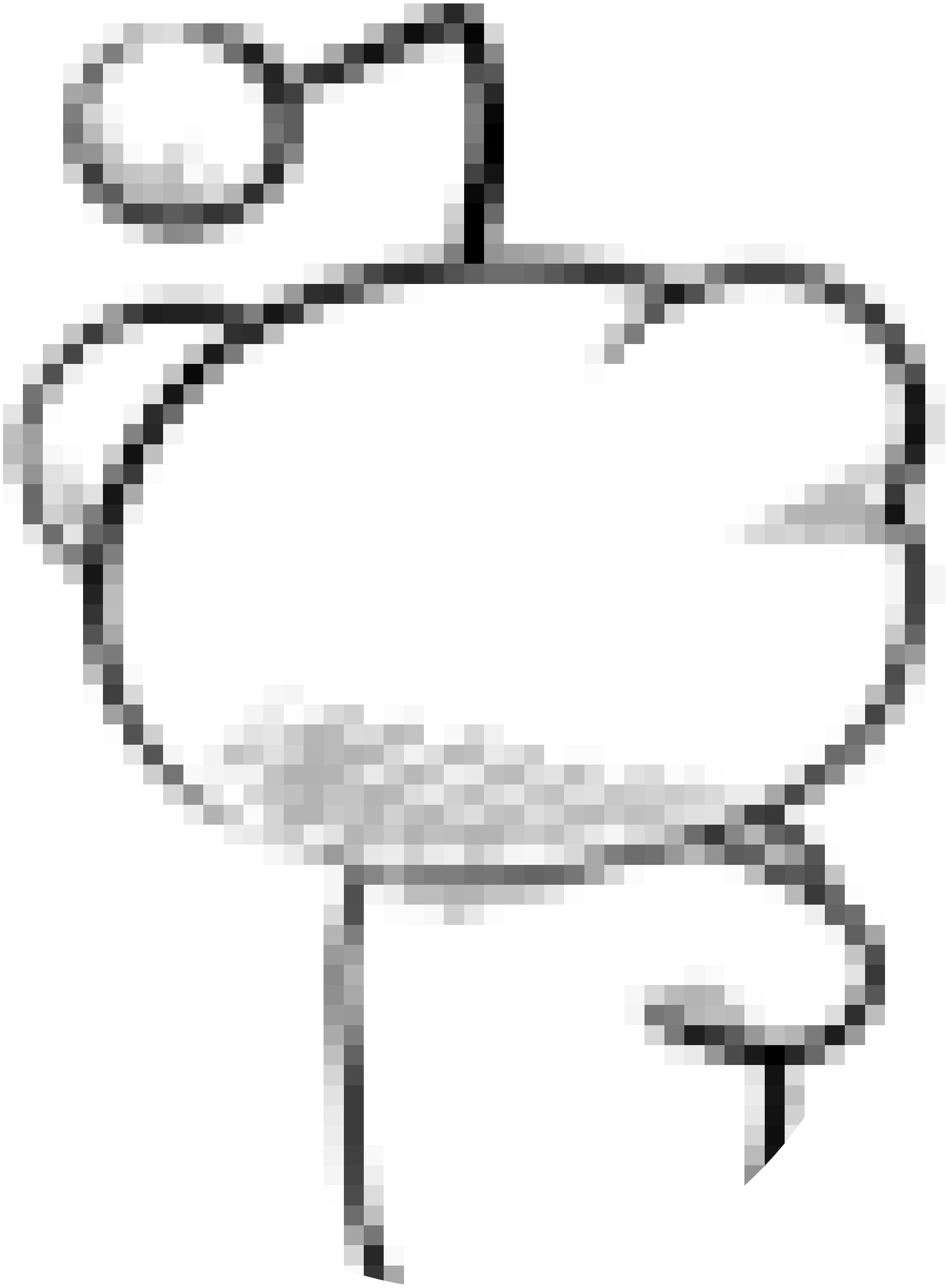
Settleforthep0p
â€¢ 13y ago

Kind of lame compared to what I've read so far, and even more likely to be imagination, but I had a day-care mommy when I was like 2-4 years old. I always had to take a nap when I was there, and my brother (2 years older) did not. I went up when I was supposed to nap once, and walked right into a room where she kept like brooms and cleaning products and whatnot, only to see a teddy bear with red eyes, standing up, looking at me. Of course, I cried, and she was flustered and startled since I was supposed to sleep.

Anyways, like a day later my mom tells us we wont be going to her ever again, apparently she was a nut with a big boner for the occult. She had slaughtered chickens and pigs, (she had kind of a minimalistic farmhouse just next to her living house, which me and my brother thought was awesome, cus we both loved feeding the animals), and used them for "rituals". My parents are christians and my brother recently converted as well. He told a similar story to mine at a camp we were both attending about 3 or 4 years later and asked me if I remembered her. I sleepwalked that night, for the first time in years (I used to sleepwalk a LOT when I had just learn to walk), and one of the camp-leaders caught me wearing a phone-chargers cord around my neck. I remember nothing of this, but it was quite the deal to the leaders and my parents.

Now, I remember close to nothing about my childhood, surprisingly little for my age, and mostly traumatic stuff (one is being headbutted by an angry ewe) and I still remember that fucking bear. I'm sorry for any distasteful jokes in this wall of text or whatever, it's my way of not shitting myself while writing all this down.

Also, I don't believe they have any real correlation, but still a cool story to tell, apparently I sleep walked out of our house and onto the main road just next to our house, unlocking the front door and just straight walking there without shoes, and I stood there for a couple of seconds before my dad took me in again. Don't remember a squat. It's kind of scary actually, my body used to be all like #YOLO when I slept.



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â€¢ 13y ago

ITT: coincidences

Fibreoptix
â€¢ 13y ago

April 1994 - Bunch of friends and I go to dinner. An acquaintance turns to me during the meal and says "so I hear you like the subject of UFOs?" I respond "I like UFO lore, though I don't believe that they have ever visited earth." He looks at me and says "well my mother is into psychic phenomena and her psychic trainer said a UFO will crash into the White House in the fall." I laugh. Fall (sept) 1994 - So I am having my usual morning coffee before work with a friend reading his paper in the mall. He looks up and says "wow a plane hit the White House yesterday". I rip the paper from his hands. "Holy shit what are the chances?" I go on to explain Rick's second hand prediction. "Whoa." I am an atheist, skeptic who does not believe in this shit, but this raised my brow. Yes it wasn't a UFO, but what are the chances of predicting a flying object will hit the White House in the Fall and a flying object hits the White House in the fall?

keettykat
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Don't know if this is creepy enough for you but it really freaked me the eff out.

December 2012, my favorite loving grandpa passed away. He had been fighting infections in his feet and a blood disease. My aunt also passed away in January 2010 and my grandma had alzheimer's so I think a part of him kind of gave up. ANYWAYS - I lived in San Francisco at the time so I wasn't in the same city as my family/grandpa and the day before he passed my grandpa went into a coma and that day I got the weirdest vertigo/nausea I've ever experienced. I couldn't even get up to walk or make food because I would just be spinning. My dad didn't tell me anything about him going into a coma because he knew it would kill me. The next day around 8pm, my grandpa passed and at 8pm exactly I had the worst vomiting attack of my life and then all the vertigo was gone. My dad called me later that night and said that my grandpa had passed. "Okay", I thought, "Coincidence, whatever"

A year later, I moved back to my hometown after getting really really sick (yes, I'm sick a lot) and I was in the car with my best friend and we were talking about my grandpa and how much I missed him and the wise things he ever told me that were applying to my life at the time. All the sudden we were driving under this really low bridge in her community and she goes "OMG LOOK!" and there was an owl, on the street all shown with the lights staring right at me. I started to cry and felt this wave of love and emotion and my grandpa immediately came to mind. As soon as I realized it was my grandpa, the owl was gone. My friend was trying to pull out her phone at the same time and I guess we both missed it fly away. The only thing I remembered was it was white and was looking into my fucking soul. And guess what time it was, 8:00pm.

At least once a week I would see the owl by my house around 8:00pm. The same white owl and it would ALWAYS fly by my car and always glance at me or my way. Needless to say I was confused and started to think it was all in my head. Until my uncle received an email of this huge flying white owl from a friend who had just lost his son from cancer. Apparently my uncles friend had communicated with his son after he passed and told my uncle to go see this lady who didn't know my uncle from adam. Out of curiosity, my uncle went. During the time with that lady she was ON POINT about every single fucking thing and even had a message for all my grandparents kids (my grandma passed 4 months after my grandpa). Then at the end of the conversation, the lady asks my uncle, "There is someone in your family who keeps seeing an owl. Who is it?" And my uncle didn't know because honestly I was afraid to tell anyone but my boyfriend and friend who saw the owl with me. He replied with no answer and the lady told him,"Whoever is seeing that owl, that is your father (my grandpa). He is giving them a sign."

That person was me. :)

Reply Share

dripdry9
â€¢ 13y ago

S Some time back, 3 friends and i used to always go out and disprove local myths and ghost stories. We had heard this story about an elementary school in Redlands, where this kid had been killed by a school bus. Now his spirit haunted the school. We had read that if you knocked on the classroom door, you would hear him knock back. So that was the plan.

We got to the school about nine or so, and went straight to the room. We all took turns knocking and listening. Of course, we didnt hear anything, so we prepared to pack it in. My two female friends had to use the bathroom so we split up.

My friend and i were waiting on them, by the basketball courts. There was this huge field behind us that faced the street. I went to go jump up and grab the rim, and when i came down, there was this... person there. He startled us because we had just looked in the direction he had to come from and there was no one there. He asked us what we were doing at the school so late. We told him we were looking for ghosts. He replied "Well, you will find some here..." I turned to my friend as if to say WTF jus happened, and when i turned back to ask what he meant... He was gone. No trace.

The girls came back a couple minutes after this, and we asked them if they seen anybody walking through or past them to get out. They hadn't. I went cold. There was only one way in and out of that school. We all ran back to the car to see if we can find him. But it was as if he had vanished in the night. We went back the next day to ask some neighbors if they'd seen him or knew who his family was. What we heard still gives me the chills.

The person we saw was black. There were no black families in the neighborhood. But the kid that had died at Mariposa was. Creepier still, when i was asked to what he looked like, i couldn't see his face. Almost like... he didnt have one. Needless to say, havent been back.

Reply Share

Diiinkleburrrgggg
â€¢ 13y ago

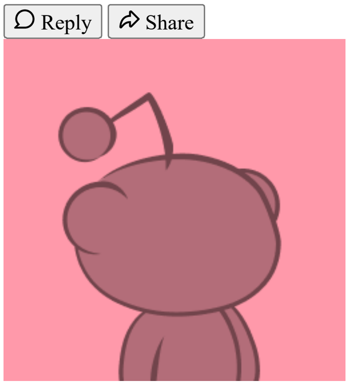
I saw this hours ago but I couldn't post because my phone died part way through class. I have a few to share, one involving a Ouija Board.

When I was in about 13 I went to a friend's birthday party. He lived out in the middle of nowhere and there was just a path leading to an open field behind some woods by his house. It was about 9 or 10 at night and he takes all of us (about 8 were still there) out to this field to share the story of what happened because we were asking why there was this path leading to nothing. He tells us that there used to be an old lady that lived out there about 70 or 80 years ago that loved cats, but her husband hated them. One day dude just loses it and burns them all to death inside their home, cats and all. So we walk out there to where the house was and just chill trying to freak each other out. Then we hear cats. We all think it's everyone else try scare each other, but then they get louder. Before we know what's really going on it's a chorus of cats howling like they're dying. Needless to say, we got out of there real fast.

One of my friends from highschool, her and some of her friends decided to use a Ouija Board. They were pretty scared telling this story, so they kept it short. Her and her girlfriends are home alone and one of them brought a board over because, why not? They use it and nothing happens. She said were bummed out and thankful at the same time, then they heard lots of racket coming from downstairs. They all run down to see their entire dining room stacked up. Like all of the chairs were stacked ontop of their table. Okay, kinda weird, they take everything down and try to be calm. It happens again, but this time the chairs are holding up the table. They throw the board outside and that's the last they saw of it. Well, for that night. The girl who brought it, it was in her backpack the next morning.

This happened to my friend. He was showing this girl that he liked to drive stick, so she was driving and he was shotgun. They're on a side road and go to cross a main road. Where they're crossing at though is at the foot of a pretty big hill. It looks clear so she pulls out to cross when a Suburban comes barreling down the hill at about 65, according to the driver. T-bones them on the passenger side. They're in a tiny Honda Civic and that thing is crushed. It looked like a letter C. My friend was hurt pretty bad. Doctors said it was a miracle he didn't die from the impact. But all but one of his ribs were broke, both lungs punctured, one nearly completely impaled by his ribs. Pelvis was snapped in half and broke in a few other places. His right arm was completely shattered along with his shoulder. His skull was fractured, too. Airlift him to a nearby hospital where the doctors think he won't make it through the night. His family and a few friends are sitting there all night, with them is the chaplain because he was expected to die. He was in a coma for a few weeks, then just kind of wakes up. No memory of it happening. He was completely healed in 3 months. No brain damage. No nerve damage. I'm not a doctor, but that seems like a few miracles to me.

Reply Share



Qexodus
â€¢ 13y ago

I was talking to a good friend of mine about my recently deceased Grandfather (RIP Papa) and I was watching a live Mecum auction. As I talk to him about regretting not calling, etc etc, a car my grandfather owned 3 of and drag raced for years ('66 Chevy Nova "Shoebox" in light blue) came up on the auction block. I hope it's him telling me it's okay, because it's one of my biggest regrets of my life.

Reply Share

Shanaki
â€¢ 13y ago

This reminds me of something my brother once told me when he was playing the Sims. He did a fresh install of the Sims 3, and played it for a few days.

Later in the week he was playing, and he started hearing strange music coming from the game. No other programs were open, just the Sims 3.

Suddenly, someone started, according to him, "Chanting" backwards with the weird music. It suddenly stopped, he shut off the game.

Couple days later he went through the game folder, for every sound file. Found nothing.

Reply Share

[Voraxia](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

My fiances family lives in a house that was built roughly around the same time as the Spanish America war in an area of Maryland that had plantations and slaves. Around the Victorian era it was converted to an orphanage. A really cool and neat old house but there is one room in particular tat has always freaked me out. In the down stairs area there is set of two connecting room with a bathroom used as a suit by one of his grandmothers when she is staying there part of the year. I use the bathroom now and then when the others are in use (he is one of 8 and the house seems to be full of people all the time stopping in to visit). Every time I do, as I am leaving the bathroom I have a sudden urge to sprint as fast as I can to the door and out of the room, which is a bit stressful consider how big the room is. I honestly feel a sense of impending doom if I don't. Same with going up the main staircase at night. If I get to the stairs I am fine, but going down the large hallway to them is another sprint. On the plus side, I get plenty of cardio exercise when I go to visit.

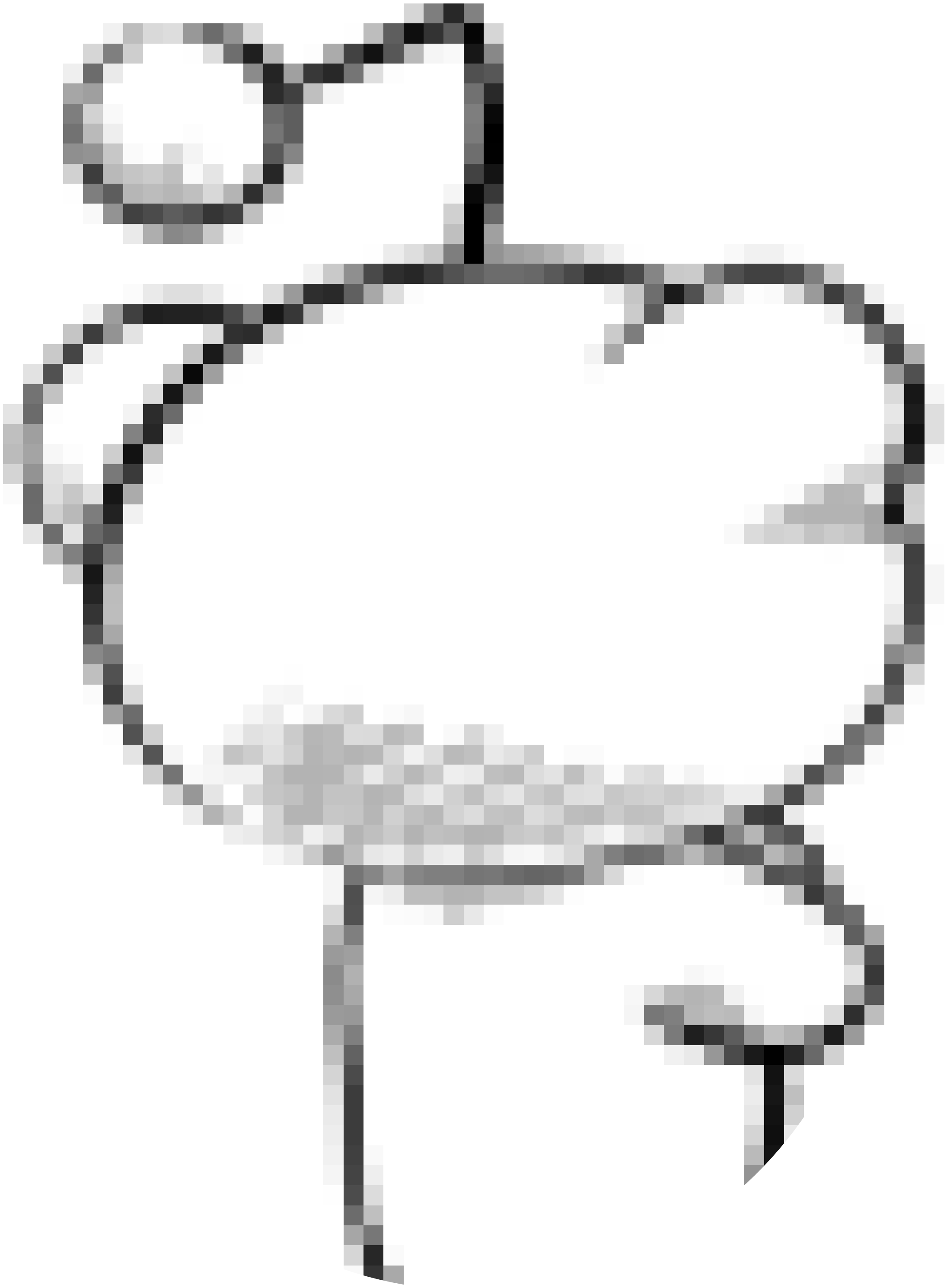
Reply Share

tuokretu
â€¢ 13y ago

I work in a movie theater built in 1920. It was originally a play house so it has two old pianos and when I first started I was told how every once in a while late at night when shutting down after the last film the other manager had heard notes played on the piano. I found it interesting but didn't think much of it.

One day I get to work about a half hour early I finish up everything I need to do before opening so I go down to one of the pianos and start playing on it. More or less just messing around with an old jazz song called Afro Blue. Then just jamming on nothing in particular until I see my coworker get in and I go to open up the ticket stand.

I finish opening the ticket stand and sitting waiting for my first customers when I hear a faint whistling which I assumed was coming from just outside on the street and I am waiting for someone to walk by but no one does. Then as I am listening to the whistling I realize that it is the tune to Afro Blue which I had just been playing before my coworker got in. I turn around to see my co worker sitting 50 yards away playing on his Ipad. This was around one in the afternoon.



pearsoverpeas
â€¢ 13y ago

My cousin has had "something" following him since he was about 15, he is 31 now. It started with someone sitting on the end of his bed. He said it would sit there and every once in awhile it would bounce up and down. He couldn't see anyone physically there but he could sense a presence. This never seemed to bother him, but one night he woke up on the floor at the end of his bed. He was sitting indian style and said something was making him look up at someone sitting on the end of the bed. Again, he didn't see anyone physically, but he could feel them there.

When he moved out of his mom's house(where the creepy incidents started) the "ghost" followed him to his new house. He lived with his girlfriend at the time. They would experience doors slamming and floors creaking like someone was walking through the house. This never really bothered him either. It's something that he eerily accepts.

He ended up breaking things off with his girlfriend and moved in with my aunt, my cousin Natalie, and I. This is when things really escalated for him and he began freaking out, or at least becoming more concerned. He lived in the basement of the house. Some mornings he would wake up and feel someone sitting on him or hands holding his arms down, so he couldn't get up. Other mornings he would wake up with scratch marks. Those were the weirdest to me because it looked like what a girl would do to you after a hot night in bed. At one point, it freaked me out because doors would slam with just 2 of us in the house and no one knew how it happened or who did it. We ended up switching rooms because he said it was the most the ghost ever bothered him. I went to the basement and him in the bedroom on the second floor. He said it let up there, but random doors closing and the occasional scratch would appear.

He lives on this own again and my cousin Natalie has lived with him in that house. They both say from time to time random doors slam, but other than that whatever is causing these incidents has calmed down. I love asking him about it and often wonder what's going on. My aunt who is a devout Catholic believes that he has a demon following him. I want to believe it's that just for reason's sake, but who honestly knows. He has always sleep with a cross and a picture of a saint over his bed. Not sure which one but I think it helps him sleep easier.

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â€¢ 13y ago

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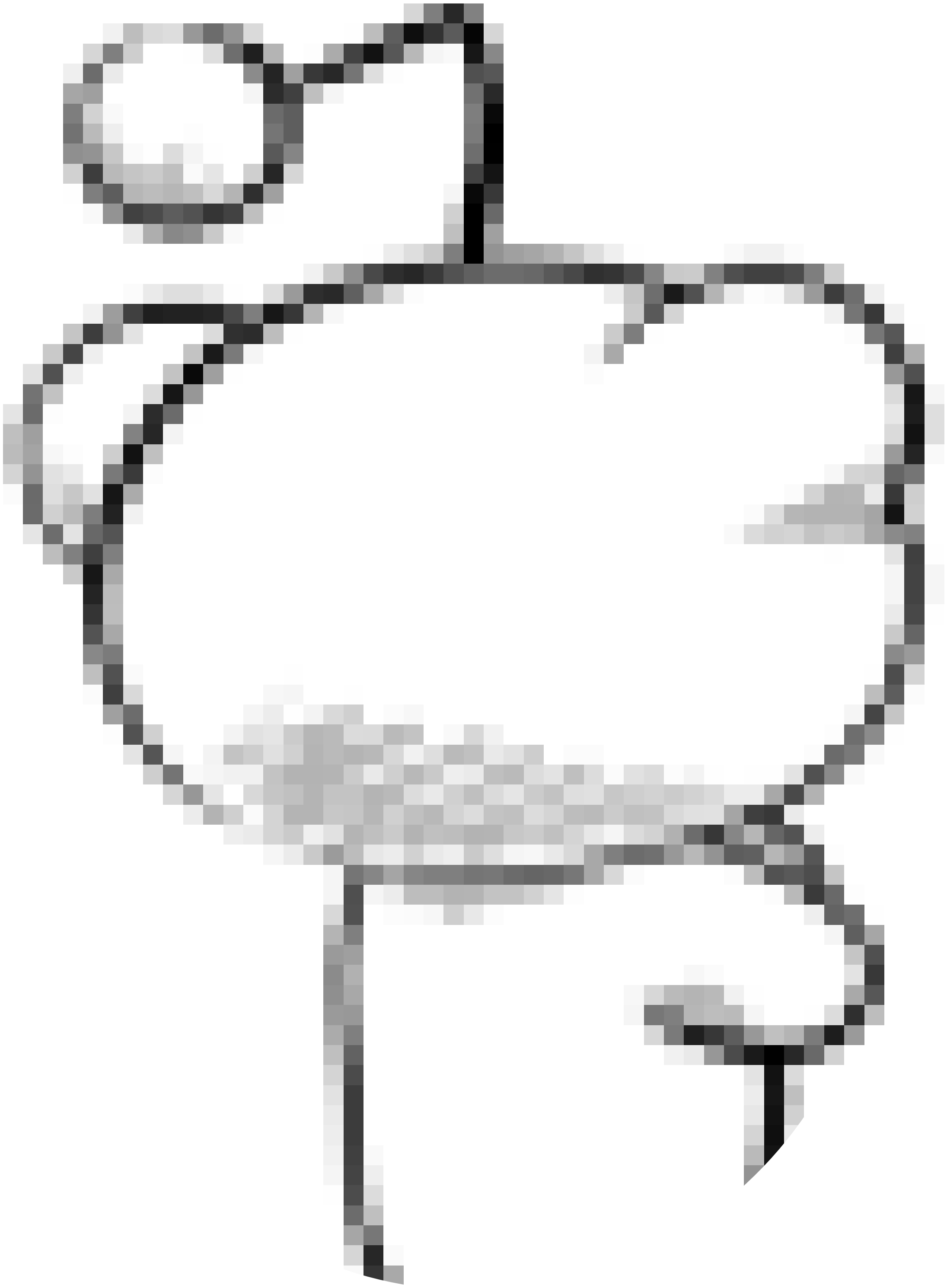
eivomlive
â€¢ 13y ago

Marking to read later



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â€¢ [13y ago]

This happened when I was 11.

At the time I slept in the living room. It was night and my mom had told me to go to sleep. I of course didn't want to and instead, was listening to music on the discman my friend lent me.

At one point, I got bored of the CD and decided to switch CD's. I had to be quiet because my mom slept with her bedroom door open. As I put the CD in, it made a loud click and my mom yelled at me to go to sleep.

I lay down and counted to 15. I slowly sat back up to see if my mom was going to come into yell at me. As I peeked over, I saw a white figure standing in front of the picture of me. It was my grandmother (she's alive.)

I was creeped out and wondered if I was imagining things. I pinched my cheeks and it hurt, turned my head and she was still there.

So I laid back down counted to 10 and looked again, she was still there. I slapped my face, shook my head, pulled my hair, laid down and sat back up, she was still there.

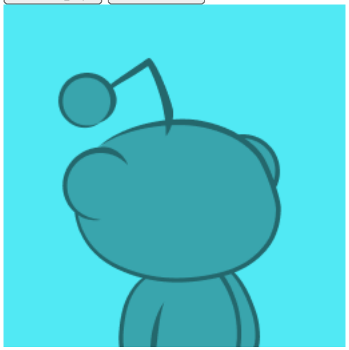
She finally disappeared but I know it wasn't my mom (it was only me and her) and my grandmother lives in a different country!

Here's another bonus but short one: Same apartment. My mom and I had to go to the basement floor t do laundry. When we got on the elevator, there was an older man who was already on there.

My mom pressed the button for the basement. Suddenly the elevator shot up to the top floor, went down and up again. We went up and down three times.

The creepiest part? The door didn't open once and on the way down, the old man who was on the elevator had disappeared. My mom and I *both* saw him. He was there when the elevator was going up.

Reply Share



Yboc
â€¢ 13y ago

Thanks for posting this early in the day. This is not the kind of stuff I want to read before bed.

Reply Share

UnXplainedBacon
â€¢ 13y ago

Not too scary but still freaked me out a bit. Back in 2005 I went to the beach with some friends to hang out. It was the middle of the day during summer. I never went into the water nor did I put sun block on. I took my shirt off for about a half hour and pretty much just sat in the sand and chatted with my friends. We stood for about an hour and then left. The next day I wake up to take a shower and notice theres a perfect left handprint on my left shoulder. It was extrememly clear as if someone kept there hand on my shoulder and blocked the sun while the rest of my skin darkened. I don't remember anyone touching me the whole time at the beach. I had the handprint for about a week till my skin even'd out again. I still have no explanation for it.

Reply Share

Vitilago
â€¢ 13y ago

This is one of my friends stories he tells alot, the only paranormal thing he has ever encountered, he was at the reception after his grandmothers funeral he was in the bathroom wahsing his hands and he look in the mirror and sees his dead grandmother sitting in a chair that she always sat in in her old house

he runs out screaming and tells him mom what he saw, she told him to shutup and stop crying and that he was seeing things. They were standing right next to his aunt, who then surprisingly told his mother "hes telling the truth"

apparently her son, 2 days ago had seen the same thing in the same exact spot, saw her granmother in her chair in which she always sat in

He still gets freaked out by it and cant explain it, but it made him a beleiver in ghosts and the unnatural for sure

Siegfried262
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a few.

Once, when I was around 6-8 I was reading on the porch and a small book hits me on the head as if someone threw it but the only people home were my dad and I and he was on the other side of the room. (opposite of where the book came from).

In that same house I used to get sleep paralysis on the couch. I'd sense a tall, dark figure walking from the basement stairs through the kitchen and into the living room, where it'd plunge ice cold hands into my body. Only happened sporadically over a few years and only on the couch.

Much later in life, my girlfriend at the time lived there for awhile and we had some creepy things happen. One was a loud knocking on the bedroom door one morning and nobody else was home except for mom who was asleep.

In the same house, I had stopped over to grab something before picking her up from work and in her room I heard a voice coming from the floor vent like it was coming through an old radio. Noped out of the house and drove around for awhile.

In that same house to, the prior occupants had a son who was mentally unstable and before killing himself (I think he jumped into the grand river) he took a sledgehammer and trashed up the houses basement.

I'm glad my mom has since moved out of the house.

Reply Share

HalfdanAsbjorn
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine seems kind of feeble after flipping through this lot so I'll only flesh it out if anyone is interested. When I was about 7 or 8 I was sitting in my Nan's kitchen and got run through by a ghostly fox, followed by a very solid looking fox hunting party (with no visible dogs but the sound of them). To this day the worst experience I've had. And I've been stabbed. And walked across a floor full of lego for a bet. Sober.

Reply Share

[lmk224](lmk224)
â€¢ [13y ago](13y ago)

So... Pokemon makes us see dead people.

Reply Share

waiting-for-the-sun
â€¢ 13y ago

I was having some problems with my shower drain, so I called a friend of the family who had a plumbing business & he sent one of his guys over. So this guy comes my house where my sister & I (also F) live and I'm immediately taken back when I open the door; this guy bares a striking resemblence to the killer in No Country for Old Men. Not only that, but his demeanor was very similar as well. He said very little and cared not for friendliness of any sort. I probably would have been a little leery, but the guy works for our family friend so I just let him in & showed him to the problem.

The weird part was my dog's response to this guy. Rudi (male, shepard mix) usually responds to unknown, male visitors by barking, then investigating, then for the most part leaving them be, maybe checking on them every once in a while. Not this guy. He stopped mid-bark at the front door and moved behind me. Very strange - usually if a visitor makes him uncomfortable he becomes protective of me. As I was showing the guy to the bathroom, he's following me basically with his nose attached to the back of my knee. The entire time the guy was fixing the drain, he sat with his face between my legs & tail tucked snugly under. The plumber left without incidence, but I have NEVER before or again seen my dog react to a person that way.

People have said that perhaps he was reacting to my subconcious association of our visitor with a serial killer, but I didn't feel like I was all that concerned about it. And even then, why cowardice instead of the usual courageous guardian? Still puzzles me.

TL;DR I hired a plumber who looked like serial killer & my brave dog became scared shitless

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â€¢ 13y ago

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â€¢ 13y ago

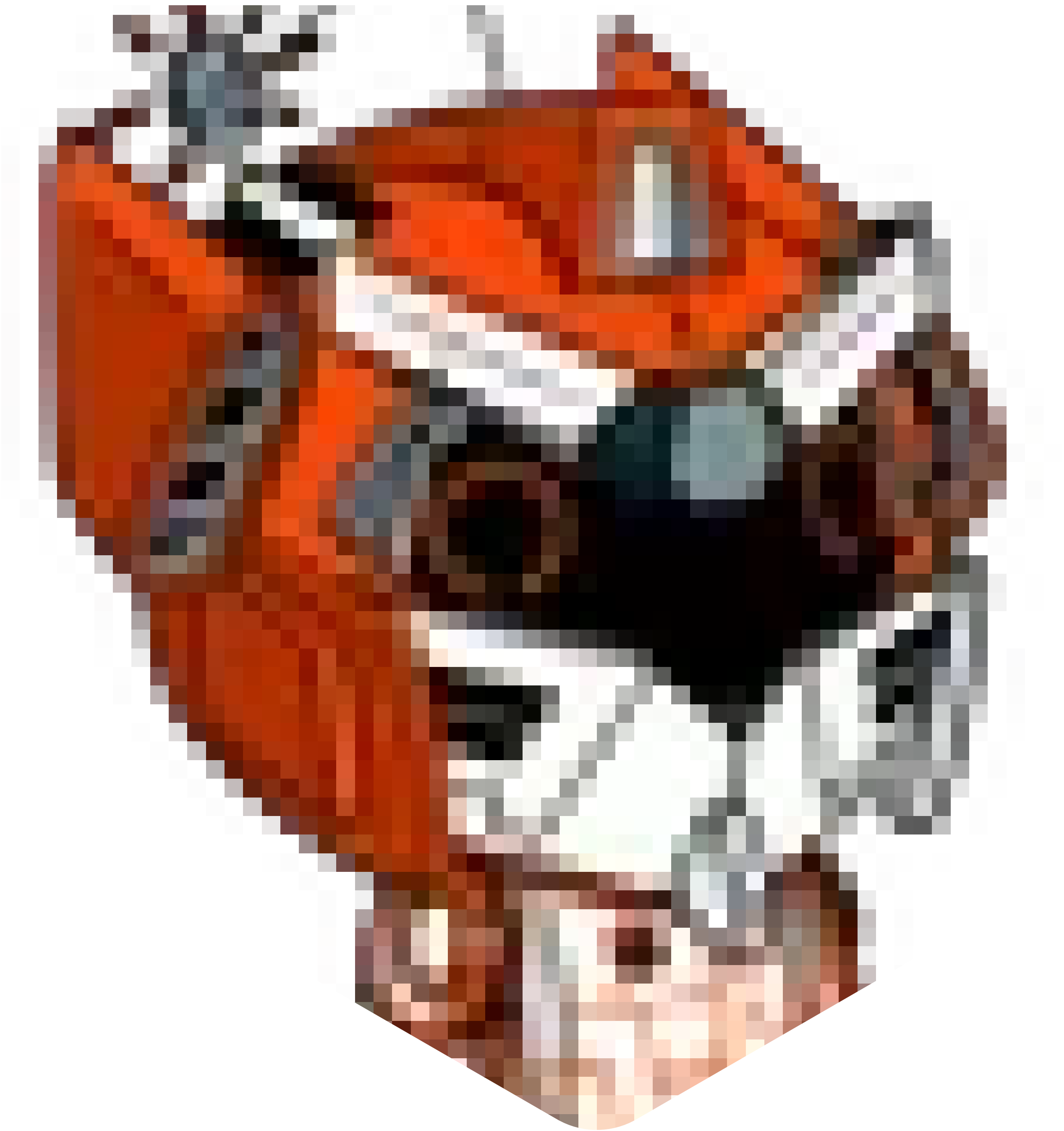
This one has an eventual explanation, but at the time was rather unsettling.

Shortly after I graduated, I was renting a room in a new city. I was on the 2nd floor of a townhouse-style condo. Having completed my morning routine of responding to every relevant job ad, I was sitting in my underwear playing some Fallout when I hear a scraping coming from the ceiling. I stop for a moment and think it must have been an in-game sound as I had my headphones on; I put them back on my head and resume playing. The sound gets louder and I turn around again and the access panel to the attic was gone and a man's head was peeking out. "Oh....hello", he said. "umm...hello ceiling man" I responded while we continued to stare awkwardly at each other for a while.

It turned out that they were doing maintenance and had removed a section of the roof to gain access to the attics for insulation and weatherstripping. My room was the only non-taking-the-house-apart access to the attic and I had been in it all night/morning.

TL;DR: contractors are not necessarily ghosts

Reply Share



oograh
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was in high school (I'm nearly 40 now) my parents bought a good sized house, for what they paid. They were aware the house had a "history" but none of us were superstitious, so that bought it.

The history of the house, was that a man had killed himself there. The people who lived there in the early 80's had rented the basement of the house to their friend. His wife left him, and I guess the divorce was messy. He didn't die in the house, but in the driveway, he ran a hose from his exhaust into the window of his car.

My parents lived in the for over 10 years. We always joked about the place being haunted. The basement in particular, just had a creepy feel to it. I never got the whole "feels like you're being watched" feeling before then, and haven't since, but you just got that feeling. There were always small things going on (creaky floors, breezes, crap like that). Most were dismissable. Here's the stories that stand out.

My mother was reading a book in the living room late at night. Sometimes she had trouble sleeping, and was going read, until she got tired. This night was was sitting there, and heard a metal noise like a "ting", then the clack clack clack of something hitting the floor. She turned around to see the final skid of a fork, as it came to a stop beside her. Three fork was sitting on a table across the room. She said it sounded like someone had hit the tongs and sent it flying across the room. Everyone else was asleep at the time.

Well after my sister and I had moved out, my sister had a child. My parents bought an automated swing for the baby, for when they visited. The swing would randomly swing on its own. The swing would be turned off, it would just be like someone had lightly pused it. I happened enough, that my parents would just kind of mention it lightly, when it happened. They'd just "oh hey look, the swing is moving again" and go about their day. One night I was staying over at my parents watching tv. It was about

2am,and I heard a tap tap tap. It was coming from the fireplace. The swing was about 7 feet away from there for reference. The tapping was deliberate sounding, like a person, or animal had done it. I shrugged it off and kept watching tv. Five minutes later, tap tap tap. I'm intrigued now. I go to the fireplace expecting a trapped bird. Nothing, and no taps. I turn to sit down, and once I pass the swing, tap tap tap. I have a better hearing vantage now, and it sounded like someone tapping on the mantle. I walk up to it, and when I get to it, tap tap tap, loud this time. Nothing was there that could have caused it, and the hair in my arm is standing on edge. I, kinda spooked, turn around to go outside for a smoke (before I quit) then TAP TAP this time, instead of a third tap, the swing swung forward like someone pushed it full force. I had a couple cigarettes instead of one.

Last one. Back when I was just out of school, before moving out, I was up late. I was in the hall, when I hear my father yell "what the fuck!" i asked, though their door, if everything is okay. He exits the room. He is white as a sheet. He said he woke up, and saw two old ladies standing at the foot of their bed. They were just staring at him, and mouthing something, like talking to him. Said, there was no expression on their faces (happy, sad, scared...) and no sound. When he yelled, they disappeared.

Still_Wind
â€¢ 13y ago

ITT People with low standards of evidence.

DeeDeeOT
â€¢ 13y ago

My family experiences weird shit like this all the time but this is the most recent/best one I can think of right now.
My niece recently passed away and my brother's girl friend happened to be the one watching her at the time. Two days after she had passed away my mother had been shopping at the local grocery store when a lady came up to her. She said she knew who my mom was because she was friends with my nieces' mother. She than went on to tell her that my niece still hadn't crossed over. My mom believes heavily in a lot of the after life stuff so she shared this information with the rest of the family. Well that same day, my brother's girlfriend had been with her family at her house (For comfort) and they were all in the kitchen. The kitchen had a back sliding door to the backyard. She said she heard a couple sounds that sounded like cracking than a big BANG and the window had shattered. Not in shards or exploding everywhere but contained within the front glass panel and the back glass panel of the sliding door. You could see it cracked into a million tiny pieces. Crazy thing is it's not even the one you move. It's the glass piece that is stationary. I don't know what to make of it and just brush it off but if I was there...it definitely would have scared the shit out of me.

Xpress_interest
â€¢ 13y ago

My stepbrother and I shared a room once we moved into our new house. We were both in college by this time. He killed himself just after Christmas a couple years later. After that, the room started to feel...off. His closet was always FROZEN, and I often heard weird noises. I discounted these occurances and played them off as a new house settling and the heat being weird. One night, just before I was about to move out for the summer to work, I could feel something in the room. As I was nodding off, a light flicked on. It was my closet light - the switch had been flipped. Still the creepiest thing to happen to me, because I had a premonition that something like that was about to happen.

A few years later my wife, who I had never discussed this with, had the same thing happen in the bathroom my brother and I used to share. She came back into the bedroom and told me she felt a presence, then the lightswitch flipped off and then switched back on a few seconds later. She had never met him, since we met after he killed himself - creeped her the hell out.

Reply Share

Teh_MadHatter
â€¢ 13y ago

Background: Summer a few years ago, me and my friends had just graduated, gotten full licensees, lived in New Jersey.

So, I'm at a little picnic with my friends, and I suggest we head over to the place I had seen in pictures, it was a huge graffiti wall and abandoned train station or something. One of those odd places that look cool. As soon as I say something, all my friend's faces go blank/scared. They begin telling me about the road to get there, something they called the Devil's Road.

It was one of those back-country roads with trees pressing in on other side, barely enough room for the cars in the other lane to get by. This road was twisty as FUCK, with blind corners, and dense enough trees that you couldn't see to the other side of. Not only that, but this was at night. I'd like to say it was pitch black, but it probably was more like twilight.

So they're zooming down this road, probably around 40 on a 30 mph road, when they pass the last house for the next five miles on this road. And they realize why this road has a bad rep. See, nobody lives in that house anymore, because the old woman living there previously had been straight up bloody murdered. And several people that had broken down on this road had just...never been heard of.

At this point in the story, another of my more spiritual friends say that it was because of a curse, or spirits or some shit. I didn't pay much attention.

So they continue down this dark road, alone, for a while, with a few cars zipping by on the other side, which is enough to stress my friends, due to the speed and lack of space involved, when the driver is blinded by some headlights in the rear-view mirror. She can barely make out the road in front of her, so she moves the mirror so it doesn't blind her, and asks one of the people in the back-seat to check out the car behind them, keep an eye on it.

The girl in the backseat wasn't there to tell the story, but I hear that it was some huge, pickup truck type deal, painted red, roaring like it had lost a muffler, going well over the speed limit, catching up to them.

The driver, getting a bit of sense, thinks maybe the car would like to pass, and slows down a bit so it would be easier for the car. Nope. The car continues on it's speed, almost seeming like it wanted to go through my friend's Escalade, not around it.

Our friend the driver now tries the opposite, to speed up. I'm told that the person looking back on it reports that the red truck also sped up at this point, going like 70, on a twisty-ass road at night. The red truck would dissapear every so often behind a curve, but never for more than a moment. Maybe seconds if there were 2 turns in a row. My friends are getting freaked out at this point in the story, and it takes some convincing from to to get them to continue. They say at this point, they crossed a bridge, turned a corner, and looked back. Nothing. They slow down a bit, scared out of their minds, but also slightly hypnotized by this red truck. But it doesn't show up. No headlights are seen through the trees. No roar of the engine is heard.

What would you have done? I know what they did. They booked it right out of there. They don't give a shit whether the red truck was a group of murderer, the ghosts of victims, or some poor soul that was driving his wife to the hospital, and crashed. They don't give a damn. They just know they're never going back there again.

BlondeGirlTinyBrain
â€¢ 13y ago

Mine is nothing compared to everyone else's but it makes me feel good. I had an all white Siberian husky(Ilythia), she was my entire world and I was hers. She died in my arms from bloat right before turning 8 months old. She was cremated and brought home. We already had another husky(Atticus) so we rescued another(Sadie) after Ilythia passed. One day Sadie was in the basement with me while I did laundry. I went back upstairs and Sadie froze halfway. She was terrified and couldn't move. I had to carry her up the stairs. I didn't realize it but she had most likely seen Ilythia. A few weeks later, I saw Ilythia. I was getting ready to put the dogs to bed in their crate and I saw Ilythia sitting in the kitchen. I broke down hysterically crying and it hurt so bad to see her. I've seen her 2 times since and it's much more enjoyable now that I expect it and know she's still around.

[DerpingtonHerpsworth](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I realize I'm quite late to this thread and I'll probably get buried in the comments but I thought I'd throw in a few short stories of my own.

Now, I like to think I'm a very rational person and a bit of a skeptic when it comes to the paranormal. Still, I know there's things out there I can't explain, and when I find something like that I find it more fun and exciting than terrifying. I have always loved a good ghost story, and my wife and I have dabbled in "ghost hunting" a couple of times. Even with the few things I've experienced I still only half believe it as something paranormal.

My first experience was shortly after my grandmother died. I was visiting my girlfriend's (now wife) house. She was downstairs talking to her mom for a while, so I was just sort of curled up under the covers in her bed and laid there for a while when I noticed this slowly pulsating blue light shining through the blankets. This was in the middle of the day, so I just assumed the light from outside was shining through the window and the curtains were blowing with the wind causing the light to brighten and fade.

Eventually I got curious and took a peek outside the blankets. The light was shining in, but there was nothing blowing the curtains. All there was was steady sunlight streaming through the window. I must have laid there for another 20 minutes or so, just trying to figure this out... Peeking my head out every now and then. Every time I raised the blankets all I saw was a bright steady stream of sunlight. Then I would pull them over my head and there was that unmistakeable pulse of blue light, much more blue and unsteady than the daylight pouring through the window. It was almost as if someone was holding a blue ball of light directly above the blanket that brightened an faded every few seconds.

Eventually I talked to my wife about it, and she looked online to see what, if anything, a blue light could mean in the paranormal sense. The first result we found was that it meant a loved one was safe and happy on the other side.

Now I don't claim to know anything about that, and I'm fully aware of what kind of wackjob website we could very well have been browsing, but considering the fact that my grandmother had died shortly before this, I chose to accept that as my answer. We were fairly close and I like to think she just wanted to let me know she was ok.

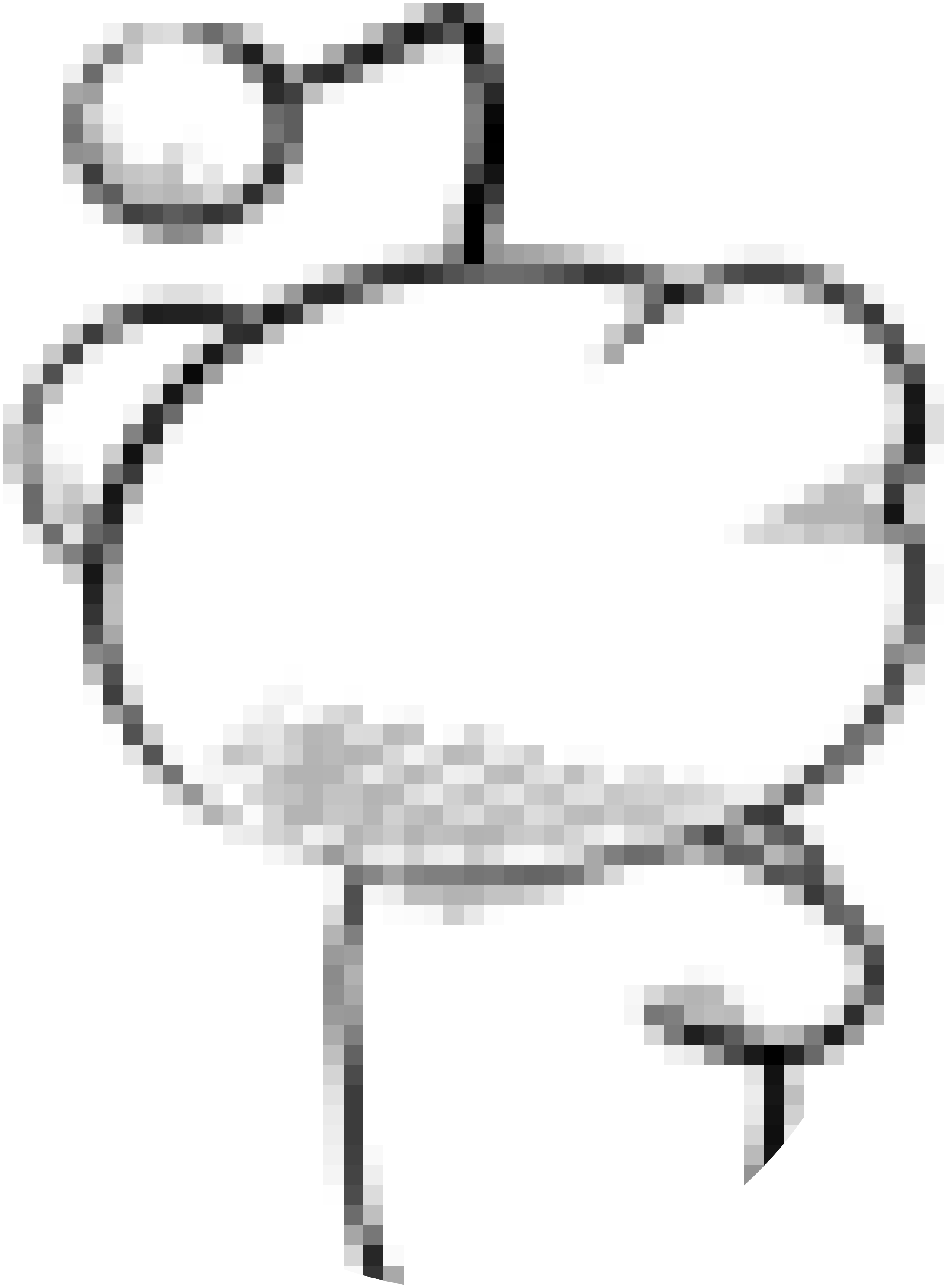
I did not expect to go on so long about this one story and I'm about to end my lunch break now, so if there's any interest, maybe I'll post another story or two later.

[rckcowboy8](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I got two for you reddit: Story 1.

One of my old friends from high school had moved away and now lives an hour away. She kept telling me there was something strange about her house (ive been there. It looks like a normal house and its not THAT old 25 years maybe) well anyways, she told me that she woke up one morning and there were hand prints all over her mirror. And i thought to myself, why are you touching your mirror lol. Well she took a picture and i could see the hand prints. They were upside down and all the way at the top of the mirror (this is a ceiling to floor mirror) so yeah little strange i guess. She washed them off and went on with her day. The next morning, same thing. But this time two adult hand prints and two child hand prints. Again she washed them off and it went a week without any hand prints then they would come back for a few days then not for a week or two. She lives with just her parents and neither of them go in her room at all. I havnt talked to her in a while so im not sure if this is still happening or not but shes just shrugging it off.

Story 2: There are a few "haunted" places in the state of Wisconsin. One being lac la belle cemetery, and the other is a haunted woods. Ive been to both, lac la belle i had one experience when i walked up to the statue that is supposed to cry blood on some nights and step down from her stoop and weep by the near by lake. I didnt see either of that, but when i was about 10 feet from the statue, i heard the most demonic scream from VERY close to me. Needless to say, i didnt stick around. Now onto the woods. Its been said that there is a live, beheaded raccoon with no trace of blood walking across the road the goes by these woods, didnt see it. Its also been said that if you stop on the road you can hear screams in the middle of the night. That i did hear and left right away. I went back a few nights later and was going to walk into the woods with a few friends, but didnt because i once again heard these screams and a lot of branches moving so i NOPED myself outta there and havnt gone back since. If you look up haunted places in Wisconsin, a few websites can confirm these haunts and you can read other peoples stories.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

Story #2. This didn't happen to me, but to my father-in-law and two brother-in-laws.

The family that I married into loves to hunt. I now love to hunt as well. My father-in-law (from now on known as FIL) had a friend that allowed us to hunt his land near Jacksboro, TX. My FIL's mother lived nearby so when we went to hunt there we stayed with her. On this particular trip my FIL and two BIL's went hunting.

So they get to my FIL's mother's mobile home (there's a theme right here with my first story) and eventually they all head to bed. My GIL heads to her room and my FIL and BIL's sleep in sleeping bags in the living room. The mobile home was being renovated (I heard what you just thought) so there wasn't anywhere else to sleep. Previously this house was abandoned. When she bought it the rooms were spray-painted black and had red pentagrams everywhere. According to her there was a spirit that was there, but it didn't bother her. Everyone just thought, "Sure Grandma, whatever."

So everyone is asleep. The two BIL's are on the floor and my FIL was on the couch. One of my BIL's wakes up because he got really cold and left a draft. I checked the door and windows and they were all shut, so he laid back down and tries to go to sleep. But for some reason he still feels the ice cold draft. My 2nd BIL begins to stir, notices that BIL #1 is awake, and they comment to each other that it is really cold in the room.

All of the sudden a strong gust of ice cold wind blows through the room. It had come through the front windows and blew the curtains out into the room. As the curtains fall back into place they fall into shape around a human figure... like someone was standing between the window and curtains. BIL #2 nudges BIL #1 and asks if he saw what had just happened along with the figure in the curtain. His response was something along the lines of "I'm about to grab my gun and leave!"

All of the sudden my FIL (who happens to be a pastor) sits up on the couch, points his finger at the figure, and says, "I rebuke you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Leave this place now!" The curtains drop back to their usual place and the temperature returns to normal. My FIL lets out a grunt, lays back down and goes to sleep. My two BIL's didn't sleep another minute that night.

The three never went back to that house again. Can't blame them; I never went back after hearing the story either.

TLDR: Cold room, figure behind the curtains gets rebuked. Everything returns to normal.

Throwy27
â€¢ 13y ago

I like how your FIL took it so matter of fact, haha :D

Nonetheless, very creepy! >_<

⊕ 2 more replies
⊕ 2 more replies
⊕ More replies ⊕ More replies

White_Fang
â€¢ 13y ago

I was 11 when my mother died, leaving my father to raise my brother and I without assistance. One evening, I had a particularly vivid dream. I dreamed that I went downstairs and my mother was standing in the kitchen. She was making tea and offered me a cup. We sat at the kitchen table and talked about all the things that were going on at school and with my friends. It was wonderful, but suddenly I remembered and blurted out "You can't be here! You're dead!" Immediately, she vanished. My next memory is of waking up the next morning. I'd forgotten the dream and scooted down the stairs to have breakfast. There on the kitchen table were the two teacups we'd used in my "dream". There were tea dregs in each of them.

Ten years later I was lying in a maternity ward during the birth of my first child. There were several different nurses in the room. I was on my own and was distraught. I heard a voice saying "It's going to be okay. Everything will be okay", and when I looked up I saw my mother. She had been a nurse when she was alive, and here she was, wearing her white cap and uniform, patting my hand and reasuring me. When I next looked up she was gone, and my daughter, who is named for my mother, was drawing her first breath.

Twenty-five years later, I was in the hospital for a serious tune-up. After surgery, I was in the recovery room and was upset and in pain. Once again, my mother in her cap and uniform appeared in the recovery room, told me everything was going to be fine, and then walked away. I'm perfectly willing to call these things aberrations, but one always wonders...

baobabs
â€¢ 13y ago

Ok. The building where I work is very old. At night, when everyone is gone, me (and my co-workers) have heard whispering, footsteps, etc. But nothing too creepy. However, the bathroom at my work just weirds me out. Whenever I'm there I get a sinking feeling and I want to run out. One of my students refuses to go into that bathroom (I teach private music lessons in a studio). The bathroom has a shower with a curtain and whenever I'm there it moves as if someone's behind it, and there's absolutely no draft in that bathroom.

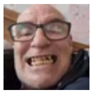
So one night, I'm getting ready to go home and I go to the bathroom. I get this awful sinking feeling, like something is trying to chase me out of the bathroom, and I finish my business as quickly as possible and get out.

That night, on my way home I have this feeling that whatever was in that bathroom was following me, I just couldn't shake this dreadful feeling. I shrugged it off as paranoia and forgot about it until the next morning.

The next morning, I'm taking a shower and I feel that "presence" very strongly in the shower with me. It feels as if there's someone standing there with me, the feeling is that strong. It almost felt as if I could touch them. I'm terrified obviously, and I say out loud, "Please leave me alone, I don't want you here." All of a sudden I hear the front door to my apartment open and close, pretty dramatically. The feeling vanishes, I feel a sense of peace.

This is the freaky part I can't explain. I get out of the shower and there, right next to the front door entrance to my apartment, is a pair of wet footprints. I have no idea how they could have gotten there, there was no one else in the apartment but me. It still scares me to this day.

I have dozens of other scary "supernatural" occurrences that have happened to me or members of my family. I've always been very sensitive to these things and there are just some events I can't explain. I do believe that there are things that exist beyond our perception, I don't know exactly what they are, but I've had enough experiences to solidify my beliefs. Yes, you can call me crazy, but I have no history of mental illness and I consider myself a logical person.



PhoenixMan83
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was growing up, I had a great friend who lived one street over. I always had a crush on her but was too shy to act on it. In high school, we drifted apart as she fell into the punk crowd, but we still talked in private. She eventually got expelled for drug possession and transferred to another high school.

One night in 2000, she was riding in a car with her boyfriend and two other people when they ran a red light and were hit by another car coming across the intersection. She was ejected from the car and it rolled over her, killing her. I found out all the details from the police report a few years afterwards; it was gruesome.

Anyway, on the tenth anniversarry of her death, I went to the intersection where she had died and waited about ten minutes for the exact time of day when it happened. I stood on the exact spot where she had died ten years prior and talked to her as if she were next to me. I didn't feel anything odd, but just as I was about to leave a car drove by and a girl yelled out the window, "Don't worry, everything is all right" as the car drove by.

I have never really believed in ghosts or anything supernatural, but this made me feel good. I emailed her sister and told her what happened. Maybe it was just a coincidence, but it was a very fortuitous one.

TL;DR Went to the corner where my friend died ten years prior and a stranger yelled reassurance at at me from a passing car.

Reply Share

er21
â€¢ 13y ago

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So for starters I live in this little rural midwest town that happens to have a semi frequent number of nice looking Victorian era houses buil
The idea that there might be some sort of spiritual entity residing some hundred feet from my house terrifies me.
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Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

Mines probably not that scary to those who have experienced these kinds of things, but it made me question the existence of ghosts.

When I was around nine my family moved into an old house in Oxford Mills, ON. My brother was 4 at the time and has dyspraxia (I think that's hpw its spelled when you have problems translating your thoughts into words). The house was quite beautiful, Stone walls in the old half with a modern piece attached on the other half, three floors and two attics in each half of the house. It had three huge fields on the sides and back as well as a pond out in front and a river going through one of the fields. It had a small wooden cabin out back and an old barn out front.

All of it seems beautiful now, but as a 9 year old I didn't give two fucks about the looks and only cared if there was electricity. Yet there was one small thing that bothers me to this day, there was a birdhouse that was a shrunken down model of the old ouse, everything to scale except there was an extra window at the top. Looking at the house you would see there was no window, just stones all the way up. As I looked at the small birdhouse, a little white figure stared back at me, it looked like your kindergartners idea of a ghose (white body and two black eyes). But those eyes werent cut out, they just looked like they were dark voids, the white body looked as though the eyes were acting as black holes so to speak, and were slowly pulling at the white body into the eyes. After a couple seconds, the thing ran back into the birdhouse and I just dismissed what I saw as my imagination.

After moving in, I decided to go explore the house. I checked out my room, everything seemed ok, just an old bee hive in between the windows (there was a screen window and a glass window on the other side). My brother's room was different, his ceiling had a different style to it, it was like a swirl of paint dabs. My parents room was down on the main floor next to the family room and nothing was wrong with them. The kitchen was in the old part of the house along with my brother's room and mine. It had this interesting feeling to it, you always felt excited in that room and somehow cheered me up whenever I would be in there. I know that isn't scary but its weird nonetheless.

The old half also held the play room which was always my favorite place to be. The stairs in that room led to an attic and a closet. The attic was okay, just felt weird and had this weird looming sense that you were being watched. The closet was just something else, anyone who came over and looked at the closet would say they dont want to go in there. I don't know why but the closet door just gave off a few different feelings, you were either depressed to the point of contemplating suicide, you would be scared enough to cry as an adult, or you would get very angry. The closet and kitchen were the only two rooms that played with your emotions and to this day I can't explain why.

Then there was the basement. All I'm going to say is that the basement convinced me there is a hell.

I also never found the other room the birdhouse had on the top floor.

This was the house I'd spend the next 5 years at. The first two months were great, got to meet my neighbors and made a friend with a kid who lived down the street, but I would take the field that connected our houses. Then my brother got sick.

Remember The Haunting in Connecticut, the idea that people close to death could talk to ghosts or make better contact than healthy people? Well my brother was proof that if ghosts were true so was this theory. My brother got an extremely rare disease called Kawasaki Disease, I'm too lazy to look it up but it had something to do with blood and bladder. He was only four when this happened so a four year old's perception of reality + dyspraxia = Hard to believe or really understand him. The real haunting began when my brother would wake my parents up at 3:33am every few days or so saying something like "There are goats in my bedroom." (Either goat being the devil or something or he meant to say ghosts it was still weird).

My parents said it was like clockwork, 3:33am monday and thursday My brother would do this every week without fail. I was doing fine for a bit, but I began to experience minor things like my door opening or getting a chill.

My brother was getting it worse and worse, my parents began to wonder what was wrong, he started showing symptoms of a fever a few weeks after the goats incident started. Soon enough my mom was staying home to take care of him. First day home with him, she heard a shriek from her room where my brother was taking a nap. When she got to him he was shaking with tears as he struggled to say, "There was a man in the room! He was looking at me."

So a week or so went by with only the goat thing happening at 3:33 twice a week.Then my mom had to take him into CHEO cause he was getting much worse symptoms than your usual fever. So with my brother in the hospital for a few nights, it was my turn.

The first night without my brother or mom I had a dream, I was in the house, but nowhere familiar. I looked outside to realize that I was in the extra room, this room never stayed the same though, it ranged from a small wooden attic to what looked like an asylum in my dreams. First dream, before I woke up I heard a voice say, "Your foundations of dreams will collapse upon you."

The rest of that day, I didn't want to sleep in my room alone, so for protection I brought my neighbor over for a sleepover (I had a badass bunkbed too) yet that night when I was climbing in bed, and he was on the top bunk. The pieces of wood that held the top bunk's mattress in place broke off and the top bunk fell on me. Thankfully, the bunk had enough space to leave me unharmed and helped me coat my blankets brown. We managed to get his dunk on the ground beside me when I realized my dream was right. That night I just didn't want to fall asleep at all, scared of what will happen next.

A year or so goes by and I would have those dreams yet they were never as serious as that, stuff like me missing the bus or acing a test. My brother had made a full recovery after being inches from death on his birthday. Everything was okay, except this was when I began to listen to my brother's imagination and take it seriously. This one night my brother wakes me up at 6 in the morning saying, "The bird is watching me."

I got out of bed and looked in his room to see a small dove sitting on the windowsill outside. I found it odd at first cause It was the middle of winter in Canada and birds usually head south. When I went to shoo the bird away and claim the title of awesomebbrother, it turned its eyes towards me. It had the same eyes as that thing in the birdhouse, but as a dove. I looked into the voids to see them slowly growing in size. I would tap on the window yet it wouldn't move. I then invited my brother to sleep in the same bed as me, I needed company and that bird had an evil presence to it. The odd thing is that doves represent peace, freedom, and beauty and in my opinion represent god. To see this evil dove refusing to leave essentially meant, "Your god has abandoned you." Or, "I am God."

From that point on things became hell, breathing was heard under my bed as well as my brother's. Pets would either go missing or be found on its back and somehow all four paws stretched out. Parents would say its just a fischer (I think that's how you spell it) however I knew the truth.

The worst of it was when I explored the final bits of property that haven't been seen yet. There was a bridge that went over the river that was old as fuck. Under it I found toys as old as 50 years old that were fitted inbetween the supporting walls, bridge was like 30 feet above ground and near the top, I saw my brother's newest stuffed animal, one of my mother's oldest winnie the pooh's, my dad's posable art figure, and my optimus Prime, they had string tied around the necks and were resting there. To say the least, I was scared now.

During the final year, I still had not gone to the walk in closet, nor seen the missing room. In that last year there, I was warned in a dream, "Pieces of the past no more, they fell once and will fall once more." The next day the old barn collapsed at 6pm and the bridge gave in at about 1:11 am and was loud enough to wake me up to watch. The toys that were there were all ruined.

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

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MexicanChalupa
â€¢ 13y ago

1st off I have to say that when I was a kid I had a bunkbed it plays a key role in the storyline. So anyways one night I event to bed as per usual. I took the top spot of the bunk bed my brother the bottom. Anyways I feel asleep and had a dream. The dream consisted of me falling and waking after what I guess is a dream death. Anyways I woke up but not in my usual spot (which whould be at the top bunk) but under the bunk yes UNDER it.

After waking up and crawling under the bed I started to ask myself many questions mostly how the heck I got done there. It was around three am and while I wanted to go back to bed I had to take a whizz so of to the bathroom I went. After I came back into the room and saw something through the window. Now this next part while unbelivable I know it happpend because it happend to me.

Anyways so a little on the room. It had 2 pretty big windows imagine a living room window or bus window for this. Also they pointed to the side of the house not the front or the back but the side. With that in mind I walked in and saw a white blur trough the window. I pretty sure it wasn't a ghost but it did look ghostly. Anyways I froze couldn't scream but I number freaking me out, I also felt it was looking at me. It stared moving not towards me but went left towards the backyard. I honestly don't rember what happend next I guess I woke up and went to school. I do rember it like it was yesterday though up to that point anyway. TL:DR had dream went to bathroom came back saw ghost blacked out.

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

I actually have 3; the first one isn't creepy, just cool.

I lived in Oklahoma from age 4-6, and most nights I had an old Native-American man visit me in my dreams. We would talk and he would teach me stuff (life lessons, outdoor skills, that kinda stuff). Most of the skills I wouldn't be "taught" until 2-3-even more, years later.

Now for the creepy ones.

When I was 7-ish I went camping with my dad in Pennsylvania (military, we move a lot). When we were setting up the tent I watched a black shadow, in the shape of a bear, move from out behind one tree, walk past another and the finally disappear behind a third. I freaked out, being a seven year old that just saw a bear shadow. My dad insisted that there was no bear since "where would it have gone?" Fast forward 10 years. My friends and I are out by a fire pit next to one friend's house. Said friend looks toward a grove of trees and sees a black bear-shaped shadow stand up against a tree. At this point all of us were already scared a little since there was a small pack of coyotes (now I'm in Colorado) strolling at the edge of the firelight. So as my friend sees this shadow, he freaks out and runs inside with the 3 of us in-tow. The next day we go to investigate where he had seen it. There was no evidence of anything standing there EXCEPT broken branches.

Final story: Two years later(still in Colorado) I'm at a different friend's house with different friends. All of us are laying in the friend's room, about to go to sleep, and I jokingly say the prayer "as I lay me down to sleep... etc". I'm my own religion (don't judge). Well I repeated myself because one of them didn't hear me. As soon as I finish the prayer I feel a cold spot on my back. I had thought my friend had put a bag of ice or a cold knife blade against my shoulder since he was behind me. I turned around, he had no bag or knife, I was laying under a blanket, and it was about 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

That's all, I have a few more, but those are my favorite.

superstitions
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm late to this, but this is the only experience I've had that I've been unable to rationalize away.

I was coming home from a midnight movie with a friend--she was driving, I was in the front passenger seat. The road we were on is notoriously creepy; I grew up in a small town, and it seems like everyone here has some story about it. It's very long and surrounded by very tall trees, so there's a thin sliver of sky but when it's dark, it's REALLY dark.

It was about two thirty or three in the morning, so I was pretty tired. I was staring out the windshield ahead of the car, when I saw some kind of movement. It looked like some circular (ish) shape expanded upwards, and unfolded some kind of appendage outward, between four and five feet from the ground. As we drove by, I could clearly see some kind of jagged outline to the appendages that looked a hell of a lot like feathers. We passed, and I sat there in silence for about fifteen seconds telling myself I was exhausted and that I hadn't seen anything at all.

Just when I finally convinced myself I was hallucinating, my friend turned to me and said, "Did you just see that?" I said yes, and we finished driving in silence.

My only rational explanation is that I misinterpreted what I was seeing, and that I hadn't seen the sort of circular shape stretch. Ignoring that, it might have been an owl stretching its wings while standing on a mailbox, but it looked far too big to be an owl--I remember it having something like a six-foot wingspan.

I still won't drive down that road at night.

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

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bloodsauce

â€¢ 13y ago

I guess it was about two years ago, I was at work late running some network cables after hours when I finished up, went down the ladder and I felt like I was being watched. I turned around and there was a really creepy looking old lady staring at me. All I really remember was she was wearing a hat and sunglasses, at night. Anyways it scared the heck out of me so I went into the back part of the building for a minute. Then I realized she might have needed something so I came back up and she was gone. I then packed everything up, checked the parking lot. No one there, the weird thing about that is We're not really all that close to anything. Kind of creeped me out a bit.

cuttinrusties

â€¢ 13y ago

While this one may not be as crazy/creepy as some others, it's the one thing that happened in my life that was completely unexplainable, and happened fairly recently.

So a couple of months ago I was driving late at night (around 11) and I see these red and blue lights in the distance that appear to be flashing. The way they are moving makes me think they are from a police car, but as I approach I realize that the lights are in fact not coming from the ground but from the sky. There are actually three lights- two blue and one red, arranged in an equilateral triangle formation facing the ground. I couldn't see the actual shape of the object because it was so dark, but it appeared to be saucer-shaped (yeah I know) with the lights evenly spaced on its perimeter. Based on the formation of the lights and the object's position as I was driving by it I would say it was about the size of a small plane or helicopter, and about the same height from the ground. In any case, it was above the nearby trees, so it was at least fifty feet in the air.

But here's the weird part--the way it was moving. The lights themselves were spinning back and forth very fast. They would spin one direction for a couple of seconds, then slow down and spin the other direction. Meanwhile, the object these lights were attached to was moving around the sky in a very unnatural way. It would zoom across the sky very fast (about one hundred feet in a couple seconds), immediately come to a stop, hover briefly, then zoom to another seemingly random spot. It repeated this movement for the minute or so it took me to drive by it. I have no idea how this kind of movement is possible. I thought maybe it could be some sort of remote controlled device, but the apparent size and altitude of the object ruled that out. No matter what this thing's origin, it was very technically impressive, and completely unexplainable.

At the time I thought it was weird, but I tried to convince myself that it wasn't anything that crazy and an explanation would reveal itself. The more I thought about it afterwards, however, the more I wished I would have stopped and taken a closer look. I was hoping I would see it on the news later that night or the next day but no luck. I will probably regret it for the rest of my life... but at least I didn't get abducted right?

Maybe someone else out there has seen something similar?

TL;DR - Saw a UFO (the clichÃ© flying saucer kind), I guess that makes me one of the crazies?

Woodrow_Finch

â€¢ 13y ago

Well, you've really freaked me out this time Reddit. I am never going to live alone now.

Here is what my friends and I experienced in a house my bud Gabe used to live in.

It was a pretty old, two story house with a full basement. The house always seemed a bit odd. It was never particularly warm and every guy I know who had at least one experience there. The most common was to hear someone walking around upstairs when you were downstairs. It happened to Gabe first. He had come back late and his mom was out of town. He was totally alone in the house (besides) his cat, but upstairs he could clearly hear someone pacing the length of the hallway. The second time someone heard walking was when a friend of mine was downstairs until 4am talking with his girlfriend. Right when his phone call ended he heard someone run from one side of the upstairs to the other. He didn't think much of this until he came upstairs and saw that all of us were totally asleep and there were no signs of anyone being awake.

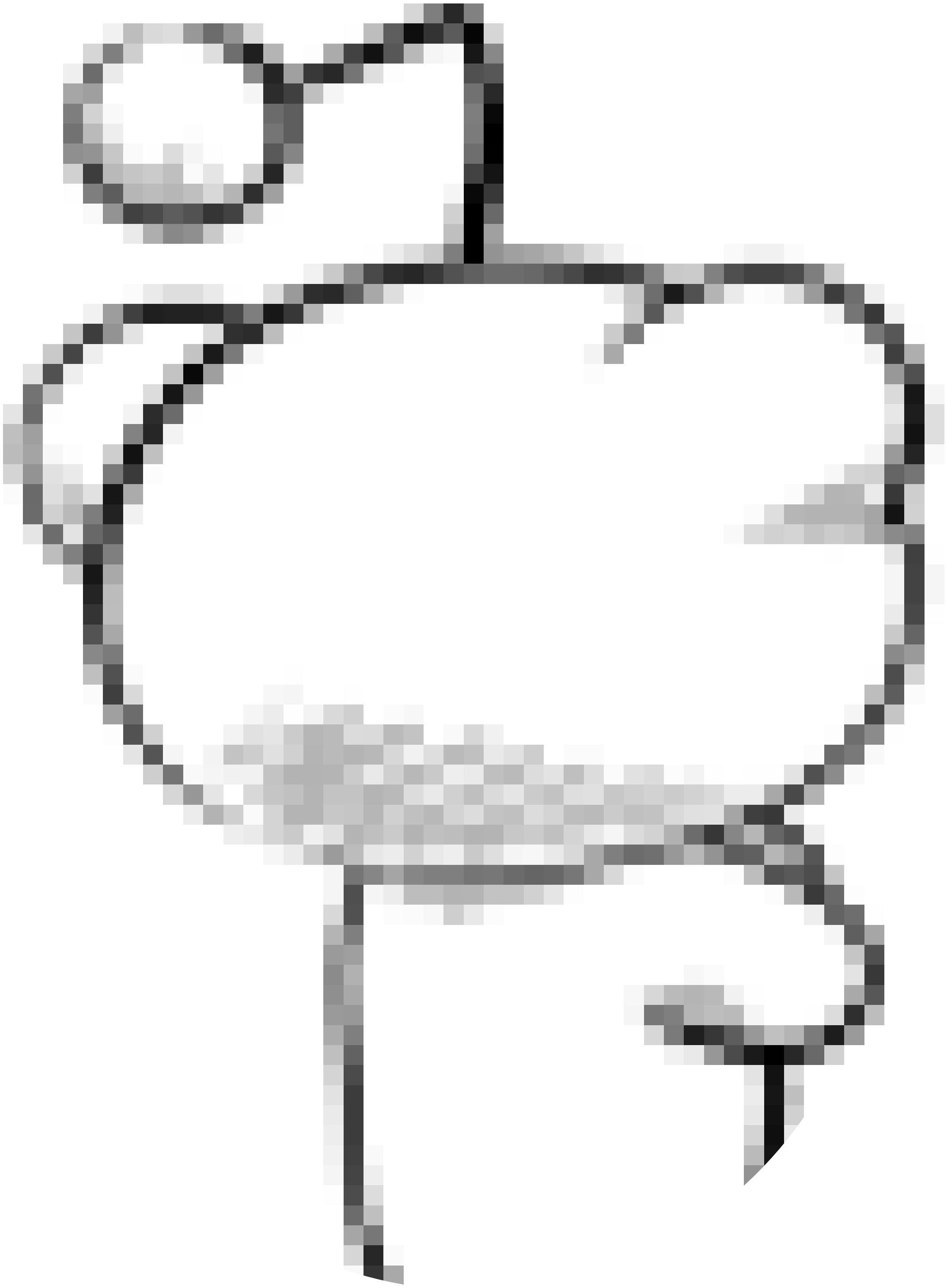
Next was the banging. Gabe and I woke up one morning in June. His room was freezing and he was a constant banging on the wall. It wasn't pipes heating up because the banging was coming from an outward facing wall that was very thin and not connected to any of the house's bathrooms. I turned to Gabe and asked him if he heard the banging on the wall. He said he did, and at that moment it stopped suddenly.

There was also the cats. The first cat was Gabe's. Tom was a good cat, but was spooky about him was that he seemed to have the most control over what happened in the house. Whenever Tom would walk towards a door that he wanted to get out of, the door would slowly drift open. He didn't have to touch it, it would just open for him. The other incident with a cat occurred when Gabe went up stairs to the office in the house. When he got in there a cat (not Tom), started going nuts. It had been locked in the room without anyone being home.

The front door was also an issue. More than once around 12am there would be a knock at the door or the doorbell would ring. No matter how fast you could respond, no one was ever there.

The last thing was the shower. Gabe was in the bathroom getting ready for a shower. He pulled open the glass shower door and on the floor was every single shampoo, conditioner, body wash, etc. bottle (he had a lot), turned on their heads all balancing in a circle.

Uhhhhh, I am glad he doesn't live there anymore.



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â€¢ 13y ago

After 5600+ comments, this'll surely get buried, but here goes:

When I was 7, my grandpa passed away. It was extremely devastating for me as we were very close, but it was also my first big loss experience. It was the first time in my entire 7 years of existence I had seen my dad cry, so I understood how serious it was, even at that age. Many members of our family would come to town in the following days, cousins and aunts and uncles I didn't often see, and who my grandparents didn't often see and weren't as close with as we were.

To the story: My 1st cousin Justin, a year younger than I, who didn't visit too often, was in town for the services. When he came to visit, we were always close and had a great time hanging out and paling around at my grandparents house. So at the end of the day, he and his family were staying at my grandparents house, and I went home.

In the backyard at my house, there is kind of a standalone deck type thing from the 50's, used for hanging laundry on the clothesline.

So that night, I had a dream that I saw my grandpa, standing on that deck, in broad daylight. Justin and I were in the backyard, looking up from the ground at our grandpa standing on this deck. We had about a 5 minute long conversation, the two of us asking him all *kinds* of questions (we were 6 and 7), and just talking like we always had, with the exception that we were asking him questions mostly dealing with death and the afterlife. I don't recall much of the conversation other than the last question I asked him: "Are you coming back?" and his answer: "I can't answer that."

So the next morning, I didn't think much of the dream other than that it was cool to me at the age of 7 that I had seen my grandpa in a dream. So my family gets up and heads to my grandmas to join the rest of the family. As I was explaining the dream to Justin, he proceeded to tell me he had the exact same dream, even filling me in on all the questions he had asked my grandpa that I couldn't remember, in a way that made it so there was no way he was just making it up from what I'd told him.

It was pretty freaky for awhile, but now I take comfort in the fact that I potentially communicated with my deceased grandpa.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was a child I used to be paralyzed by fear of the dark and gave my parents hell for it-till I was at an embarrassing age but my dad told me dead people are not the ones we have to worry about, it's real people who are truly scary. Truth.

Reply Share

[OddEye](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When my sisters were finishing moving out of the house we lived in for two years (just them. I was living in vegas and my dad was hospitalized for over a year at that point), some person called and asked for my mom.

The creepy thing? My parents divorced 12 years earlier and the phone number was my dad's. The creepier? My mom died 9 years earlier. The creepiest? My sister had to tell the man three times that my mom was deceased.

He also called around the same time of the night she died, but that could be the most coincidental.

Reply Share

[wootmachine](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I've only ever had one kind of incident like this happen to me in my 27 years.

Bit of back story: My parents had to work constantly while I was very young, so I spent the majority of my time with my grandparents. Specifically with my grandfather. He was a dentist and I got to hang around his office until I was old enough to go to school. We were extremely close.

He liked to keep exotic plants in the backyard, and the plant he loved the most was the Nightblooming Cereus (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nightblooming_cereus). Basically this plant produces a large, white flower for just a few hours one night a year (this particular Cereus always bloomed in July); so watching it bloom was a bit of a family event. I remember spending the night with my grandparents every night it was due to bloom and going out to watch it.

Fast forward to late September of 2001. My grandfather has a heart attack at work and is rushed to the hospital. I see him that night as they prep him for surgery the next morning. As they're starting the operation, his heart gives out again and he doesn't make it.

It's a bit understated to say that I was crushed. I spent the night with my family at my grandparents' house. The next day I had finally worked up an appetite and took my lunch out to the sun deck in the back yard. As I sat there, in broad daylight, the Cereus started blooming for the second time in two months; something it had never done before. At first I was stunned, I thought I was hallucinating. What came next was the biggest wave of emotional comfort I have ever experienced. It was cathartic, and from then on I was okay.

I was eventually able to shake myself out of the wonder in time to grab my grandmother and mother to show them the flower. Thankfully, it seemed to have the same effect on them.

I'm extremely skeptical, and I'm not the type of person to attribute anything to a supernatural cause; but I'm glad that I was able to experience that kind of rare coincidental moment when I needed it the most.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I get into these few days period where I'm paranoid and scared shitless of everything and you guys just reignited one.

Reply Share

Cody_the_roadie

â€¢ 13y ago

I had a friend that toured with bands for a while. She told me about a tour that she was on where they had to share rooms. She was rooming with this guy, we'll call him bob. apparently bob had been haunted his whole life by a rather angry female ghost. he never told her about this, but one night she woke up to see a woman holding him down in the bed while he was sleeping. the apparition looked over at her with a face that she described as pure evil and said "leave". she retreated under the covers and spent a sleepless night terrified to come back out. in the morning she mentioned it to him and he went white. she had been haunting him since he was a small boy and even leaving him with bruises in the morning. she was the only other one that had ever seen her, and his description of her matched what my friend saw. he told her how tormented he was by her and had contemplated suicide often to escape her. he eventually did take his own life and at his funeral his widow approached my friend and asked her "what was she like?" she knew about the "lady" but had never seen her herself, my friend was the only other one that ever saw her.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This is the best source for scary stories to tell, ever.

Reply Share

1lLuMiNaT1
â€¢ 13y ago

It was my sophomore year of college at Western Michigan University and four friends and I decided that we wanted to live in a house off of campus. We were looking for a big place with 5 bedrooms where we could throw parties and just generally have a good time living the undergrad lifestyle. There is a neighborhood in Kalamazoo, MI where most of the houses are rented by students and my parents decided to buy one of those and rent it out to my friends and I.

They found an old kind of ugly 5 bedroom house for a good price and my parents bought it. They had only just done a quick walk-through before purchasing but my mother is a real estate agent and generally knows what she is doing.

The first time I went to check it out with them I was really excited. We pulled into the driveway and parked in the back where there is a dirt parking lot. As I looked up at the tall grey house with imposing dark windows and maroon/dark red shutters I heard my dad say "Every time I look at those attic windows I think someone is up there watching us," then he kind of chuckled as if brushing it off. I looked up at the attic windows (there are several on each side of the house) and it was very dusty and grimy on the glass. No one was visible up there of course but I definitely had an uneasy feeling in my stomach. The place just generally looked creepy. I might post some pictures of it later if this gets enough interest.

So I took a tour of the place with them and as soon as I was inside I forgot all about the uneasy feeling. It was an old house but had been cleaned up pretty well. I chose the biggest room which must have been the master bedroom at some point because it was huge compared to the other rooms. One odd thing I found was that one of the rooms had a closet with a stairway leading up to the attic. This was the only entrance to the attic but the stairway basically ended at a wall where the entrance had been boarded up with a large cardboard and styrofoam panel. My Dad and I wanted to see what the attic looked like so we pried back one of the boards and pulled the panel back to reveal a doorway-sized opening to the attic. Right at our feet where the panel met the stairway inside the attic was a dead pigeon laying on a pile of old insulation. I was kind of grossed out but realized it must have just recently died since it wasn't rotten or decayed looking at all. I grabbed some paper towel and picked it up to throw away when I realized that its head was missing! Like cleanly removed. It wasn't as if this pigeon had been attacked, it was as if it had been perfectly decapitated and laid right at the entrance to the attic. My Dad said there must be a hole somewhere in the attic where it got in and didn't really say much when I made a big deal of the missing head. He just kind of put up his hands and said "maybe a cat got up here?" Well I was a bit weirded out but mostly forgot about it. Nothing else strange happened until my friends and I moved in a month later. By then I had all but forgotten the dead pigeon.

So we moved in and immediately started drinking heavily the first night. My roommates and I were hard partiers and this was going to be like Spring Break 24/7. About midnight of the first night, we were down in the basement setting up a beer pong table when the lights suddenly went out. Right before the lights went out, we had discovered a rectangle shaped patch in the concrete of the basement floor. It looked like someone had dug something up or had to repair the floor but the size of the rectangle was easily big enough to fit a person. Some of us were joking that we should dig up whatever was there and that a person was probably buried. All of the lights in the basement suddenly shut off. It spooked us and my one friend ran to check the light switch near the stairs. He flicked it up and down and it was like the power was out. We went to the fuse box and saw that all of the switches for the basement electricity had been turned off. We turned them back over and didn't think much of it. We never really talked seriously about the patch in the basement floor but during parties people would always ask about it. It was a common joke to say there was a body buried there. We never tried to dig it up and I'm not sure I would want to.

Later on that first night, while hanging out in the living room, the TV suddenly shut off. This was something that would become a common occurrence in the evenings.

There are so many odd things that followed in the next few months that I will just list them here.

- Living room TV would turn on in the middle of the night and the volume would be turned all the way up. One of us would wake up from it and have to go downstairs (fearfully) and shut it off. Some nights it would happen multiple times and we would unplug the TV.

- One of my roommates had a curtain over his closet because there was no closet door. On at least two occasions, several people were hanging out in his room and the curtain would sway out into the room as if someone was pushing it from inside the closet. I saw it the first time and it literally came out about 2 feet into the middle of his room and then fell back. There was no vent in the closet or draft from a window to cause this. The roommate who stayed in that room was the least scared of any of us and would just laugh when this happened (he was usually high) and claim it was the ghost in the house. It really gave me the chills the first time I saw it. Multiple people saw this happen more than once and there was never a good explanation for it.

- Often in the evenings when most of us were home, the entire fuse box would be switched over and all the electricity would go out in the house. Someone would have to go in the basement and turn the fuses back on.

- The roommate in the room next to mine had the closet with stairs leading up to the attic. On multiple occasions, he would wake up from his sleep feeling like someone was shaking his bed. His bed would be moved about 5 inches away from the wall. This was a heavy bed. One time I heard him scream in the middle of the night and ran to his door. When I opened it he was laying in bed with his eyes wide and his bed was about a half foot away from the wall. After this happened a few times he started sleeping on the futon in my room. We never found a good way to explain this.

- One night after living there for a few months, I was going go sleep in my bed and had a very weird feeling. It was almost as if my bed was full of static electricity. I can't explain it but I also had an overwhelming feeling of dread. As I closed my eyes I thought I could hear feet shuffling on the caret across my room. Remember that my room was pretty big and so it was about 50 ft from my bed to the other end. It sounded like someone was shuffling their feet across the carpet coming towards me very slowly. Every second or so I would hear another shuffle getting closer. I didn't want to open my eyes and imagined it was some horrible ghoul or dead person coming from the attic. I was certain I would see a ghostly person (I imagined it was an older lady with dark hair for some reason). When the shuffling got really close, I couldn't take it any more and opened my eyes and sat up in bed. Nothing was there. I spent the rest of the night with my light on and didn't really sleep that night or for a few nights afterward. Thankfully that was a one time experience.

A few other things happened but I'm having trouble remembering everything. It was always really odd stuff that was hard to explain. I called my Dad several times during that first month and he never took me seriously. I imagine that with how much money they had invested in the house, they needed to make sure we stayed there and that my roommates kept paying rent. After about 6 months, the inexplicable things just kind of stopped. There would still be the occasional shutting off of lights or TV turning on but the major stuff stopped happening. My parents still own the house and rent it to students every year. I actually lived there until I graduated 3 years later and it was mostly normal. I have not heard anything from them as far as supernatural phenomena since I moved out. After thinking about all of those events just now, I would never want to live there again. Whenever I drive by the house, I look up at those attic windows and feel like I'm being watched.

Reply Share

SarcasticEnglishman
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Well... Might as well share mine.

A lot of crazy shit happened to me when I was young. At least 10 until I was about 14 maybe? And a couple times after when I was older. I'm 22 now.

I used to be home alone quite often when I was a kid. My brother and sister were much older than me and had already moved out by the time this had all started, and my mom would stay at her fiance's house nearly every weekend, and sometimes during the week. I don't remember when it started specifically, but I do remember a bunch of the things that had happened initially.

One of the first things that had happened was late one night when I was watching TV. We had a large living room connected to the kitchen, that connected to the computer room, and had french doors that went out to the screened in pool. My mom had removed the walls so it would be one big room. At the time we had 3 cats, and they were pretty chill. So one night I was watching TV on our big screen in the living room pretty late with a blanket, as I was a little restless and regularly fell asleep on the couch. During my movie or whatever I was watching, out of nowhere I heard this giant ass slam that freaked me the fuck out, my cat started going bat shit crazy and hissing at the french doors that led out into the pool area. Like I mean, I'd never heard this cat hiss before and she was going all out like there was something fucking terrifying out there, and I was too afraid to look. I just hid under my covers shaking, hoping whatever it was, it wouldn't know I was there.

Eventually, after about 30 minutes of everything being quiet and my cats calming down, I passed out with the TV on, and all the lights on in the living room. Chalked it up to my imagination and thunder or something the next day iirc. Anyways, this was just the start. Other things had happened previously, like keys falling off of the key rack, or weird bumps, but nothing like that.

These things continued and progressively got worse over the years. I always felt like something was watching me in that house, in which I still currently live in. I'll name a few, though I can't remember all of them.

The big ones were as follows.

One night around 1am, I awoke in my room while home alone and noticed that there was a strange light coming from behind me window in my room. I got up and looked outside, and it was bright as day. I figured I was delirious or something and forced myself back to bed.

I was often kept up late by sounds of voices whispering behind my window. It was the only part of my yard that had absolutely no light ever, it was blocked off by our pool shed. Even if you walked back there at night outside, it was pitch black. I had told my friends about this at school, but of course was met with much skepticism. However, one of my friends spent the night one night, and I woke up around 5am and he was still wide awake, and said he had heard the voices as well and they freaked him the fuck out too much to sleep.

The biggest one of my youth was again one night when I was home alone sleeping in my bed. I had a bunk bed, and my pillows were lined up directly with my window, why? I don't know. Anyways, I woke up in the middle of the night, and heard this awful growling behind my head. My window was closed, but it sounded like whatever was there, was right behind me in my room, on the bed with me. It continued to growl this foul noise, similar to a big dog, but very deep. I tried to scream but nothing came out, I tried to get up, but all I could do was tremble. I laid there silently weeping, terrified, until I somehow passed out from exhaustion/fright. I tried to tell my mom, but she said I needed to stop watching so many scary movies, which given my situation, I never did. From that night on, I moved my bed, I put my dresser over the opening for the window, covering it fully, and tried to convince myself I was just crazy or had an overactive imagination. Small things still happened, noises here and there, but I did my best to ignore them.

For some reason, around 14, it all stopped. I went about having a normal life, no more noises, no more craziness, and I convinced myself it was all in my imagination, but I wasn't scared for the first time in forever, so I felt pretty good.

Several years later, when I was about 17, my brother and uncle moved into the house. They had previously lived together. Anyways, they used to smoke out back on our pool patio, and started telling me they heard weird crap outside of my window, behind the pool shed. My brother described it as the sound of "Monkeys jumping on a trampoline", and my uncle just said it was some weird ass voices. They said they went out with a flashlight and axe to check it out, but there wasn't anything there.

A couple of years later, I really hadn't thought about any of this in a long time and I was sitting on my bed, watching something on TV kinda passing out around 4am or so. I was almost asleep, like that between awake and asleep kind of state, and my bed started violently shaking. I woke up immediately, and it was still shaking. Rocking so hard it was making a lot of noise. Being kind of disoriented, I immediately figured it was one of my friends (I don't know why) hiding under my bed, shaking it to try and scare me. I laughed, and looked under my bed to find nothing. I freaked the fuck out, and ran into my bro's room in the garage, where I was met with a "wtf" look. I explained it to him and he probably didn't believe me, but let me stay on the couch in his room.

Eventually, I moved out to live with my two friends and their kids, blocked off the window with my dresser there too, but I guess whatever it was keeps following me. This is becoming a very long post, but hey, might as well say everything that happened. My friend, we'll call her Amy, was home at night alone taking care of her 1yo son, shortly after I moved in, and he kept pointing to a corner in the room, and saying "Who's that?". He couldn't talk much at this point, but that's what he said whenever he met someone knew. and she told him, "There's nobody there, buddy." and he looked at her confused and just kept saying "Who's that?". I believe that was the start of it at the new house.

Shortly after, like a few night or so, the mirror in their bathroom fell off the wall and shattered after they heard a large bang on the wall around midnight. They were starting to get scared and asked me about the stuff that happened to me during childhood.

They also had one of those baby monitors, that has sound and video, so they could monitor if the baby was ok. The thing was creepy enough by itself, but a few events made it even creepier. Of course these are second hand reports, because I wasn't there, but I trust my friend to be telling me the truth. One night, she said she awoke because she heard her son laughing on the monitor. She looked on the monitor and said he was standing up in his crib, looking over the edge and laughing. She said she heard him laugh over and over, then finally she heard this deep laughter that distorted the monitor because of the bass in it. She freaked out and woke up her husband and got the kid, then slept in their room together. I was told about it the next morning. Also, at this point, random kids toys would often turn on by themselves and start playing creepy kid music. Everything was getting a little creepy to say the least, and this was new to my friends, so they were getting freaked out and couldn't explain it.

However, the climax of the story at this house happened a couple of weeks later. My friend, Amy's husband, also had another child, a daughter, around 2 who he had on the weekends. One night I was getting off from work around 1am or so, and I get a call from him. He told me something else, way creepier than anything that's happened so far happened. Apparently, everyone went to sleep, he and his wife included, until his daughter randomly showed up in his room. She was crying and woke up he and his wife. They tried to calm her down, and asked what was wrong and she said "The man in the hallway wants to hurt me!" "He wants me and (son)!" to which they immediately grabbed both kids again and slept in their room. Rather than going home, I went to my mom's house down the road and slept on the couch, because FUCK THAT.

Eventually I moved back in with my mom due to being laid off because my location closed down. I now sleep in a different room than I did before, and my uncle has my old room. Constantly says he hears weird shit outside of that window.

Tldr: Something haunts the shit out of me when I'm a kid until I'm an adult. Move in with friends, it follows me to new home and harasses their children.

Graviest
â€¢ 13y ago

When i was 19 I moved to Calgary with a friend of mine. I moved in about a month before he was going to be able to make it since we came from different cities to get there. I got us a nice and inexpensive apartment downtownish. I ended up becoming friends with this girl I worked with since we were from the same home town. One night I was having a gathering at my place and invited her. She asked if her older sister could come along too and I told her that wasn't a problem. More girls are always better at a party. So for most of the evening things were good, but I could sorta tell the sister was uncomfortable there. I decided to be friendly and I brought her a drink and sat down to talk with her and see if I could get her to relax a little. After some conversation I could tell she was still very tense so I came right out and asked what was bothering her. She said she didn't really wanna talk about it to a stranger. So I suggested we all go out to a bar then.

Everybody left and as soon as we.were out of the building she immediately relaxed and became.very fun. I asked the girl I worked with if she knew why her sister was so tense but she didn't really have an answer. Anyways we all ended up having a great time and agreed to go out again the next night. We went to a pub for food before going out and the sister finally came clean to me about her issue the night before. She told me that she has always been able to sort of see or detect supernatural sorts of things. She said it was a lot more intense when she was a child and usually it was harmless but that sometimes she felt very scared of the things she would sense. Her sister confirmed the stories from her growing up. She had never experienced there things but she fully believed her older sister about what she claimed to see/feel.

Anyway she told me ny entire building had something very very wrong with it. She said she had caught glimpses of terrible things in the hall and lobby and felt something in my apartment that really scared her. She told me that even though she thought I was very nice she would never go into that building again in her life. I could see genuine fear in her face and even though I've always been sceptical about such things. I really believed her fear at least.

After that we always hung out in other places when she was around. I started having weird experiences at first. We had floor to ceiling, wall to wall mirrors in the living room and on several occasions I thought i saw shadows of people down my hallway or in my kitchen. The stereo came on, on its own a couple times as well. The part that really bothered me though was the nightmares I would have. They were like no dreams I've had before or since. They were painful and violent and of horrible things that I can't really imagine but somehow can't get out of my head either. Its hard to describe because they are dreams but they were like torture through feelings and visuals. They happened often and really bothered me.

Fortunately we had our rent for so cheap because a condo company had bought the building and we were allowed to stay until renovations began. When they did I was all too happy to move out. The dreams stopped after that. In fact it was almost a year before I had any sort of dreams after leaving.

I still don't know what I believe about it all but I know that something was going on in that building and I can't help but look at my old balcony window whenever I end up walking by the place.

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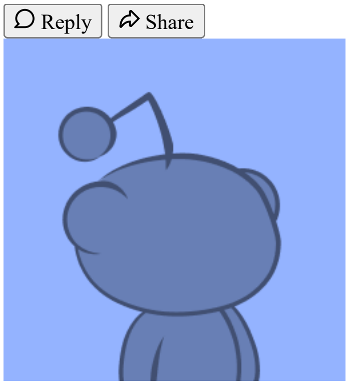

JBirren
â€¢ 13y ago

I think the creepiest is that once I woke up, normally with no nightmares or anything, and couldn't see anything at all when I opened my eyes. Well... I could see, but all I saw was blackness, not like being in total darkness, where you're straining to focus on something, but like I was looking at something black that encompassed my whole line of sight. It's really hard to describe, but it was pretty freaky. I immediately was panicky and shut my eyes right away, and when I opened them a moment later everything was normal. Very old building, and I often felt like there was a ghost there, but I had rationalized it away in the past. After that I shouted at whoever it was to leave, that it wasn't welcome (I felt dumb but I also felt desperate) - and it's never happened again, nor have I felt watched or creeped out like I had before when I was writing it all off as too much TV. So who knows, momentary hallucination or something stranger?

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Sentreen
â€¢ 13y ago

Remind me to **never** read these threads when I'm living alone later. They are already creeping me the fuck out right now, and I'm planning to move out once I finish university.

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[tomqvaxy](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Lived in a 100-some-odd-yo house that had weird lavender smells in one room we know an old woman had died in and creepy feelings in my bedroom, we later found out from 2 people on the same day sep told myself and roommate, that an old man had killed himself in the closet. After we found that out we talked and found out we were both creeped out by the shed in the backyard that we couldn't get the door open to. We decided together we could open it. We both grab the large handle put a foot on the doorframe and YANK. Door flies open. Nothing in the shed save for a chainsaw. We slam the door and run away in hysterics.

Reply Share

tupperwaretightly
â€¢ 13y ago

A few years back, my friends and I were really into exploring the (now almost entirely abandoned) Pilgrim State Psychiatric Center, which was/is the largest psychiatric facility ever built in the world. This place was basically its own town when it was in operation. We did not go there looking for anything supernatural and had been there dozens of times without any weird happenings before this incident.

This particular night, my friend had taken his dad's car, as he was getting some work done on his own. We rummaged through some of his dad's cds and decided to listen to Queen's Greatest Hits. This is not something that we would normally listen to as a group.

We parked in a part of the facility that is still running (it has been converted to a substance abuse rehab). We did this because there are normally tons of cops driving around the abandoned sections looking for kids like us. It's quite a hike over to the abandoned building we chose to explore. This one was in the center of the complex. There was no electricity and no way for a car to even drive near it without us being able to see it from where we were in the building (third floor, tons of windows.)

Out of nowhere, clearly, and sounding like it was coming from the floor above, Freddie Mercury's voice starts up the song "Don't Stop Me Now." At first, we thought it was coming from a car outside. Nope. Went upstairs (to the top floor). No one was there. The song played in its entirety, then silence.

DocBear13
â€¢ 13y ago

Though I would not call this creepy, it is unexplainable. I have had a few separate incidents however the shortest one was experienced by my uncle, lets call him Fred. My Grandfather has just recently passed away from cancer leaving behind my Grandmother in an apartment all alone. Needless to say no one in my family thought it was a good idea to leave my elderly Grandmother alone in this apartment so they decided to move her out.

The way my uncle tells the story is this. He was finishing packing up my grandmother's apartment when the phone rang. He picks it up and hears a voice on the other end which sounded distinctly like his Dad saying "Hey Freddy" (A name which only his Dad referred to him by) and he says "Yeah?" and this voice says "Take care of your ma" and then the line goes dead. My uncle said it was the oddest experience of his life.

If there's any interest in longer creepier stories then I may post later when I have the time.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This is a longer story that pans out over a good amount of years It's been a few years since anything has happened, so I'm really not as paranoid and don't question the possibilities as much as I used to. And I realize that some of these stories may sound made up, but think what you will. But here it goes anyway:

When I was about 6 or 7 years old I started to sleep walk. I had no previous history of doing this and I would walk around the house when my parents were awake. They would follow me and call me name but I wouldn't answer. I occasionally would try to leave the house. Around the same time I started doing this, my mother got pregnant with my half brother. Nothing too creepy of course, but I had to make some sort of connection because really all the really weird stuff happened when my brother was born.

Fast forward 2-3 years or so. Ever since my brother had been born, strange things started happening, like things falling off shelves, weird noises, lights flickering, the like. All nothing too creepy, but still creepy. Until the day after my brother started talking. It was a winter holiday, and my parents were off at work and I was watching my little brother. I was just watching TV and he was sleeping next to me. Then all of a sudden, man it gives me fucking chills remembering it, but there was these stomping noises coming from upstairs. Like, it was so obvious somebody was stomping up stairs or hitting something repeatedly on the floor that for the first minute or so I was like "what are my parents doiiiinnnggg ewww omg" and then it fucking hit me. They weren't there. I scooped my brother up and ran to the neighbors house through the snow in nothing but my boxers and carrying my brother. They let me in, and called my parents, and told them what happened. Well, remember how I had been hearing noises for the past 2-3 years? I had been trying to tell my parents about all the weird stuff that had been happening but they just thought I was imagining things. So they told my neighbor I could of just imagined it, and they went to go check out my house just to be sure. They found nothing.

From then on things only got weirder. My little brother was only like 2 years old, but would not want to be alone even for like a minute. Was always super perceptive about where we were, I couldn't go into the kitchen to get a drink without him freaking out. One night, my mom burst into my room at like 2 in the morning. I know some people aren't going to believe me when I say this, but whatever. She told me that she woke up suddenly to my little brother looking at her with a sad face. He apparently asked to "tell her to stop looking at us" and then immediately heard some thump somewhere in the house or something. I had never seen my mom so frightened.

After that incident, we had coincidentally just been given orders to move (step dad was in the military). Once we moved to the new house, all the weird noises stopped and nothing out of the ordinary happened. Except, one time we were visiting grandparents in Indiana, and my brother was playing in a back room when all of a sudden he sprinted out of it and like jumped into my moms lap scooby doo style. My grandma had always said her house was haunted, and we were all just like "oh grandma you crazy person you". When that happened, she looked at us and said "Mathew knows" (my little brother's name is Mathew). That night, I was trying to fall asleep on some like 1920s bed that my grandma had in her spare room.... the door to my room opened by itself. Jeeze, just remembering all this shit is freaking me out. I just went under my covers, and somehow managed to fall asleep within the next couple hours.

Fast forward another 5 years, and we move again (new orders). Start hearing weird noises again, and for the first few months our power would suddenly just go out. We had an electrician come a few times, but he couldn't find anything wrong. Then a lot of really weird stuff started happening. It started one day when my mom was home alone. She said she heard rustling in my room, like she was so sure someone was in my room she got a baseball bat and hid in the closet in her room for like 2 hours. She said after 2 hours of not hearing anything, she worked up the courage to go into my room. Nothing. Next, I had a (ex)girlfriend come over. I was making spaghetti, and she was at our little bar stool thing just watching me cook, and we were having some conversation, enjoying each other's company ,yada yada. I put the big spaghetti spoon in the pot while it is boiling, turn my back and take a good 5-6 steps away to get something out of the pantry when I feel the spoon hit my back. I turn around, land see my girlfriend with a look of disbelief on her face. She saw the spoon come out of the pot and hit me in the back. It was there I told her about my history of weird shit happening. Next, my mom and I are downstairs and my brother and a friend are playing in his room upstairs, when all of a sudden we hear something fall and break. We rush upstairs, and the TV on the shelf in my brothers room had just, fallen. Luckily it didn't hit my brother or his friend, but they were both pretty shaken. They said it just fell, and didn't want to go back into his room for the rest of the night. Finally, and I think this is the one that scares the shit out of me the most, I had that same girl in my room one night. We were just watching a movie with the light off, and you could see the hallway light coming through the outline of the door. When all of a sudden I see a silhouette outside my door, looking like it was pressing on the outline of the door to listen to what my girlfriend and I were doing. My mom is home, downstairs, and I thought it was her trying to be nosy as to what my girlfriend and I were doing. I said " I see you mom!" and the silhouette went away. After a few minutes, I went downstairs to get a drink. My mom was doing laundry, and I said "haha, nice try there mom". She had a confused look on her face, and asked what I was talking about. I said yea right, and went back upstairs. We watch another movie, and I we see the silhouette again. I creep up on my door, and open it real fast and yell "AHHH HA!". There was nobody at my door. I looked back at my girlfriend, and she yet again was absolutely terrified.

There are other stories, but those are the scariest ones I can think of. On top of all this, I occasionally get sleep paralysis, and one time it happened to me and all I saw was this figure at my door with a humanoid silhouette but bright yellow eyes. I came out of my trance screaming. Another time...I was in the same place, and I awoke to disfigured, pale humanoid thing at the end of my bed wearing all black. He reached down to grab me and I remember actually FEELING his touch against my ankle and coming out of the trance screaming again.

Reply Share

[froggypie](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I have always seen, I donâ€™t know if you would call them ghosts or what, but letâ€™s just say, people, that no one else sees.

It started when I was a child and has followed me to every place that Iâ€™ve ever lived. I only see them at night, at home. Sometimes they act like they are talking to me, but they donâ€™t make any noise, but most times they donâ€™t even seem to be aware that I am there.

It has never been the same person more than one time and I canâ€™t figure out why it happens to me, but itâ€™s just become part of my life and my friends and family believe that it is true. All I have to do is try to interact with them, in any way, and then they disappear. For example, I was reading on my couch one afternoon and I dozed off. I was awakened by someone blowing hot breath on my face. I thought it was my dog and I opened my eyes to find a very large, bald man wearing a sports coat and tie sitting on my coffee table about 6 inches from me just staring at me. I sat up and said, â€œWhat are you doing here?â€ and he just disappeared. I have never seen him again.

There is usually nothing very frightening about these people, just the shock of seeing them. However, the scariest experience Iâ€™ve had I wasnâ€™t even awake for. The first time I told my husband about this â€œconditionâ€ (as I like to think of it) I donâ€™t think he took it very seriously, and thought I might just be a touch crazy. But when my family started talking about it, he seemed to believe a bit. Then, one night, about a year after we moved in together, we were asleep. He heard me mumbling in my sleep quite loudly (which I do quite often) and it woke him up. He said he rolled over to try to comfort me and he noticed this man standing next to the bed, right next to me, reaching out. He said he didnâ€™t have a full definite shape, but looked more like he was transparent and wavy, like he was looking at him above a flame. He just looked up at my husband and smiled and then disappeared. My husband said my mumbling stopped at that point.

He told me this story the next morning and it scared the bejeezus out of me, but Iâ€™m glad someone else finally saw it besides me!

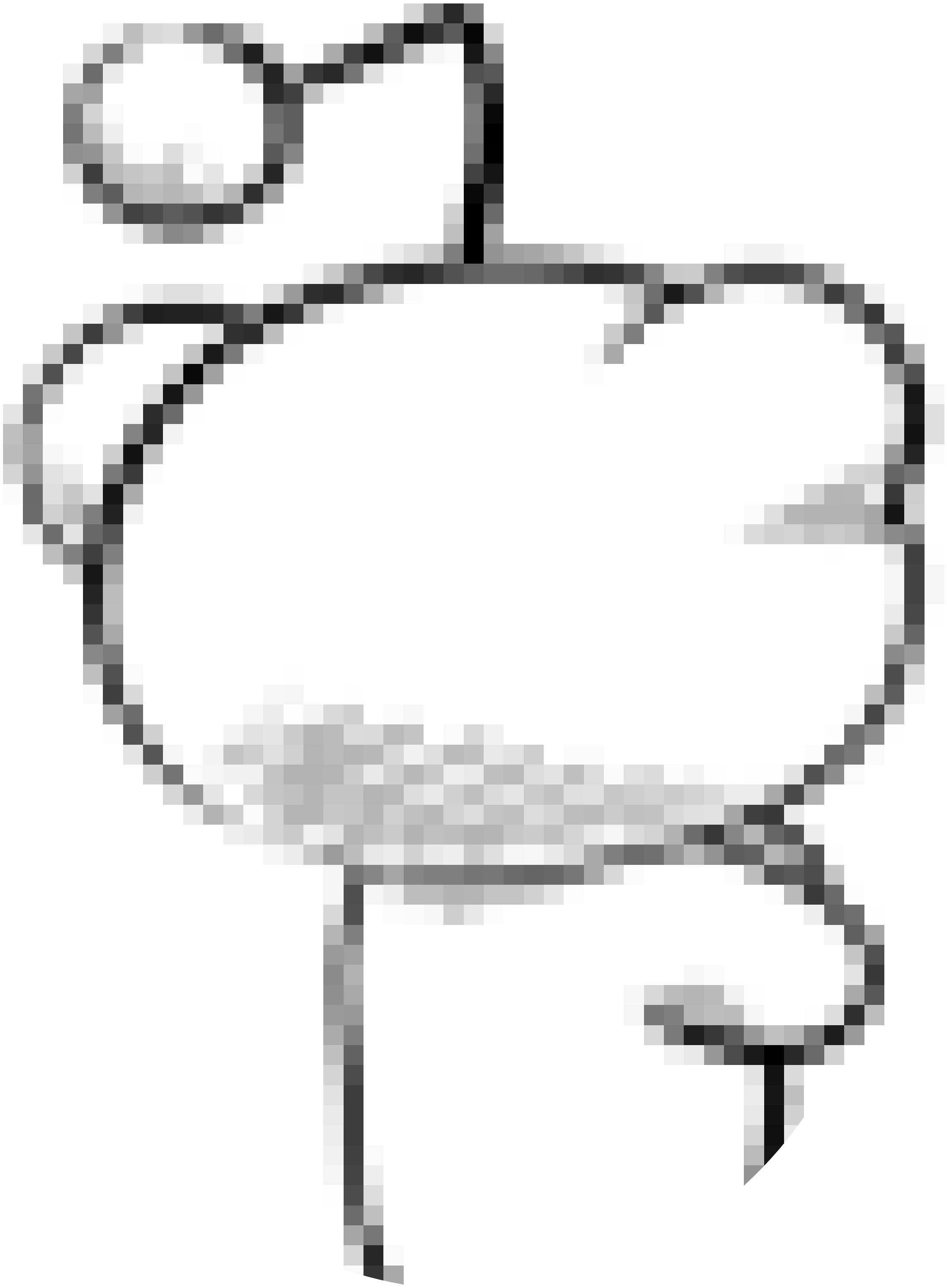
Itâ€™s been about 5 years since Iâ€™ve had any human visitors, but about 4 years ago, 3 mos after our dog died from lymphoma, my husband came home from work during the night and when I heard him come in our other dog ran downstairs barking to greet him. I looked at the doorway and our recently passed dog was standing there with his tail wagging staring at me to give him permission to go (which he always did, he was a good dog). I told him it was ok, before I even realized that he shouldnâ€™t be there. He left the doorway and slowly disappeared, like a cloud. At that point I just burst into tears. It makes me tear up right now just thinking about it.

[rowenareads](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I was about 11 or 12, in my childhood home in Cali. Was in bed, came awake suddenly and saw someone hanging from the open doorway of my walk-in closet. Not ghost-like or shimmery in any way. It was a very clear image of a man hanging from a noose, dressed in rags. The image stayed for maybe 5 seconds. I know it wasn't a dream and i'm 99% sure it wasn't the vestiges of a dream. I stayed awake for hours after that, terrified.

sixbanger
â€¢ 13y ago

my mom, at the end of her battle with cancer nearly five years ago, told to her sisters at her bedside when she died that she was "tired of waving goodbye". that's always given me a little hope, though I've also wondered if it was just effected by the pain medication. :/



[Masoch](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Gonna start saying what all people here have been saying. I'm not a believer of this kind of stuff, yadda yadda. But this one time the creepyness of it made me believe for a time that it could be real by the sheer coincidence of it.

So a group of close friends and I, were playing Halo 2 online, each one of us with our own tvs and xbox. Pretty cool, we used to do this every weekend after the launch of the game. We ordered pizzas, we bought chips, sodas; fun night all around, we played great as a team and we always had a blast. So this is where the story begins, this friend of ours, David, is 6 years older than us, son of a close friend of one of our friend's mother. He always told us stories about how his house was haunted and strange things happened there, like doors craclking, ghost girls, ghost dogs, etc. We never believed him, but we always listened to his stories because they were fun, and who doesn't love a good ghost story?

So this one night, we were at his house, playing halo 2 as we used to. Was pretty late like 4 am or something and I was really tired so I went to take a nap on my friend's bed while they were playing. A few minutes later I still was half awake/half asleep, when I heard someone getting close to me, I thought it was on of them trying to play a prank on me. So I heard this person getting closer to me, not only hearing I felt that void of silence when someone else is close to you, after that, someone grabbed my shoulder and turned me around, I opened my eyes and yelled stop fucking with me!.

And no one was there, they were sitting next to each other pretty far away from the bed, playing; they turned to look at me and asked "what happened?" and I just said "hmmm nothing" and went back to sleep. This is were the story gets weird, the next day we had a party, for one of my friend's brother birthday, a girl from our school birthday and my birthday, we were of the same week of oct. So we celebrated it on the same day, well, on of my friends, Christian, that was at that night with me, started telling a story, I wasn't there at the moment, but I noticed how everyone was listening to him and my curiosity brought me close to them. He started telling that when he went to sleep on the couch, he felt someone getting close to him, he described the void of silence and cold, and then someone took a sit on the couch, he felt the couch moving, like someone else was there with him. So he woke up and there was no one. After he finished his story, I stared at him and said..."you too?". I never told him what happened to me before that night, but he described it exactly the same as it happened to me, the void of silence and cold, the weight, everything was the same.

TL,DR We were at a friend's house suppoed to be haunted, something really weird happened to me, something really weird happened to my friend. We didn't talked about it until later that day at a party, our stories matched, but we never told each other before the party about what happened. Extreme coincidence.

Reply Share

[Natie777](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Me my best mate and my brother were having a drink and as the night when on we decide to go for a wonder in the fields/woods behind his house. While we were out my mate needed a piss so went off to some nearby trees, while hes there me an my bro thought it would be funny to run off and hide from him. After a few min of him not looking for us we went back to find him. As we were walking back in the general direction i see him in the field to my right, so we jump the wall and run towards him but he starts running away. We start running parallel to him across the field (hes about 10-15m away) when i realize he wasn't wearing a white top. i shout to my bro running next to me "Thats not him" At that point what ever we were chasing fell to the floor and disappeared. We both stop for a second before running back as fast as we possibly could wondering what the fuck we were chasing. As soon as we were out the field we see him walking over (wearing a red top) wondering were we were.

[pygarthepillager](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#) â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This was a sleep paralysis episode from when I was a kid (10 or 11 years old); I remember it vividly to this day. I was what they used to call a latch key kid. Both my parents worked and I would come home after school and be alone in the house until my parents got off work in the evening. I would often lay down on the couch in the living room and take a cat nap in the afternoons. On more than one occasion, I would experience what I later learned was sleep paralysis. I would be lucid and could see my surroundings, but I wouldnâ€™t be able to move a muscle. It was accompanied by a sensation I can only describe as the feeling you get in your stomach in that moment when a roller coaster has reached the apex of the slow climb, right as it begins careening down the slope. During one of these episodes I had my first and only experience with an â€œintruderâ€. I saw a creepy little boy staring at me from across the room. I got a distinct feeling of malice from him and more than that, a very specific idea that he intended to replace me as the child in my family. He had an evil grin on his face and started waving at me in slow motion, almost like he was saying â€œbye-byeâ€. Then, with his other hand, he would pinch the skin between the fingers of the waving hand, and pull up another finger. He did this numerous times until he was waving at me with a hand that had eight or nine or ten fingers on it. He then turned to leave and as he did, I saw that there was no back to his head; it was just open with the brain exposed. At that point, Iâ€™m screaming inside my head â€œGET UP, GET UP, GET UPâ€! I finally regained control of myself and everything was normal. I slept in my parentsâ€™ room for a week after that and remember how frustrated they were with me. I couldnâ€™t explain to them what I experienced, just that I was completely freaked out and terrified.

TLDR: Evil little boy waves at me with a morphing 10 fingered hand and shows me his brain as he leaves.

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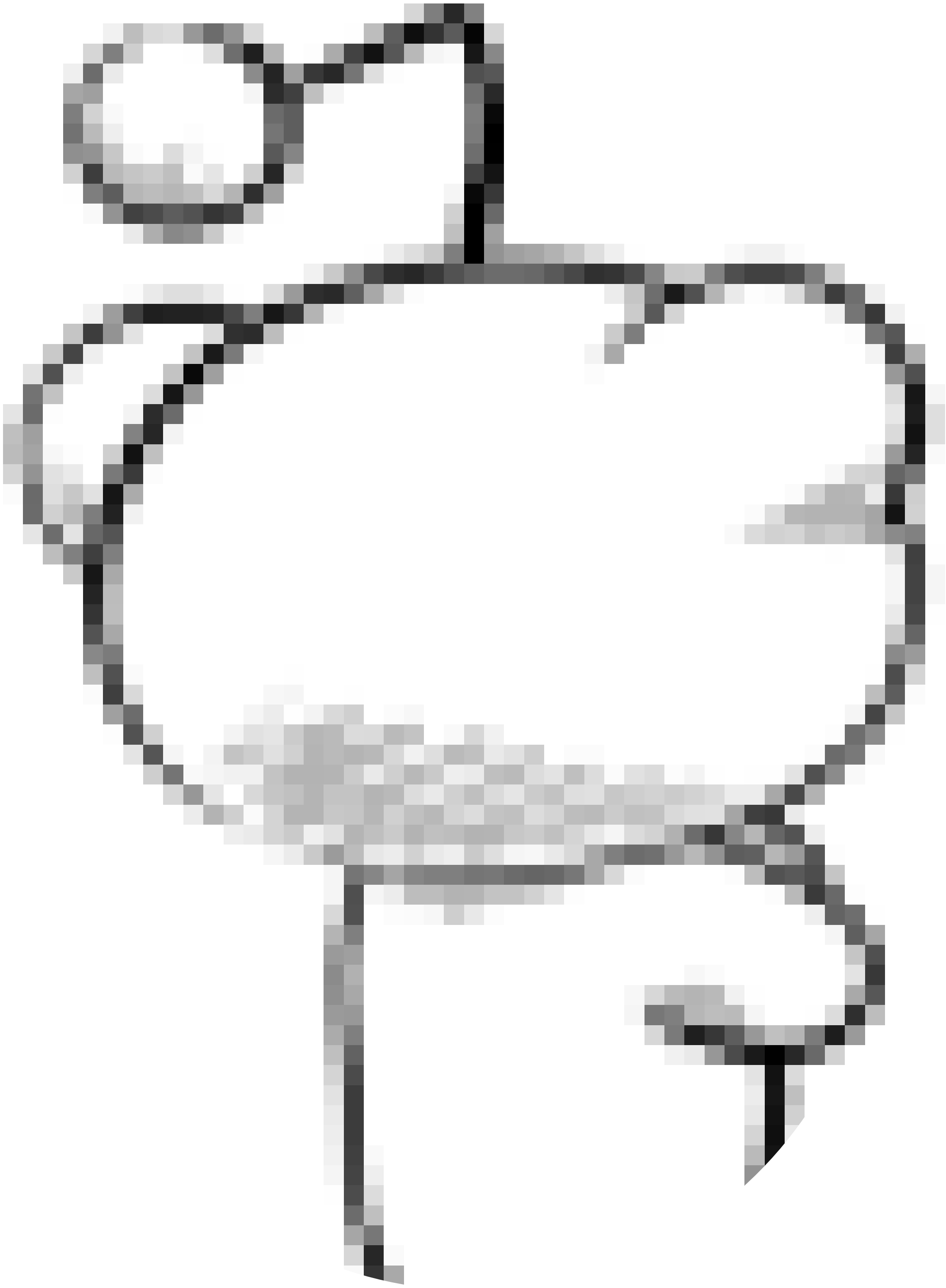


[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

I haven't experienced much in the supernatural, and am a skeptic. The girl talking about her applainces going off reminded me of this, though. I was a child and was still sleeping upstairs near the living room (we have a hallway that is attached to the living room that has 3 bedrooms including my parents'). About 2am-ish our old CRT tv turns on and starts blaring white noise at its max volume. I freaked out, my parents woke up, we all went to the living room to check it out.. straight-up "the ring" shit. The remote was unresponsive. We had to pull the plug on it to get it to turn off. In the end, my dad attributed it to just the tv falling apart, but it seems weird that it would power on by itself, turn itself to a white noise channel (we have cable) and be blasted to its max volume. Powr surge, perhaps? There was no inclement weather that day and it's not like my dad had to check the fuse box or trip the breaker or anything. Opinions?

Reply Share

miszivy
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay this is the creepiest unexplainable thing that has happened to me. One day my friend CC came over and we were just hanging out and chatting. Then we started talking about creepy occurrences like this. So fast forward a bit and it's time for her to go. After about five minutes, I start hearing this buzzing sound, subtle but audible. I start looking around the kitchen (I'm home alone) and I do not know where the hell it is coming from. Then I open this storage closet in our hallway and it gets louder. I'm going through this closet and I find this bag in the back of the closet, I opened it and it was my brothers hair cutting shears turned on. It was not possible that anyone clicked it into the on position or that something banged into it.. it was creepy as hell

Reply Share

babelworshiper
â€¢ 13y ago

I once was renting a home. After the first night there I had already developed a relativity creepy vibe from the house, lots of corners and windows. One night in the middle of my sleep, I was not yet dreaming, all the sudden this image quickly advanced toward me. It was a cork board surrounded by black with the word "Runaway" spelled out on it in plastic pins. I immediately woke up and for a quick moment I saw a black mass in the corner of my room, which I explain by the fact that it was very dark and my eyes were adjusting (still creepy). I felt like something was staring at me. I was so scared I didn't know what to do. I don't even quite remember if I woke up or if I went back to sleep. However, after that I was terrified of that house during the night. I am so glad I do not live there any more.

[holyhesus](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I have had a couple of weird experience that I remember after reading a few of these posts. This is TL:DR gonna get buried but felt like I should share.

One of that is not very scary but was when I was overseas visiting extended family in the Philippines for a few months. Background- My immediate family became very close with the neighbors we grew up with and considered them family. I was friends with the boy that was around my age and spent a lot of time with him and his stay at home dad who watched us whenever parents were out or at work. After our neighbors moved to Boston my friends Dad was diagnosed with cancer. We were aware that his health was rapidly declining during the time we went the Philippines and the outlook was not good. On the last day, as we were waiting to depart back to the states from the Philippines my mom turns on her phone to check if my dad called who still back home in the U.S. As soon as she turned on her phone she got a random text from a number she didnâ€™t know with the name of our neighbor just spelled out on the text. No other message, context, nothing. Later after my Mom spoke to my dad we were told that our neighbor has passed away. It was baffling, but just look at it as him saying good bye to us.

Once I had a really creepy experience of sleep paralysis in my current apartment not that long ago. I have had really weird dreams about hauntings and whatnot but always just wrote it off as my wild imagination. One early evening I wasnâ€™t feeling well and went to bed as soon as I got home from work. I am naturally a very vivid dreamer and was dreaming I was in my room on my bed but obviously awake since I was looking out my door into my hall way. Everything seemed the same except that my room seemed weirdly proportion and I can see a faint orange glow from my windows as if the street lamps were shining in through my windows in the hall. I then hear footsteps on the side of my bed and just assume it is my dog farting around cause he likes doing that when I am trying to sleep. But then I realize my dog is napping under my bed and the footsteps are happening. I donâ€™t remember this to the exact tee, but I see what I think is a black female looking figure with pointing black fingers creeping up from the side of my bed. My neck is thrown back and I am trying to look at what it is that has climbed on top of me but they are pushing my head back while what feels like is clawing on the side of my stomach. I can feel myself starting to sweat and pushing back and I finally actually wake up and my body just relaxed as soon as push myself enough to look down and try to catch a glimpse of what that thing was. The creepy part was when I woke up my side actually felt sore and I woke up to my body releasing from a strained arched positionâ€¦ I told a friend of mine who mentioned something about heat next to your head can cause weird dreams. I have old pipes running through my apartment and one next to the head of my bed so who knows.

Last experience I will share was a vivid dream running in a gray and black forest I am running from something but donâ€™t know what. I look up see three scenes of a flock black birds or crows flying from the trees and into the sky as if they were suddenly startled. I wake up in a panic sweat. This was the night before the Japanese Tsunami.

TL;DR: Uncle like figuresâ€™ name was texted from random number to my momâ€™s phone while were overseas the day he passed away

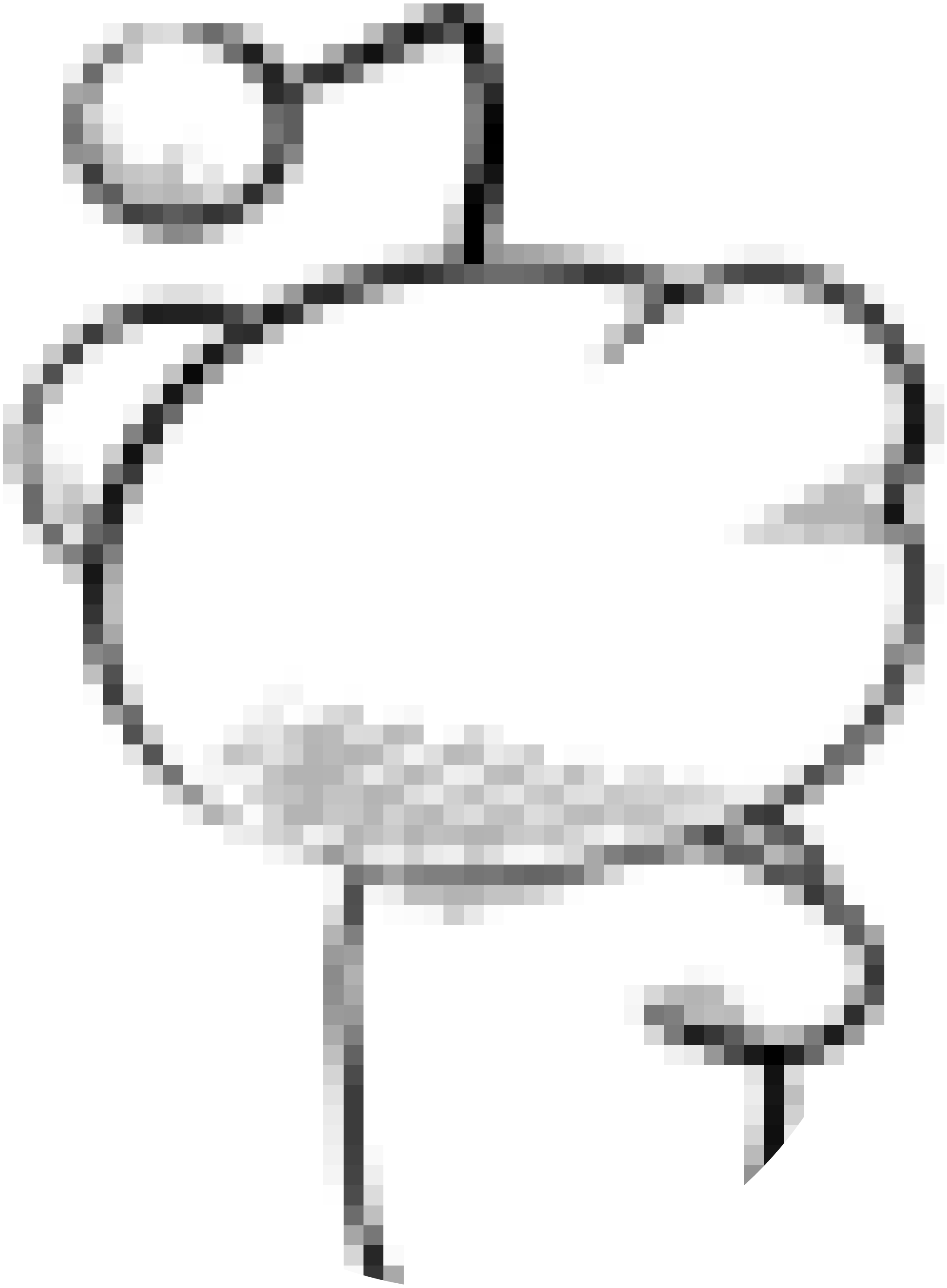
Sleep paralysis nightmare, scary and real as fuck

Weird dream day before natural disaster.

[onenonlyjb](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Back in 2005 I went to Bethany College in WV. During my time there I got to experience the ghost known as Sarah whenever I was in the girls dormitory. Window shades would rustle, cups would fall over, posters would flutter and fall, all the time there being no wind or breeze. The most terrifying experience I had though was one time when my roommate and I went outside for a cigarette. I start to get random chills down my spine and my roommate, who was a 350+ pound defensive lineman for the football team, turns white as a ghost. I ask if she was behind me and all he does is nod but once I turned around she was gone and the chills disappeared.

Reply Share



setadoon177
â€¢ 13y ago

I was pooping and reading this article and the light above my shower turned on for absolutely no reason.

Reply Share

speedyyone
â€¢ 13y ago

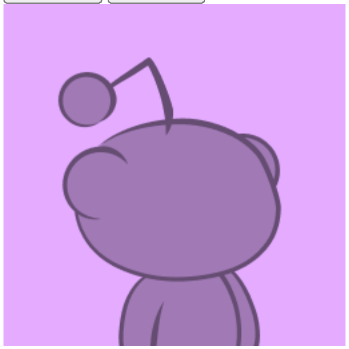
Upvote for the chicken footed troll. That eased my tension a bit.

Reply Share

disturbedrader
â€¢ 13y ago

One time, about 4 years ago while I was in bed, fully awake mind you, I suddenly became paralyzed and this black creature about the size of a half dollar coin crawled up on my neck and burrowed into my neck. It now itches every so often.

Reply Share



NattyBroh
â€¢ 13y ago

Originally posted this to r/nosleep about a year ago, back before it was a bunch of BS written by kids in their creative writing classes:

I found the paperwork to the house online from when it was deemed an historical landmark by the state of Maryland back in the 70's.

Here are the blueprints to the first floor of the house: http://i.imgur.com/gxFLw.png

Here is a picture of the outside of the house from the front: http://i.imgur.com/YPcNo.png

The two windows to the parlor are the furthest to the left on the ground floor.

The most recent experience I've had with what I assumed was sleep paralysis happened not to me, but my uncle, M.

My grandparents live in a very large, very old farm house in rural Maryland that has been in the family since it was built over 200 years ago. My uncle, M, is in his early 30's (the youngest of 10) and still currently lives in my grandparents' house. Obviously, in a massive, old farm house like this there are a lot of creaks and shadows that will make even the most down-to-earth person think twice about what they thought they heard or saw, but most are easily explained once investigated.

First, a little background regarding the layout of the house... There are two connecting parts to the house; the original, 200+ year-old farm house and the "addition," which is only about 100 years old. The addition holds the kitchen, and above the kitchen are four bedrooms. Three of the bedrooms are on the same level, and the fourth, M's room, is in the attic. The original part of the house is much larger, and looks like a smaller version of the Tara plantation from Gone With The Wind. It holds a library, a large parlor, and a big, winding staircase that leads up to 5 bedrooms and a bathroom on the second floor.

One week, my grandparents were vacationing at their time share and M was the only one at the house. He had been at a concert all day and returned home, exhausted, and went straight to bed. While lying in bed, M heard what he described as a "stick of dynamite going off in the house." He was so certain of what he heard, he grabbed his shotgun, plugged a few shells into it, and slowly walked through each room of the house, fully expecting to find an intruder. He checked every room, starting on the newer side of the house, and finally ending in the parlor.

Now, for those less familiar with old farm houses, the parlor is a large sitting room (~20'x50'x15') that was used whenever company came to the house. Back in the day, when families buried their own, the parlor was also used to lay dead bodies out before they were put in the ground. This parlor is particularly creepy in that it houses a massive spinning wheel (at least 10' tall), a large bible with names of deceased family members written in the back of it, and countless photos of old relatives that seem to follow you with their eyes as you move throughout the room. Needless to say, as a kid, I refused to go anywhere near it unless absolutely necessary.

Anyway, due to heating/cooling concerns of the rest of the house, the large, heavy doors to the parlor are left shut most of the year, unless family is over for the Holidays. However, this night, M walked in there and found a large, wooden chair sitting in the middle of the room. Thoroughly freaked out, knowing full well that it was highly unlikely anyone had moved the chair to that spot recently, he reluctantly moved the chair back against the wall. Upon doing so, he noticed that there were four, small indentations in the wooden floor where the legs of the chair had come to rest -- as though someone had lifted the chair all the way up to the 15' ceiling and SLAMMED it as hard as they could into the floor.

Realizing that he was exhausted and had probably had a bit too much to drink at the concert, he went back to bed and completely forgot about the incident. Had it stopped there, I would have simply written it off as sleep paralysis or a weird dream he had.

But, had it stopped there, he probably never would have remembered to mention it to any of us...

About two weeks later, my grandparents were back from their trip, and my grandmother was alone in the kitchen, fixing dinner. While fixing dinner, she heard what she described as "a really loud BANG -- like one of the bookshelves in the library had fallen over."

As she told M later that evening when he came home from work, she went through each room of the house, ending in the parlor. It was there she noticed a large chair sitting in the middle of the room, and when she went to move it, there were four indentations in the wooden floor beneath it. She asked M if he had moved the chair, and when he explained to her the exact same thing had happened to him a couple weeks earlier, they immediately went to go inspect the parlor.

The four indentations where the chair had rested before my grandmother moved it were in the exact same place that my uncle had seen them previously.

It's been several months since the loud bangs occurred, and it hasn't happened again. The chair in question remains in its rightful place against the wall of the parlor, and the four indentations are still mysteriously present in the hard wood floor.

Reply Share

bthoman2
â€¢ 13y ago

Not really frightening, but one day I had just showered and was getting dressed for work when I heard clear as day, as if he was right next to me, a booming voice with a cheery Indian accent say "Good morning!". Scared the crap out of me so I looked all throughout my tiny place and couldn't find any sign that anything was amiss.

I live alone with my cat, and it certainly wasn't my phone or computer (both were off) doing something weird. I had thought maybe It was neighbors or something, but I live on the entire top floor of my building and the one below me was empty at the time. Plus, as I said, it wasn't even partially muffled. It was as if I had walked into a bazaar and was greeted by a cheery shopkeep.

Side note: Some cultures say cats can see ghosts and maybe even fight them. I can say that after I got one strange noises suddenly were always the cat, so maybe that's true to an extent in that you no longer think it's a ghost when you hear something unexplained.

Reply Share

Oddment_Tweak
â€¢ 13y ago

My experience with sleep paralysis was pretty fucking scary. This happened to me once and only once.

My bed faced the door and I usually kept my door closed while I slept, but this night I left it open. It's probably around 1-2 in the morning, when somewhere subconsciously or something, I start hearing noises that begin to rouse me.

Then I'm awake, with my eyes closed, listening to these noises. It sounds like a person screwing around in the house. Now I'm nervous about having my door open, so I want to move to close it, when I realize I can't fucking move. I'm trying with all of my might to move my body even a millimeter, and it's not budging, and I'm fucking terrified. My eyes are somehow opened just a tiny bit now, and I'm looking at the door. That's when I see a figure standing in the door. Just a dark figure. I thought it was someone who was going to kill me. I'm trying to scream now, but I can't make any fucking noise, either. I can't describe that kind of fear. I can't move, I can't even open my mouth or get my vocal chords to make a noise, and there's a mysterious and dark figure at my door. It makes a few steps forward and stops, I still can't do anything. I don't know how long it lasted, but it seemed like a really long time. The whole time I'm trying frantically to scream or move, and I simply can't. Then I fade out again, and wake up in the morning.

flirtle
â€¢ 13y ago

My boyfriend has had a few creepy experiences in his house. He's had sleep paralysis a few times and felt something choking him, and so has his brother. They've all heard bumps in the night and heard breathing etc. My boyfriend has also seen a ghostly figure sitting at the end of his bed, holding his knees (which he had up at the time, so it was like the figure was hugging them) and staring right at him. He said he could feel the pressure around his knees and the dip in the mattress where it was sat. That's not the creepy part though. According to him, the figure looks just like me. As in he actually thought it was me sat at the end of his bed, he said it felt nice, like he was close to me. Even though he knew it wasn't me, because I live in a different town.

Freaked me out. First thought was 'Why the fuck is your ghost impersonating me?!'

Apparently he's seen the figure a couple of times, in the exact same spot, staring at him. And he's 100% sure it looked just like me.

Cyganus
â€¢ 13y ago

This one happened about 15 years ago. I'd been over at a friends house the village I lived in. It was a totally unremarkable night, watching T.V, smoking cigarettes out the window, playing terrible music. Standard teenage stuff. As the evening grew late I departed, (it's about a 2min walk) leaving her drive I approached the crossroads, glancing right I saw a clear road and looked left. Instead of seeing the road, a few houses and some trees, I saw a bright orange sky with large rolling clouds quickly scudding overhead. Silhouetted against this was a large figure about 7ft (maybe a little under) strangely this fellow had no head just a kind of dome or semi circle reaching from shoulder to shoulder. This was accompanied by a strong feeling of wrongness and looking onto something completely alien. Needless to say I let out a small yelp and ran home, eyes to the floor. Anyhow after a sleepless night and a normal day, I was discounting it as some type of lucid dreaming. I got a call from the girl who's house I'd been at, complaining her boyfriend wouldn't come visit, when he left her house the previous night every time he looked behind, he had seen a black figure with no face a few ft behind him. He was freaked out, I was freaked out and my friend didn't get any visitors for a long time.

littlelambb
â€¢ 13y ago

I live in the University District in Seattle, in a boarding house that I've been told was originally built as a home for professors at UW a little over a hundred years ago.

Since the day I moved in I have been experiencing weird stuff. Roommates have told me about weird things like cupboards and doors slamming on their own. I have also been told there is a pretty gnarly history, there has been something like 60-70 deaths and the majority of those have been stabbings and suicides. Anyway, in a house like this I've had some weird experiences.

The first one was about a year ago. I have a necklace my mom bought me in Mexico a few years back and I wear it almost everyday. When I do take it off I put in a little drawer in my jewelry box instead of hanging it on my wall like the rest of my necklaces so it won't fall on the floor and get lost. Long story short I went up to my mom's for the weekend and wore a different necklace. I have a distinct memory of putting my usual necklace in the drawer with the chain hanging over the edge. When I came home I immediately went to switch necklaces and my special one was nowhere to be found. I ripped my room apart for two weeks trying to find it with no luck. Around the same time some personal effects belonging to my roommate went missing (cellphone, journal, ect.) and she had mentioned she thought it had something to do with the ghost (she seems extra sensitive to these things and had been having some strange dreams that involved these personal effects the nights they went missing). So finally being fed up and really missing my necklace I flipped out the told whatever you want to call it that I respected that it didn't want me there, but I paid rent and they didn't and they could have their fun with my necklace but when I moved out I expected to leave with everything I arrived with. The next day I woke up to find my necklace, in the drawer, with the chains hanging over the edge just like a had originally placed it.

The second story worth mentioning involves me boyfriend, who is a proud nonbeliever. He had had a few weird feelings and seen some strange things before this particular night, but this I found the most interesting. I was getting ready for the night, facing west into my mirror, my boyfriend was sitting on my bed facing north. He stops mid sentence and says, "I'm not about to say something is sitting behind me, but something is sitting behind me." At the point I turned around and saw nothing, but he says when he turned around he saw a bright flash of light move behind him and travel up towards the ceiling and disappear.

There is other strange stuff like something walking up or down stairs and something likes to pace outside my door at night.

My roommate has a weird story about having a dream where someone was forcing a red plastic hanger into her mouth, and when she finally woke up there was a red plastic hanger sitting on her nightstand. She had no red plastic hangers in her room before this happened.

Those are my stories, hope you like them!

Reply Share

[chrysb81](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I've had a lot of strange, unexplainable things happen to me throughout my life. Anything from hearing things, doors rattling, strange, unexplained smells, strong intuitions about people or events.. But the one I'll share sticks with me more than most.

I was 17, and we lived in the country. Our house sat upon a small/medium hill, a paved road on front of it and across the road was a field regularly used for farming sweet potatoes. On each side of that field were houses. On one side was an elderly woman, the other a family of 5 or 6.

Late one night, a friend and I were sitting out in the front yard gossiping as young girls do and watching the stars. It was spring so I clearly remember the tree frogs and crickets that filled the night, but suddenly something new joined in. My friend stops her giggling and pauses before asking me if I heard someone walking up the road, I did. We listened and it got closer, I told her it was probably one of those "Rogers" (name changed) boys. Even I didn't believe this, but what else could it be?

We listened and it got closer, and since the moon was bright that night, we saw a man come into view from just where you lose sight of the road due to trees. I could see he was wearing old work overalls, a ball cap, and it sounded like work boots, the heel scuffing the pavement as he walked. He was faint, like someone had lowered the opacity of this man. It didn't click to us what we were seeing at first. My friend asks me who that is, and I tell her I don't know. He was tall, thin, and white (not spooky white, Caucasian white).

I have no idea why I grabbed the mag light that sat next to me, but I clicked it on and shined the light toward the road just as he passed in front of our mailbox, which I could see *through* him. He turned his head and looked at me then kept walking. I turned to see if my friend had seen what I did, she wasn't there. She had run into the house and locked me out lol.

It didn't frighten me for some reason, I was rattled, but not scared. I told my mom a few weeks later and she told me it sounded like Mr. Dan, the husband to the elderly woman just down the street. I'd only met him once when I was very young, but when she said the name it clicked into place like "yes!". I remembered the overalls he used to always wear, the red ballcap and work boots. My mom told me that he used to walk from their house to the field to work and back again everyday.

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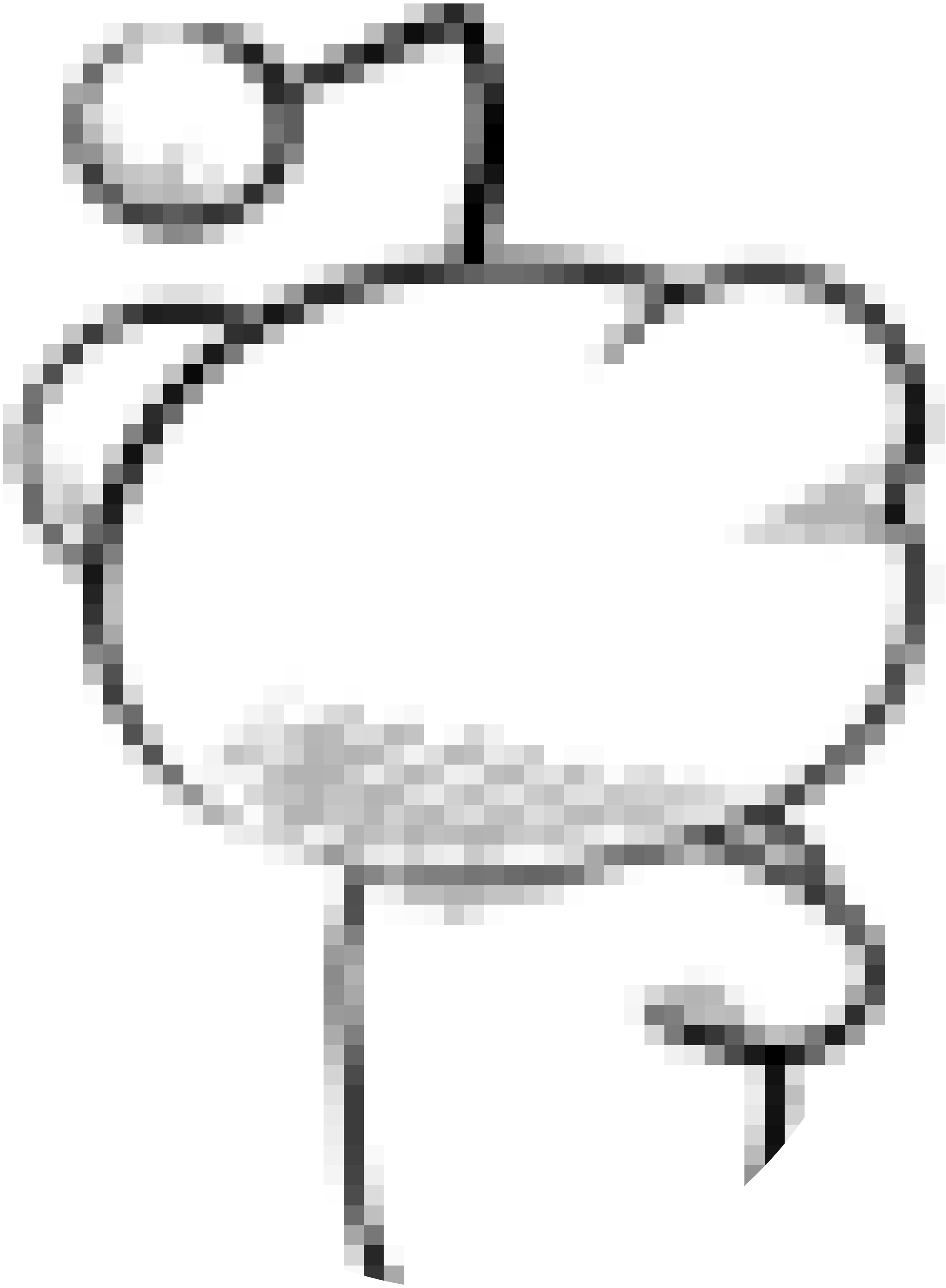


[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Late to the party, but what the hell. I'll just copy and paste this to the next creepy story thread that comes along.

After years of renting, my parents finally bought a house several states away from where we were living and moved us all in. There is absolutely nothing remarkable about the house - it was built sometime in the 80s, in a very typical suburban development, and I believe the family that lived there before us were the original owners. To my knowledge no one died there, no cults operating secretly, nothing like that. Just a cute little ranch-style house with a basement. My mom and brothers still live there.

It also eats stuff. Things go missing, then show up in places that you swear you checked already. Now, me and my family are not particularly organized people, so 98% of these cases are probably just stuff getting misplaced or moved by someone else - but I noticed during my last couple of years there that if I asked for my stuff back (as in, just stood in a room and asked out loud if I could please have something back), I'd find it shortly after that.

The stove/oven unit in the kitchen is the one that came with the house when we moved in, and is probably close to 30 years old. After we moved in, it started doing this thing where it would randomly start switching in and out of "Set Timer" mode by itself, which made it beep repeatedly every time it switched. The duration would be anywhere from once or twice to 2-3 minutes at a time, and was really annoying. At first we'd try to make it stop by hitting the timer button a few times, but eventually we gave up and would just let it do its thing. There's no other problems with it. The one thing I did notice was that it seemed to peak when my brothers and I were all in our teens, then it dropped off as we got older. When I had to move back in with my kids for a few years, it picked back up.

The three bedrooms on the main floor are all off one hallway that ends in a closet, with the master bedroom and bathroom on one side, and the two smaller rooms on the other side. I had the smallest room to myself, being the only girl, and the door faced the wall between the doors to the master bedroom and bathroom. Once I was hanging out in my room, and out of the corner of my eye caught the silhouette of someone - an adult, taller than my brothers - walk past my door towards the end of the hall. I didn't think anything of it at the moment, just figured one of my parents had gone into their room.

A few minutes later I needed something, and walked out of my door looking for my parents, checking their room first. It was empty. Whatever, they must have left again without me noticing. I called out to see where they were. I don't remember where my mom was, but I do remember telling her "Oh, I thought you were in your room because I saw someone go in there" and she confirmed that no, neither of my parents had been in their room recently. I don't think my dad was even home.

The basement has always given me the heebie-jeebies. I didn't realize how pronounced this was until I moved into my own house with a basement, and realized that while basements still give me the creeps, it's an entirely different feeling than the creeps I get from that basement. Not hostile, just occupied. Like someone's watching you the whole time you're down there. This last Christmas one of my kids got a digital camera, and insisted that we all take a family picture, so we trooped down to the basement to pose on the big sectional couch. We took one picture, but my youngest bro was napping in his room, so we went and made him get up and then took another picture with everyone.

Have you heard of [orbs](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Orb_(optics))? I looked at those pictures afterwards and there were several of them, all varying in brightness, in both pictures. The ones I noticed were right above our heads. I am telling myself that it's reflections off the ornaments from the tree that was set up next to the couch, but after the weird feelings I've gotten from that basement it makes me wonder.

SoccerDevil
â€¢ 13y ago

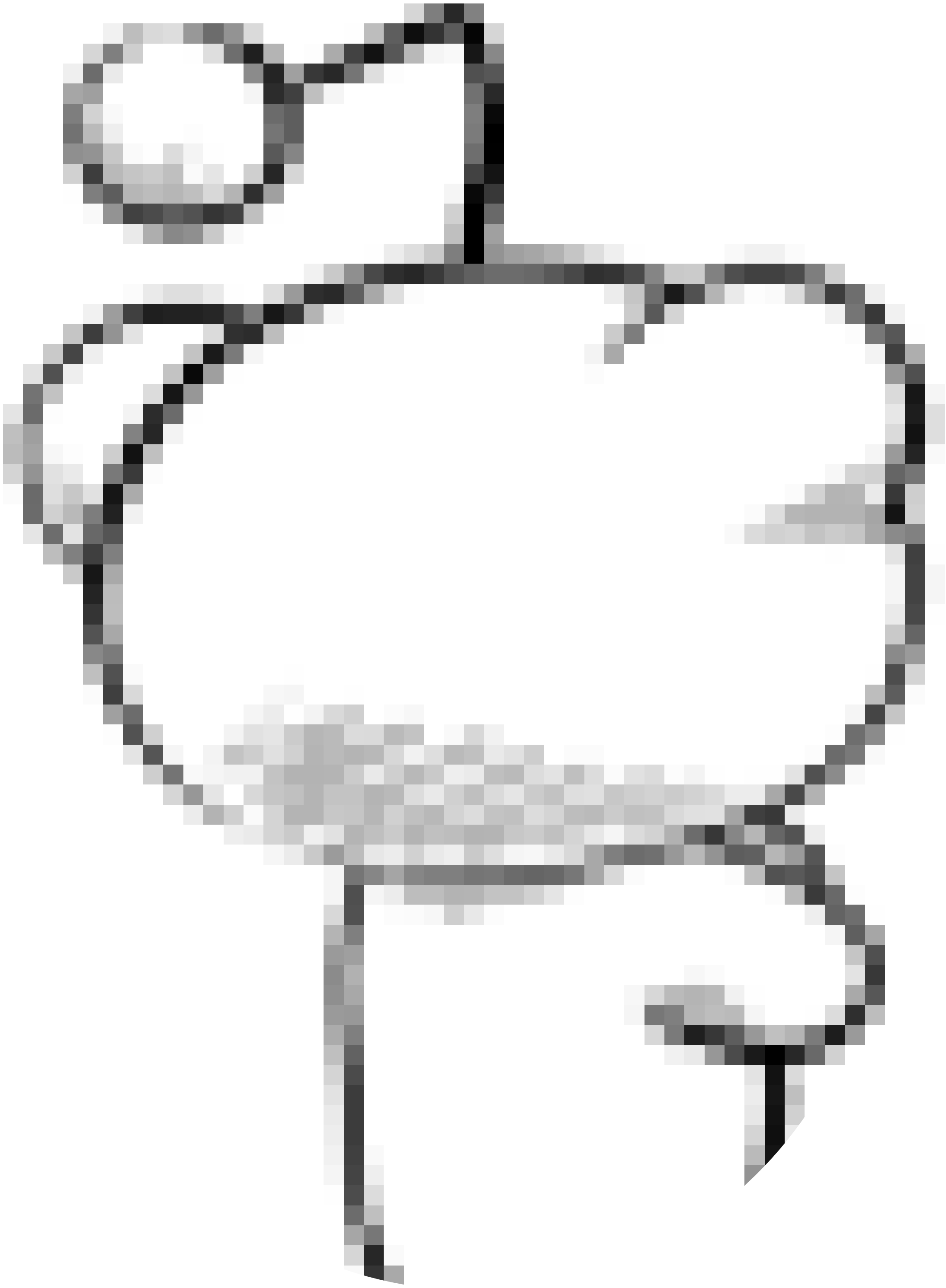
When I was young, My mom had an image of the Virgen of Guadalupe. This thing was rather large and believe me, it was intimidating to say the least. Well, My brother who was three st the time, found it rather scary. One time in particular, we found him crying right in front of her. He claimed that she had scolded him for being a bad boy and he just froze there in fear. To this day, he doesn't remember it ever happening

Reply Share

Renzo506
â€¢ 13y ago

During the summer of 2009, I had summer school. I normally eat my breakfast, get dressed, and leave. But something was off one day. I looked up to the ceiling and saw it. It was really dark black and the size of about 2 footballs. It was flowing, like cloth, but it just stayed there, pulsing like it had a heartbeat. I ran outside to get my dad but when I came back, it disappeared. It left no trace. To this day I have NO idea what it was.

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Fuck, I missed this.

I was on a road trip with my friend and a few other people. We stopped for a piss break at this old run down gas station somewhere in Georgia, content to just do our business and get on our way. Me and my buddy, along with his girl, were having a smoke while the other guy did his business, when I noticed this white thing fluttering in the wind across the road.

It was the weirdest fucking thing, but quickly turned frightening when it *started to move toward us.* We were ready to get the fuck out of there, and climbed up into the jeep to escape whatever the hell this thing was. I looked back, and it looked like a dog with a white towel across it's head. It was bizarre as hell, and I still can't figure out what the hell it was.

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

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FollinKerral
â€¢ 13y ago

This isn't creepy, just bizarre.

I've worked for 7 summers on a commercial fishing boat with the same guy, Cole. We're within feet of one another all day every day for a hundred days at a time. The bunks are tiny, so our feet are usually crossing while we sleep. Well, one night towards the end of a summer, Cole was having a dream. In the dream he was struggling and fighting against getting sucked into a black hole. And I was just sleeping, not dreaming that I was aware of. But he's fighting and fighting, and finally decides to give up and let it take him. Right as he relaxes in his dream and accepts his... nebulous fate, I screamed (in real life) "Cole! Noooo!" So I was suddenly awake, having no idea why I had just yelled, and he was staring at me with these wide eyes and saying "what the fuck?" I'm supernatural skeptic, but definitely think there's plenty out there that science hasn't even begun to grasp.

Reply Share

isotaco
â€¢ 13y ago

about a decade ago when i was in college, i was in my room taking an afternoon nap when i was startled awake by my tv, which had turned on and BLARING static, along with the most creepy noise - best I can describe it is as a warbling shrieking. It was awful. I jumped out of bed and turned the tv off, and the noise stopped. I assumed it was some kind of interference on a static station that just mangled a signal to make that noise. I get up, make a cup of coffee, and come back into my room. I notice I have a voicemail on my machine (remember those?) I hit play, ad that SAME GODDAMN TERRIBLE SHRIEKING NOISE and static plays off the cassette tape. I screamed and dropped my coffee, my roommates ran in, and we all listened to the recording several times. Each one of us had the same visceral reaction - fear and nausea - at the sound. It was the most terrible thing I have ever heard. I wish I knew what happened to that tape. Actually maybe I don't. PLEASE SCIENCE FOLKS give me the not-creepy explanation.

[Flahpjacks](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

So my whole entire freshman year Residence Hall floor can vouch for this one, we even collectively named him Jared.

It all starts off with me and my ex-girlfriend sitting in my room having a good talk, when I realize I have to slide something under my RA's door. His door was literally one door down, around a corner, and two more doors down. So I head off and I thought I would freak my girlfriend out a little bit and open the door really slowly and hide where she couldn't see me. So, as I'm doing this, I see her quickly dart and look at the door with the most horrified look on her face I'd ever seen. I assume it was because I was being silly, but then she goes to tell me that, as she was sitting on my bed facing away from the door, she heard the door open and heard three foot steps. She said "How'd it go" and I didn't answer so we turned around to see the door closed. This was the first experience of Jared.

Like any Residence Hall, or most, there is a study lounge on the floor. When walking in there is a door and a small window to the left of the door so you can see in. There were two guys and a girl in there and they heard someone loudly knock on the window, but, alas, no one was there or in the halls.

Later that night I was really struggling with the idea of there being a ghost in the hall. As I was watching my nightly episode of Psych I decided it was time I get in bed. As I was lifting up the covers to get in the tv went to straight static. I can honestly say I've never been more scared in my life and I froze as my eyes watered. My roommate was already asleep and couldn't testify for me.

Two days later my RA, who is my friend from HS, told me that he heard scratching in his bathroom and couldn't fall asleep the rest of the night.

The paranormal activity quit for a week or so, but as I was escorting my ex out one day she literally made the motions of someone being shoved and then started to cry. I swear to God she said she was shoved and it damn well looked like it.

At this point we talk to the Resident Hall Director and he reluctantly tells us that the place we live is a renovated dormitory from the 1950s. With the help of google we found out that there was a death in our dorm in 2007 from alcohol poisoning.

After my ex was shoved I was fucking done with it. I wouldn't hear a word of what anyone said of it ever since and I cursed the name of "Jared".

After that nothing happened to me, but apparently everyone else that still believed in it was still being haunted. I kept telling them it was like the Greek Gods and only existed if someone believed in it.

There were many more happenings, but god damn it was so fucking scary.

Reply Share

[ThalesX](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

When I was young (maybe about 5), my grandmother rushed inside the apartment (from the balcony) screaming "Flying lights! Flying lights!". We all rushed out and saw this huge flying red glowing shape, slowly moving above the rooftops.

To this day I have no idea what it was and I have not found any reports of it (although my country was very limited information wise in that period).

[I am not a believer in the supernatural or UFOs]

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redemerald26
â€¢ 13y ago

My roommate was home by herself, taking a shower. She heard a knock on the bathroom door.

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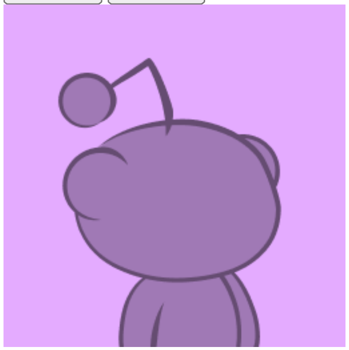

AFoxwell
â€¢ 13y ago

One night, I was scouting a film location for a zombie movie with my producer and cinematographer, and was walking down a path with tall brush along it. I looked over through the brush to an opening and saw a male figure, who I thought was my cinematographer. I walked around the brush, losing sight of the figure for a moment, and it disappeared. Immediately after, my cinematographer walks up to me from the opposite direction. I don't know what it was, very weird and I am very certain of what I saw, but I still don't believe in "ghosts". The opening in the brush was surrounded on all sides too, without diving through the brush in the few seconds it took me to round the bend, the only other way out was straight through me.

tl;dr: I saw a figure, that inexplicably disappeared.

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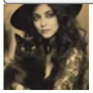

Penola
â€¢ 13y ago

Since I was a child, beginning with my "invisible friend" that became so annoying to my parents that my Pa asked him to leave (and he did), I have seen things that aren't easily explained. I have several stories but this is the latest... Last summer I was in the kitchen and I heard the sound of children's laughter. It was coming from outside so I walked out on the deck. I saw two little girls there who stopped when I came out. I could tell that they were "special" they wore dresses that looked like they would have fit on "Little House on The Prairie". I asked them their names and they told me, Libby and Jessie.They both looked about 4 years old. I asked them where they lived and they laughed and then ran towards the east, just disappearing after a few seconds. I told my son and husband about it, knowing they would groan and roll their eyes like usual. I mentioned that I thought we should take a walk in a graveyard that is about half a mile east of our house. No takers, and I kind of forgot about it. About three weeks later, on a lark, my son says, let's go check out that graveyard. So him, his girlfriend & I did just that. There were three sections with about a dozen long rows of headstones. We started at the right, reading names. There were so many that we split up to cover more area. We had to have gone through 80% or so of them when I told them that I gave up, and that we weren't going to find "my little girls". At just about the same time my son says "Mom, come here." He had found them. They are buried right next to each other. He became a bit less skeptical about things I see that day. Since then, every now and then I will hear knocking at the sliding door to the deck and I can see them for just a few seconds and then they are gone again. My husband, the biggest skeptic of them all, has even heard the knocks and gone outside to investigate. Unfortunately he has never seen them....yet. But I hope someday, he will.

Reply Share

pedro_s
â€¢ 13y ago

That is so interesting! Have you had any other experiences like this?

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⊕ More replies ⊕ More replies

treseritops
â€¢ 13y ago

The only truly beyond understanding thing I've had happen to me was the night/early morning when my grandmother died. My grandpa had died 2 years ago and she was really ready. I had a dream about her, really vivid, I don't remember if it really was a "then she said goodbye" or anything like that, just very emotional, very overwhelming. I used to have these very emotionally intense dreams about talking to and seeing one of my best friends from growing up that died in a car accident but of course nothing ever came of any of them. I'd wake up exhausted, sometimes I'd write down what I had dreamt but like I said, it never meant anything.

However, that morning I even mentioned to my girlfriend how powerful the dream was and even remarked to her specifically that I wasn't trying to say that she had died. That would have been dramatic and I thought it would be rude to essentially use my grandmother's death to further some great story about my dreams. Needless to say I got the call from my dad that she did pass away that night. I was really happy for her. I've had a couple of these dreams about her since then, I still don't think I'm communicating to the other side or anything, but that was a weird coincidence.

Reply Share

Saganic
â€¢ 13y ago

This is back in the mid 80's, I was real young. Came down for Sunday morning breakfast, saw mom and dad looking kinda tired/worried. Apparently my dad had some sleep paralysis experience that freaked him out the night before, saw some images projected in smoke on his ceiling, described them kind of like apparitions, scared the shit out of him. (he's one of those tough dudes that get scared watching horror movies for some reason.) He tried to wake my mom up but couldn't move, eventually he did move trying to break free, and nailed her in the face, which obviously woke her up. So anyway, he tells us the story at breakfast and we're all like weird, whatever, time to watch cartoons.

A few years go by, and I'm watching TV, my mom is reading a new book. Her face goes white as a ghost, and she drops the book. She was reading communion which is supposedly a true story about someone being abducted by Aliens. There is a section in the book that describes the evening before the guy was abducted, and it reads exactly how my Dad told his little story at breakfast, eerily similar. It was a creepy coincidence that had me believing for years, and I used to tell the story to freak my friends out. I'm pretty sure it was just a lucid dream, probably the same kind of experience that makes people think they have actually been abducted, but it was sure creepy at a young age.

My mom still believes he was abducted, lol.

firebolt22
â€¢ 13y ago

This thread: r/nosleep, taken to askreddit.

jroadice
â€¢ 13y ago

I've had many experiences. Starting from about 7 years until recently. I think the scariest one was when I was 13. A friend and I are sitting in her room getting ready to go to a movie. I am sitting in the floor by the closet when the doors being to shake violently. My friend goes from sitting to standing in one fluid motion and runs out the door screaming. I start laughing hysterically. This goes on for 15 to 30 seconds. We tell her mom of course she doesn't believe us, chalked up to young imagination. When we got home from the movie that night her mom says she believes us. After that incident there were knocking(on the door and down the hall) noises, walking noises and the rocking chair would rock in its own for many years.

AShavedApe
â€¢ 13y ago

Home alone waiting for my mom to get off working a double. Brother went out to a block party. Been 11 years since my birth. Have creepy porcelain music doll in my room and it's eyeballing me. I swear it's moving. Run at it, put it upside down in a small box filled with coins I was saving. Watch TV for like 5-10 minutes, go back into my room and it's head is sticking out of the fucking box! It had a base it rotated on and there is no physical way it could have turned rightside up. Just impossible. Ran out of the house.

TL;DR Confirmed a doll moved on it's own in my bedroom

Sporadic44

â€¢ 13y ago

The plates in my cabinets shake and rattle sometimes in an inexplicable way. I dont think it's a ghost or anything but idk why it happens.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Earthquack

⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

death_style
â€¢ 13y ago

That poor ghost kid :(

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

Assmeat
â€¢ 13y ago

Not really supernatural, but I was on cortez island in BC. Hanging out in a hot tub with some friends, when I got an strange feeling that something was watching us. Never found/saw anything but it spooked me so much that I was shivering in the hot tub.

cadbury1987
â€¢ 13y ago

This creeped me out and happened about a month or two ago. I was in my parents granny flat which I rent from them. My boyfriend were about to get into sexy times when we hear a noise at the door. I call out "Yeah?" Nothing. I thought I was hearing things. About 30 seconds later the locked door handle rattles and we both jump. My boyfriend is a little annoyed now, because he thinks it is my Mum wanting to just barge in.

I say "Mum what do you want?" Open the door and no one is there. We have three dogs but all three were inside the main house and my parents were inside the whole time. Shook me up as we both heard it, so it wasn't my imagination. My Mum said it may have been the wind, but there was no wind that night, certainly not strong enough to sound like someone trying to turn a locked door handle.

PiesAreDelicious
â€¢ 13y ago

Not really paranormal, but terrifying when it was happening. When I was little, I would wake up to see my family and pets just standing around my room, but then they would disappear as soon as I saw them. One time, I saw my dog sitting at the edge of the bed, and I said to him "Oh hi Max, what are you doing here?" and immediately after I said that, he just looked at me and disappeared. Another time my sister was standing in the the middle of the room, then just walked through the door. One of the first times this happened (which has to be the most creepiest of all of them) My other sister was standing pretty close to me, when suddenly her face turned into zombie, and then dragged (for lack of a better word) towards the ceiling, like when windows drag because of lag or something. And it's not like they were ghosts, because all of them were alive. I had this really weird theory for why this was happening at the time that people's spirits would leave their bodies when they were sleeping because sleeping was boring.

death_style
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger I would have very elaborate dreams that I would write into little stories. I had one about a scarecrow taking me on a picnic, etc. whatever. One night when I was about 6 or 7 I specifically dreamt I was in the woods being chased essentially by a giant moth and a giant teddy bear.

Years later Bjork came out with Human Behavior and if you recall the music video, it was essentially my dream from years earlier. I have no way to explain this beyond a glitch in the matrix. It creeps me out to this day.

Reply Share

AdmiralMikey75
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a vivid memory of when I was 4 years old. so vivid that i got chill bumps just now thinking about it. it my earliest memory.

I was sitting in the Living Room floor, watching Johnny Bravo (best show ever) and its about 7pm, because its just gotten dark outside. when suddenly, the power goes out. its pitch black, and suddenly i hear the sharp sound of glass exploding and my ears start ringing with such intensity that im screaming my throat raw and cant even hear it. i look up, and coming from the hallway is a pure white mist with holes where the eyes would be. the ringing stopped instantly and for a couple seconds it was silent, as was I, for i dare not make a sound.

and then it was gone.

and then it whispered in my ear. what It said, i will never know, i couldnt understand it. one word, and it was gone. and then the lights flickered back on. I had bitten my toungue almost completely through, when my parents rushed to me they screamed at all the blood, which didnt help my case.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Comment removed by moderator

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply

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ReDdiT_JuNkBoT
â€¢ 13y ago

Lolol. Never thought of this. That's hilarious. From the picture I saw it kinda similar without the scar. But it was like a long bowl cut very wavy but the same glasses lol

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I just saw the movie "The Ring" in theaters. We saw the movie late and didn't get out till past midnight. We were 15-16 years old, still didn't drive so we walked back home. On the way home, a payphone in front of a store we were walking by just started ringing.

If you haven't seen the movie, its about a video that you see and, shortly after seeing it, a person calls you on your phone and tells you that you die in 7 days. We had just seen the movie, and it was past midnight on a weekday, yet a payphone just starts ringing randomly right as we walk by it? All of the businesses in this plaza were closed, there wasn't one car in the parking lot.

My buddy is one of the most alpha dudes I've ever met (he is a bodybuilder/martial artist now as an adult). He looked at me, then looked at the ringing phone, then looked at me again. Then he bolted into the night screaming...

pinkiesmiles
â€¢ 13y ago

Not super creepy, more comforting. When I was 9 my Granddad died suddenly after catching the flu (or something else pretty common, it's been a while). His funeral was on a cold, rainy day in November. I was standing there, frozen while they lowered his casket into the ground when all of a sudden there was a warm breeze and I wasn't so cold anymore. I always assumed that breeze was my Granddad and Grandma (who died when I was 2) telling me it'll be okay.

It's been 12 years now. I know it probably wasn't my grandparent's souls comforting me in that moment but the thought still makes me happy and sad all at once.

GRZMNKY
â€¢ 13y ago

Late to the party but...

At a friend's house back home (same house my aunt lived in years before), the kitchen would never stay clean or organized. Anything that was put in there was messed with. We had a BBQ one day and afterwards, put all the condiments away and washed the dishes and threw all the trash into the bin. We walked into the living room to talk and one of us went to grab a glass of water. All we heard was her say "Umm, guys?" and we walked in. The cupboards were open, the ketchup in the fridge was bubbling out of the bottle, and the trash bin was knocked over. We cleaned again and laughed it off. My friend's mom told us that she has to clean the kitchen a few times just to make it stay that way. Same house, different room. In their family room, we would often hang out and talk. Every day, every time we sat there and talked, we would all fall asleep and wake up about an hour later. None of us could ever remember when we nodded off. So after a dozen occurrences (it took us a while to freak out) we had a neighbor come check on us from outside before we hung out. We told the neighbor to come by about 30 minutes later. He comes by the window and we are all knocked out, except he says for the tall black lady. We look at each other and realize that there is no "tall black lady" among us. He describes her as wearing a style that some Haitian women would wear. That freaked us out.

Same house...yet another room... The room in the back of the house used to be a patio, but was converted to a sun room. When my aunt lived there with friends, they used it as an art studio briefly. Well, any liquid left in that room will be sprayed around the room. Even in a sealed bottle, will suddenly be flung around. My aunt's roommate left the room after painting to grab a beer and when she came back in, all of her paintings were ruined by the paint tubes.

Ever since we learned of this years ago, I've know of over 10 families to move in and out. I've talked to a few and the strange happenings have occurred with all of them.

TL;DR House in hometown has too many strange things happening in it...multiple families have lived there in 30 years

lunax0295
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

This didn't happen to me but to my aunt and little cousin (let's call him Kevin) one night when he had a really bad fever.

My aunt wakes up in the middle of the night to hear a noise coming from outside her room in the hall. When she opens her door to look out she sees Kevin, who is staring down the hall walking towards something. Interested, my aunt doesn't leave the room and decides to watch and see what Kevin is doing. A few minutes pass like that and Kevin is laughing and talking into the air, there's nothing else in the hall way that she can see and all the other bedroom doors are closed. Finally, she comes out into the hall, thinking that Kevin was hallucinating due to his high fever. She grabs him and asks him who he's talking to, he points to nothing and says, "mom, I'm talking to Brandon, can't you see him? He's standing right over there". Again, seeing nothing, but still curious, my aunt asks him to describe Brandon, who turned out to look almost exactly like Kevin, just a few years older.

Brandon was the name of my aunt's first child. He died a week after he was born due to heart failure and because the memory was too painful for her, none of her children were told that they ever had an older brother named Brandon.

skidooey
â€¢ 13y ago

I just shaved my legs and now they're all goosebumped and prickly

affenpinscher
â€¢ 13y ago

In high school I had a Canon AE-1 camera. I took it everywhere and took lots of b&w pictures for my photo class. One time I went to a graveyard and the camera would not work. I took it home and it worked. Battery, everything was fine. Back to graveyard and it stopped working again. Back home all was fine. I gave up after that.

[finally_the_good_guy](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Fuck this thread I'm out.

[eckomancer](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I lived in a house where you could hear water running even though no one was using any water in the house. Also doors would close without anyone being near them and there was no open windows to cause a draft.

naivat10
â€¢ 13y ago

My age: 8 Brother: 4

I was trying to go to sleep around 11 o'clock at night, when all of a sudden, I hear my brother's remote control cars racing around my house. I didn't see them, but I heard them. My brother was lying in the top bunk of our bed, and my parents were snoring in their room across the hall. My dog was still asleep, surprisingly, he normally goes batshit crazy when he hears them. I still have no idea what it was.

DonkeyLightning
â€¢ 13y ago

I was driving on the 8 going east in San Diego. My friend's girlfriend pointed over to the hills/mtns and said "what is that?" the three of us looked and all saw 3 balls of bright light. They were falling but slowly, at the pace a balloon falls to the floor if dropped. Then one disappeared, one stopped and hovered and the other continued to fall a little further before it stopped and hovered. Then the two remaining balls of light started descending again until they just faded away. this all took place in about 30-45 seconds. enough time to be certain we were all witnessing the same thing. None of us could explain it, and no one we mentioned it to could either. 2 years later i took a "natural disasters" class, I brought the story up to my professor and he said that it vaguely sounded like "ball lightning" an extremely rare phenomenon (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ball_lightning) after reading about it, it seemed plausible...but I am still not 100% convinced. It was the most bizarre thing we had/have ever seen.

Sir_Ruje
â€¢ 13y ago

All right, I got one. (I'm on my tablet, sorry in advance. Its keyboard sucks) Anyway, last year I worked at the local summer camp as the camp store cleark/ Quarter master. Those of us that work at the building stay up till about 11 cleaning at night so its already dark outside. The path to our accomidations is lined with thick bushes and such on the right and neat rows of planted pines. As I am walking down the path after a long day INDEED get the paranoid felling that someone is watching me. For some reason I didn't use my flashlight, I just looked into the bushes on my right and saw nothing.I thought I was in the clear, just a bit O' paranoia, then I look left. In betwen the trees is a shape that looked like a floating face with no features and a neck and sholders. As I'm looking it tilts its head in a "What are you doing here?" Fashion and I get a strong sense of both ammusement and curiosity. This all happened in about two seconds then I heard footsteps behind me. I looked and no one was there. I hulled ass down that path to our bunkhouse. The rest of the staff have had storys like this, we call the ghost the blue indian because he looks like a indian wearing blue clothes with no face (no eyes or mouth, everythig else still there) We think he is from one of the three or four indian mounds near the bunkhouse. He is always just walking the paths or something like that. I'm hopefully going to work there againg this year. I will let you guys know if we spot him.

Reply Share

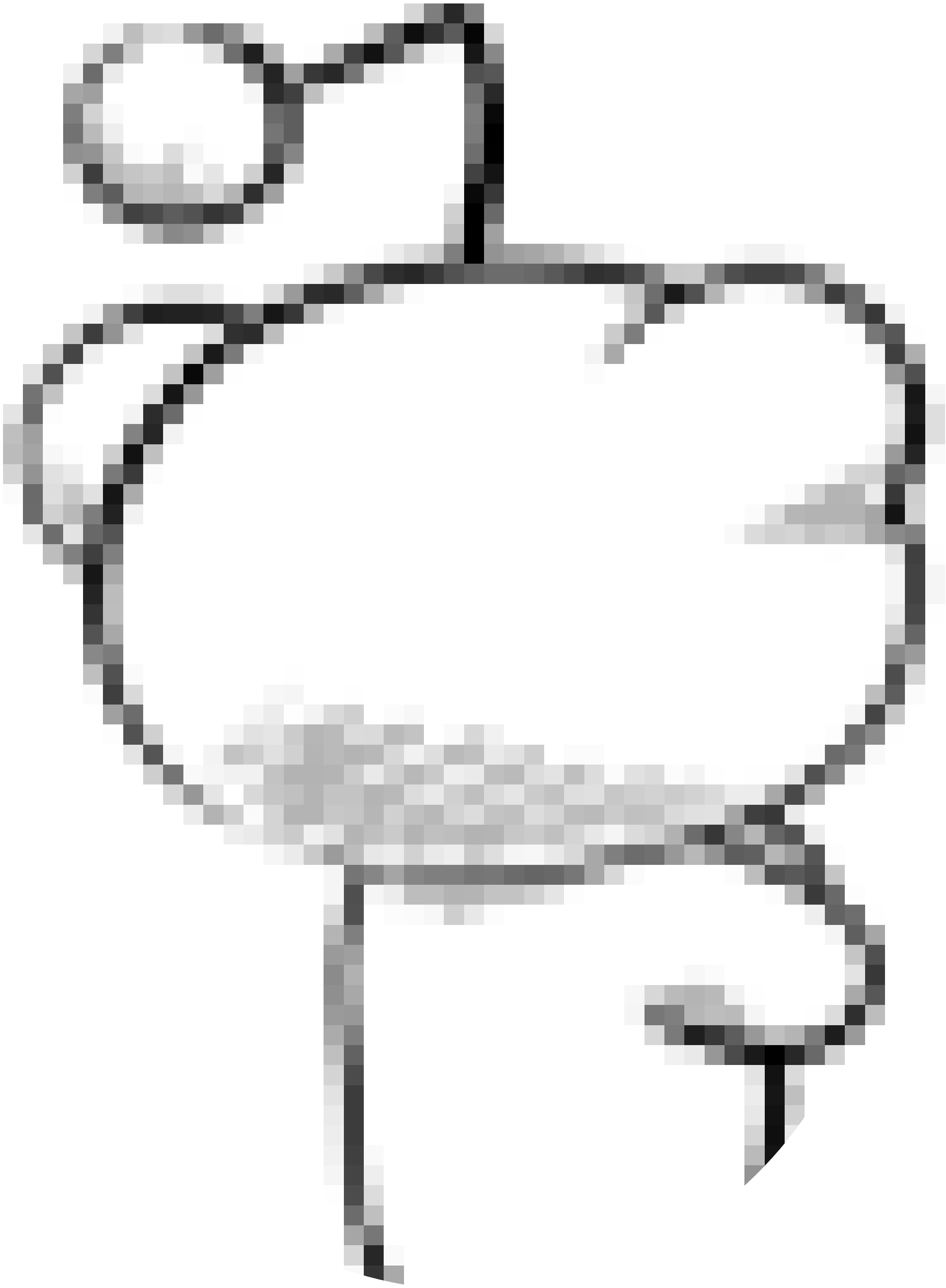
Dalist
â€¢ 13y ago

I have precognitive dreams, when I sleep sometime I see things before they happen. This has been happening since I was in the 4th grade and I'm nearly 24 now. They don't happen very often and I usually see things three to six months before they actually happen.

When I was in high school I remember waking up once and recalling I heard a conversation in the night. Two people were talking and they said "My cousin crashed his car the other day." "Are you okay?" I thought it was weird and didn't sound like a normal conversation. Fast forward a few months and I'm in study hall with my friend Erin. We just finished math problems and she's checking them. I over hear the two guys behind us talking. One says to the other "My cousin crashed his car the other day." Erin then taps me on the shoulder and asks "Are you okay?"

I did have one when I was awake. I was at my summer job and saw the face of a woman who turned out to be my college English teacher.

I've had a few other odd moments. One day in the middle of the day the phrase "Cash, grass, or ass. No one rides for free." Pops into my head out of nowhere. Later that day my mom tells me she saw a funny bumper sticker that said the exact same phrase. My favorite psychic moment of mine is when I answered a phone before it rang, both the caller and my roommate remarked how they didn't hear it ring at all.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Not much of a story, but my first experience with what I now know as sleep paralysis, I saw this flashing light at the foot of my bed. It sort of got bigger and smaller in size in relation to the pitch of that horrid vibrating noise in my ears. For some reason I was under the impression that this flashing light was someone I knew, it was a familiar presence. I was alone in my room and it was around 7 pm, around the time when my dad would be coming home from work. It turns out that during my little experience, my dad got into a car accident on his way home and passed away. I didn't put the two together until much later.

jacq_willow
â€¢ 13y ago

I've had quite a few eerie experiences. I'll post as many as I can remember.

One night I had a dream about going to the local pool. This is normal because the next day we were planning to go there with school. In my dream there was a very dark area of the shallow end of the pool and the teacher says we're not allowed to go down that end. The next day when we are down at the pool there's a man laying beside the pool unconscious. Apparently he had a heart attack and died in the pool just as he got to the shallow end. We were allowed to go in the pool but not the shallow end because of the commotion going on at that end.

There are nights when I wake up or just can't get to sleep and I feel a presence of someone near me. The presence used to be at the end of my bed but now it's at my bedroom door because I had to put things at the end of my bed. There was an old couple that used to own the house. They were alive when my Dad bought the house but that was almost 30 years ago.

Just recently me and my Mum stayed at my cousins house because she was on holidays. Mum stayed there for 2 weeks and I joined her the last couple of nights. The day I was there I was just sitting on the lounge watching tv. Mum was in the shower. I saw a figure in the corner of my eye walk down the stairs (it's a split level house). I thought Mum must have gotten out of the shower and walked to the back yard. I went outside to talk to her but no one was there. I went back inside and realised the water was still running in the bathroom. I thought nothing of it. The next day my cousin and her partner return from their holiday. Mum and I stayed up that night drinking with my cousin. Her partner went to bed early. We started saying our good nights and I went to one of the spare bedrooms. While I'm in there I hear yelling coming from the lounge room. I open the door and my cousin is accusing my mum for trespassing. She was yelling "Who are you?! Who let you in here?!" Then she sees me and gets aggressive. She had no idea who we were. We keep telling her our names over and over again. She goes to the master bedroom where her partner is and says "Call the cops, 2 people are in our house!" Her partner replies back saying "Just come to bed, that's your cousin and aunty!" My cousin seems surprised. She is lesbian but seemed to be confused about the voice of her partner (as if she expected a male). I yelled her name and she just said "What?" like nothing happened.

That's all I can think of for now. I tend to have a lot of dreams that are related to future events.

whereisbreakfast
â€¢ 13y ago

Can't really explain it, but driving one day at 5 am when it was still dark and saw what I can only describe as a black column of light going up to the sky. My mom saw it too...

weird shit man.

Reply Share

[Attheveryend](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

There hasn't been anything I've seen that wasn't clearly a natural phenomenon of some sort.

Though the fact that I'm alive in a universe of stuff that isn't is pretty creepy all on its own.

Reply Share

watch_your_language

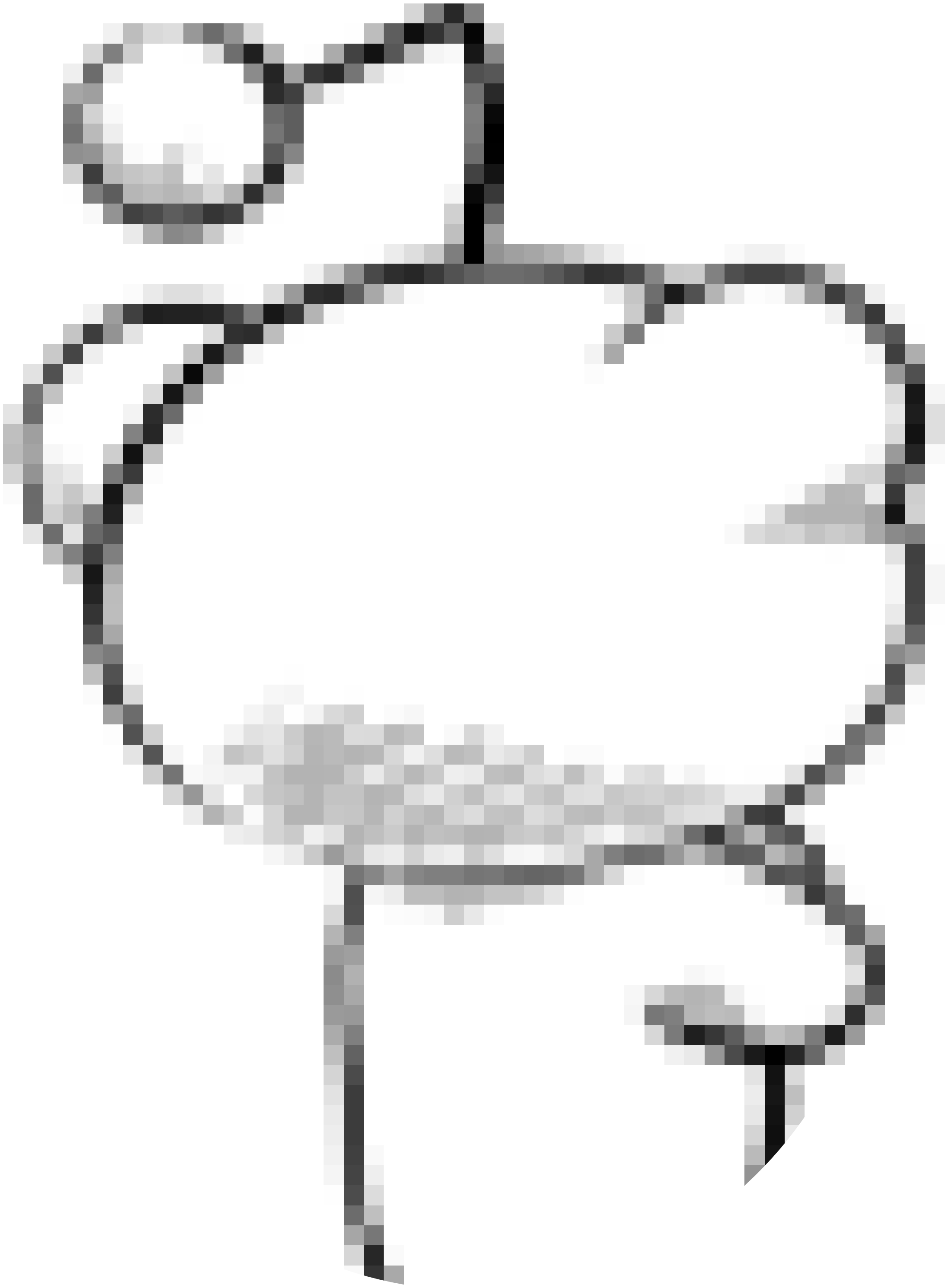
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 10, my friends and I were at the town library. It used to be a monastery, and while not the oldest, was at least 100 years old. The library itself was normal, but one of my friends, lets call her Mia, claims she saw a ghost in the oldest section once. Outside the library part, there is an arch structure. The structure has 2 sides with a door on each. Being curious, Mia, our other friend Sophie, and I push in the door. It is very dark and spiderwebby inside, proving that nobody had been there for a while. We heard someone call out, "Arthur, is that you? I need help!" We were all terrified and ran to the main building, where we decided to look up the history. Apparently, a man had fallen down some stairs there, and died while the other people who stayed there were out or somewhere else. It was CREEPY, man. Also at that library is the oldest war memorial in at least New England, and maybe America. I was there with my Girl Scout troop once, and I swear on my life I saw a man with dark skin and war paint, and a man with pale skin and more European style clothes fighting. The dark skinned dude pulled out a weapon of some kind and hit the pale guy in the chest. The pale guy crumpled to the ground and blood started pouring out of the wound. Then they disappeared and I heard voices. I had been passed out the entire time.

JLunaM
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't believe in ghosts but..... when I was about 14 I visited some family living in the middle of nowhere. One night, my cousin and I were hanging out in their garden at night and looking at the stars (I grew up in the city). She went to the kitchen for a bit which was a few metres ahead of where I was standing (with pretty much full view of the garden) when out of the corner of my eyes I thought I saw something move, I turned my head slightly to see a a young guy a metre infront of me wearing something like a white tunic and white lose trousers just walking forwards. I said something but he took no notice and kept on walking. I called out to my cousin asking who the boy was and she didn't know what I was talking about because he was no longer there. There is really no way for some one to have left their house in the direction that he was going without opening a door or gate.

I told everyone the next day. My grandad told me that my cousin's house was built on a grave. Well, it was a really, really old grave that disappeared over time they didn't just build on a buncha' dead people. I know what I saw but it can't have been a ghost.



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â€¢ 13y ago

So I'm not sure if this counts, but I believe I have a doppleganger following me around. People keep telling me they have seen me places. Places I've gone to but not the day that they said they've seen me. Close family and friends say they have seen me, not someone that looks like me, but me. What's weird is that they've never talked to this guy, either because he's left immediately after being seen or they are in a hurry and don't think to talk to him. I've never seen him. I call him my doppleganger, or maybe I'll be a time traveler in the future... who knows. But it's still weird.

IAmSecretlyACat
â€¢ 13y ago

Friends house in paradise hills. It supposedly burned down at one point a LONG time ago and they built over it. If you lay in the sun room thing at night the dogs visit you. (Had this happen to me one night.)Terrified her moocow of a dog and scared the snapples out of us. Interesting though. All we could hear was the panting and could feel the breath on our arms and faces. Slight movement sensation around us. I've heard storied from my friends grandmother who lives there and apparently the wife is still there? (Cannot confirm second part.)

My old cat Biscuit visits me. ._. I think its biscuit. Feels like him at least.

Why are both of these about animals :(

rkoonce
â€¢ 13y ago

An elderly lady died in a fire in my house 25 years ago (before I bought the house). At a specific spot in the doorway between the living room and dining room I can sometimes smell perfume where there should be none. It's not a scent my wife uses and she had smelled it too, many times, before either of us mentioned it to each other. I can't explain it.

[CurrentlyBlazed](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

This didn't happen to me, it actually happened to a friend of mine while we where in the military.

So anyways, he comes to formation looking like shit, and his face looked a little swollen. I asked him what was up and he explained he wasn't really sure he wanted to talk about it, but after some laughs from his roommate, he finally told us.

So he was getting ready to go to sleep, and was laying down in the barracks and was at that point where your so sleepy you give 0 fucks. He had a fear of leaving his closet door open since he was a kid, and realized he had done just that, but was to tired to care. So he hit that point of sleep where your awake but sorta sleeping and suddenly he felt his cat jump on his bed. He thought to himself how awesome it was his cat wanted to sleep with him when reality hit him. He was in the military, and had been for quite some time, and his kitty was back home where he was from. When he realized it wasn't his cat, he was wide awake but couldn't move at all. From the foot of his bed, he felt what he thought was a cat slowly move up towards his chest, but it changed from a cat into something else. Shocked and scared he tried to move but couldn't and was staring at the wall as something crawled up his chest and morphed into a large person that was pressing him into his bed and then grabbed his face and started pressing his face into his pillow. Then, it whispered into his ear clear as day "Get the fuck up.", then slowly crawled off of him onto the floor.

Finally when he could move, he shot up and saw his roommate standing at the divide in the room. His roommate was cloaked in shadow, and didn't exactly look like his roommate because it was a lot larger and random things were different, but it still looked like him. He said as he stared at it, it shrugged its shoulders and waved for him to follow over to his roommates bed.

As soon as it was out of his vision, he jumped out of bed and ran over to his roommate and was pissed thinking he was playing a joke or some shit on him. The roommate had not been awake, didn't hear anything and was like ... what ever go to sleep.

So as he is explaining this story to everybody that had crowded around, he then explained that his face hurt extremely bad, and he wanted to go to sick call. His face where the closet demon(which is what we called it) had touched him had developed a staff infection, and he had to go on hardcore antibiotics and was sick for the rest of the week, and they where worried that it could spread to his brain.

That night after the story, we all got wasted and harassed the closet all night. Nothing ever happened after that.

baobabs
â€¢ 13y ago

I already posted on here but I have another creepy story that I forgot about that happened to me. So the last apartment I lived in was old. The house never really gave me weird vibes. Except for my room. My roommate (who is very sensitive) was super creeped out by my room. I was as well. One night at 3 am in the morning someone knocked on my door and I didn't respond, I then saw a flash of purple/blue light in my room. I asked my roommates about it and they were both asleep. One other time I heard a man's voice say, "Just listen" out of completely nowhere. I shut it out pretty quickly.

Whatever it was that was weird about my room was in the closet. I don't know what was in there but I wouldn't even go near my closet. A few times I would see movement in the closet, like there was actually some thing living in there. Whatever this creepy thing was, it started freaking me out more and more, to the point where I couldn't sleep with the light off in my room.

One night, I decided, fuck this, I'm not going to let myself be scared by this imaginary thing, so I turned the light off and went to bed.

That night, so many freaky things happened it is unbelievable. First, I'm about to fall asleep when I see a man standing at the foot of my bed. Clear as day. He's wearing a cowboy hat and something about him is very very off. I somehow fall asleep (I shrugged it off as sleep paralysis) Later that night, (again in between sleeping and waking) I feel my boyfriend in the bed, and he wants to have sex. We end up having sex, and after we're done I feel a hand on me that's as cold as ice. I realized later this was also a sleep paralysis state, because my boyfriend wasn't living with me at the time and wasn't there. Later that night, when I'm actually awake, I see two orbs of light hovering above me. Later on, in the morning, I hear a woman's voice saying, "Wake up. Wake up" to me. It sounded like my roommate. I fall back asleep and had the worst sleep paralysis experience of my life. Whatever that "thing" was, it tried to get inside of me in my sleep paralysis state. I woke up feeling terrible. I'm used to sleep paralysis but something about that experience felt so sickening and wrong.

Believe it or not, I forget about almost all of this since I think, "well I just had a really bad sleep paralysis episode...all night." Which had never happened to me before, by the way. That same day, my roommate comes to me and says, "Hey are you ok? I had some really weird dreams last night. I dreamt that I was in your closet and it was this hallway full of endless dark rooms. Then I woke up and heard someone pounding on my door. I ended up falling asleep and then I dreamt I saw a man in my room and he tried to have sex with me in the dream."

Basically, both of us were dreaming when most of this happened but even if the strange part of this story is that we tuned in to each other's weird dreams, it still is pretty freaky.

StevenWongo
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm a bit late to the party but I have one that's interesting and I'll try and explain it to the best that I can.

One night when I was at his house, he went into the laundry to get some frozen pizza's so we can make some food. He goes upstairs, makes the food, and comes back down, we're just sitting there and he says did you see that? I was like what? He claimed that he saw a figure move by his door. We were both 16/17 at this time, and we don't bullshit about stuff like this, so I asked him what happened. Then he said when he was grabbing the pizza's, he saw a white blank face look at him, so he grabbed them, and just walked really fast up the stairs and made them and try to think nothing of it till he saw it again.

Fast forward a couple weeks since this, what I'll call encounter, and he told me a few days after I left, he was looking into the storage room across from his room, and he described to me a white person in a dress, with a blank face just standing there, and all he did was turn, look at his computer and said to himself, you're not there, you're not there and when he looked back it was gone.

Now, I've always felt sometime when I've been in his room (it's in the basement) and something has always seemed off to me. But not in his room, the downstairs bathroom, but just that storage room. I literally creeps me out and this was before he told me any of this stuff.

Now again, I'm staying at his place, it was right before or after Christmas I got kicked out of my house, and his parents let me stay there for two weeks. One night, his sister decides to come and just talk to us, and we had just seen Paranormal Activity 2. So of course we get onto the topic of the ghost, and his sister tells us this (I'll try and get it right)

She was sick one night when she was young, and screaming at the top of her lungs for her mother, now this is a different house, and her room was upstairs. Anywho, she's just screaming and screaming and she looks into the hall, and described to us a white woman in a dress, with a blank face just starring at her, and she shut up immediately, and it went away. Now the thing that I find most interesting is that my friend only told me what this "ghost" looked like, no one in his family. And his sister described the exact same thing without even knowing what he saw.

His sister ended up seeing a physic, and he told her a bunch of shit, but what she told us that I again found interesting was that he could feel someone watching over her but they weren't alive.

Reply Share

Ezekiel_3e8
â€¢ 13y ago

I have two experiences I can describe but cannot explain:

First, after camping for 4th of July weekend one year I'm driving alone down the expressway from northern lower peninsula of Michigan back down south where I was attending undergrad. Just listening to music, nothing out of the ordinary, when out of nowhere this feeling suddenly overwhelmed me. I don't know why, but I just knew that one of my friends was going to die. It was such a strong feeling and the message was crystal clear, so I turned off the radio and spent probably 30 minutes thinking about which friend I thought it would be.

Fast forward to September 12th. It's a saturday, and I've got two UM Football tickets. The guy I'm taking with me was a close friend for almost two years, college buddy, was at my place drinking the night before... I pick him up in the morning, go on a roadie with two other dudes, and drop this guy off cuz he's going to play some basketball. I was to hear from him after about the hour he would be at the gym, and we would be on our way to Ann Arbor.

Well, it gets to be time to go and I haven't heard from him, he's not answering his phone, so I take another friend instead. Later on that evening, we learn that he had collapsed while playing bball, heart failure due to a condition he had had since birth. Ok, pretty weird, but what is even more strange is that he was in a coma for 5 days, and passed away on September 17th. My birthday. I had never experienced the feeling I had in the car before, and never again since. I have no explanation, but it was the closest to a premonition that I have experienced, and the coincidences of how close we were at the time + his passing on my birthday make me wonder.

The second is more like some of the other ghost stories in this thread. I was studying abroad in London UK, and 7 of us were in a basement floor flat on Regent Street just south of Great Portland Street underground station. Anyway, we'd been there for a few months, and one girl in particular who was staying in her own room (the other 6 of us had roommates) had had several strange things happen to her. Like, one night I came home from drinking, flipped on the light, and she was standing in the hallway outside her bedroom freaked out because there was something in her room. Wtf, right? We checked it out and there was nothing. Some other weirdness, but nothing too unsettling until one night I'm laying in bed listening to my ipod, lights off, waiting to fall asleep, when I feel a presence in my room. Above me, actually, floating between me and the ceiling. It was so creepy, i ripped my earbuds out and got up. Turned on the lights and there was nothing, so I laid back down and just forced myself to go back to sleep. No music though, I wanted to be a bit more on the lookout. Definitely a creepy sensation, so although I don't really buy into ghosts much, I can say that that flat had something that several of us experienced in one way or another.

[mcganny](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

It's 3.30 and I should be asleep but I'm terrified from all these stories so F it. Coming from Ireland, a creepy enough country to begin with I have plenty of these stories to tell (all second hand stories thank god). I'll only tell the creepiest one though. It's about my dads old house, it was next to a mental asylum (of course it was) no really: http://www.yourlocal.ie/company/379265768275968 My grandfather used to service the boiler in the hospital! Its mid winter: my dad, cousin and grandmother are in the house sleeping and all of a sudden at the front of the house a vicious dog that was desperately trying to get into the house going bat-shit crazy. It lasted all of 3 minutes then stopped. It had snowed that day but stopped before it got dark, when my dad went to check outside after there were no paw prints anywhere but when he looked over at the hospital there was a red glow over it which he still describes as "Hell red" Been on the grounds of the hospital myself it is so damn creepy! More stories to tell if anyone's interested :)

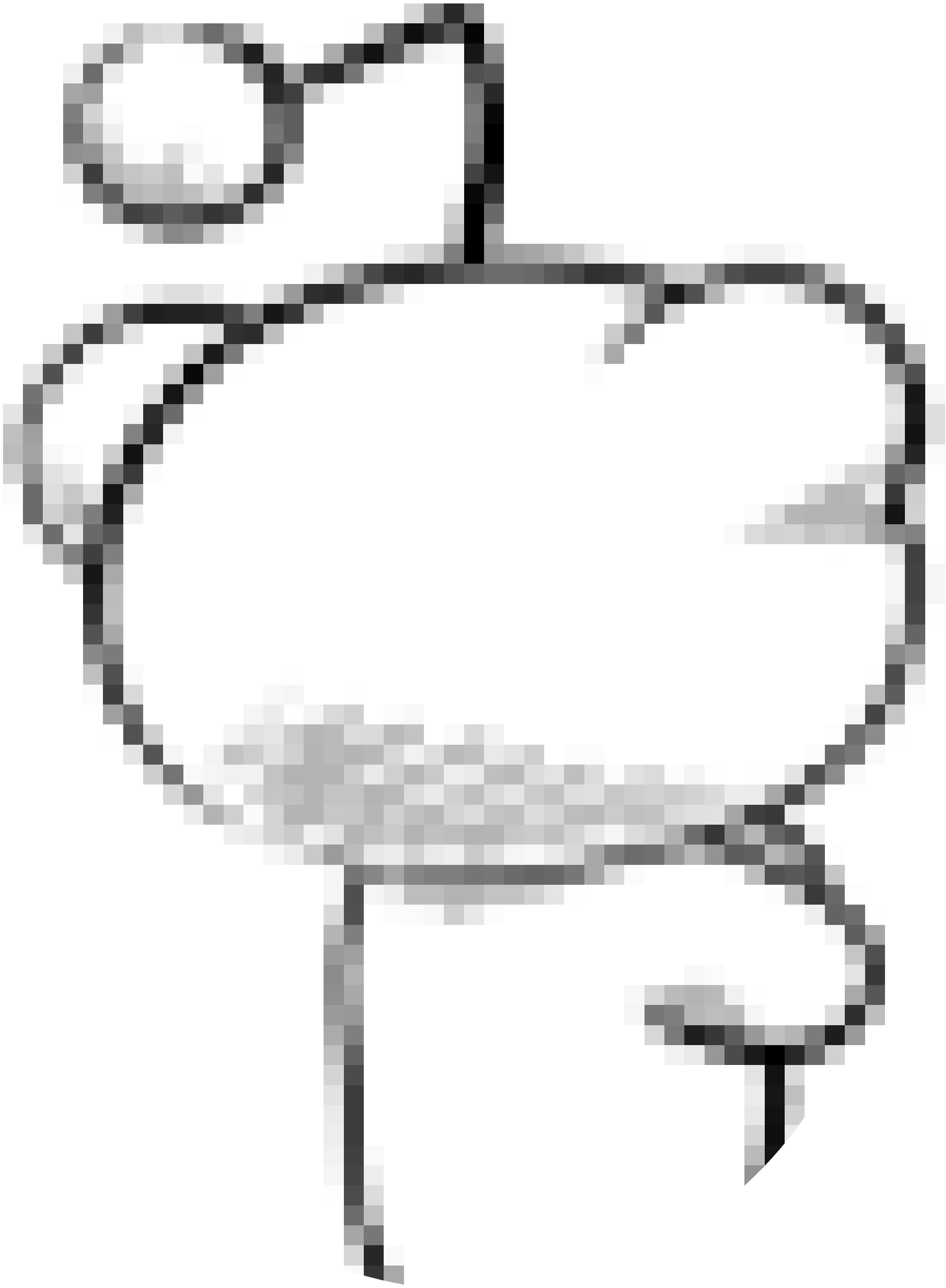
[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

The house I grew up in. My mother and step dad never believed me. Thought i was crazy or something, even took me to a doctor to see if my ears were ok.

Well, I would hear breathing. A lot. Usually when i was home alone, or at night. I'd hear someone in the room next to me breathing heavy, normal breaths..just loud enough that you could hear it. It freaked me the fuck out. Then one night, im in my basement playing ninetendo, yup rocking the 8 bit, yo. and of course im alone. I hear this THUD and im like oh shit. so i go check it out. We had this really heavy lamp that sat in the middle of a table, I freaked and ran next door and got my neighbor, he came over, checked out the house. Everything was locked, so this heavy lamp just randomly fell over... more breathing still. One night im playing with my dog and all of sudden she starts crying and wimpering and her tail goes between her legs, she staring at this thing toward the ceiling. So I yell at it, its not cool to freak out the dog, I couldnt see anything but she was pretty scared by whatever she saw. Later on, this takes place over a few years... I go to bed and the breathing in my room is heavy, so i would try to put headphones on and listen to music so i could ignore it.. one night i did this and all of a sudden i felt it, like someone was right over me and the breathing was super loud, like when someone is flaring their nostrils out of anger loud..and its right over my face, like they are pissed at me..I FREAKED and ran into my parents room so fast that I had slammed the door and made it to the bed before they could even react... they made me go back to my room, thought it was... who knows what they thought, my mom came in later that night and was like why cant you sleep. I could see this light moving around..my heart is racing, all i could say is im freaked out by the ghost.

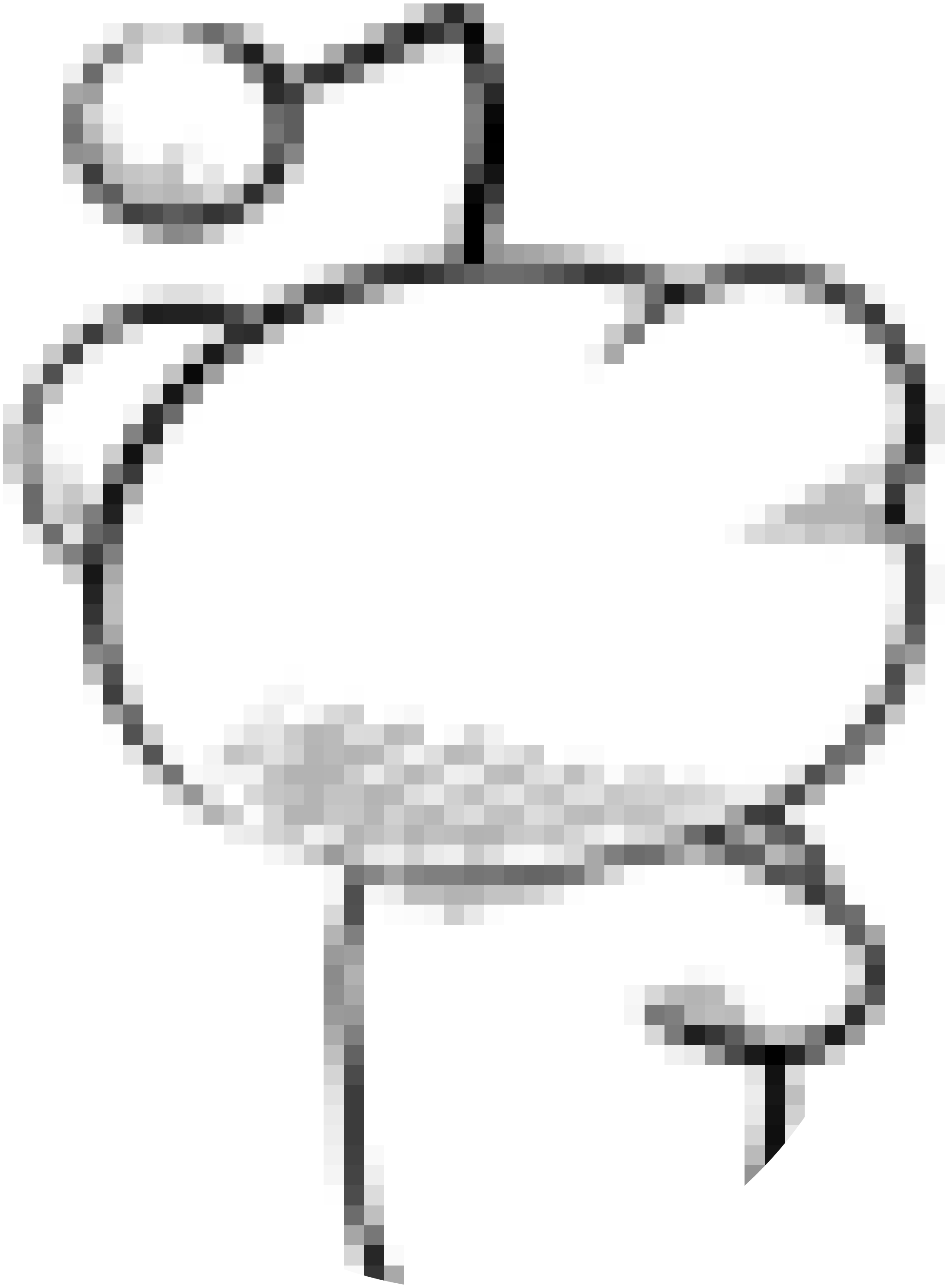
Still never believed me that I heard breathing, clear as day. all the fucking time.

The only thing that I could think of it, was that when I was 3 my brother died of SIDS-4 months old. Maybe it was him, no idea.



Making_Bacon
â€¢ 13y ago

It's 2 AM, I'm about to go to sleep, you're killing me smalls.



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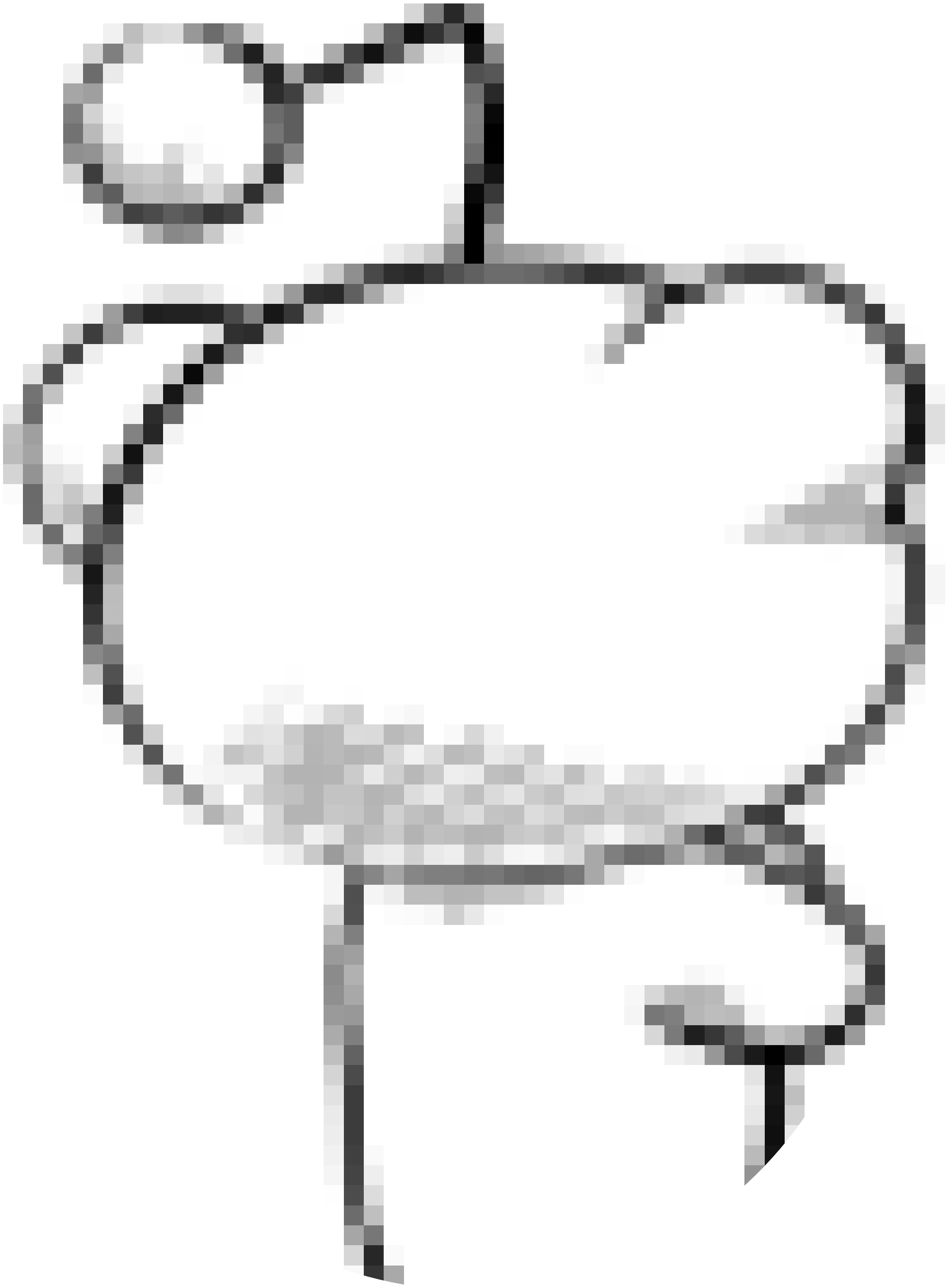
â€¢ 13y ago

One and a half stories in I'm pulling out the Mythbusters and turning on all the lights.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

This: [http://www.reddit.com/r/Thetruthishere/comments/vj0x9/me_a_banging_on_the_door_followed_with]

mikethephoenix
â€¢ 13y ago

One day in 2006, I was browsing Wikipedia, and for some reason was reading about plane crashes, including the plane crash that killed former Yankees catcher Thurman Munson. The next day, while on my way to school, I was thinking about this baseball game I had attended earlier that year between the Phillies and Red Sox. That night, after watching a new South Park episode that made fun of 9/11 conspiracy theories, I found out that Cory Lidle, the Phillies' starting pitcher in that baseball game I had attended, who had since been traded to the Yankees, had been killed in a plane crash. I was sick to my stomach,

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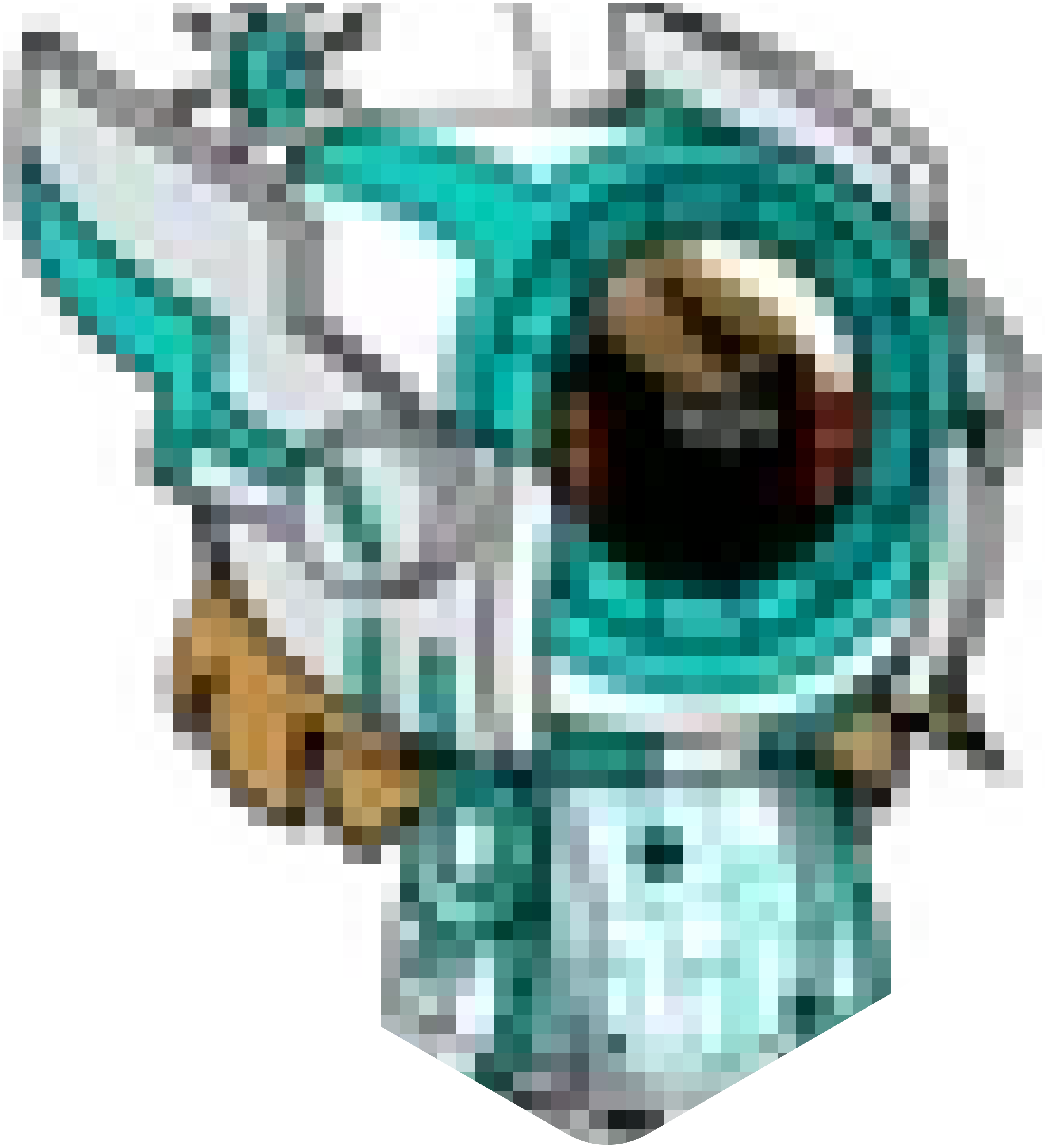


[cowmaster90](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

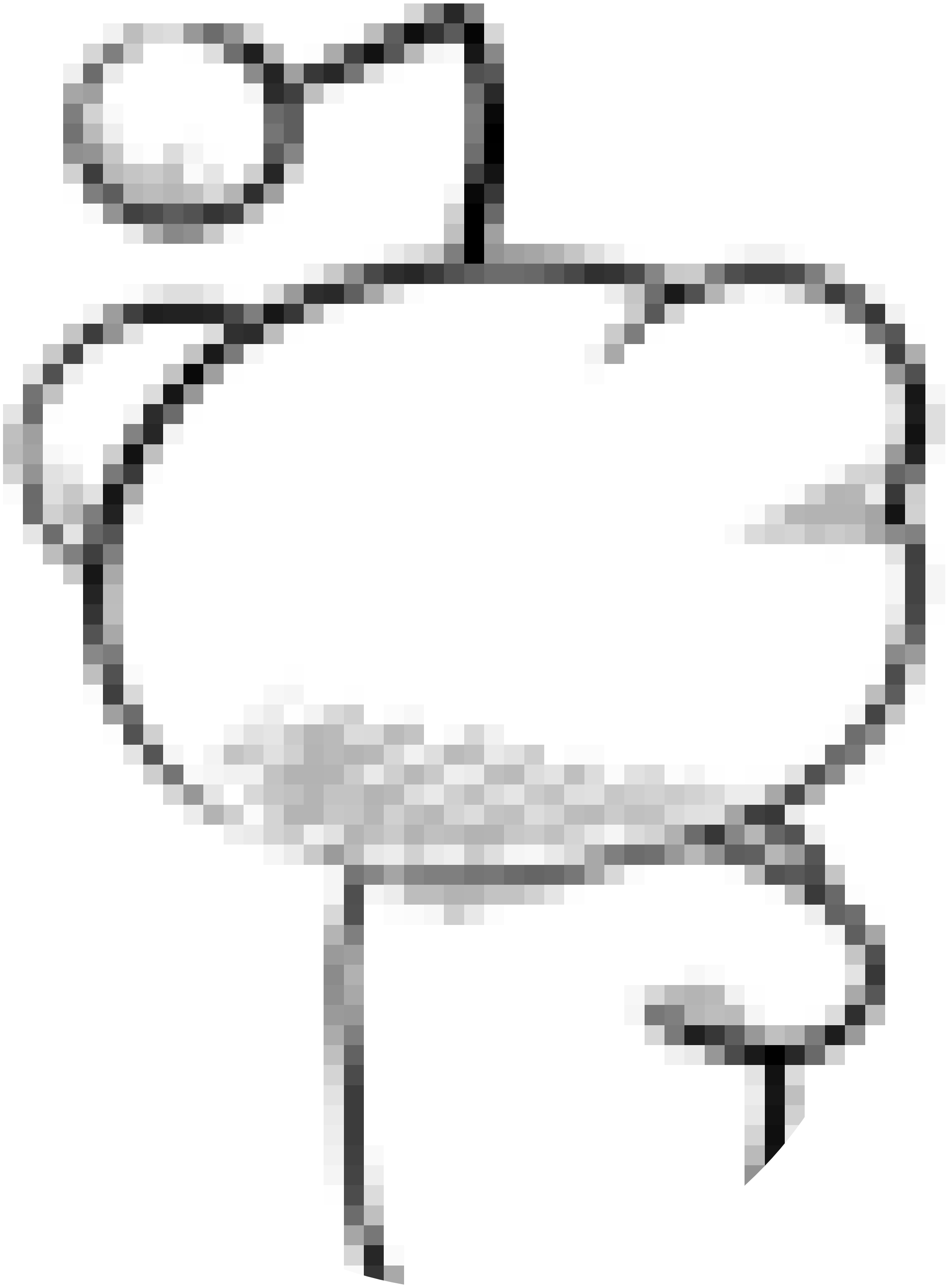
When my cousin was 3 years old (she's 11 now), she said that she had a dream about an old man pushing her on a swing asking about her mother and her grandmother. He had a plaid shirt on and told my cousin his full name. When my cousin woke up, she told her mother about the dream and my aunt freaked out.

My grandma showed her a photo of my grandpa that she had kept hidden, and my cousin said that it was, in fact, the gentleman who had been pushing her on the swing. He was wearing a plaid shirt. She proceeded to recite his full name. My grandpa died before she ever had a chance to meet him, and she was never told any stories about him. She was the only grandchild that my grandpa never got to meet, so I guess that he was trying to get to know her better.

As a skeptic of the paranormal, this experience baffles me. There is no reasonable explanation as to how she knew his full name and what he looked like, since there were no photos around the house of my grandpa.

SushiJo
â€¢ 13y ago

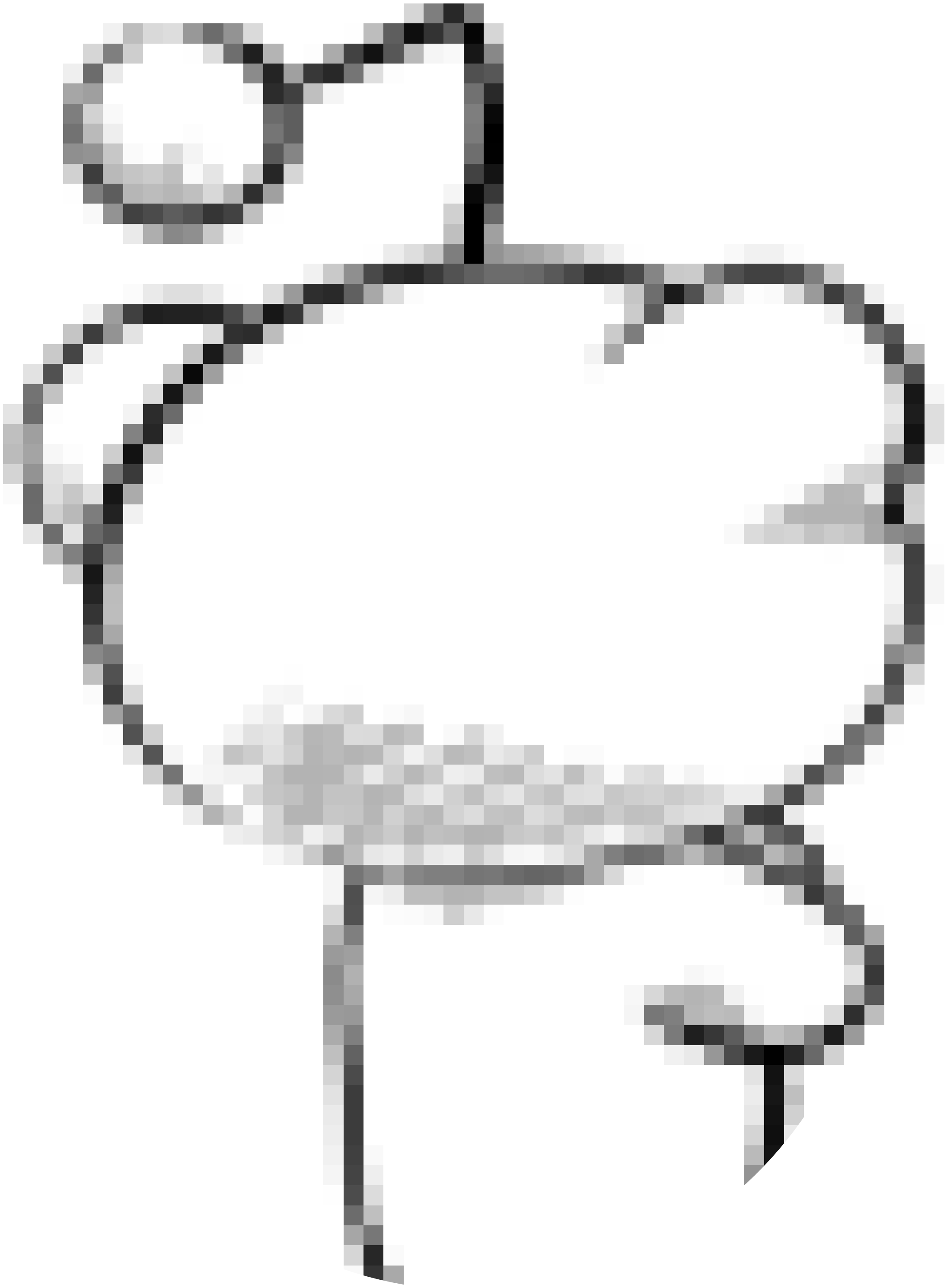
When I was in my mid/late 20's, I worked for a couple of nurses who had started their own business. One of them owned a condo in Panama City, which is where a lot of people from this area vacation during the summer. I was going through a lot of drama at the time; hanging out with people who were drinking a lot and some of them were using progressively harder drugs and I was in the process of removing myself from these people that I had spent the last 10-12 years with.
So I ask the nurse if I can go down & stay in the condo for a couple of days & this is where the thing happened to me. I drive down alone, get to the condo, have dinner. I don't remember much about this, as it was very boring, mundane stuff. At some point I go to bed.
In the morning, I go from a dead sleep to being wide awake in a split second. The sun is up, I'm awake, but I have never been more scared in my whole life, because it felt to me as if someone were in bed with me. Behind me, with their arms wrapped tightly around me. That really isn't the full extent of the feeling. I felt like it was wrapped AROUND ME completely. I didn't open my eyes, I didn't move and I barely breathed for what seemed like an hour but was was probably 10-15 minutes. The pressure or presence or whatever you want to call it felt wrong. Bad. Again, it's hard to put into words, but I have never felt that scared in my life. At some point I worked up the courage to open my eyes and after another 5 minutes or so I forced myself to get up and when I did, it was gone. Just like that. Needless to say, I grabbed my bag, went downstairs, got dressed in the kitchen & got the hell out of there. I drove 5.5 hours to get there, spent the night & turned around and came right back home.
I didn't tell anyone for nearly 10 years because I didn't want to think about it, much less talk about it. It's been 20 years now & it still gives me the creeps. I never asked the nurse if she ever had any issues there or not, but if I ever see her, I plan to.



skeetertheman
â€¢ 13y ago

Your body goes into a sort of paralysis when you sleep. It's possible to partially or even fully wake up but still experience the paralysis as if your body thought you were still in a deep sleep. I've had it happen a few times to me when i was younger. I'm not saying that thats what you experienced but it's a possible scenario.

⊕ More replies



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â€¢ 13y ago

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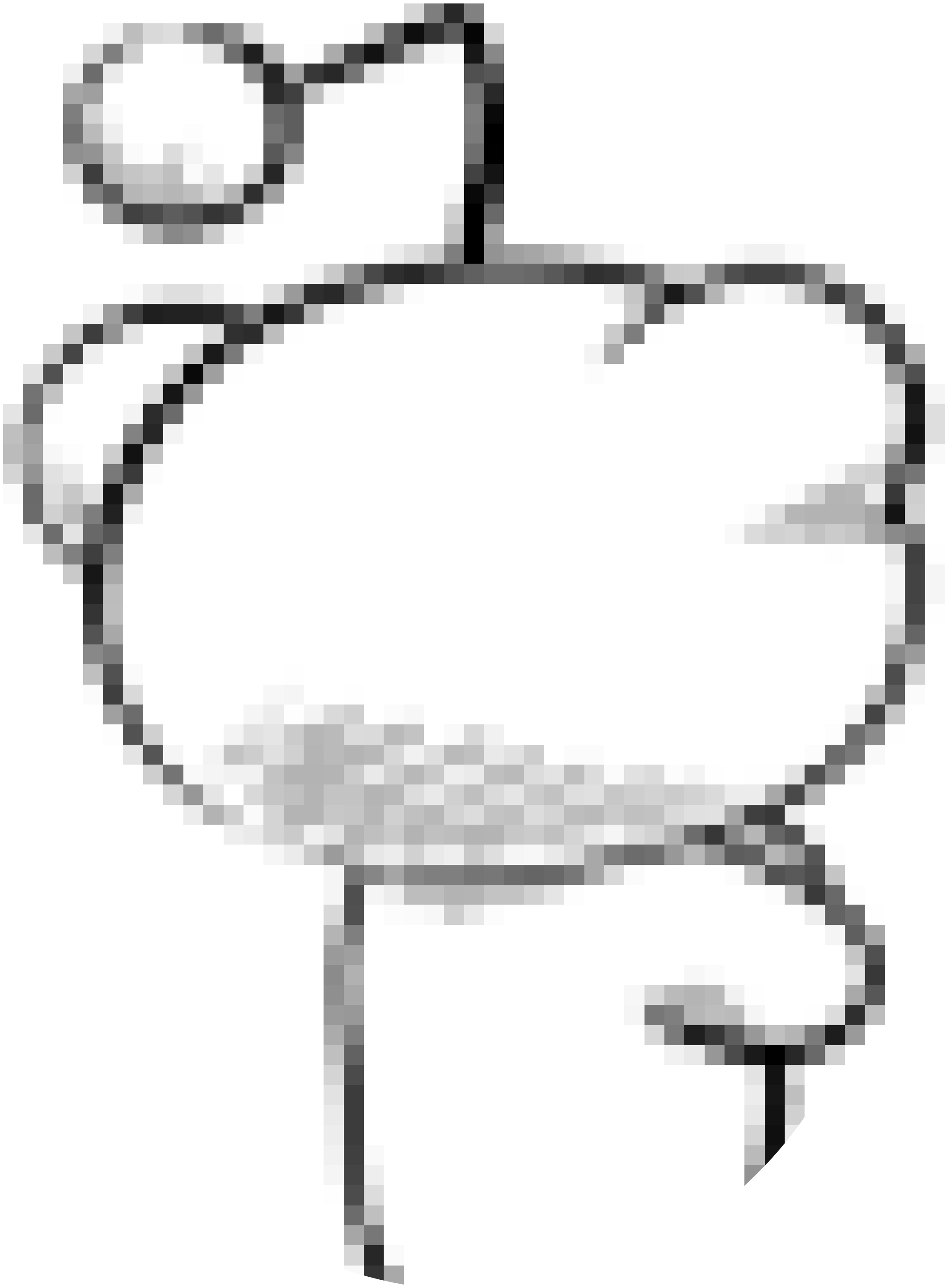

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â€¢ 13y ago

This thread is three months old. How in the shit

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ 2 more replies

⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

glitchwizard
â€¢ 13y ago

this is crazy. I don't quite get it.... but it's kinda neat

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ More replies

VeradilGamer
â€¢ 13y ago

you motherfucker...

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

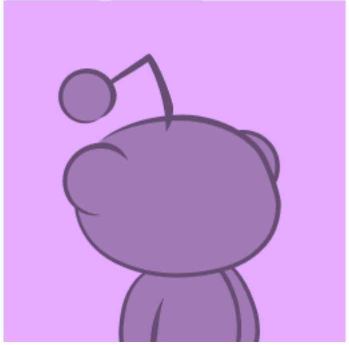
My girlfriend and I got into a huge fight over her friend thinking I am a terrible person nonsense. I tell her that her friend has a girl crush on her, and that's why she hates me, not because I have a motorcycle or smoke pot occasionally. Gf looks me in the eyes, says

"You're right."

WUTWUT_WUTWUT
â€¢ 13y ago

I went to sleep one night, normal as ever, with all the lights in my room off and my door shut. That's how I've slept for the past 16 years of my life (I still live with my parents), and I have always loved reading about scary out of body sleeping experiences, but I have never had one, and certainly never thought I would have one. I woke to all the lights in my room pointing straight at me, and my back arched in my bed. I assumed I was having an out of body sleep experience, because could think clearly, I was unable to move, the only thing missing was a vaguely humanoid creature. I strained to look left or right, but I couldn't move a single muscle in my face. Now, I'm a pretty athletic guy, I swim and I play lacrosse so I could keep this arched back position for a while, but if I wasn't able to move for a while this could start hurting. Then I realized, how can I feel my muscles tensing, if I couldn't move them, so I wasn't commanding them. I relaxed and instantly felt a sharp pain burst throughout my back. I released all my muscles keeping me up at once and found that in my peripheral vision, I could see a knife through my stomach. I could feel the pain, but I was powerless to stop it. I waited there, until I woke up in my bed, all the lights off, door shut, in a pool of blood, so it seemed. I screamed, and screamed, but I still couldn't move. My parents ran in, and the next few days were hospital visits and ERs galore. But I could never move again, nerves and tendons in my spine had mysteriously broken, and brushed off as a fluke and a freak of nature. But as I sit here, in my wheelchair, I can still feel the knife puncture my back, and slide through my stomach.

Reply Share



Throwy27
â€¢ 13y ago

Is this for real? O_O

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies More replies

Gingor
â€¢ 13y ago

Not the most uncommon experience I ever had, but the most scary for me.

This happened in the first few months of me training as an occult practitioner:

I was doing my first Summoning, for visualization training. So, I sit there, 3 candles being the only light in the room, calling weaker spirits that are around to come to me. The moment I start to feel a presence, a gust of wind comes from the southern wall and the candle-flames grow to thrice their size. Then they start to dance around as if there was a storm around, but I feel no wind and I'm indoors with all windows and doors closed. At this point I was way too stressed to concentrate on seeing the spirit that is causing this shit, so I dismiss it, and the moment I do that the candles go back to their normal, non-dancing self.

InfamousPeace
â€¢ 13y ago

I believe that i get premonitions, does that count?

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

You tell me.

Reply Share

idontsugarcoat
â€¢ 13y ago

details?

Reply Share

1 more reply

1 more reply

⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to get that a lot when I was younger and grew out of it... It is a very unsettling feeling

Reply Share

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies ⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Tide goes in tide goes out. Can't explain that.

☐ Reply ☐ Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I lol'd, don't know why this is getting downvoted.

☐ Reply ☐ Share

⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Shameless plug for r/nosleep and for u/1000vultures who wrote one of the best creepy stories I've ever read and bought.

Reply Share

snowlion18
â€¢ 13y ago

i checked out nosleep, and in the sidebar it says fiction stories are allowed, so thats bullshit. i want to read true stories or at least a place that promotes only true stories

Reply Share

⊕ More replies

Pnhan89
â€¢ 13y ago

The mouse of the PC in my room sometimes makes the clicking sound by itself, at night, after I turned off my computer. It happens like couple times a week since 2009, freaked me out so bad at first, but now I'm okay with it. And yes I upgraded my PC twice, I mean, new case, new monitor new everything.

Reply Share

TheBaconBaroness

â€¢ 13y ago

This used to happen at my old house as well. Sometimes I heard the keyboard too. I regret not leaving a word doc up just in case there was actual typing.

Reply Share

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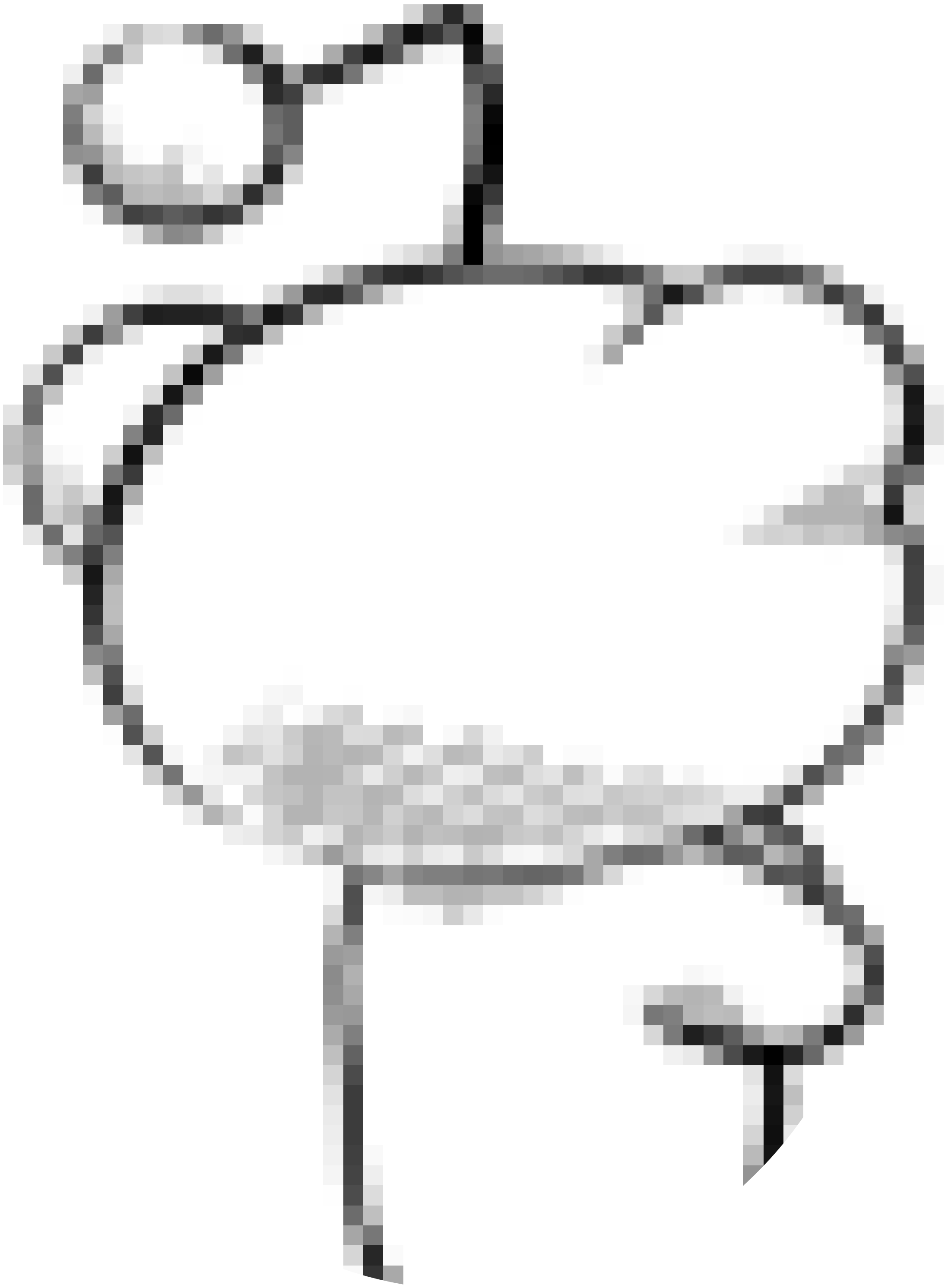

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Honestly I have none. I'm not saying that because I've always been this steel minded skeptic. I grew up as a Jehovah's Witness and they love trading war stories about creepy things, namely demonic encounters of all sorts. One guy claimed he broke a doom II CD in half and threw it away, the next day it was intact on on his desk. BS like that. A couple of girls at a sleep over claimed a teddy bear got up and walked across the room. But I never had any such experiences (because I never thought of lying to fit in?). At a certain point I questioned why I had never seen anything remotely close to some of the things JW's claimed. The typical response is I didn't have enough faith, so the demons didn't want to do anything that might bolster my (weaker) faith. But I guess if you already believed 100 faith units or so, the demons said fuck it and went to town.

That's probably my unexplainable experience is how a whole group of people can make up stories and no one ever calls bullshit. They just nod their heads and either because they believe or they want it to be true and it passes the JW bar of expectations.

Also US JW's have a thing against the smurfs. It's not universal among JW's (so far as I know) so that was never explained to me.

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

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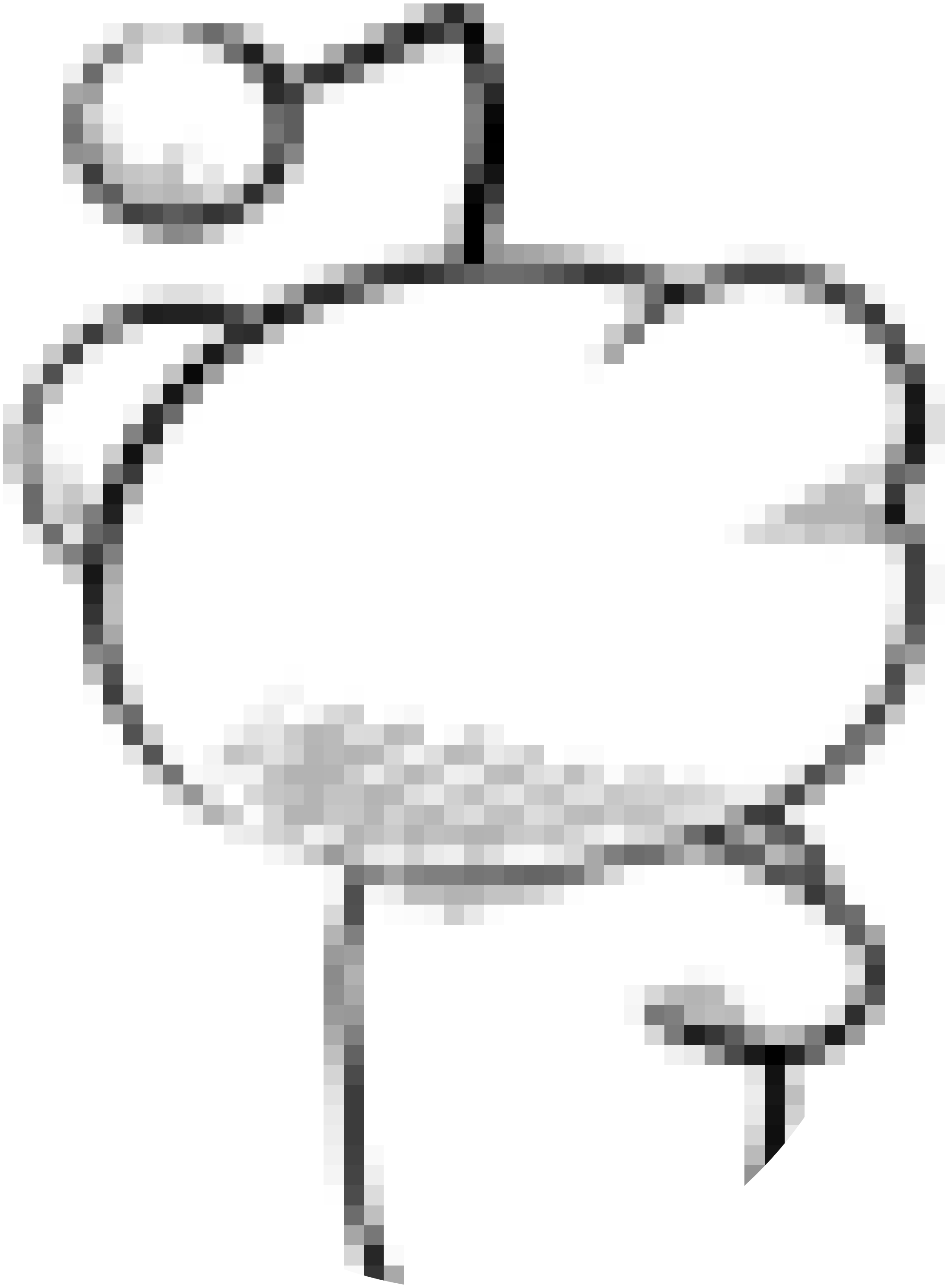

helegad
â€¢ 13y ago

Wait, he parked up behind you and you still backed out?

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

-wethegreenpeople-
â€¢ 13y ago

Okay. So... I've never told any one this before, reddit might as well be the first to hear it.

My house is haunted. It sounds really dumb, but my house is actually haunted. It all started when I moved in to the house back in 2005. I was really thirsty after some really greasy Chinese food, so I went downstairs for a glass of water. When I went down, I felt this... presence... when I was getting ready to go back up the stairs, I *knew* it was behind me.

I BOLTED UP THE STAIRS AND TURNED AROUND, when I got to the top, I could feel this "presence", had left. I had beat it. I was faster then the ghost/spirit/whatever.

Now occasionally when I'm bored I'll go downstairs and race that sneaky little motherfucker. Sometimes when I get to the top the lights will flicker or whatever. I'm going to regret trying to outrun him/her one day. One day, I'll slip or something. But until then, I'm the fastest fucker in this house.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ [13y ago]

I once found a thread on a site where people thought pokemon were real. Shit was scary man

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I don't believe in the occult, but this haunts my childhood.

When I was very young, my sister would force me to act as a scribe while her and her friend's lit candles, played with the Ouija board, and had seances and things of this sort. I'm 100% sure they were just fucking with me, but the Ouija board would always say incredibly creepy things while I would write them down terrified.

Well, anyway, after these happenings, my sister confessed being severely terrified of the basement. She even tried to burn the Ouija board, but nothing helped ease her fears. She ended up sleeping on the couch upstairs instead of her basement room.

Well, we would still hangout in the basement as long as we both accompanied each other and strange things would just happen. For one, the electronics were all sorts of fucked. If you were watching tv, it would occasionally start slowly flicking down channels (remote visible on table) and end on a religious show. The radio would do the same thing, always ending on a religious station.

Yes, these things were creepy, but likely a strange electrical explanation. But there were also non-electrical phenomenons. The weirdest happening One morning when my friend and I were sleeping on the couches downstairs. We were both sleeping and awoken by strange mutterings, but both too scared to open our eyes. I couldn't understand what was being said, but recall it seemingly coming from all directions. I remember it being very cold and being absolutely paralyzed with fear. After it had stopped for awhile, her and i both shot up at the same moment and immediately asked if the other heard that. We were the only people home. My mother and brother were out of town and my sister was away at school.

As I stated, I don't believe in anything paranormal, but I have no idea how to explain the creepy happenings in my house.

burning5ensation
â€¢ 13y ago

magnets. like how the fuck do they work?

crucedickinson
â€¢ 13y ago

Not me, but my friends supposedly had this happen to them.

So there is this hotel in New Orleans that is supposed to be the most haunted hotel in the country. It was built on the site of an old orphanage, with much resistance from the community. Supposedly there are the spirits of little children still around.

So my newly wed friends go to New Orleans to vacation for a week and decide to stay in this hotel. They are having a great time, hitting up Bourbon Street, enjoying the food, etc, but one night they hear crying coming from their bathroom. They walk in and see a little boy crying. They think nothing of it, as they had left their front door open for a bit, and ask him where his mother or father is. The boy says nothing, but keeps crying, then stops and just stares at the couple.

After a few minutes of this, they go down to the front desk and ask if there is a couple or parent looking for a little boy, as there is one in their room. The clerk at the front desk, clearly having been through thus before, gives them the vague answer that if they just close the door and wait five seconds, the boy will be gone.

So my friends go back to their room, see the boy still in the bathroom and decide to do what the clerk told them. Before doing so, however, they decide to take a few pictures of the boy to prove what they saw was real. They take some pictures, close the door, then sure enough, after opening the door, the boy is gone.

They never had any other strange experiences the rest of the trip, and had a blast the whole time. They chalked the strange incident up to maybe a lack of sleep or excess of alcohol on their part, though they were still weirded out by how specifically the clerk dealt with their situation. They remembered they had taken a few pictures of the boy, so they wanted to go get the pictures developed.

They get the pictures developed, and sure enough, the little boy is nowhere to be found. They pore through their pictures, seeing if they can find the little boy anywhere, but all they saw were their pictures from going out at night, sightseeing, and the pictures of the empty bathroom they took when the boy was supposedly there. It was as if he had never been there. Feeling frustrated, they go through the pictures several times, getting the same result every time.

Feeling frustrated, my friend scattered the pictures on the ground, feeling like she was losing her mind. When she looked down, however, she saw a picture she had somehow missed throughout the entire picture poring process.

It was a picture of her husband and her asleep in their bed.

TL;DR: If a little boy is mysteriously crying in your hotel room, lock him in the bathroom and don't ever open the door again

DontBeSuchAnAnnHog
â€¢ 13y ago

So... little ghost boys know how to use a camera. Good to know.

Reply Share

⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

About 5 years ago, I drove out into the country with a boyfriend. As I drove back into town, we passed under two strange looking objects. The first was horizontal and just above the car, like a line. The second was vertical but looked the same, to the right of the car, and it ended maybe 20 feet above the ground. They weren't lights, but it was nighttime and the headlights of the car illuminated them. They were like.. hairy strings sort of, and looked gold-ish/shiny in color. We both saw them and were like "wtf"? But I didn't really do much looking into what that actually way.

Reply Share

Jonathan_Rambo
â€¢ 13y ago

One time a woman sucked my dick for so long and so hard at first I felt a tingling in my toes like the *pins and needles* sensation, then after about 20 minutes of that I started to feel it in my head like I had just done a whippet, after about ten minutes of that I started to actually get concerned and told her to stop when I started to see spots and was afraid I was going to pass out.

I think she was a succubus.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Sounds more like a succudick

Reply Share
More replies

Gallifreyanlove
â€¢ 13y ago

Acquainted with the Night By Robert Frost

I have been one acquainted with the night. I have walked out in rain -- and back in rain. I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane. I have passed by the watchman on his beat And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet When far away an interrupted cry Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye; And further still at an unearthly height, A luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right. I have been one acquainted with the night.

tomski2012
â€¢ 13y ago

My friend drinking a mixture of coke, iron brew and milk, it was just so creepy :(

Reply Share

ApeOver
â€¢ 13y ago

Coming home from a night of misbehaving I flop onto my bed. I toss and turn in bed for a few minutes before finally getting comfy, not long after I hear this horrific laughter coming from the corner of my room. I open my room and nothing was there, I shut my eyes close hard like a kid would. Now here comes the kicker:

All the dark from ya know, my eyes being shut burned away. It was like watching a page of paper catching fire and I see this horrible demonic looking thing sitting on my chest. It was black, looked like its eyes were sewn shut and then it gave me a big wide smile. Next thing I know its 5 PM the next day. I started sleeping in the living room after that.

Reply Share

Glampire
â€¢ 13y ago

Probably going to get buried, but here we go!

-My boyfriend and I stop by his office on dates, and some weird-ass shit has happened when we were the only ones there:

*The faucet in the lady's room had turned itself on. Neither of us turned it on, nor had I been in there at any time.

*Went to go to the bathroom, when I hear my name being called and in my peripheral vision see a person standing in the hallway. Played it cool until I came back in, and asked the boyfriend if he had called me/ or went out into the hallway. Nope.

`*Once in awhile, we'll see the outline of a man in the main lobby area of his office. Keep in mind that we're the only two there.`

We'll occasionally hear laughter or coughing coming from outside his office. He usually goes and checks it out.

ronintetsuro
â€¢ 13y ago

Hotel Hell - Maribel, WI

iam4real
â€¢ 13y ago

I have never believed in ghosts.

Last year I was photographing some historic buildings (20 or so). When suddenly these appeared at one building. And *only* that building.

I researched the building. To my amazement google revealed that that building in the group was "haunted." NONE of the others were.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

⊕ 3 more replies

⊕ 3 more replies

Hitlur
â€¢ 13y ago

Those are all over my moms house. We have hundreds of photos with those in them

glitchwizard
â€¢ 13y ago

Cognitive distortion? Your mind playing tricks on you? You sure that link is right?

⊕ 9 more replies

⊕ 9 more replies

⊕ More replies ⊕ More replies

Gairloch
â€¢ 13y ago

As someone who has lived in areas where lots of people have died (historic battleground type areas) and not experienced a single occult thing, most the stories that have been posted aren't really creepy and can be explained.

Lot of people don't seem to realize that your mind instinctively searches for patterns from partial information and can cause you to believe things that aren't true or real in an attempt to basically fill the gaps.

Honestly I'm disappointed, as a kid I was obsessed with supernatural stuff. Regularly watched Unexplained Mysteries and shows like that and all these years later not even a single ghost. And I even thought up a theoretical explanation for them (though it's probably wrong but it's not like I take it serious at this point).

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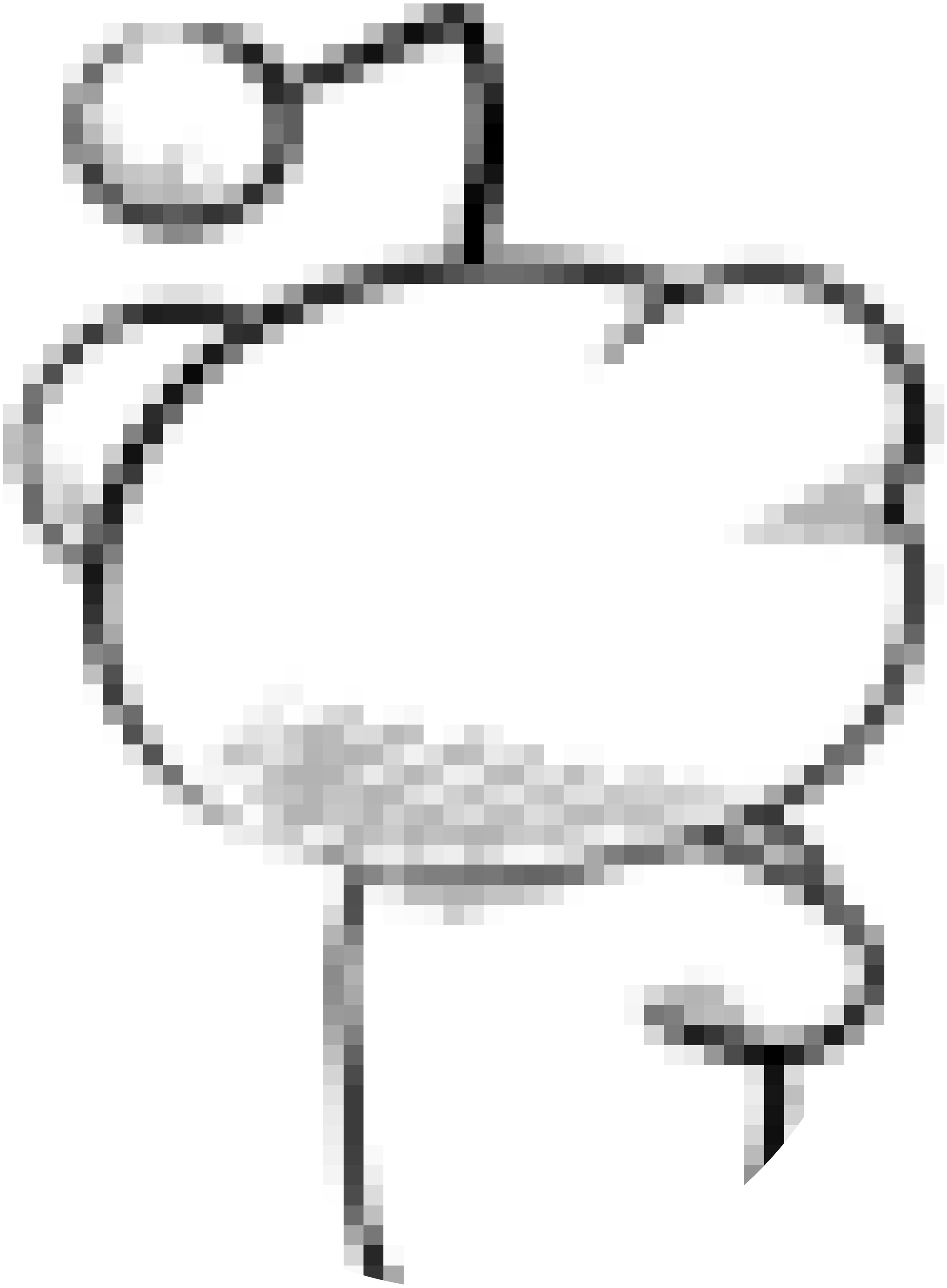


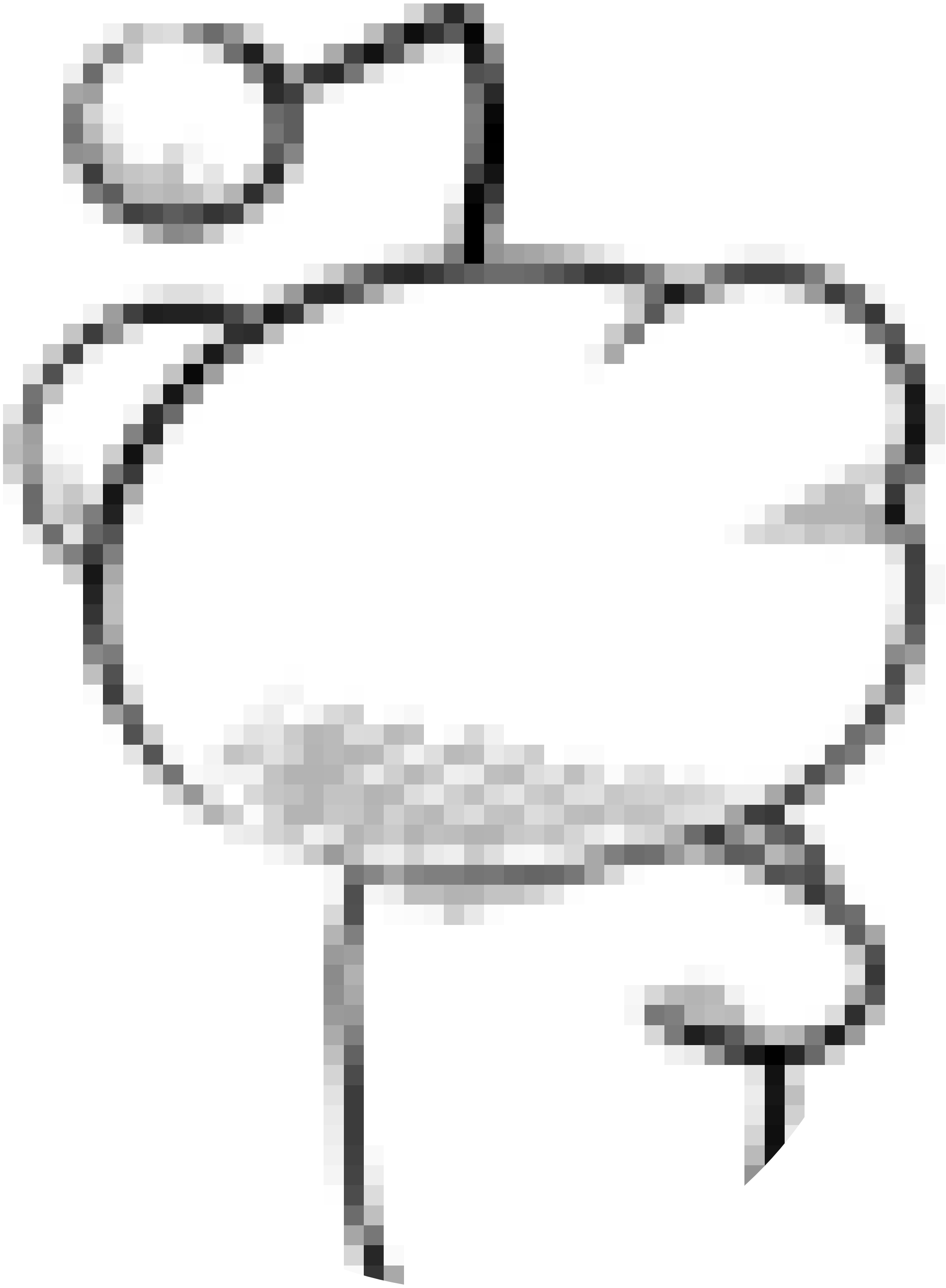
[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Big spider was probably the female. The littler spiders were male. They were probably seeking her out to mate. *grins* Lots of BABY SPIDERS!!!

andrew_cog_psych1987
â€¢ 13y ago

a bank robbery. seriously folks, there are plenty of scary, disquieting **real** things to be worried about, no need to invoke the fake.

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Go somewhere else then

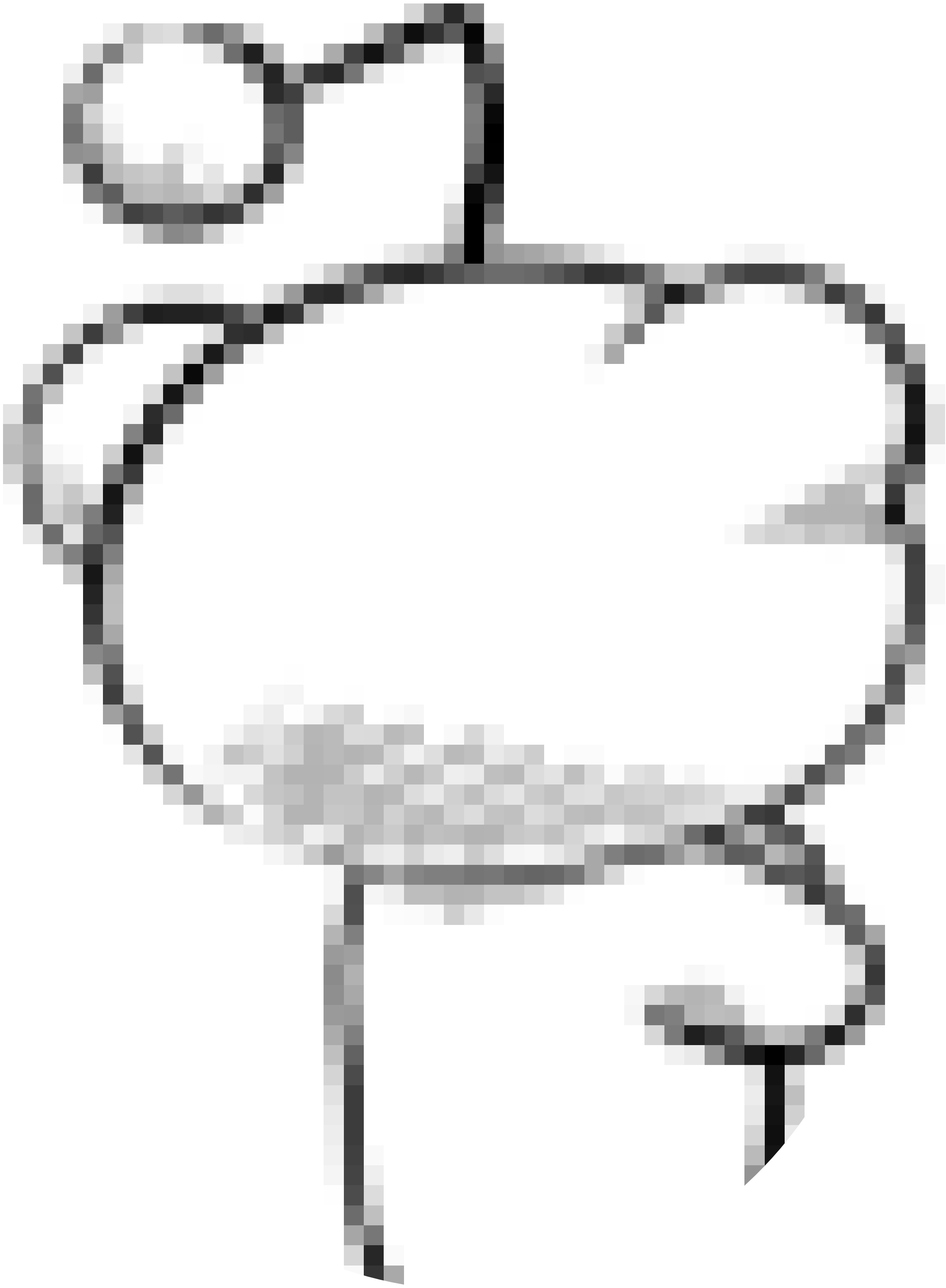
Reply Share
1 more reply
1 more reply

⊕ More replies

pandaFromMArs

â€¢ 13y ago

I see ppl... living ppl



OCHOE
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to go to college in Ontario, and had met a few girls there that I liked to keep company with, one in particular I took more of a liking to. For the stories sake call her Morgan. At the end of a party at my house, I retired to my basement room, hit the lights and locked my door. What feels like moments after falling asleep, I see the light from the hall shining into my room and my door open, while Morgan slips into my room. I remember feeling calm but confused. She makes her way up the end of my bed, and straddles me. I'm able to move my arms yet the rest of my body including my neck and head are unresponsive. The sudden sexual intimacy has me worried. I reach for her in confusion, and when I touch her skin, her head snaps toward me, and that's when I realize I don't recognize this person at all. The face is distorted and shadowy, with black hair covering most of it, defined with stretched mouth yet a perfect human body I mistook for Morgan. Her mouth continues to open, and just as soon as I'm trying to call for help, a frozen beer I forgot to take from my freezer explodes. I reel from my bed and fall onto the floor. I had ejaculated in my boxers, and had slightly bloodied scratches on my neck and chest and loads of dead skin and blood under my finger nails. Since that day, that door can be bumped open even when it's locked. I've moved out have never had another experience like this.

flossdaily
â€¢ 13y ago

Downright creepiest thing I've ever experienced is reading a hundreds of comments from otherwise sane, logical people who genuinely believe in ghosts.

I find it deeply unsettling that otherwise intelligent people can become completely stupid, gullible, and uncritical in situations like these.

Want to know how to explain someone seeing a floating spirit in their hallway? Easy, just factor in that something like 2% of the population is psychotic. So what's more likley: that people have witnessed things that are contrary to all scientifically observed phenomenon, and contrary to the laws of physics... or that someone is either, crazy or just lying?

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â€¢ 13y ago

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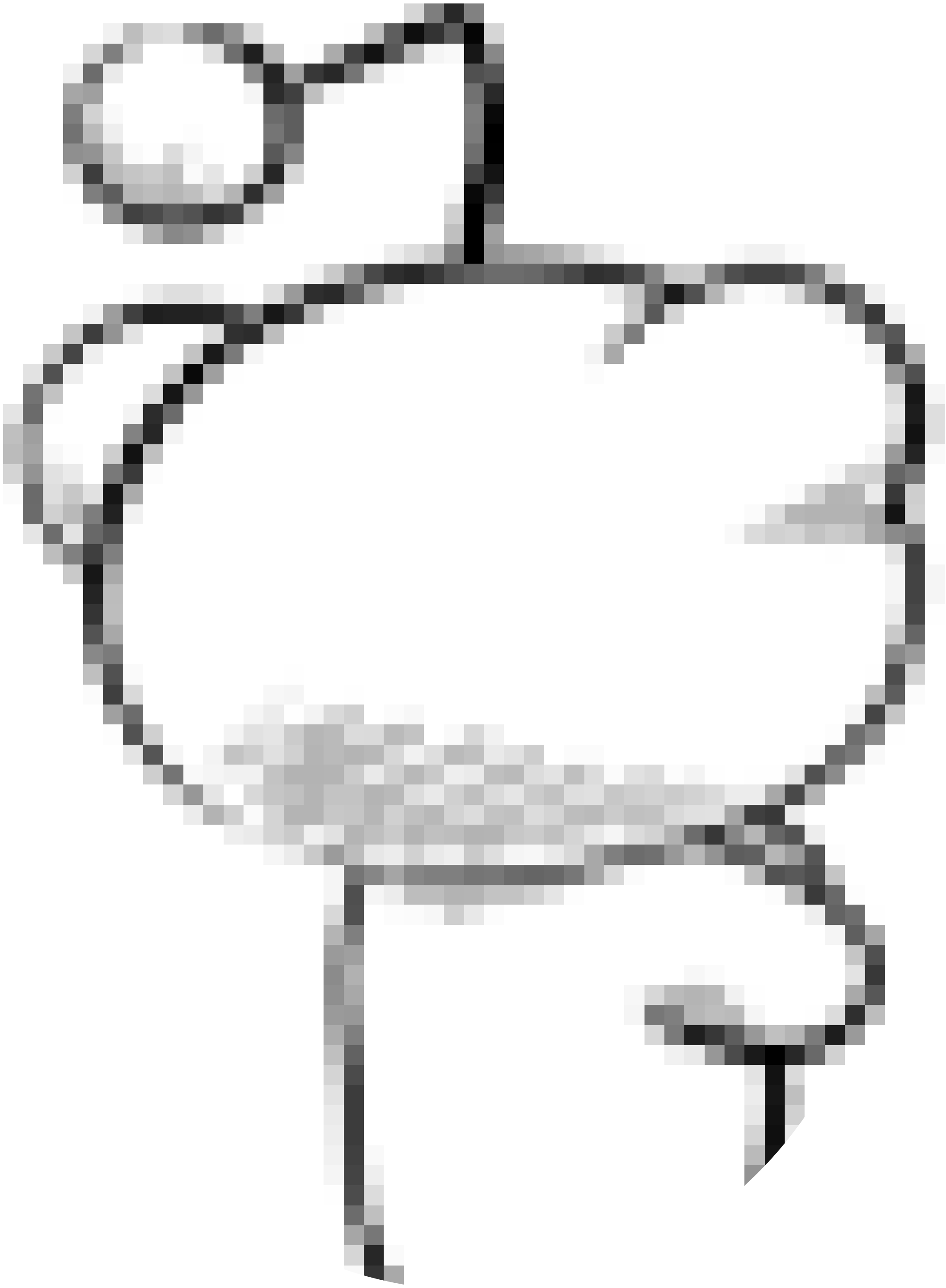

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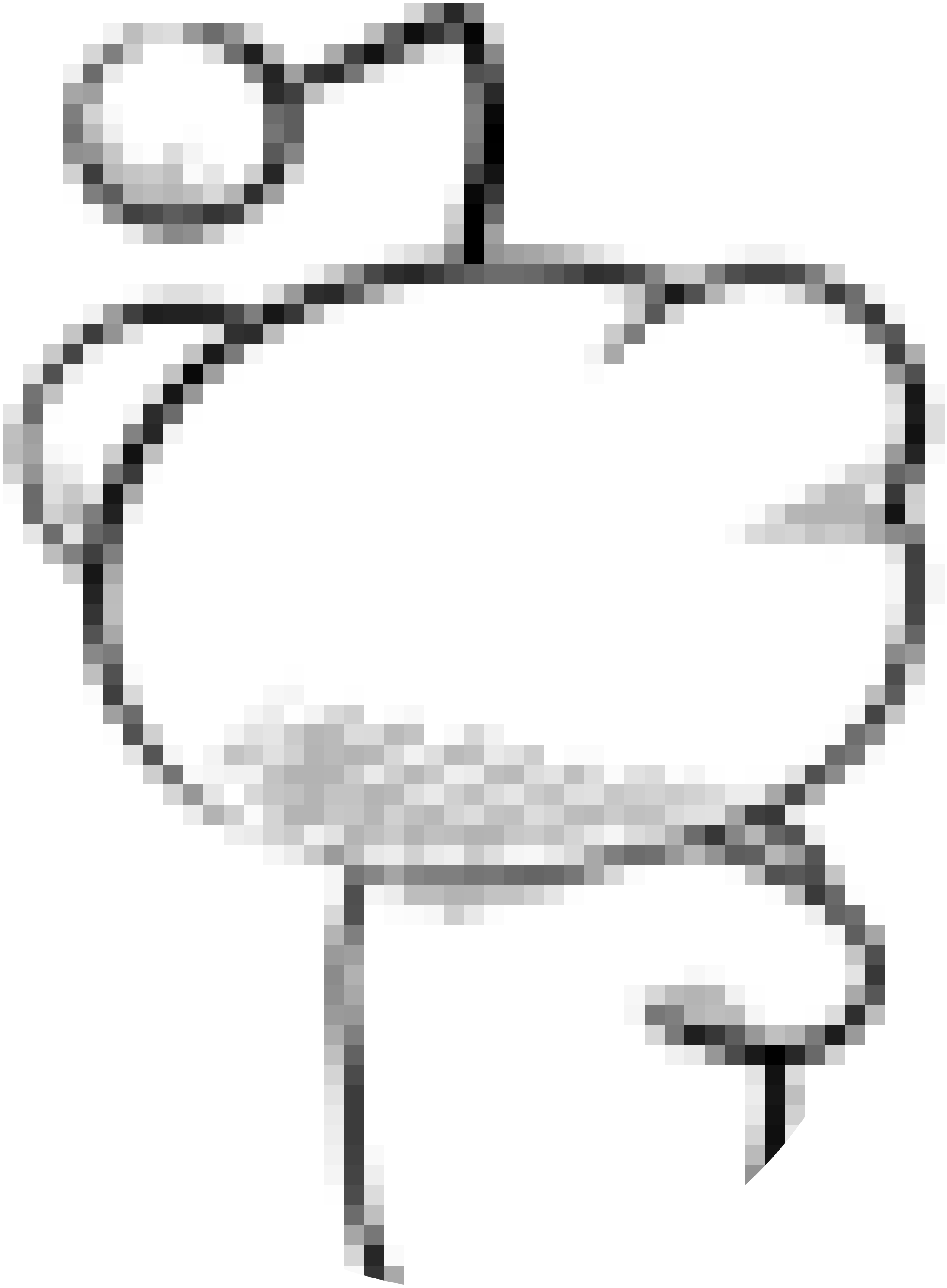
â€¢ 13y ago

Huehueheuheuhe



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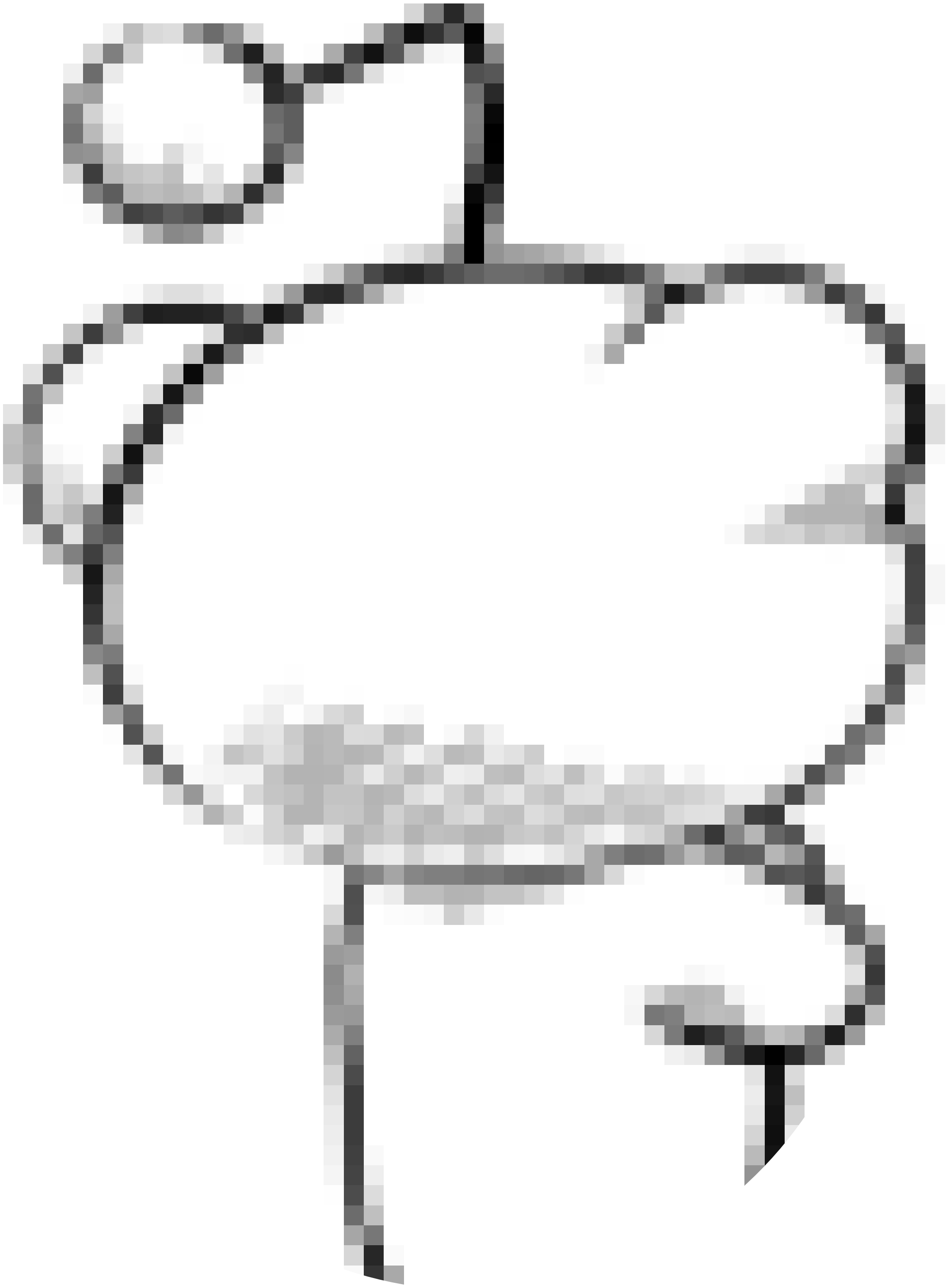
â€¢ 13y ago

Losing my virginity



Holla-back-at-cha
â€¢ 13y ago

I once saw a hot chick and didn't get a boner.

BadassLaughingClown
â€¢ 13y ago

The creepiest moment I've ever had was a phone call from the local Democratic Party campaign office asking me to donate money.

Truthandjusticerise
â€¢ 13y ago

Here's my experience. So I went out one night with my friend to this abandoned camp. We had to jump the fence to get to it and we were just walking around for awhile until my phone rang so I Answered it and he went off to look inside this shower type of area. My sister was just telling me about her break up when I saw my friend's flashlight go out in side the showers. I had my camera in hand and hung up on my sister and zoomed in to see if I could see me friend but he wasnt at the entrance so I walk over to find him. And I shit you not on the door it looked like some doodle a kid drew of some black figure and I dont know why but I grabbed it and thats when I see my friend at the end of the hall so I start walking to him. As soon as I got close enough I saw it wasnt my friend but something in a black suit with no face I turned tail and got the hell out of there but then I felt something grab me turn me around and everything went white from there.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I like that game, but Amnesia was better in terms of heart pounding, seat wetting terror

glitchwizard
â€¢ 13y ago

and then???????!?!?!??!?!

brostradamus42012
â€¢ 13y ago

What happened after that? Don't leave us hanging!

⊕ 1 more reply
⊕ 1 more reply

⊕ More replies

venusinfurzz
â€¢ 13y ago

They're looking for *real* experiences, not nosleep mumbo jumbo haha

⊕ More replies

paigetheterrible
â€¢ 13y ago

There are apparenty bellewood demons here. But it doesn't possess women so I never experienced it. Had to pick up some Guy friends out of my ditch though.

Liviu1983
â€¢ 13y ago

Puberty, scared the shit out of me.

Radiantbirdlives
â€¢ 13y ago

I was sleep,and something was choking me. I was in pain, after I woke up. I live alone.

Reply Share

dafuqup
â€¢ 13y ago

Whenever I am at my parents, at 03:00 i can always hear sounds which resembles someone running on the wooden floor above (I sleep in the basement). The first time I heard it I thought it was theives and I grabbed a big knife from my dads workbench and sneaked up the stairs but found nothing. The next night i heard the same sounds about the same time, but this time I just went up to look immediately, I felt pretty scared but I soon realized that there was nothing to see. Since I am an atheist and dont believe in ghost stories or magic at all I felt pretty bummed out. I still haven't found a reasonable explaination for it, but it still happens occasionally when I am there, but it no longer "scares" me, but every time I hear the sounds I get this funny peculiar feeling.

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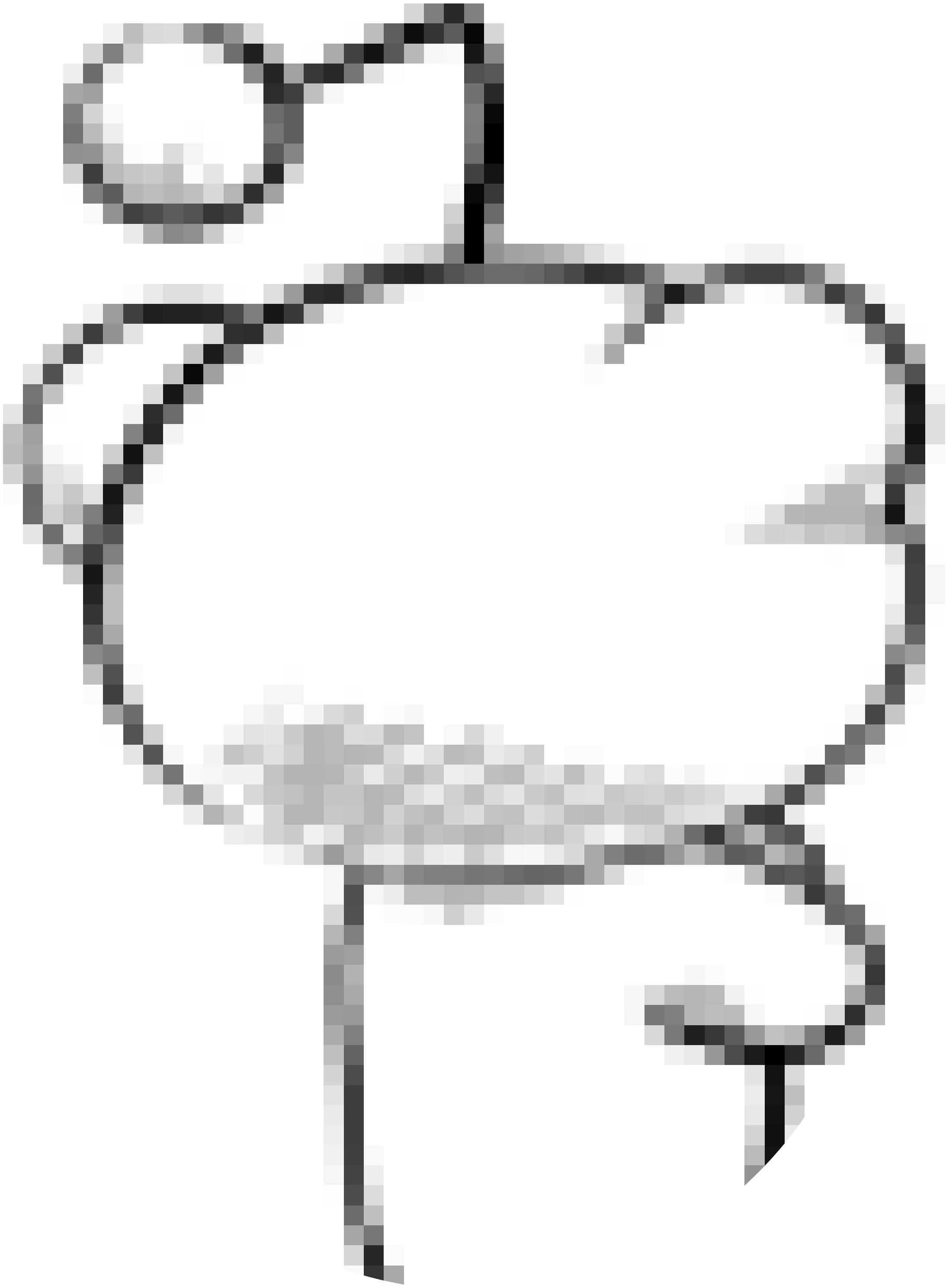

MassM3D14
â€¢ 13y ago

Wasn't there a question just like this a few weeks ago?

Reply Share

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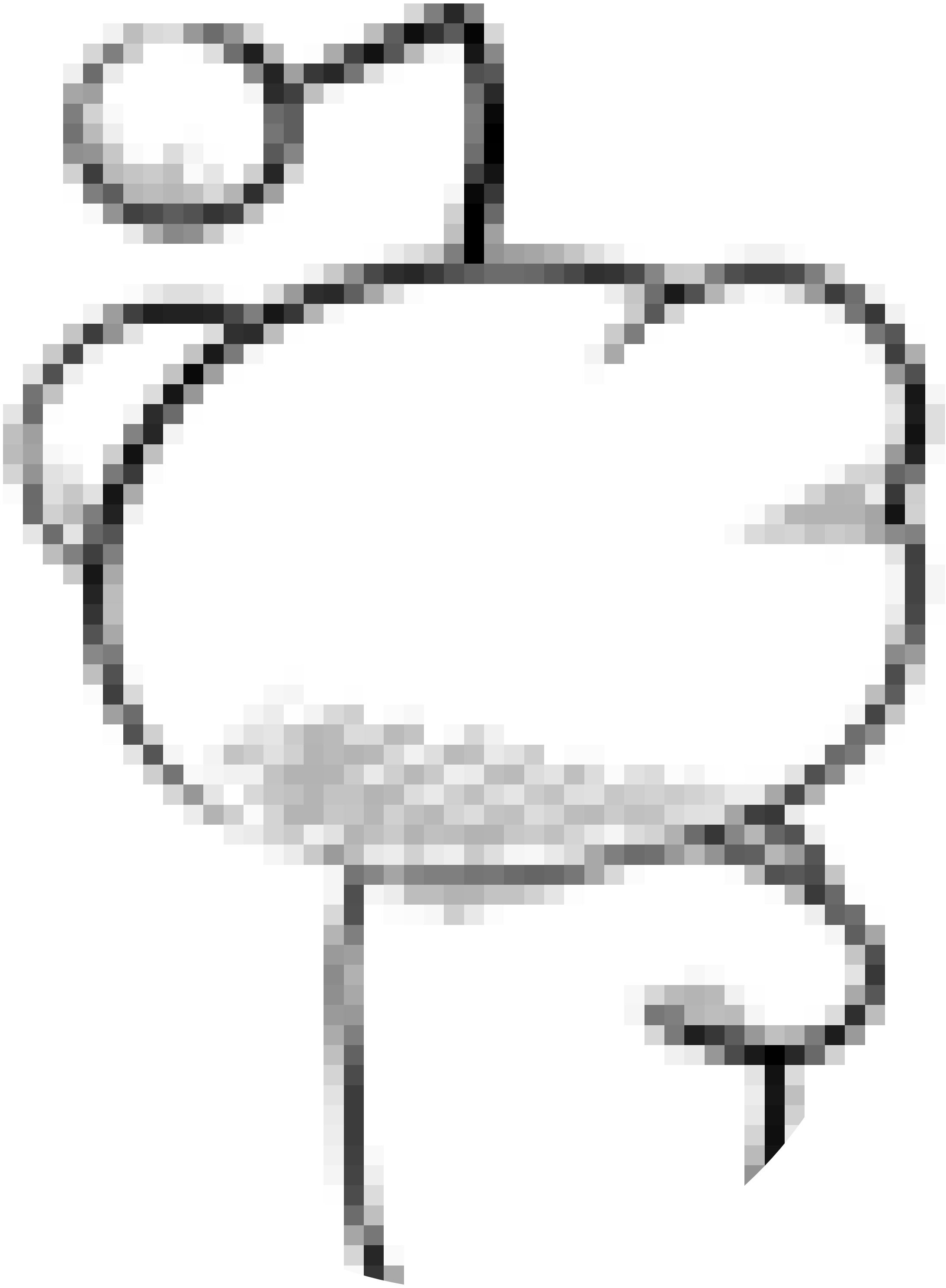
â€¢ 13y ago

ITT: Ghost Adventures material



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â€¢ 13y ago

Why do people like Honey Boo Boo exist?

Throwy27
â€¢ 13y ago

More like "Why do people like Honey Boo Boo's mother exist?"

⊕ More replies

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Not creepy, but it scared me at the time because it was so sudden. You know the first time you watched Nightmare on Elm St. when the phone rings and Nancy is about to answer it and you know you don't want her to answer because you know something bad is going to happen but you're not sure what?

Well, I was watching it with a babysitter who hadn't seen that part yet (my mom let me watch all the scary movies as a kid. they didn't phase me) then as Nancy picks up the phone in the movie and Freddy's tongue comes out - BAM! Instant projectile vomiting from the babysitter. I have never seen so much vomit produced in so little time, before or since. It was like one second the couch and floor were clean, the next minute it was covered with everything she'd eaten that day.

Startling, then hysterical.

Throwy27
â€¢ 13y ago

Hahaha awesomely funny xD

⊕ More replies

adzug
â€¢ 13y ago

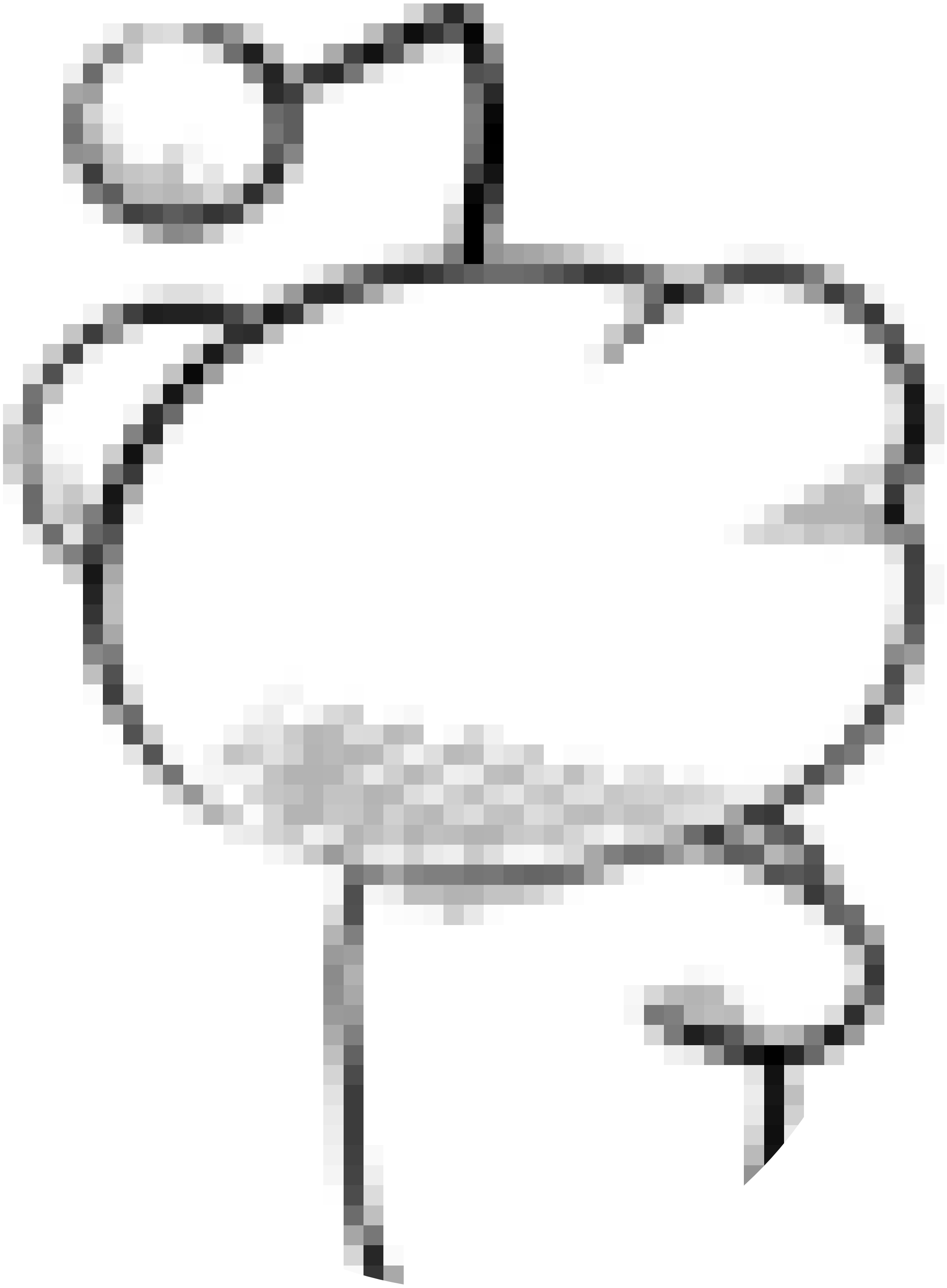
i dont believe in any of that shit. that being said , i was sleeping /half asleep one summers eve. i had the window open and i live on the 2nd floor of an apartment. i open my eyes to the sound of 4 gun shots and look at the clock. 430am. its rather clear. i find out the next day a man had been shot and killed 2 towns away. it seems rather far to have heard the shots and its an urban setting so theres trees and buildings in the way. you dont really hear anything from the town normally. it was just a strange feeling i had when i opened my eyes like, " i just heard the end of a persons life" i felt like i "knew" someone just died. and thats it . nothing extremely weird other then this feeling of clarity that id just heard someone die.

Reply Share

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

When my mum was very young and living in a town north of Toronto, Canada she was woken up by a fire trucks sirens, normal right? But they were distinctly English with a "weee wooo weee woooo" sound as opposed to the ones used here. She dragged her mum out of bed and stood outside but heard nothing. This happened a few more times until finally she heard it again but this time accompanied by a woman's scream. Again they stood outside and again they heard nothing. The next day they found out that a fire in London had occurred in a hotel and a woman died. At the exact time my mum heard the sirens.

⊕ More replies



Femmansol
â€¢ 13y ago

The nature of my penis.

raegunXD
â€¢ 13y ago

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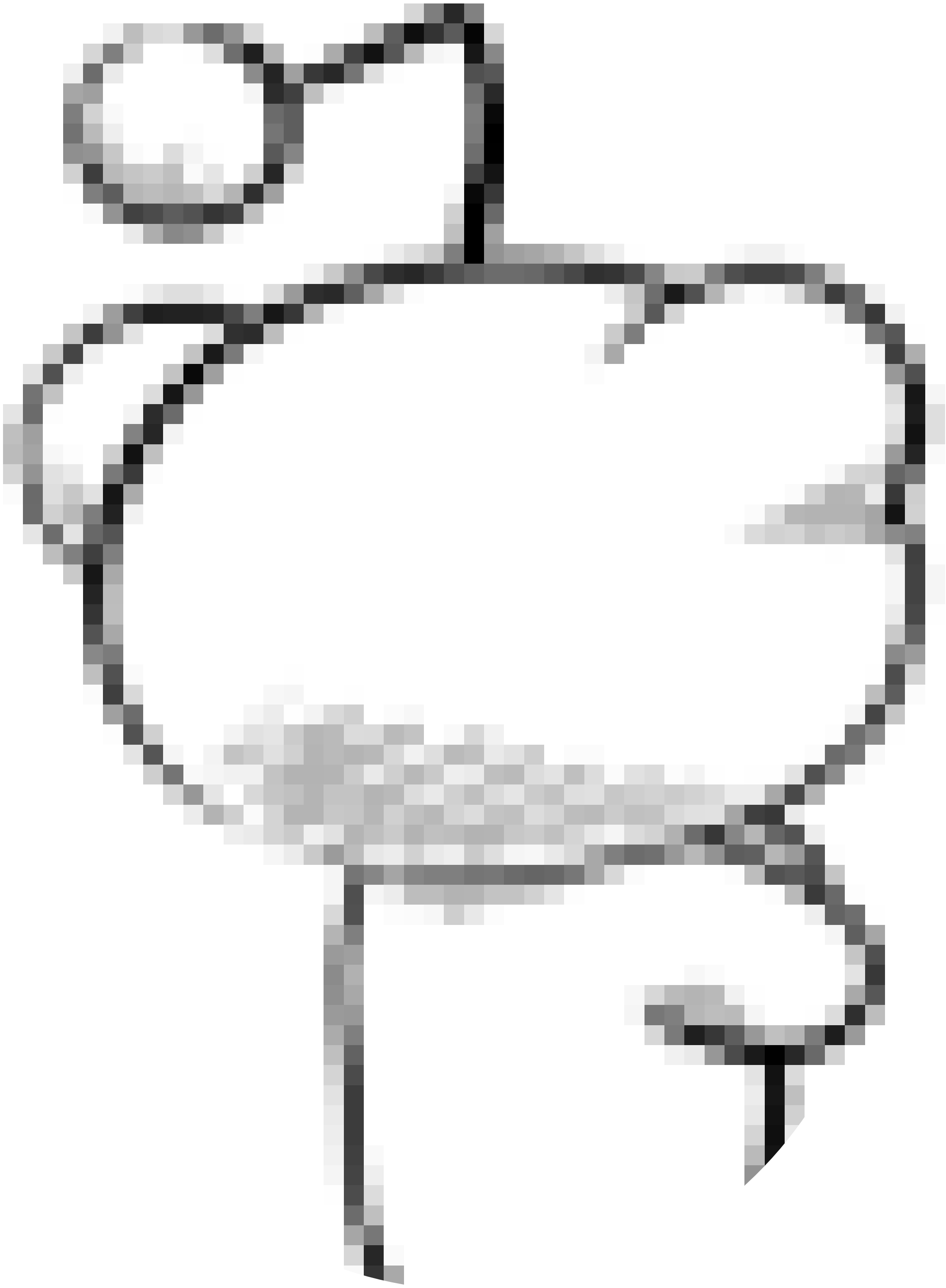

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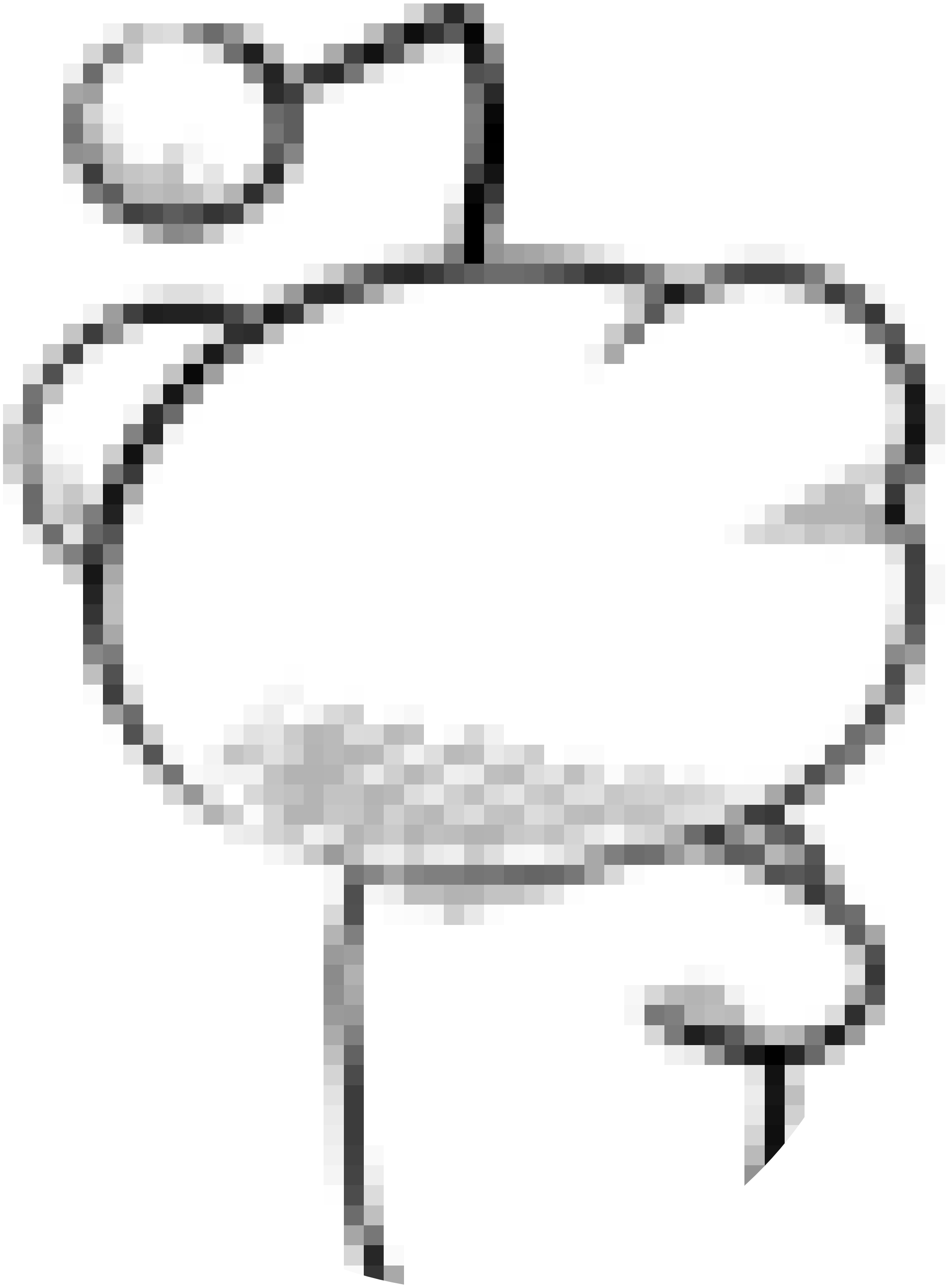
â€¢ 13y ago

My creepiest experience was when I went to bed after I had lost a tooth there was money under my pillow. I wasn't even asleep, the lights were on, and my parent hadn't even entered the room. I also made sure to constantly check that the tooth was still there. An hour or so in the tooth was gone and money was in it's place. I have no clue what the hell happened. I did this experiment to show that the tooth fairy wasn't real and show that my parents were doing it. Even though I was five I still knew how to do experiments. I still have no explanation. I did the same for santa but I caught my parents for that one.



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â€¢ 13y ago

This is probably going to sound a little bit weird but here it goes, one night when I was eight I woke up in the middle of the night to see my grandmother in the middle of my room, I was really tired, I'm not entirely sure if I was awake or not but I didn't say anything to her, I just looked at her and smiled. Then dozed back off to sleep, in the morning I went down to the guest room to see if she was there, the bed was still made there wasn't any sort of luggage it was empty, It was about 7am so my parents were still asleep I went up to ask them where my grandmother was. My dad said she was still in Florida, an hour later my parents got a call saying she had passed away last night. Now I'm not saying this was paranormal it was likely just a weird coincidence, but it helped my dad get through the loss in a way. the experience itself wasn't scary at all, but it freaked me out after I found out she had passed away.

TedFoley
â€¢ 13y ago

I am somewhat apprehensive to tell this one. This will get a bit wordy, sorry.

A few items to preface: I worked at a Christian summer camp for a few seasons.

Regardless of your faith or lack thereof, that is the setting for the following story. When you perform ministry, you will sometimes encounter spiritual warfare. For believers, events tinged with the supernatural can take on a very real gravity, even if our victory is ultimately secure in an eternal sense.

The following story is also secondhand. I heard it one night during staff retreat, the weekend of week 5 (we had a 10-week summer camp, so you would refer to days like â€œThursday of week 2â€ and people knew exactly what you meant), when a group of us were sitting around the campfire telling stories about our creepiest experiences so far that summer.

Now, I had my own experiences, and shared one or two that night, but this one blew everyoneâ€™s away.

So weâ€™re sitting there at the campfire, exchanging stories about strange or downright horrifying things that have happened during camp so far. Now, there are maybe 18 of us at most at this campfire, and a few of us begin to notice that Amber and Becky (I am changing names), friends who are sitting next to each other, are whispering to each other and shifting uncomfortably.

We press them on this, and they eventually sigh, admitting that they were hesitating to tell their story, but that they would.

Amber did the talking, for the most part. She said that she and Becky were in the same cabin for a few weeks, and this took place during one of those weeks. Relevant: At this camp, being â€œin the same cabinâ€ meant that each counselor had their own set of about a dozen campers, and both had their own room of bunks, but these were in the same structure. Basically, imagine a double-sized cabin, where you could bring your campers inside, and there would be a wall, and behind that wall would be the other campers and their counselor, too. Keep this image in mind: You have your own campers, and there is a wall separating your room from another group of campers and their counselor in the same cabin building.

Amber said that one night, she had finally gotten all her campers into bed. This was a week of 7th-graders. Amber said that they were trying to sleep, but they kept hearing the door on the other side of the cabin slam shut.

These are those spring-loaded doors, maybe you have been in a cabin or elsewhere with one of these: When you open the door, they make a very distinct creaking noise; when you let the door go, the spring pulls, and the door slams shut with a distinctive BANG!-da-BANG!-bang!-bangâ€¦ sound, before finally shutting all the way.

Amber said she remembered being angry, because usually Becky was smart enough to teach her campers to be considerate and not let the door slam shut behind them when they had to leave the cabin, because it could be so loud.

Yet, it happened again: BANG!-da-BANG!-bang!-bangâ€¦ Amber was getting frustrated, thinking that Beckyâ€™s campers must be repeatedly going to the bathroom or something. Her own campers began to complain about the slamming door. Amber tried to be pleasant and patient, explaining that Beckyâ€™s campers would surely all be in bed any minute now. BANG!-da-BANG!-bang!-bangâ€¦ again. That infuriating, slamming door, that distinctive and recognizable sound, just on the other side of the cabin, when they were trying to sleep. Amber explained to her campers to just ignore it, just try to sleepâ€¦ BANG!-da-BANG!-bang!-bangâ€¦ again. She reassured them. She said first thing tomorrow morning she would yell at Becky about this.

Apparently, it happened a few more times, but Amber just prayed that it would end, that her campers would sleep, that she could get some sleep tooâ€¦ although it was a fitful night, eventually she was able to sleep.

She woke up and once her campers were up, they reminded Amber to go talk to Becky about this. So, annoyed and fully ready to put Becky in her place, Amber walked around outside to the other side of the cabin and knocked on the door.

Amber had worked herself into a genuinely perturbed state, ready to start yelling at Becky. But before she could say a word, Becky flung the door open and said â€œWhy were you slamming your door all night?!â€

â€¦ Amberâ€™s jaw dropped. She explained that *she* was just about to ask the same thingâ€¦ So, now, at this point in the story, those of us around the campfire are like â€œWHOA!â€ and weâ€™re all laughing, and making comments on how weird and spooky that is. â€¦ except Sandra, our staff chaplain, who interrupts us.

â€œWait a second, wait, hold on,â€ she says, leaning forward on the log, glaring at Amber. â€œWhen was this?!â€

Amber frowns, looking at Becky. Becky looks down a moment, thinks, and says â€œThis wouldâ€™ve beenâ€¦ Tuesday night, Wednesday morning, week 3.â€

Sandraâ€™s eyes get real wide and eerie-looking. She looks at Katy, our camp nurse, and says â€œThat was the niâ€”â€

Katyâ€™s eyes widen too and, before Sandra can even finish, Katy starts to scream. I mean, an all-out, terrified scream â€“ she covers her mouth, hunches over, her feet are stomping the ground beneath her as she screams into her hands.

Now, the rest of us counselors, we donâ€™t quite get it. Some people are laughing, but I think this is a little weird. I ask what Sandra is talking about. You have to understand this, about Sandra: She has been on staff for several summers in a row. She has a deep faith, is very serious, and had taught me much about spiritual warfare at the time. Whatever she was about to say, I was hinging on every word.

Sandra explained: â€œDo you guys remember when I had my ankle taped up that week?â€ We nodded. We definitely remembered that; she had told us she busted her ankle while running, and had a slight limp for a couple days.

She explained further: â€œIt was that Tuesday night. I was running across camp, toward your cabin,â€ she pointed at Amber and Becky, â€œWhen I tripped and twisted my ankle. I had to call the nurse, and didnâ€™t make it there to you, butâ€¦ Katy, tell â€˜em what I told youâ€¦â€

Katy hesitated. â€œLook, we didnâ€™t want to say anything, and we talked ourselves out of it, didnâ€™t think anything, but Sandra told meâ€¦ she said she was running to your cabin because she saw *shadow people* walking toward your cabin.â€

â€¦ whaaaaaaaat?! Okay, that was scary. â€œWhat are shadow people?â€ someone blurted out.

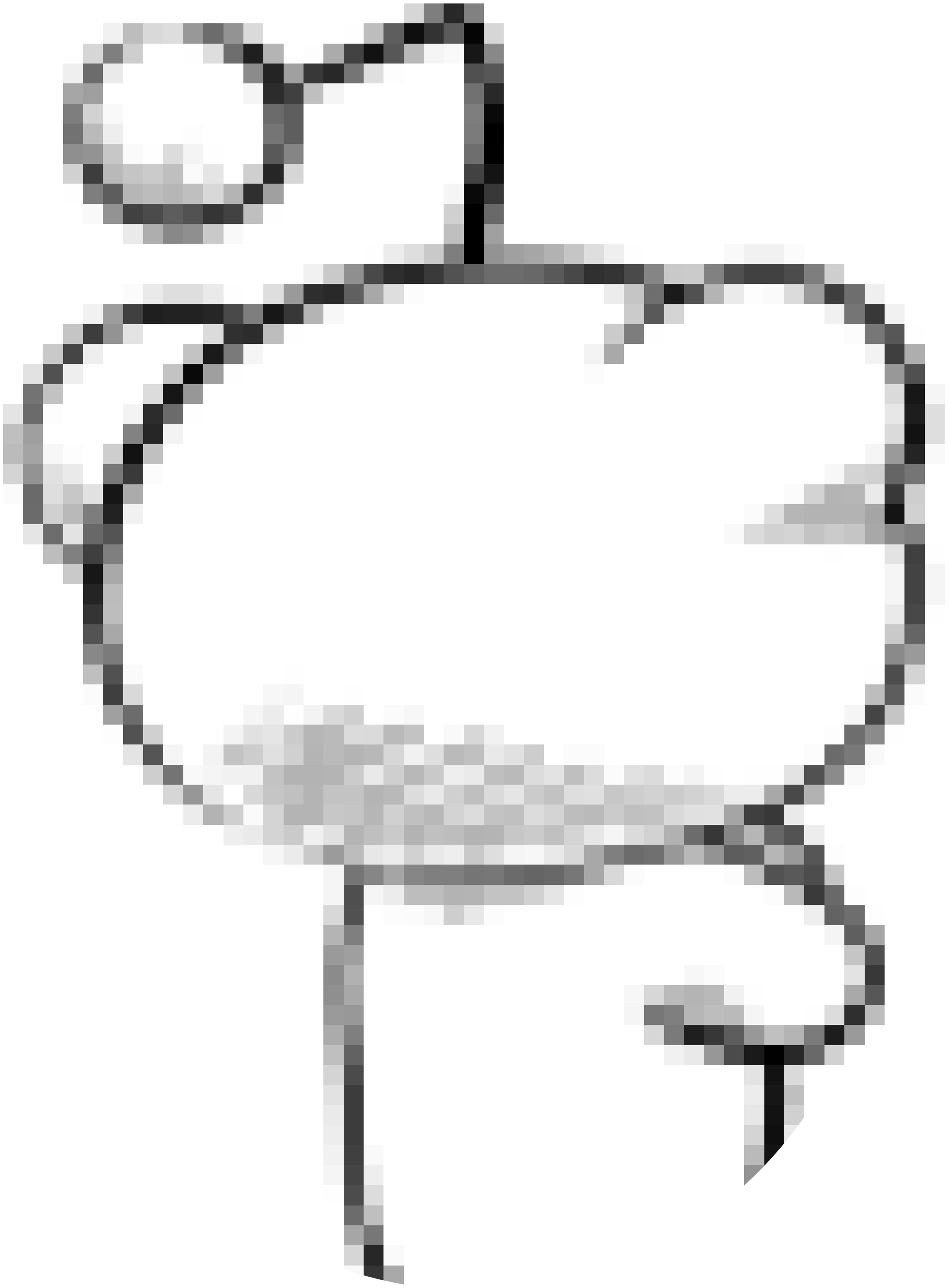
Sandra looked at her.

â€œIâ€™ve seen guys running around grounds at night, for pranks or whatever. I know what that looks like. This was different. Their bodies were entirely dark, and very tall, and they were leaning forward a bit as they walked and, I knowâ€¦ **They werenâ€™t human.**â€

NOPE NOPE NOPE

Story time was over. Most of us just went to bed at that point.

tl;dr One night at summer camp, a pair of demonic entities repeatedly slammed a cabin door (or just imitated the sound?!) as some sort of sick Satanic prank on the counselors and campers trying to sleep inside.



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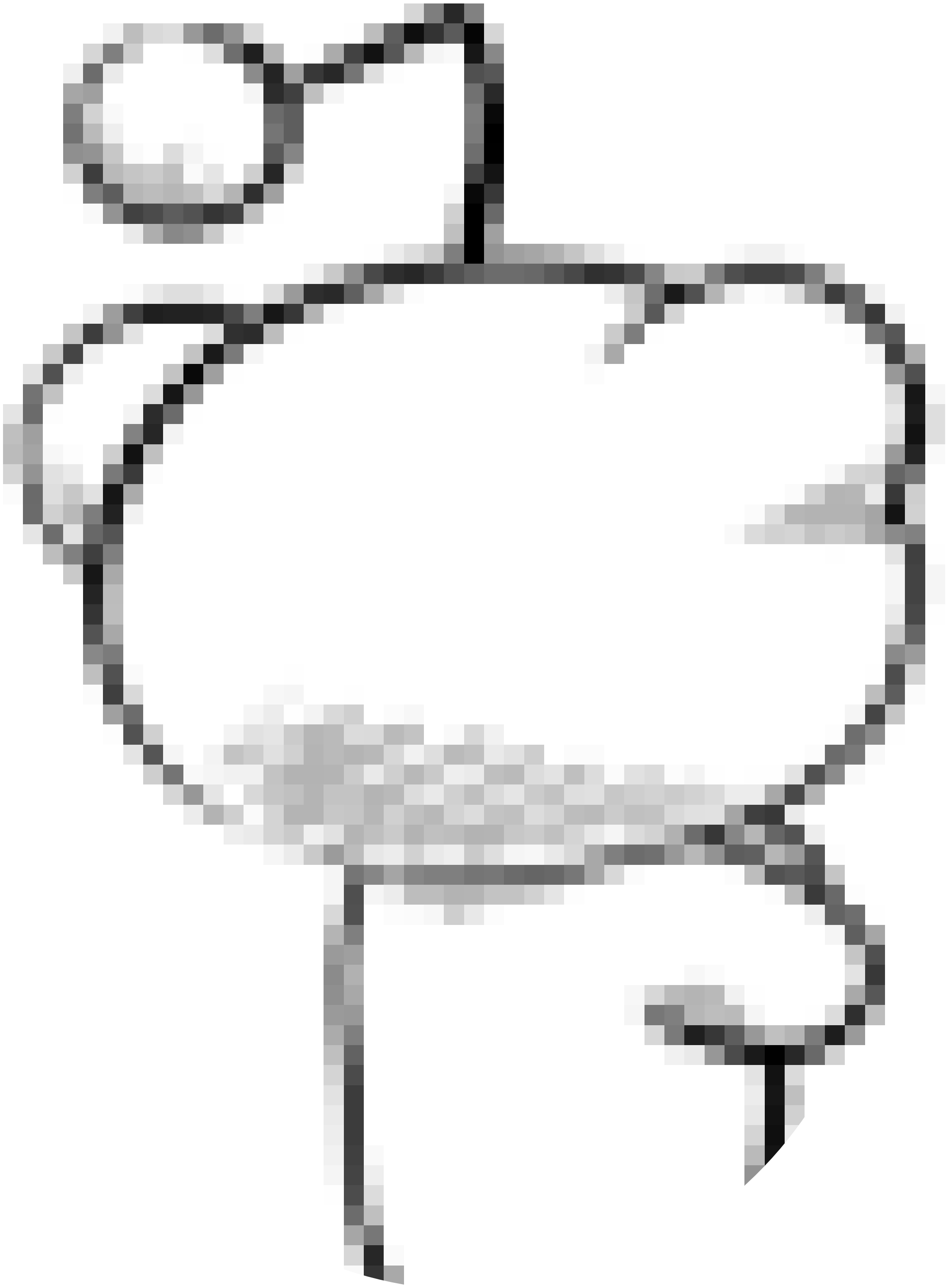
â€¢ 13y ago

Whelp, no sleep for me tonight.

⊕ More replies



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â€¢ 13y ago

my story isn't too bad. but for a while I lived with my girlfriend in her apartment. the place always freaked me out. hated being alone there. our son would stare at shit in random corners like he was seeing ghosts and every night I went to sleep there was a greenish light on the wall that I could see at eye level. never could find where it came from so that was weird. anyway. my girlfriend worked with one of the "palm readers" or whatever. after telling her a buncha useless shit, she got real serious and said "there will be a loud, pounding knock at your door. DO NOT answer." of course my girlfriend relayed the message to me and I was freaked just waiting day after day for it. couple days go by, and at about 6am there it was. a loud, pounding knock. I stayed the fuck in bed.

blackbird163
â€¢ 13y ago

I hadn't remembered this story in a while! I was at a sleep-away camp in Pennsylvania for running with my high school cross country teammates (all girls).

We were all living in different cabins throughout the camp. A couple of my mates were in a cabin further from the camp, and closer to the edge of the woods. One morning when we met up for breakfast, my teammates were freaked out and told us this odd story. The night before, one of my teammates who was sleeping in one of the top bunk beds, woke up in the middle of the night to find a girl in the midst of crawling into the bed with her. They stared at each other for a few seconds and then the girl jumped off the top bunk, waking my other teammate on the bottom bunk in the process, and sprinted out the door into the woods, leaving the door wide open. My mate on the bottom bunk thought it was my mate on the top and shouted at her in bewilderment as to why she was running into the woods at night! The strange girl was probably sleepwalking or something but it was still weird.

Reply Share

BronzeLeaguerNoob
â€¢ 13y ago

your username

Reply Share

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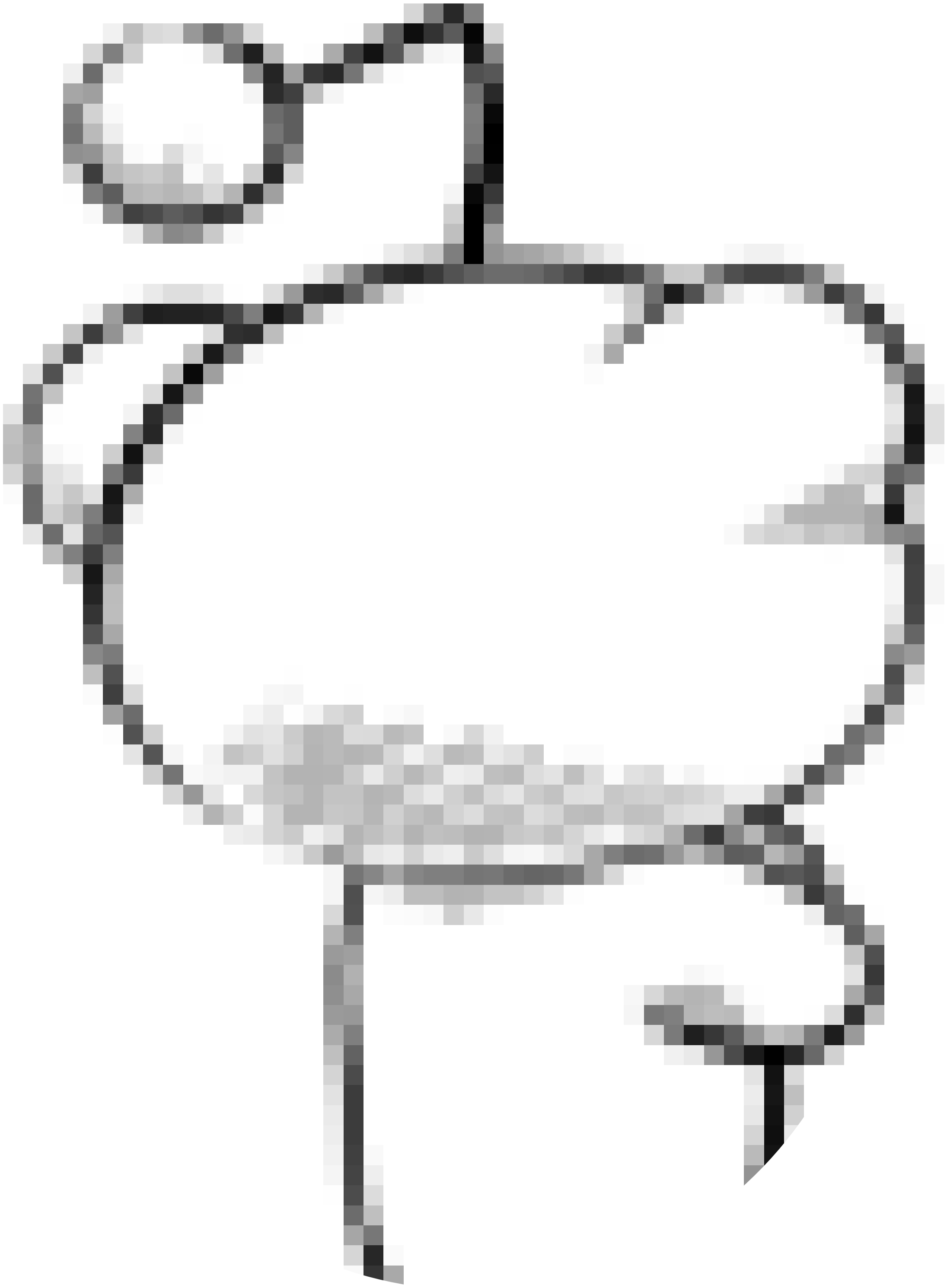
â€¢ 13y ago

spinning meat? SFW I promise

Reply Share

⊕ More replies



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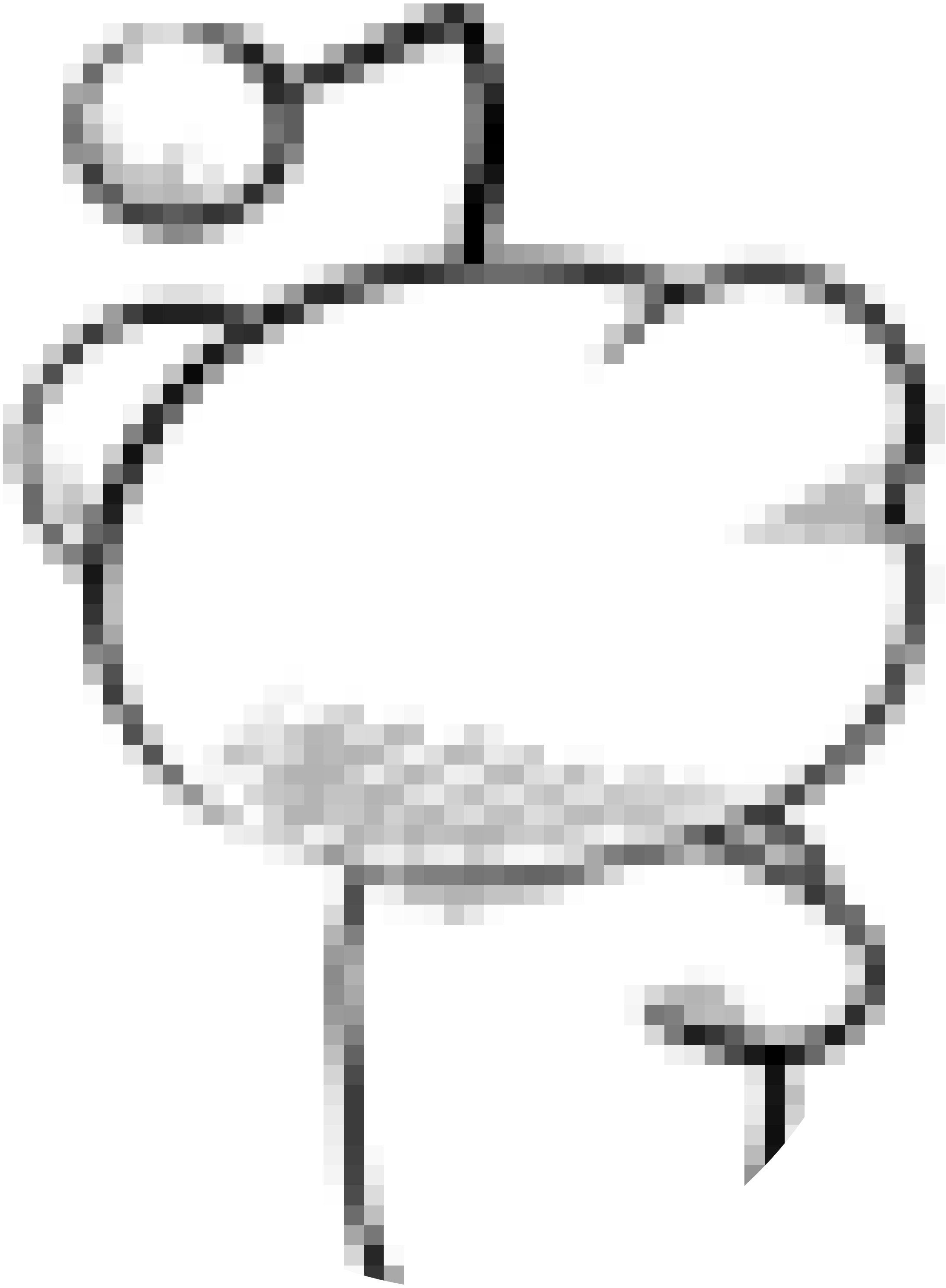
â€¢ 13y ago

My brother was murdered in front of a number of people, his body was put in a cave and sealed with a boulder. Something moved the boulder 3 days later and he walked out of the cave apparently unharmed. Spooky shit.

A bunch of people compiled a best selling book about him. The assholes never mentioned me once.



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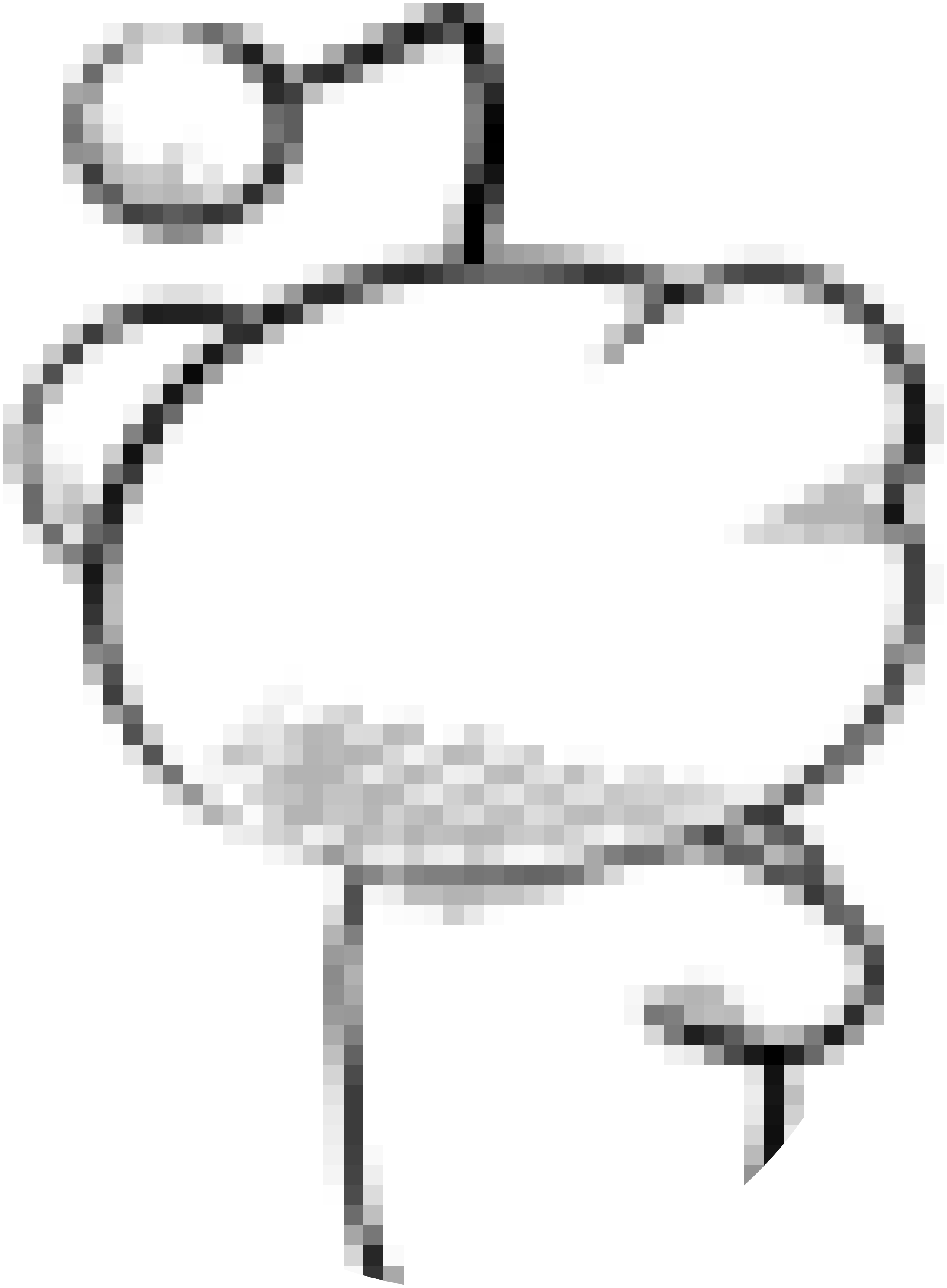
â€¢ 13y ago

I was playing softball in high school, u'kno. Dis thick ass mutha White girl is pitchn right? and i'm the catcher (homo). Anyways, she be throwng dat grapefruit-sized ass ball at me like she was Roger Clemens on roids. So I got mad and threw dat bitch bak at her, and you kno what dat bitch did? She CAUGHT da muthafuka with ONE HAND! So I was like "goddamn, wtf? You a ninja-bitch or wut?" Then I fucked her brother.



[Pepperoni-Nipps](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Not going to read anything. About to go to bed and leaving a comment here so when/if i wake up i can read this in the day. Nothing to see here, carry on.

jinntakk
â€¢ 13y ago

I had this friend who would get a lot of sleep paralysis. He told me this story that freaked me out so much.

So a little bit about him. He's a Christian. That's all you really need to know.

So one day he's in his usual sleep paralysis state. But this particular day there's something odd. There's a baby on his stomach just jumping up and down turned away from him. He said that he's never seen a baby in his sleep paralysis so he got quite scared. So he started going crazy he's screaming, crying, and all sorts of stuff that a "man" shouldn't do. And it's just still bouncing away.

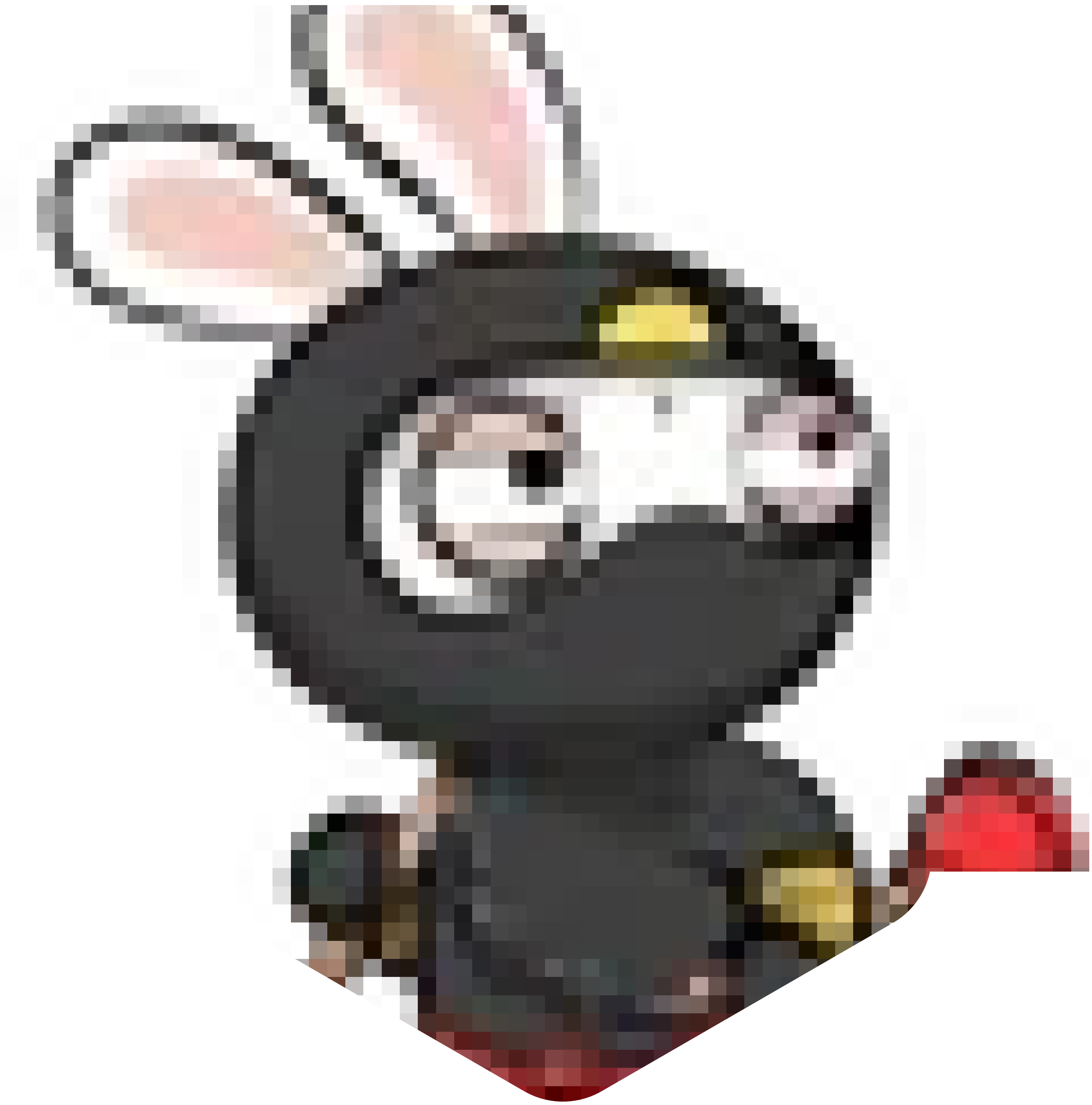
So he decides to recite the Lord's Prayer. He just recites it over and over again. 2, 3, 4, 5 time.

The baby is reacting to it. The bounces are slowing down.

Now this is where the creepy part begins.

He tells me that the baby starts slowly turning around. When it's fully turned around, it starts reciting the Lord's prayer with him. And it's laughing. Saying thing continuously and laughing is quite hard. And it's not a baby voice. It's deep. Like Barry White deep but more evil, and more deep.

By this time he starts bawling. He is straight up a little girl now. But he keeps saying the Lord's Prayer over and over again. And then I guess he fell asleep after all the crying so when he woke up there wasn't anything there.



allstarrunner
â€¢ 13y ago

I used to go to this small group meeting every Sunday (think bible study, yes I am a Christian), and at this point in my life (or pretty much every point in my life!) I had been struggling with porn; during the meeting (there was like 8 of us there, guys and gals) one of the guys said that he would like for us to pray for him because he has been struggling with porn, and the same instant he said that, God said to me (in my spirit, don't know how to describe that), "You need to ask prayer for this too." But I refused to, mainly out of embarrassment; anyway, people in the group start praying for him, I had my eyes opened, and I immediately "see" a demon/ evil spirit dart straight from him directly to me. I figured that probably wasn't good! When I say "see", it was more like a shadowy figure, like seeing the outline of something, kind of like a dark cloud. It all happened in the matter of 1 second, but I can still picture it in my minds eye to this day (that was about 8 years ago), it had large horns and large teeth, but that was the most I could make out from the "shadow."

Spoofproof
â€¢ 13y ago

One time when I was about 14 or so I had a series of awful nightmares about 3 nights in a row, the last one bad enough to make me run to my parents and wake them up. The fourth night I was in my room reading when I heard the distinct noise of someone taking a deep breath, almost a sigh, from across the room.

It gave me a jolt at first but I told myself I was on edge from the previous nights and I went back to reading. About 30 seconds later I heard the same noise, but closer. Again I convinced myself I was just being stupid and went back to reading. Another thirty seconds or so later it came again, about halfway across my room.

At this point I pulled my legs up onto my bed and told myself that now I was just freaking myself out, and having been scared at first was just hearing things in my head. That's when whatever I was hearing breathed the same sigh RIGHT INTO MY EAR.

I don't even remember making it into my parents room or what I said, but my dad who would usually just walk me back to my room and tell me to get over it vaulted out of bed, hauled ass to my room and was ripping all my doors open and looking everywhere.

There have been A LOT of freaky incidents in my house, but nothing that I haven't been able to explain like this.

ceedub12
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Probably going to get buried, but some of the things that have happened to my dad have me convinced that the supernatural exists.

Whenever my father walks around at night, streetlights go out at an alarming rate. Like one an hour. At this point, it's very hard for any of my family to believe it's a coincidence, as none of us has seen anything like it. It's been happening for as long as I can remember (~20 years) and happens regardless of where we've lived, what the weather is, the type of streetlamp, etc. For a long time, we thought it was due to a watch he wore, but after changing watches multiple times it still happens with the same frequency.

He also once called a girlfriend out for cheating on him because he had an out of body experience in which he saw it happen. She denied it, but he told her exactly what time it was when it went down, as well as exactly what the guy, who he had never met, looked like. This was before cell phones, etc. so there's really no way he could have known.

Finally, my grandmother swears she sees her father in the of flowers my parents' wedding portrait. We always believed it looked like a ghost, but as soon as she saw the picture she immediately said, "Well that's Dad."
Her father shared a birthday with my father, but had been dead over 30 years when the picture was taken. They had never met.

JuelzyT
â€¢ 13y ago

With well over 2500 comments already I'm sure this will be buried but here's my true story semi summarized. This was back when I was in the 7th grade in Gary, Indiana. My mom she moved in with our grandmother and my brother and I shared bunk beds, him bottom and me top (no homo heh); these were the type of bunk beds where the bottom was a full and the top was the smaller twin.

So time passes, my grandma moves to L.A and my brother takes her study room and I just stay in our old room with the beds. One night while sleeping alone in the top bunk of the bed, I instantly wake up and I wake up completely frozen in fear and my body paralyzes while my eyes are wide open. Out of nowhere, this little white kid just fucking appears in my room (It's important to acknowledge his color because Gary is predominately Black. So to have a white boy (male) show up in my room is even stranger).

I have never experienced such fear in my life! He then starts sprinting around my room, running back and forth, back and forth. Then, he begins to climb the ladder on my bunkbed coming to the top bunk where I am laying. I can feel the bed shaking just as a person is climbing the bed. He then gets in bed with me and just lays behind me. I can feel him breathing on my neck; though, I can't actually feel the air coming out of his mouth.

He lays with me for around 20 seconds, and it feels like an eternity. He then gets up, climbs back down the ladder, runs around and around, panting hard and rushed. He runs back towards the bed, climbs the ladder, jumps in bed with me again and this time lays even closer to me and I can feel him looking at me from behind. He stays this time in bed even longer.

He then jumps up again, down the ladder, running and running. He then just stops... he looks me right in the face, I can hear him walking towards me. He then stops right by my face and stares at me. He then steps back a few steps, laughs and dissapears.

TL;DR I'm fucked to this day due to a white kid ghost

goodtwitch
â€¢ 13y ago

In college my friends and I tried an experiment where we called on different dieties from mythology and our friend Gino would tell us what he saw. We wouldn't tell him who we were calling. My friend called Thor and he saw a guy with a hammer riding a dragon down into the room in a spiral pattern. I called Neptune and he saw a guy with feet that kept turning into fins. So then I decided to do one and not tell anyone. The room got ice cold and my friends were freaking out, asking me what I'd called. Gino said he saw a woman in white, crying. He said she was the queen of a huge kingdom in ancient history and had enslaved her population and done other horrible things. As a result, she was doomed to walk the earth only taking, never giving. I then revealed that I'd called the Angel of Death. Everyone was angry at me for doing it.

Years later I was sitting next to a neighbor, an alcoholic girl. I felt that exact same chill and told her that death was near. She freaked out about it. The next day she attempted suicide, barely surviving.

Dokky
â€¢ 13y ago

After uni, about 10 years ago now, me and a fat useless tosser I used to call a friend rented a small house in the town we grew up in. It had been modified over the years, but dated back to the late 18th century at least.

We used to invite all our friends over, buy a 1/4 of Bradford's finest skunk and all bring a 4 pack of beers and a litre of spirits, every Friday night. It was quite small, so a good couple of hourse into our session of intoxication we were all spread out about the living room, on chairs/sofas/boxes/floor/etc. I was near the door, and pretty fucking high at this point. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I see the door slowly open (seemingly of it's own accord). The adrenaline started pumping but I put this down to 'the wind' - naturally (and being a horror movie fan, of course). Then it closed and opened again in similar circumstances - I was about to shit my pants when I stood bolt upright, and saw my friend had innoccentley been moving the door with his leg, which I could not see from my sitting angle. Took a few mins for the adrenaline to clear out of my system, and thankfully I did not soil myself (well, maybe later due to booze, but not to spirits - GEDDIT GEDDIT??).

Addop
â€¢ 13y ago

Who you gonna call?

Kairu927
â€¢ 13y ago

The tide. Tide goes in, tide goes out. You can't explain that.

thesilverSexer
â€¢ 13y ago

was on a bus from athens to columbus ohio with four of my friends. WEplayed a board game in the isle to pass the time when a woman dressed like and amish or puritan asked us to make room so she can use the bathroom. She never left the bathroom as our jokes about long poops turned to fear she died. Finally I opened the door, and she was gone. Four other witnesses no windows in the bathroom and we were all taking up the isle and watching the whole time. craziest shit ever

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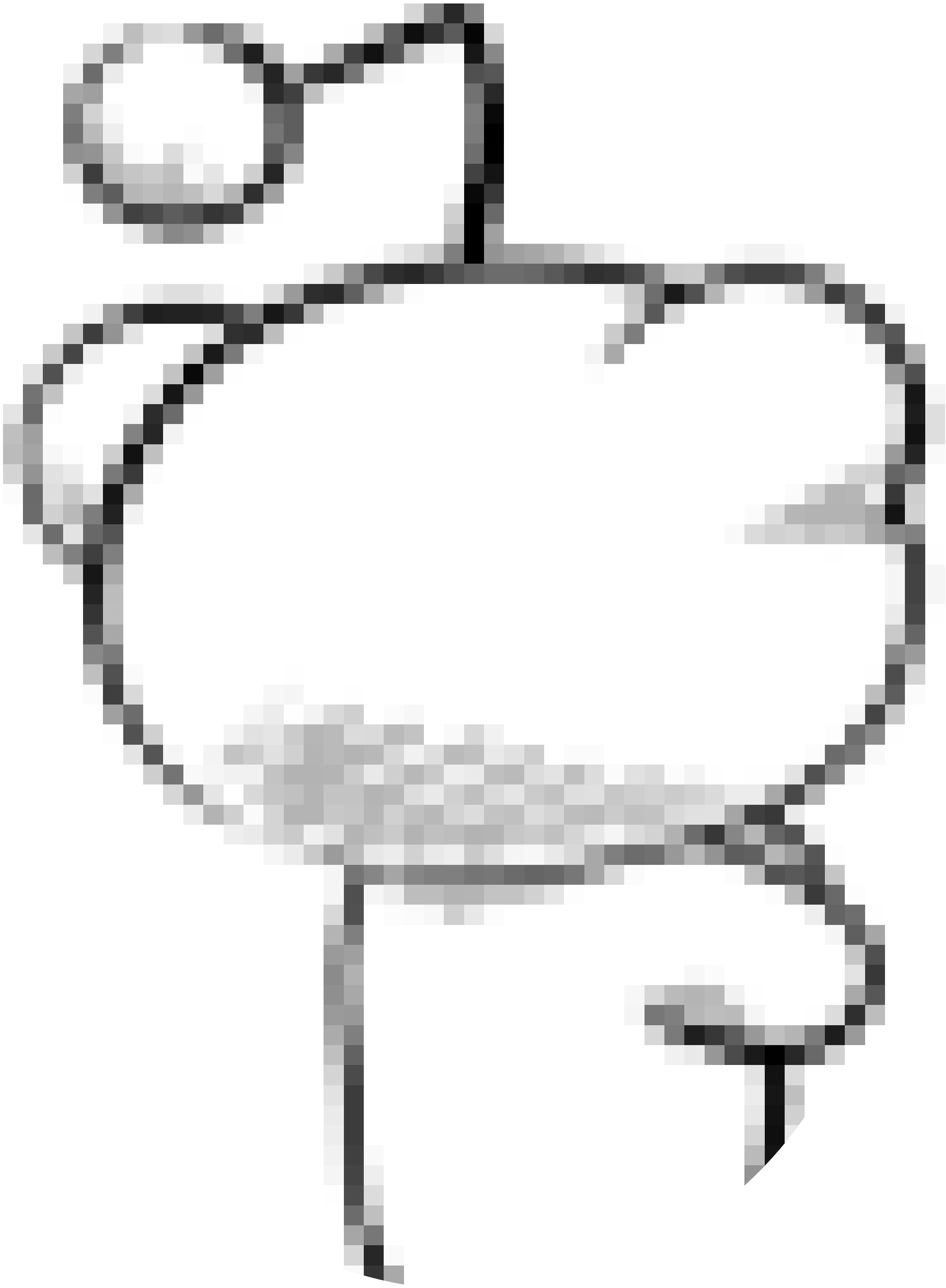

Terror-Dactyl
â€¢ 13y ago

food goes in, poop comes out.

Reply Share

InstinctiveAttack
â€¢ 13y ago

a few years back i drempt that i was a large snail and i bit a kid on the toe and i woje up and my toe was really hurting

Reply Share

ChoskarChulian
â€¢ 13y ago

Honestly, I expected much more from this thread.

All IÂ´ve read so far is your generic dark, big house, sleep para-something [whatever you call it] and little girl storys.

OH MY GERSH TEH SCARY LITTLE GIRL IS GONNA KILL MEEE DUUUURRRRRRRR

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This will never be seen but whatever.

When I was about 6 or 7 my family was in one of the national parks in South Africa on holiday. My parents had left my brother and I sleeping in the caravan/trailer while they went out for an early morning game drive. Before I woke up I dreamt of a seeing a leopard in a tree by a river. When they came back and woke us up and we went together they told us they had seen a leopard in a tree that morning. They took us to the exact spot where they had seen it and it was exactly the same tree in exactly the same location as in my dream.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

This just happened yesterday. I was walking to the grocery store and a homeless man came up to me. He inquired about my Ugg boots, asking if they were real or knock offs and asked what I was studying at the university (small college town, everyone knows who the students are). I was a little freaked out but figured I'd talk to him just to be nice. He gave me a creepy drawing and said he was a world renowned artist. Then things got weird. I am going through a really tough break up. I wasn't crying or anything but the homeless man grabbed my shoulders, looked me in the eye and said, "don't worry pretty girl, your heart will stop hurting soon" then he just walked away.

Reply Share

greenTbag
â€¢ 13y ago

Sometimes when I roll the dice while playing some game, I'll say what I want out loud before I roll, and then roll exactly what I wanted. No tricks. It gets annoying to others. After it happens 3 or 4 times usually they want to quit and do something else. I'm pretty sure I'm a wizard.

Reply Share

with_me
â€¢ 13y ago

I walked up this ravine in one evening and there was this humanoid flaming creature. It terrified me.

Reply Share

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â€¢ 13y ago

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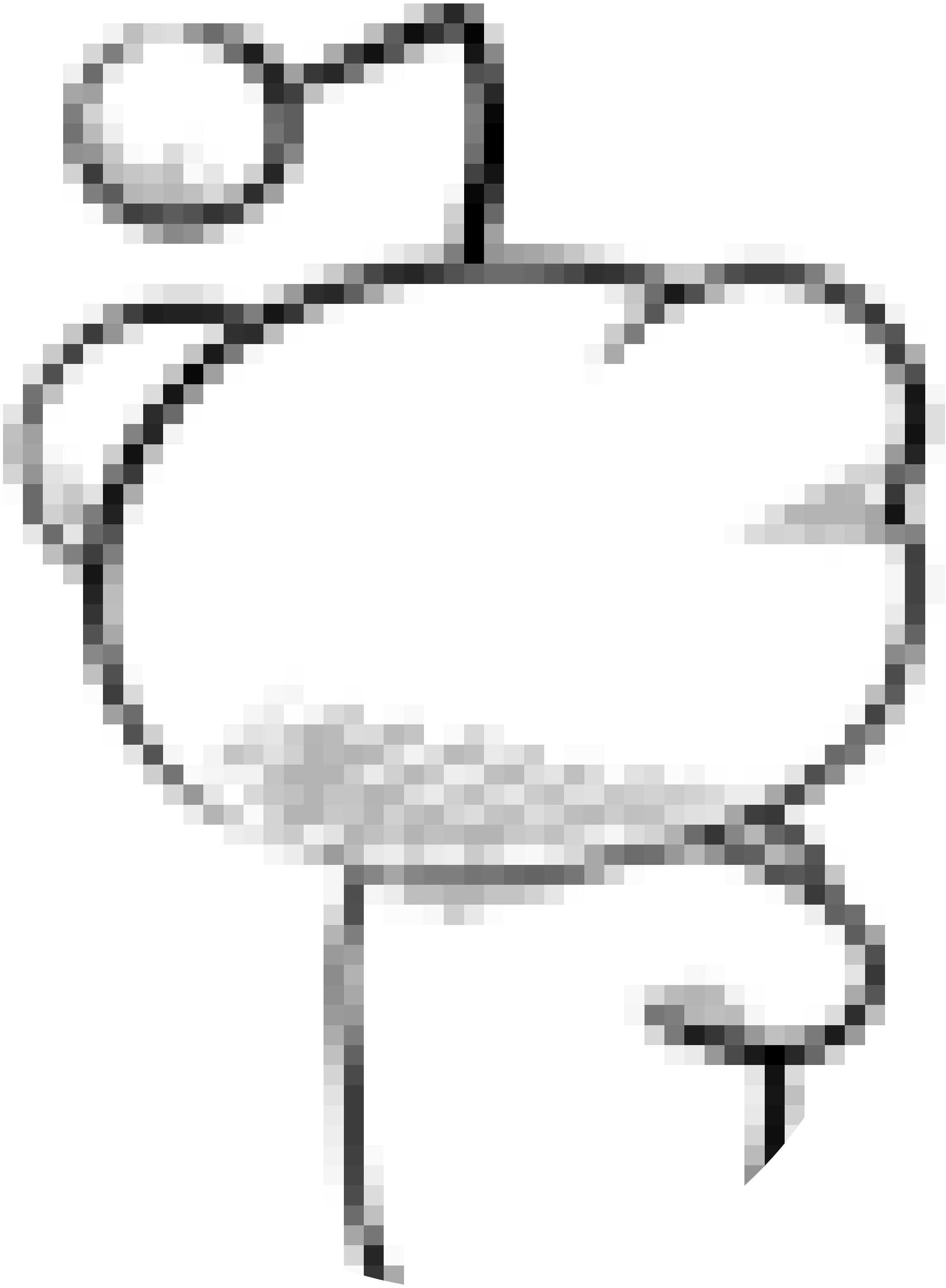
pedro_s
â€¢ 13y ago

I'm interested...



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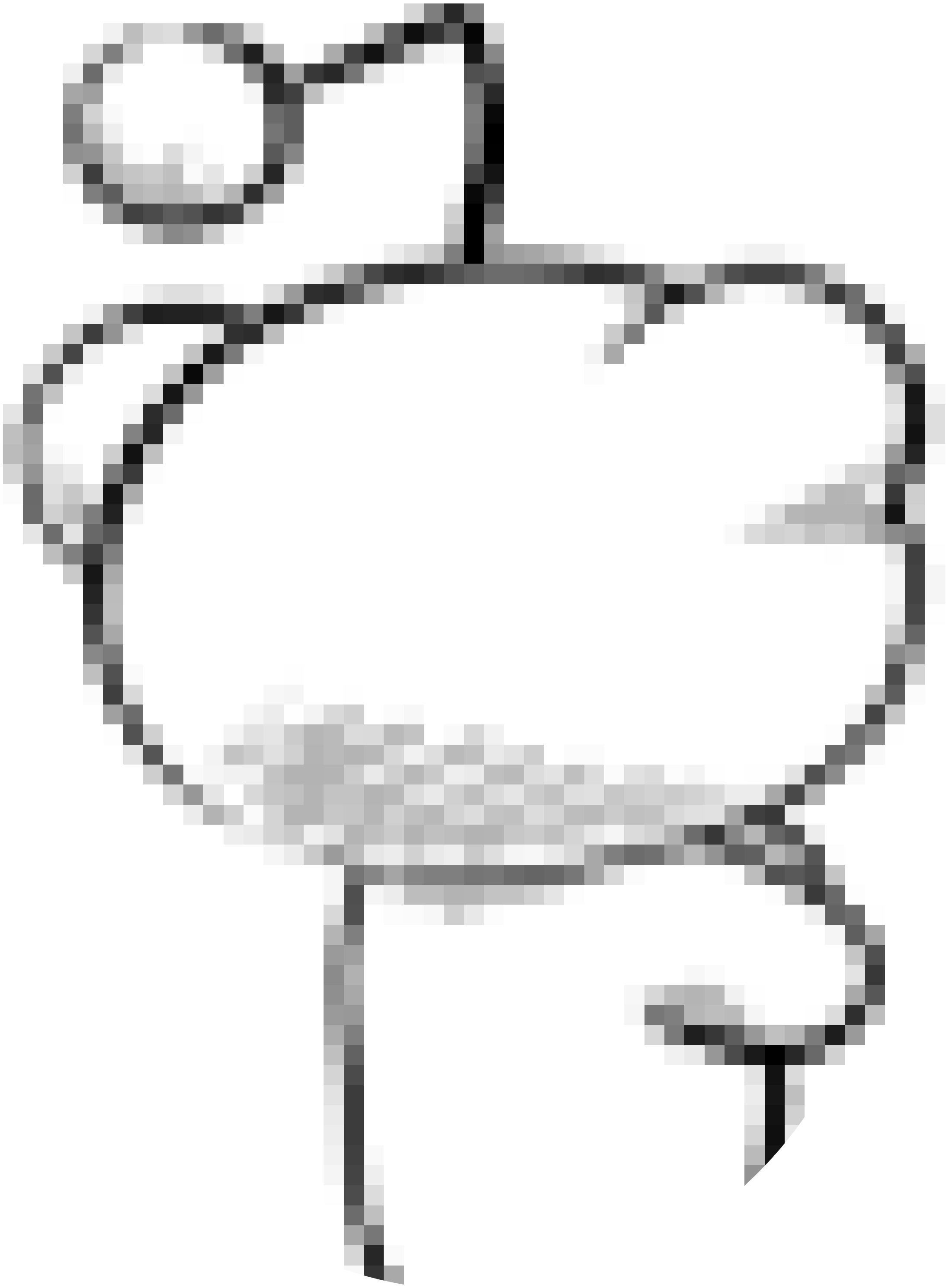
â€¢ 13y ago

Well this isn't as freaky as some others or as long but my story is quite basic but it did scare the shit out of me for about three minutes haha. So, it was about 6:30Am and my dad woke me up so that i could go to college at 9am (i'm hopeless at getting up, not through laziness just i wouldn't wake up) so i went down-stairs to go to sleep on the couch (only myself and my dog in the house) and i couldn't get comfy so i was like... ffs I'm going to back to bed, so i went to bed and fell asleep with my dog on the other bed in my room. So i was sleeping for about two hours straight without waking up etc... and as i wake up i hear right next to my left ear in a whisper voice "Why do you heart me?". was stunned lying there looking at the Ceiling for about three minutes or so and decided to get up and run down stairs for the rest of the day. Also, this was only about two weeks ago haha.



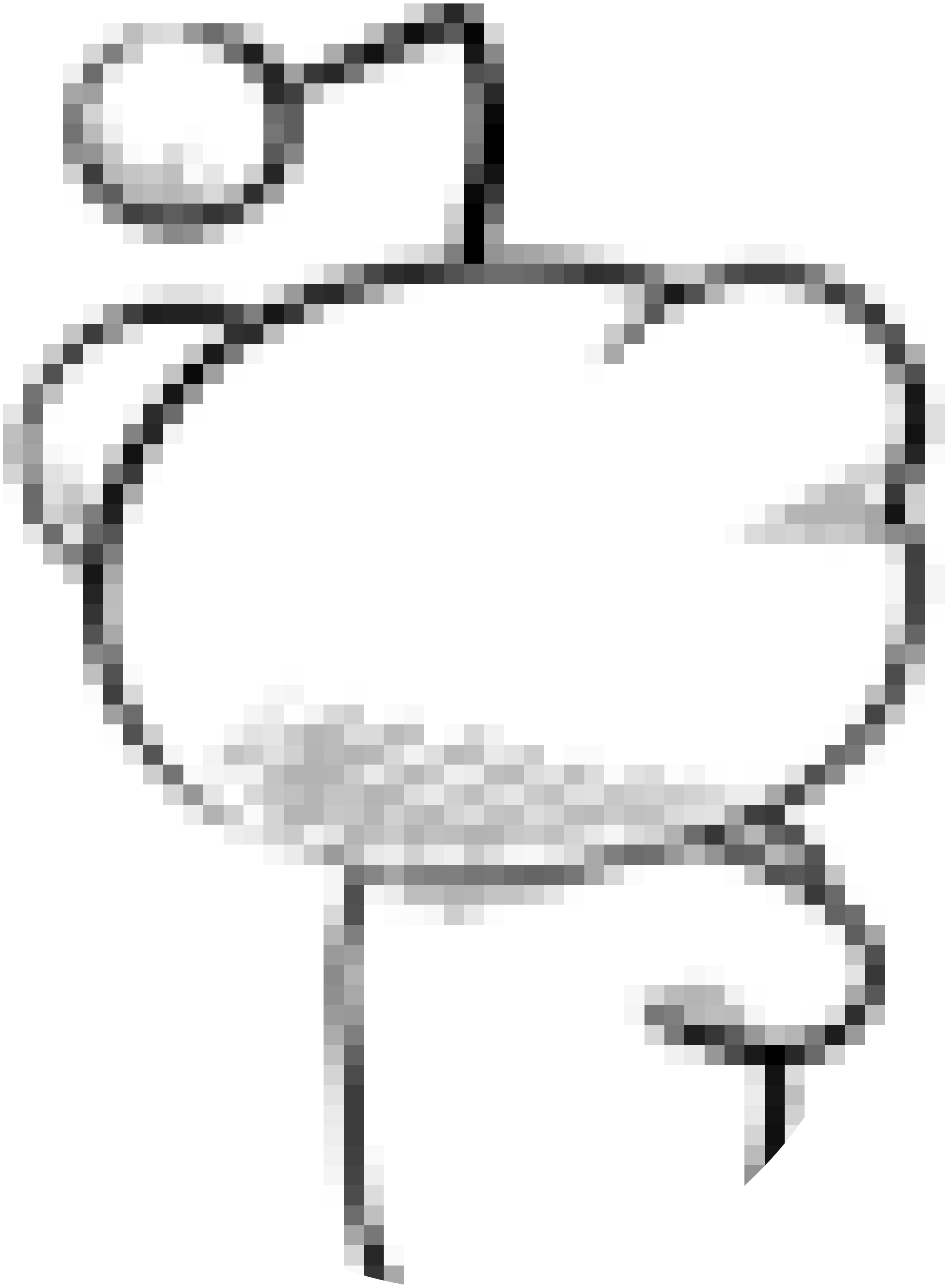
Arknell
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

Stockholm, Sweden, 1997. I was riding the bus home one sunday, when I looked up and saw that the seat in front of me had a name carved into the back of it, probably with a key. The name was "Ricardo Montalban". I thought "that was a very weird reference to carve into the back of a swedish bus seat". I knew who it was for different reasons ("Naked Gun" among others), but didn't expect many other swedes to know it, since most of his shows had never aired in Sweden except for that High Chaparral-episode.

I come home and remember why I was going home from being out on the town at 2:30pm. Star Trek TOS. Sadly it wasn't the episode ["Space seed",](http://spinoff.comicbookresources.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/12/Khan.jpg) but still.

ANAL_QUEEN
â€¢ 13y ago

I saw Megan Fox speaking in tongues.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Seeing Megan Fox would creep me out. She looks sweaty all the time, even when there's nothing much going on. Also, I love your name.

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ More replies

randumname
â€¢ 13y ago

That's what she calls *acting*...

⊕ More replies

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â€¢ 13y ago

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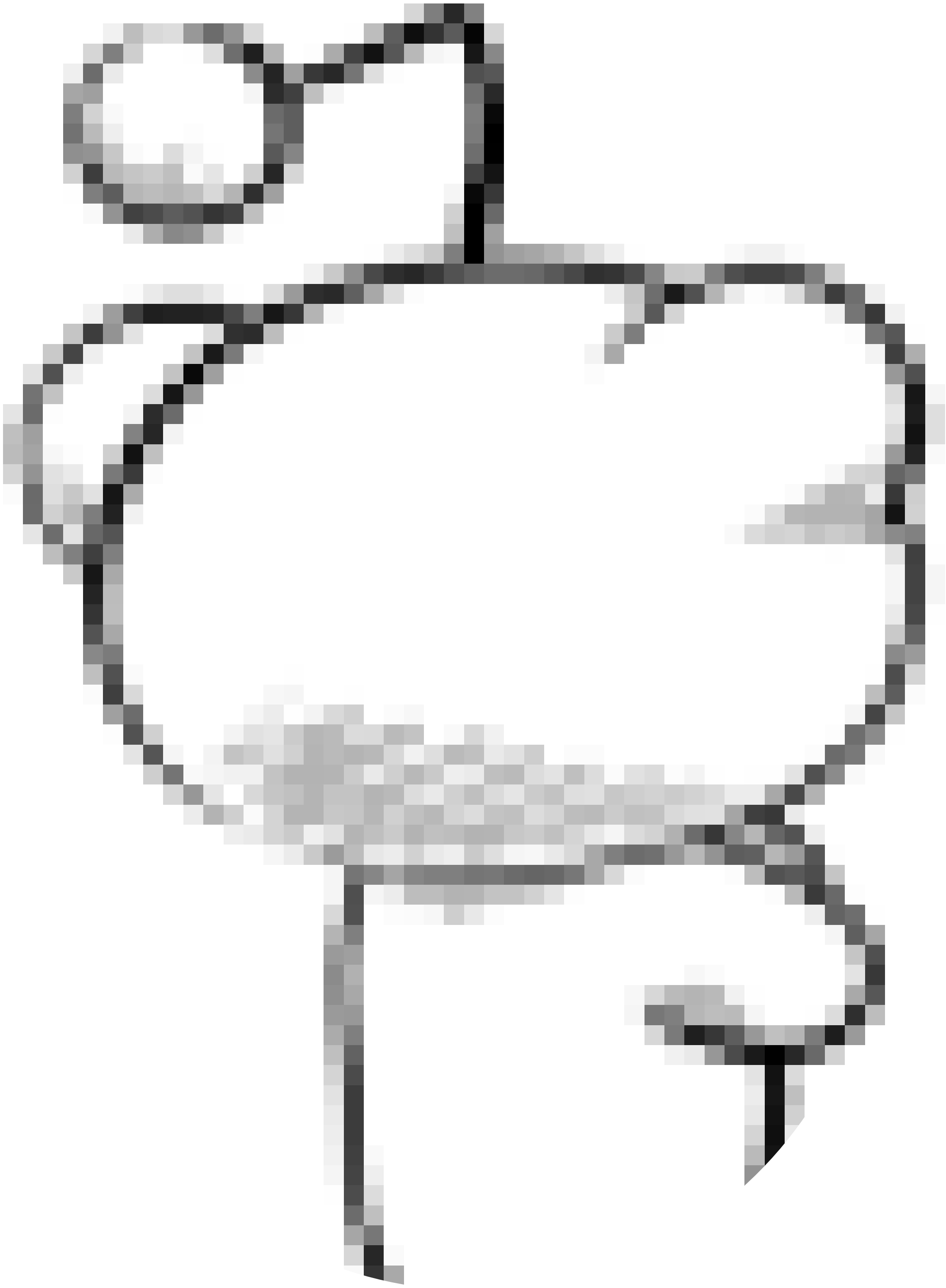

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â€¢ [13y ago]

I think this talk of the supernatural and cats will soon devolve into people talking about their supernatural cats. But /pat for you anyway

averysadgirl
â€¢ 13y ago

I use to write and do research analysis for a doctor back in my early college days. Usually I have to go to "storage", an empty office nearby, to retrieve files. The first time I went in storage I said to myself, "What's in here dead baby spirits?" only because the vibe of the room felt very creepy, dank and cold (not cold as its cold outside but cold as in something is very dark and unnerving) I've never felt that before. I would experience the same sensation every time I would go back to "storage". I would get goosebumps every. single. time. My body hair would stick straight up like an angry cat. though the temperature of storage was fine, it wasn't like you need a jacket.

Now fast forward a few months. Storage was next to a women's clinic. I always think to myself, okay pap smears and stuff. Then one day, I see this burnnette young professional looking woman run out of the clinic, yelling and crying. I thought to myself, "Okay, no one gets this upset over a pap smear." after work I returned home and googled the clinic and it turns out to be an abortion clinic. I called it out for what it is exactly without thinking about it but it's the only thing that comes to mind when I visited storage. Dead baby spirits. Storage was the next door neighbor of an abortion clinic 0.0

Also that same week there was a guy who would scream bloody murder and wake me up in the morning every weekend. A distressed man. He was speaking in another language which I also knew. I asked a man who was nearby watching him and asked in his native tounge, the two men clearly spoke the same language (it wasn't English) and I asked him, " What's wrong with this man? Why is he screaming like that?" the man replied "abortion"

So turns out the clinic around the corner from where I lived was an abortion clinic. I went inside, the guy outside protesting freaked out and wanted to talk to me, I said its okay. I went inside the clinic. Same. fucking. feeling. To the tee, that dank, creepy, "cold" unnerving sensation. I couldn't bare staying inside there, it was too unnerving. My body was screaming at me, Get out! Get out! Get out!

tl;dr: So it turns out that I not only worked next to an abortion clinic but lived down the street from one also.

Also, in the town I grew up in. There was a Chinese resturant that opened up next to an abortion clinic. My dad, brother and I would laugh so fucking hard and say "yeah, we're definetly not eating from that Chinese resturant!"

Baby back ribs. BBQ sause.

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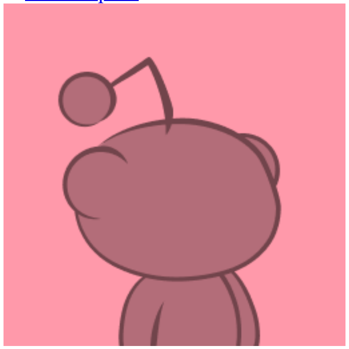

AnorOmnis
â€¢ 13y ago

Not real, but downright creepy.

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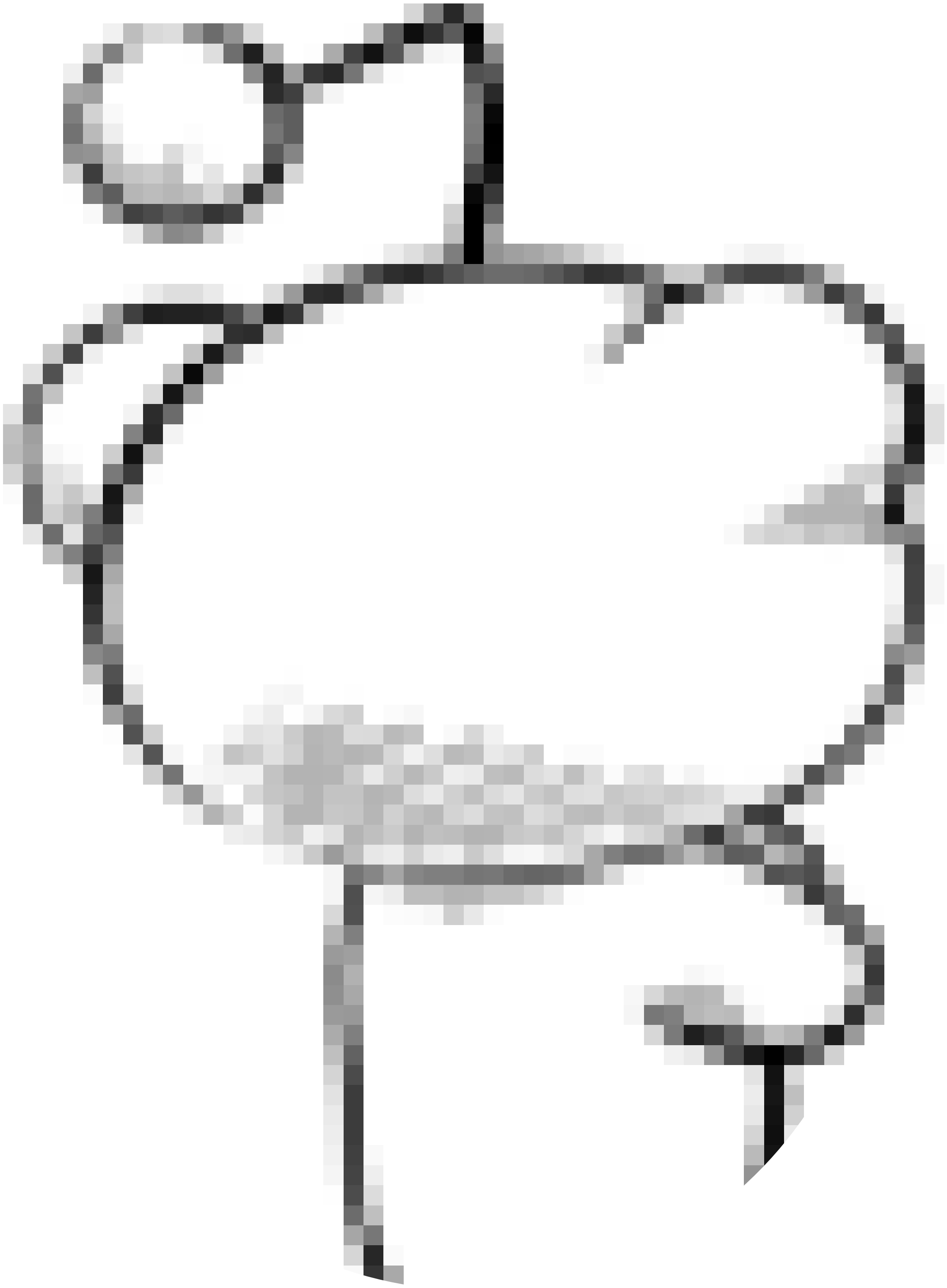

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

I once saw my dinosaur eat a cat but it didn't die at all but my dog did

Reply Share

BigSlowTarget
â€¢ 13y ago

People buying Facebook stock at the IPO.

Reply Share

vinsane
â€¢ 13y ago

ITT: r/nosleep

Stratisphear
â€¢ 13y ago

My roommate not dumping her boyfriend and vice versa. My current working theory is that they achieve stimulation through violent sound waves alone.

Radiantbirdlives
â€¢ 13y ago

They will break up, when their love finally hits the wall.

Reply Share

⊕ More replies

nicholsml
â€¢ 13y ago

Nothing. Seriously.

I know lots of people who make stupid fucking claims, but when pressed it always comes down to them vouching for some bullshit. If the unexplained paranormal exists, it sure is concerned with staying outside the bounds of verification, is that some sort of ghost rule?

Ghost/Paranormal Rule - Make sure no evidence exists outside of anecdotes and hearsay, how convenient.

Reply Share

Amakiir
â€¢ 13y ago

I passed Chemestry Class I had not attended nor studied for.... and I had never been in Chemestry befor... I passed with the grade 5 out of 10.... I have no Idea how I did it.. but I did

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violentfap

â€¢ 13y ago

Nicki minaj's fame.

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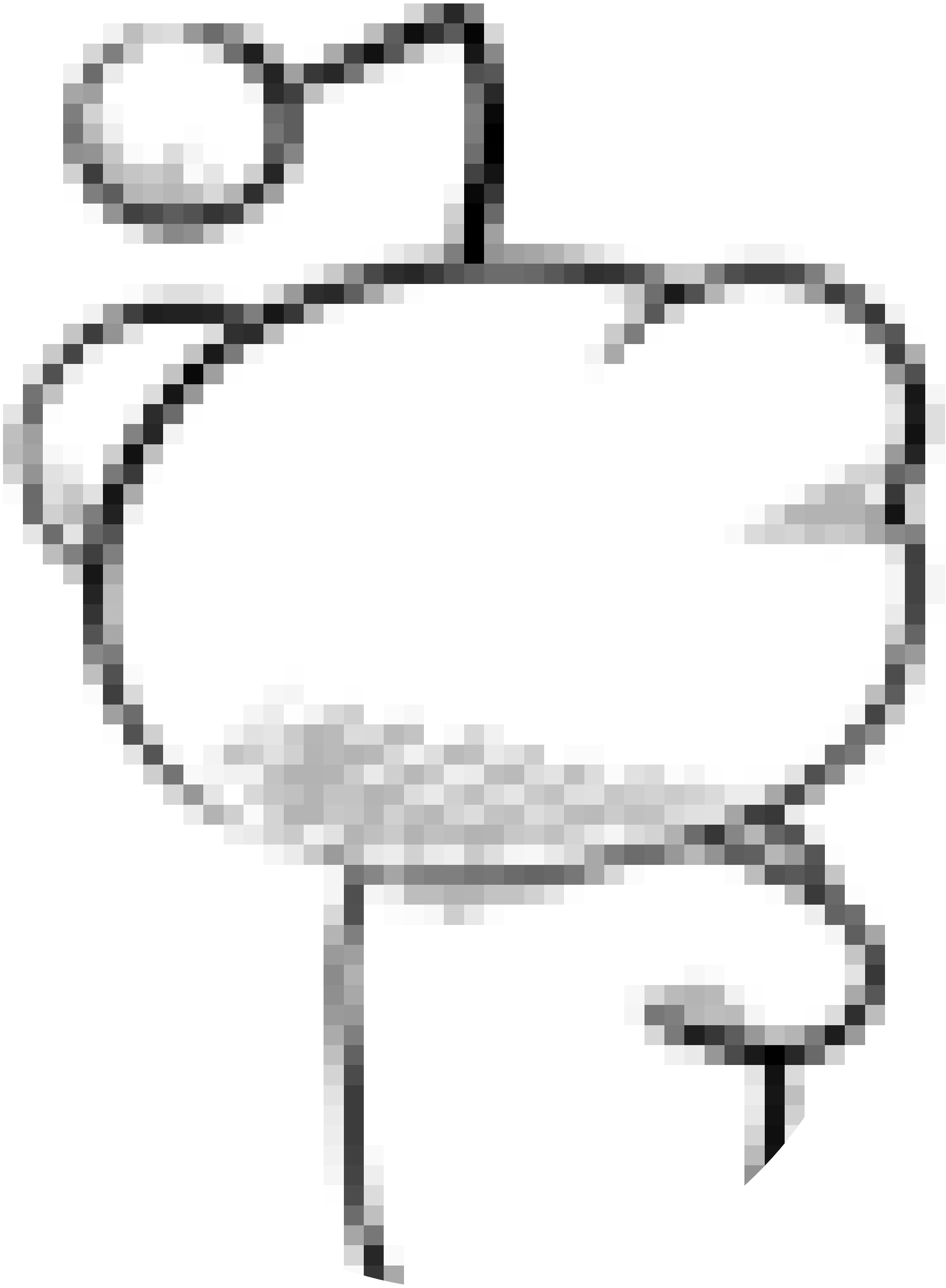

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â€¢ 13y ago

Nicki Minaj's face.

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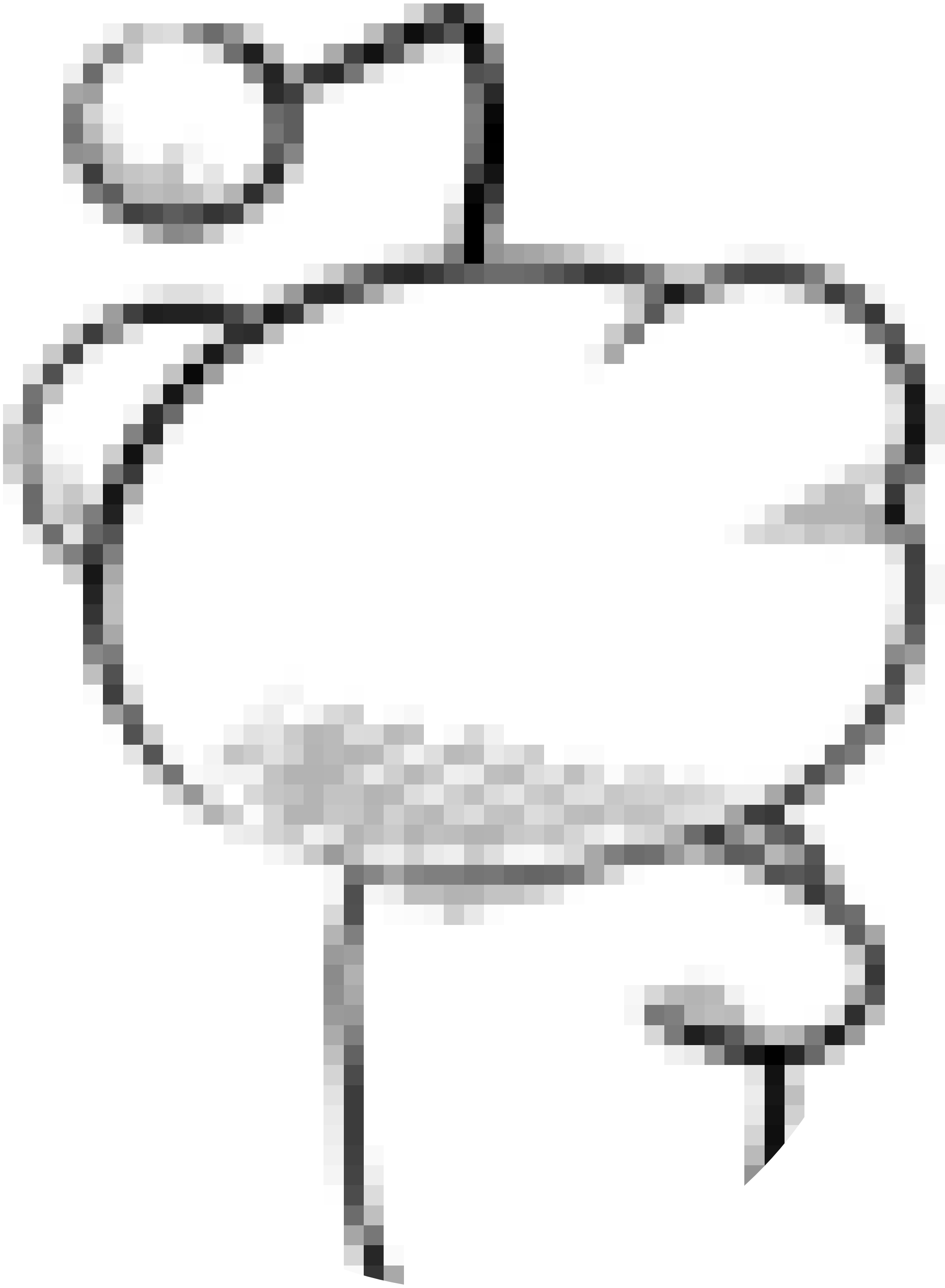
UnreachablePaul
â€¢ 13y ago

Prohibition



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Tl:dr any of these long ass stories.

ascenzion
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I was in Amerka

Friend ring me say

Typholosion... Hav bad news 4 u

I say iz it mai herpes exam cos I didn't no queshun 4c

Zyzz is die

no

Reply Share

Sylvatica
â€¢ 13y ago

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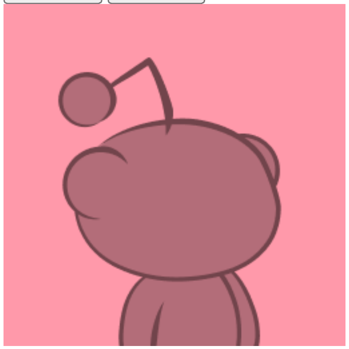
Reply Share



Inhereforthis
â€¢ 13y ago

Creepy, possibly explainable...but a couple of the stories reminded me of a dream that scares me to this day.

I lived in south central Pennsylvania, several miles outside of Gettysburg, right after college (>30 years ago). The house I shared with two roommates was in a very rural, very quiet area, on the other side of a small valley from a ski resort. Late one winter night, I awoke for some reason. I looked at the clock on the desk across the room: 4:00am on the dot. As I looked at the round, orange-lit clock face, its contours seemed to go fuzzy around the edges, though I could still see the hands in clear focus. Then it seemed to get larger very quickly, as though my eyes became equipped with zoom lenses. Just as quickly, it would recede to a pinpoint, then ZOOM in for a close up, such that the orange light filled my whole field of vision.

I was lying on my back, looking down past my feet to see this. The light seemed to swoop and dart around the room, though I was trying to concentrate on keeping my eyes locked in place. All at once, the light from the clock receded to nothing, and the quiet and stillness of the room were gone. The curtain on the window on my left, right next to my bed, was billowing and the blinds were rattling as if a high wind were blowing through, and there were lights and action RIGHT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. This didn't start up gradually, it was like everything went from perfectly still, to being in mid-billow, in the blink of an eye. The best comparison I can make is that it felt like my window looked out on a subway track and an endless train was rattling loudly past my window inches away, casting rapidly moving shadows around my room. Had I been able to look out the window, the train would have been moving left to right, from my head to my feet, if that makes sense (cardinal orientation: it was going south). And it felt somehow... busy. As if hundreds and hundreds of people were rapidly being conveyed from one place to another. I could not see the people, nor could I even see the "train"...because I was pinned to the bed, utterly paralyzed. I could move my eyes, and very slightly, my head.

At first I had a sort of detached curiosity, like, "huh, wonder what's up with this loud express subway train that's making all this incredible racket and bright lights in my usually quiet back yard out in the country?" But when I found I couldn't move, I was suddenly and drastically filled with an intense sense of emptiness and coldness and dread. This is when it got scary: I had a disorienting perspective shift--like that unsettling dolly zoom effect in movies where the room stretches out to an immense length. More disturbing, it felt as though everything were upside down, as if my floor were the ceiling but something way stronger than gravity was holding me there. And MOST DISTURBING OF ALL: on the other side of the room, the quiet, darker side away from the window with its billowing curtain and noise and commotion, my bedroom door opened slowly, about half way. The billowing and commotion and whatnot were still there, but were kind of in the background, superseded by an impending, powerful quietness. In the doorway stood a black shape. At about eye level was a dim red glow, barely discernable. You know how sometimes you can only see a dim or vague object if you look near it, but if you look right at it you can't make it out? The red glow was like that. But the shape itself was something sentient, and it KNEW ME, and it filled me with absolute terror. Years later, when the Harry Potter books came out and I got to the part about Dementors, that damn thing in my door came flooding back to me and made my heart skip a beat, and I was like "oh my god I know exactly how those things make you feel, because holy shit did did that thing ever suck every single bit of light and hope and potential happiness out of the depths of my soul, leaving only a tarry evil residue of despair and hollowness and fear. And paralysis."

I used every bit of will power I could summon, to try to speak or move or magically get the hell out of there or...something. Anything. I think I was trying to call my housemates' names. I could not budge or vocalize or even move, much less blurt out something like "Um, yoohoo! Guys? By any chance do you have freight trains or subways and shit outside your windows even though we live way out here in the country, miles from the nearest freeway; and is there a bunch of wind blowing your curtains and blinds everywhere; and is your room upside down with some scary black shape outside our door that makes you feel at first like you're going to die, but then you're even more afraid that you're going to live, but with the dismal downside that you'll feel, I don't know, haunted end empty, forever and ever?? Because, haha, me too! What the fuck, right?" In a final, emotionally exhausting push, I made the sound of the first letter of my house mate's name: "J-"

And Just as quickly as that all the wind and lights and noise and commotion outside my window had started, it stopped. It was perfectly quiet and still outside. Again, it didn't fade out so much as just not be there anymore, with a not-being-there sense that it never really had been there; no echo, no hint of its previous state. My room snapped back to its normal size and dimensions, and was right side up. My door was slightly ajar, but the hallway beyond was empty. I lay still for a second, heart racing, shivering, emotionally drained and still a little bit terrified, too scared to see if I was still paralyzed. I had to pee really bad, but figured I'd hold it for a couple of hours when the sun came up; no way was I going to get out from under this blanket. When I finally moved my limbs and raised my head, I looked over at the round orange-lit clock face, sitting on my desk across the room: 4:05 am.

The whole thing could have been triggered by temporary oxygen deprivation due to sleep apnea, coupled with residual effects of ongoing oh-let's-call-them "youthful indiscretions" involving psychotropic substances (though not under the influence that particular night), coupled with an episode of sleep paralysis or whatever it's called when the enzymes or hormones that suppress muscle movement remain in your system even when you're partly conscious. Call it all of that shit, but I can not deny anyone's reality who says they have had a demonic visitation. Because even though that interpretation does not fit my worldview, I know exactly what that shit feels like.

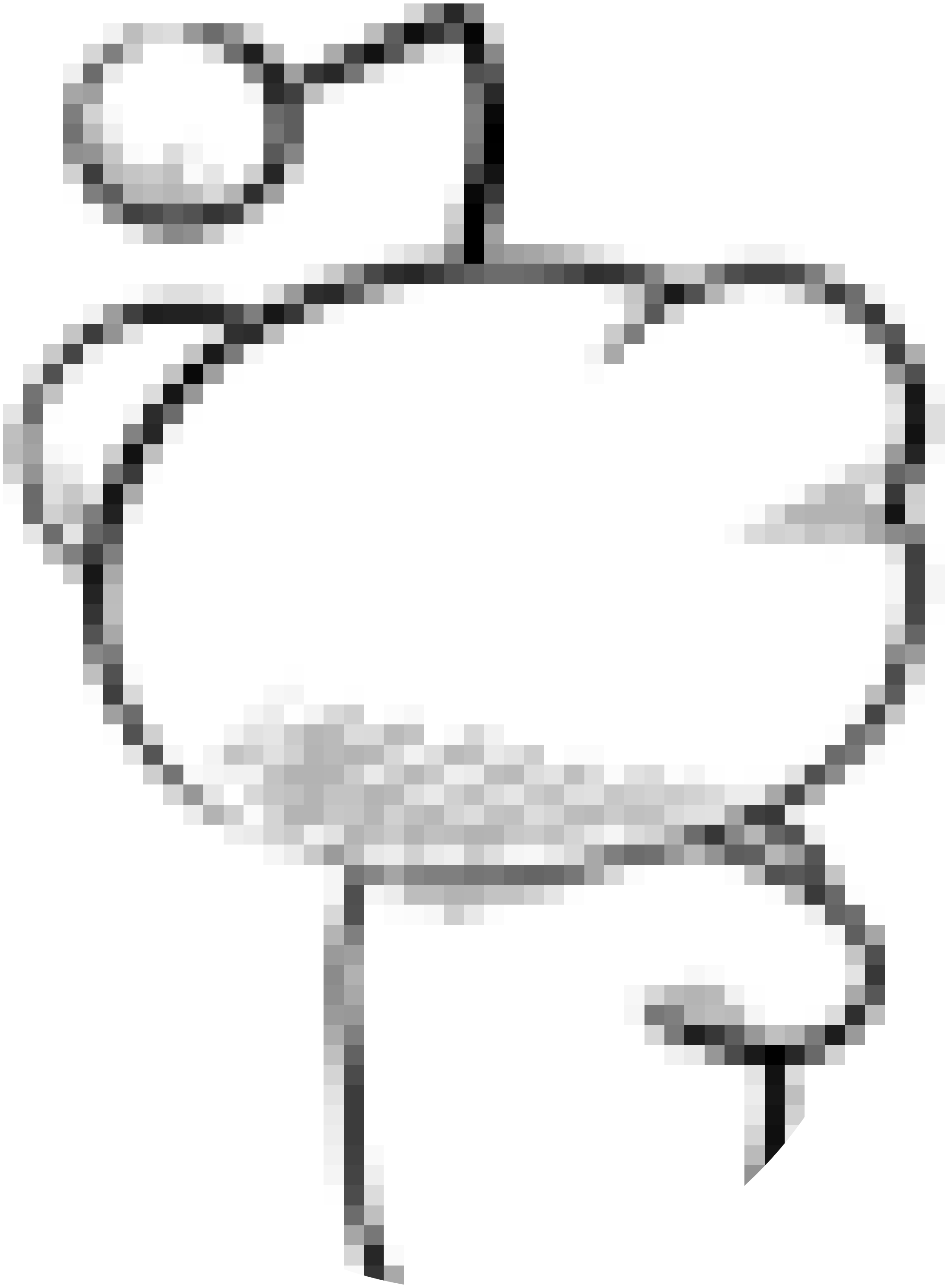
First post.

TL;DR: "Um, yoohoo! Guys? By any chance do you have freight trains or subways and shit outside your windows even though we live way out here in the country, miles from the nearest freeway; and is there a bunch of wind blowing your curtains and blinds everywhere; and is your room upside down with some scary black shape outside our door that makes you feel at first like you're going to die, but then you're even more afraid that you're going to live, but with the dismal downside that you'll feel, I don't know, haunted end empty, forever and ever?? Because, haha, me too! What the fuck, right?" Plus, I had to pee really bad.

Reply Share

Matttized
â€¢ 13y ago

Obama won the election A SECOND TIME.



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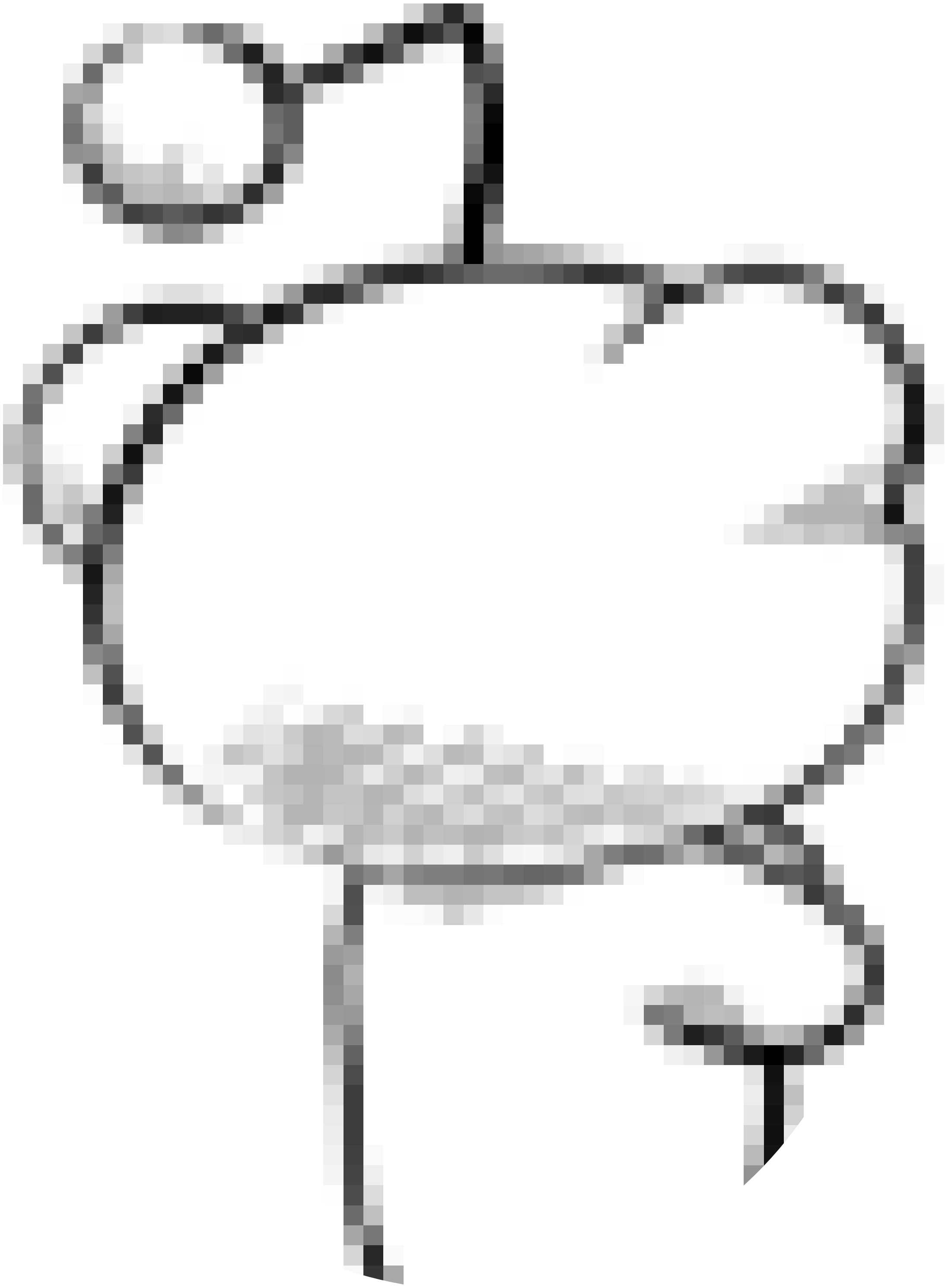
â€¢ [13y ago]

[Huehuehuehue]



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â€¢ [13y ago]

EEEEEEK

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â€¢ 13y ago

Fucking liberal pussies caving to a hivemind I'm sorry for you, have a upvote.

⊕ More replies

Hozze
â€¢ 13y ago

Nicki Minaj or Justin Bieber. Take your pick.

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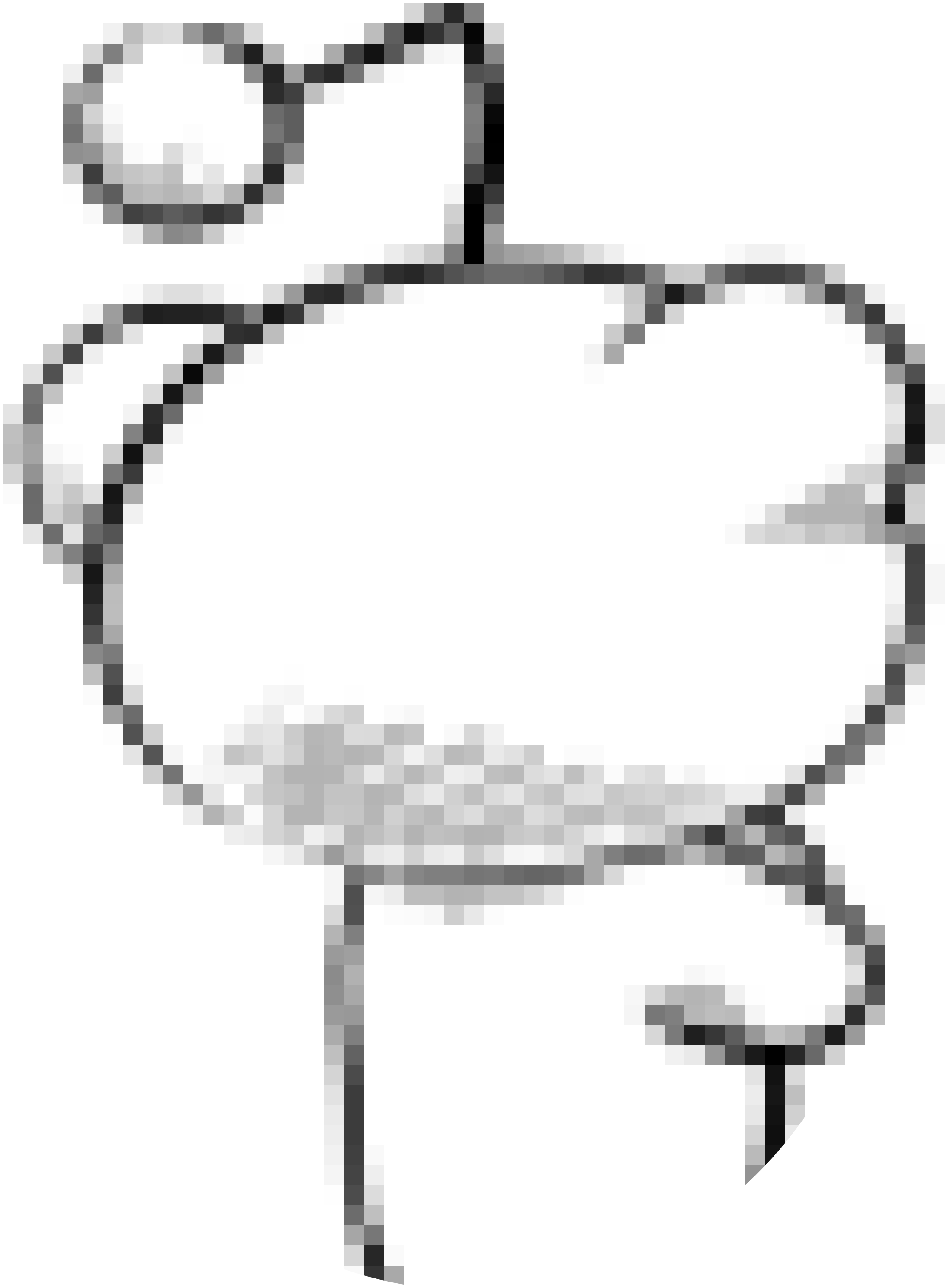

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â€¢ [13y ago]

i got probed by an alien (they stuck some kinda weird thing right in my shitter then in my mouth and back in my shitter, also they came all over my face). I swear i'm not making this up guys pls believ.

eelmand
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

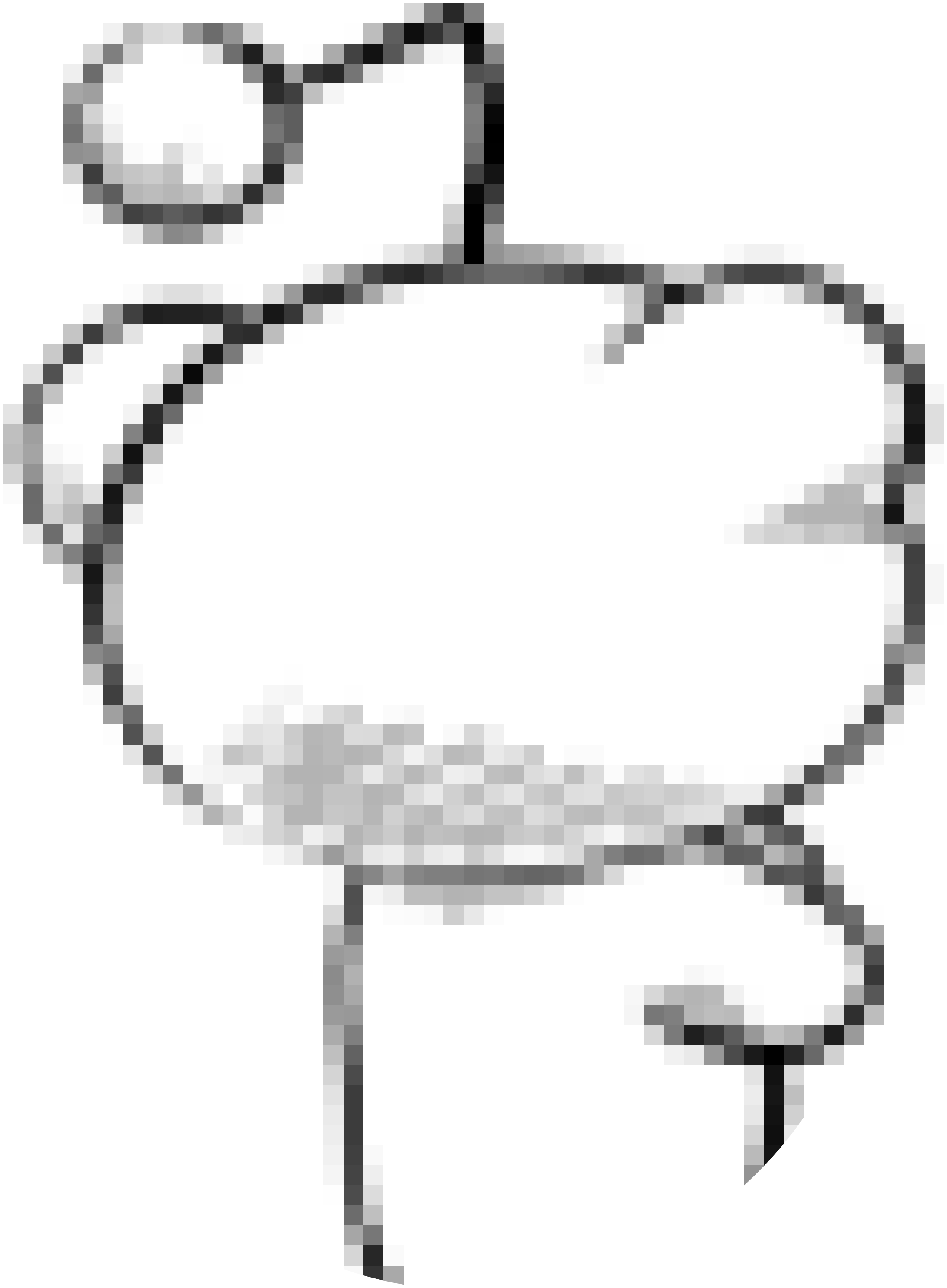
It doesn't make sense to even talk about "natural" and "supernatural". If socalled supernatural stuff exists, well, then its natural.. Everything that is, is. That's it. As Crowley wrote:

"A: "It must have a natural cause." B: "It must have a super-natural cause."

}Let these two asses be set to grind corn. "

WhirledWorld
â€¢ 13y ago

I think it's downright unexplainable that this question is asked every day in r/askreddit.



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â€¢ 13y ago

Hence my disclaimer at the top of the page.

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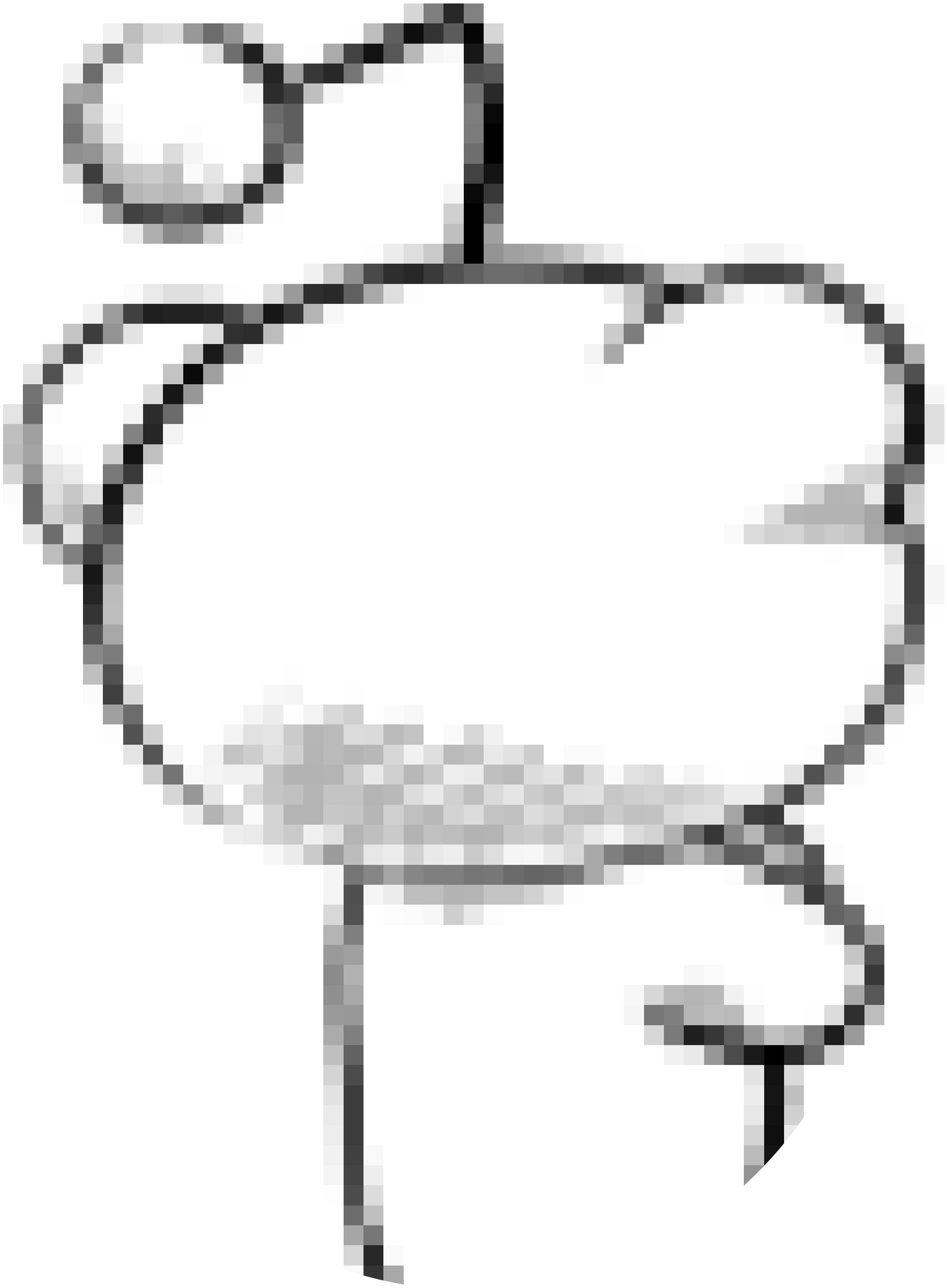
â€¢ [13y ago]

ITT: Stupid people who believe in stupid things.

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

yep

⊕ More replies



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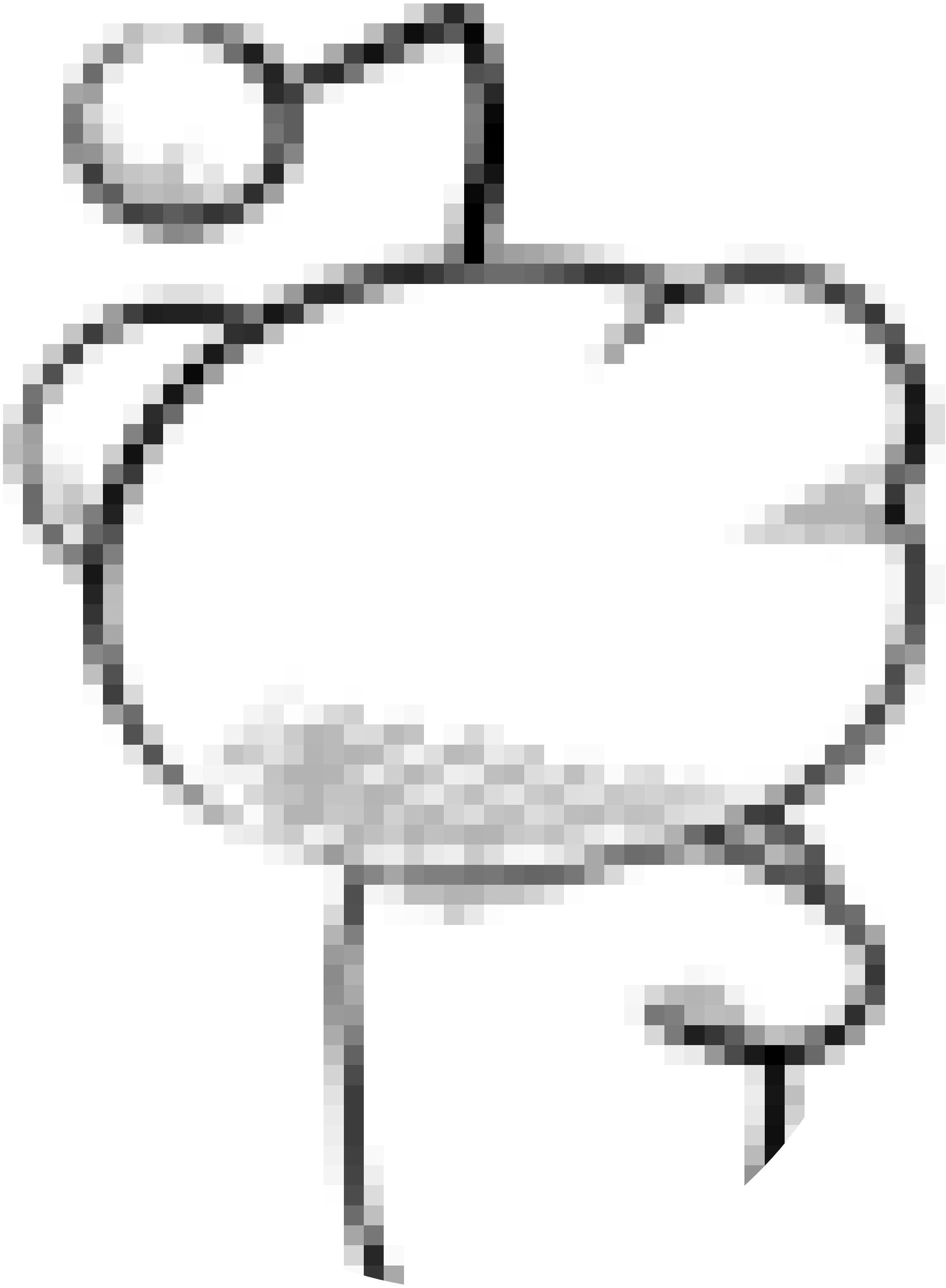
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

I am constantly astounded by incidents that normal, rational, people don't understand being attributed to magic and the occult.

Just because you can't figure it out doesn't mean it's magic.



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â€¢ [13y ago]

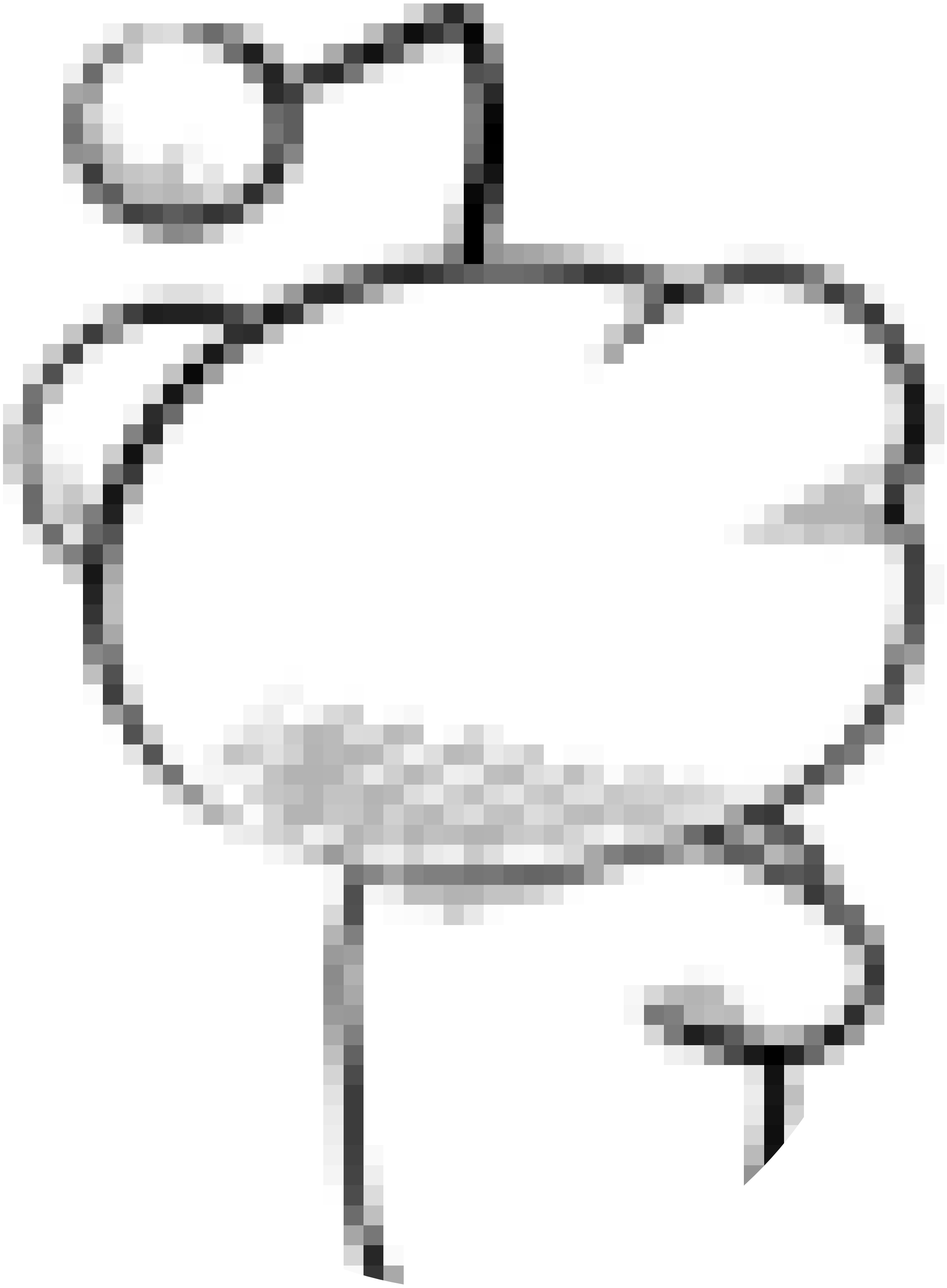
Regardless of your opinion of the occult or supernatural

I'm sure we're all blown away by your logic and supreme intellect and all, but I'm just interested in things that people have experienced that are in some way weird. Lots of people have these stories and it doesn't mean they believe in magic or anything.

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ 4 more replies

⊕ More replies ⊕ More replies



Jake258
â€¢ 13y ago

TIL all redditors are liars :(

deten
â€¢ 13y ago

While entertaining, I don't trust anyone here to tell me the truth, especially when there's sweet sweet karma to reap.

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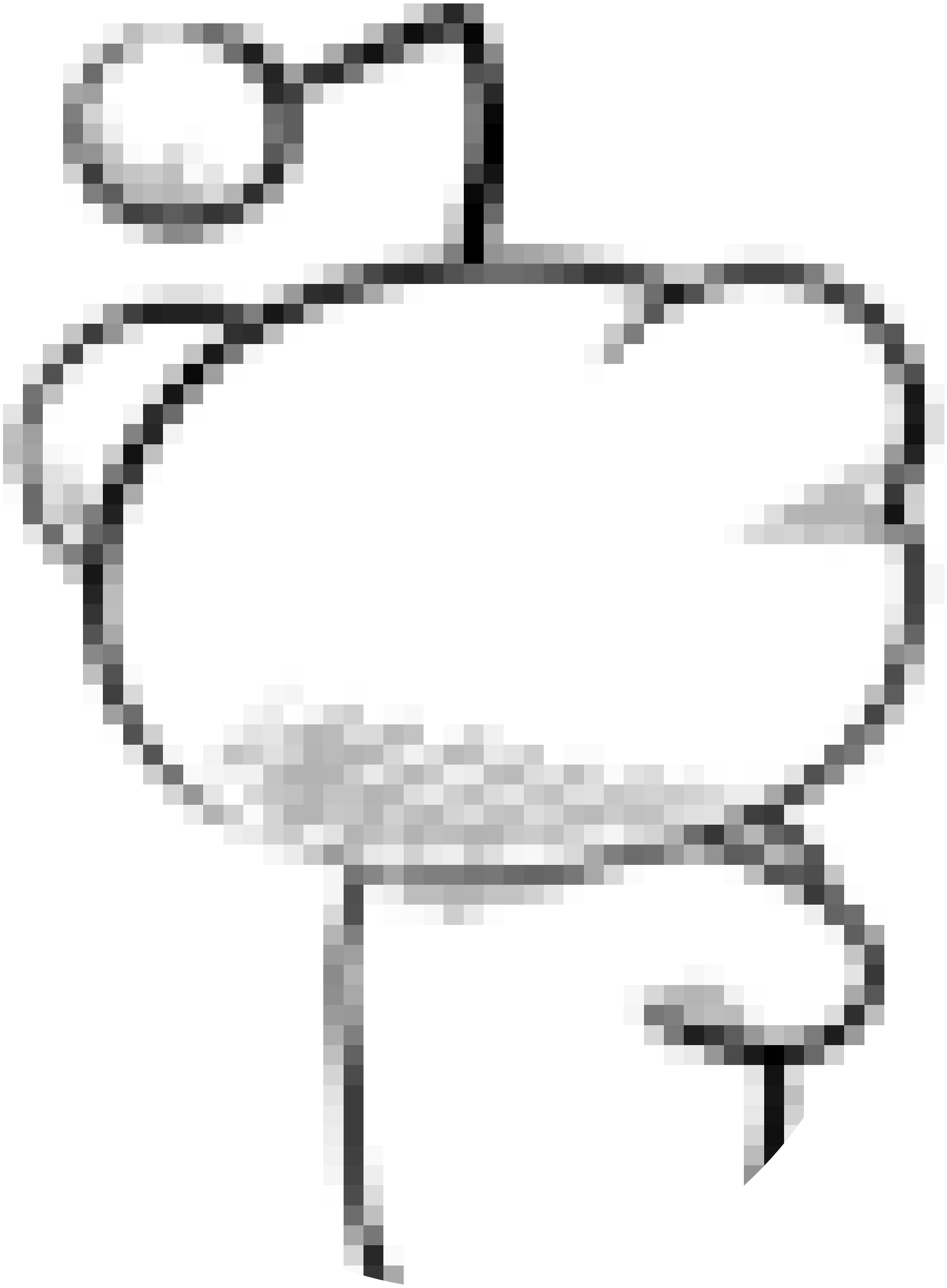

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â€¢ 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

SuperAquaMan69
â€¢ 13y ago

I think there are bibles in almost every hotel room.

⊕ 2 more replies

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⊕ More replies

ImForganMreeman
â€¢ 13y ago

I was playing in a pickup band with an older guy on the drums that I met through a friend. This guy was incredible, both on drums and his general personality. He mentored the drummer from Lady Antebellum (just thought I'd throw it in there). He was also fighting T-cell Leukemia and had two bone marrow transfusions from his youngest daughter. Then the Graft-versus-Host disease took over and he lost his battle around New Years last year.

He was in hospice care and we knew and accepted his fate ... it was just a matter of time. I visited for a while those last few days, and when he was still able to talk we'd joke around. The songs we normally played were engraved in my mind, and whenever they'd come up on the radio, I'd think about him. Wagon Wheel was obviously one of them, since that song is flawless for a harmonizing in a trio (just go along with it, it's my favorite one).

The night he passed, around one in the morning, his eldest daughter's boyfriend (senior in highschool) sent a group text to let everyone know. I'm laying in bed, my GF at the time is next to me sound asleep ... I'm wide awake, just thinking. Playing Wagon Wheel over in my head, just reminiscing like anybody would. Then, in perfect timing, during the part of the song that he would join in on the jam, a perfect paradiddle-diddle rudiment rattles away on what sounds like the door to my apartment. Eyes wide open. I know he's there. Last goodbye, I suppose. Wasn't scared ... but it was definitely a shock.

Another one I can tell secondhand: My mother went downstairs to grab some water in the middle of the night. I was very young and snoring away in bed. My mom didn't believe in ghosts or such before this event, but standing in the kitchen, clear as day, is her childhood best friend's father standing in the hallway. Doesn't move, doesn't talk, just a warm smile that he was known for and kind of "whisped away" as she put it. She knew he had passed ... there's no other expanation for it. She goes back to bed. In the morning, she gets a phone call ... from her childhood best friend â€" her father had past away overnight in his sleep, peacefully. Not totally unexpected due to his age, but still shocked the family.

I think she may have felt bad that she didn't call her friend to tell her what she saw, but I think I'd second guess myself too if I was about to call a friend to let them know I just saw their father's ghost.

Nothing dramatic, though.

otebig
â€¢ 13y ago

The wife and I moved to Bloomington, Indiana for my grad program a few years ago. We rented a nice-enough two-story townhouse on the south side of town, with a large living room and kitchen on the ground floor and two big bedrooms and bathrooms upstairs. We made the master bedroom into a massive at-home office and put our bed in the smaller bedroom.

There was something wrong with that second bedroom. Neither of us had a single good nightâ€™s sleep in there. I had it the worst â€“ I would routinely wake up screaming in the middle of the night, clearly having some horrific nightmare. I donâ€™t remember what the dreams were, but they were freaking me out (and in turn, my wife). Even just being in the room made both of us feel uneasy â€“ it was as though the air in the room was moving, tingling, wrapping itself around you and putting a slight pressure across your whole body. Almost as though the room was angry you were in there. Those feelings transferred, too â€“ both my wife and I would feel angry after being in the room, and if we both were in there for more than 30+ minutes weâ€™d almost always start fighting about something.

It was felt dark in that room all the time, even when the sun was coming in. The whole house was well-lit with big windows, but somehow even in the middle of a bright sunny day that room would feel cloudy and dim.

As both of us are fairly rational people who didnâ€™t give much heed to ghost stories or superstition, we spent almost two months telling ourselves all these feelings were just in our heads â€“ that we were stressed about the move, or about school, or about money and jobs, etc. Weâ€™d also say things like â€œthis room just needs some pictures in it to brighten it up, or maybe a brighter paint color, then it will be nice.â€🖹 We kept up this positive, rational thinking for two months, and those were the most uncomfortable (and exhausted) two months of my life. It got to the point where I was completely tired all the time, but would still stay up late to avoid going in the room as long as I could (and sometimes just sleeping on the floor in the office room). Finally one night right before bed I snapped. I told my wife that I was done sleeping in that room and was going to sleep on the pull-out futon in the living room downstairs. She quickly agreed that was a good idea, and came with me. That night we both slept completely fine.

We ended up sleeping on that futon for the rest of the time we lived there. We sold the bed a month after we started using the futon and left that room completely empty, never using it for anything again. Honestly, we were scared of going in there. My wife kept some extra clothes in that closet and would enter from time to time to grab them, but she always went quickly in and out, never lingering - though those few moments in the room would give her bad feelings.

The odd thing was there was nothing out and out â€œspookyâ€ about that room. Most stories you hear about places that make you feel uneasy usually escalate, as scarier and scarier things happen. Not here, though. We never saw ghosts or heard voices or unexplained noises or anything like that. It was just a room full of bad feelings, bad energy, which gave us the same constant sense of unease whenever we were in it. And it was just that room â€“ the rest of the house, even the bathroom right next to it, were all fine.

We moved out the next year, happy to be done with that place. We have never encountered a similar situation again, so I donâ€™t think it had anything to do with us â€“ it was solely that room. I still donâ€™t completely believe in ghosts, but after that experience I do believe that bad/negative/angry â€œenergyâ€ does exist and can somehow collect together and effect people and places. That room somehow changed our moods and caused us to have nightmares â€“ perhaps some of the other creepy stories on here come from places with similar bad energy as well?

TL;DR â€“ Place I lived had one room in it with some kind of bad energy that caused us to feel uneasy, scared, angry, and have nightmares

Reply Share

TinyBlueElephants
â€¢ 13y ago

Well mine was a simple magic trick. I was at a New Years Even Party when i was 16 or so. All the young teenagers (about 9 of us) were hanging around and then a older man that we knew came around and asked if we wanted to see a magic trick. Of course we said yes, he placed about 20 different cards on the table and told us to each pick one card in our head not say anything. So one by one he went down the line telling each one of us what card we were thinking of. He didn't change the 20 cards for each person just went down the lining tell each one their card. In the middle of it all he said his whole family can do this trick and brings his daughter who was walking by and she starts to tell the next in line what their cards are.

Needless to say i thought about this trick a lot (i dont believe in magic or anything). He couldn't have been looking at our eyes or body language or anything because he didn't change the original 20 cards from person to person and i remember i decided to pick a card and not look back at the table. And none of us told anyone our card or even spoke out loud about our card so...we just thought about the card in our mind.

Twas pretty freaky...

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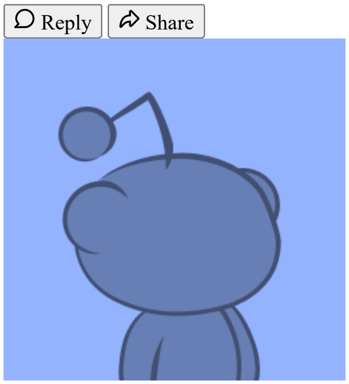

theresam21
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was little we lived in an 2 bedroom apt and the bedrooms were on opposite ends of the apt and we all slept with fans in the rooms. Well, every night my mom would come running to me and my sisters room claiming to have heard screaming but we would be asleep. One night my sister was still awake when my mom heard the screaming start and before my mom made it to the room my sister noticed something moving out of the corner of her eye. She turns to find her brand new porcelain doll clawing trying to get out of the box, needless to say we have not owned porcelain dolls since

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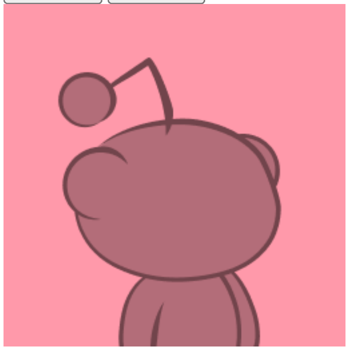

[KYHY](#)
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

When I was 10 or 11, I was laying in bed and heard the front door of the house open and close. My father yelled out from my parents room, "W

Dad asked why they had not responded, when he had asked who opened the door? They said they never heard him. They also did not know what he w

As everything quieted down we heard the front door open and slam shut! Dad sprinted for the front of the house with a shotgun in hand. I assu

We all went back to the kitchen, and Mom made us all something to eat, and within 20 minutes or so, everything seemed to calm down, and we we

Reply Share

boozo
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened way back in 2002 when I was in my undergrad. We had a co-ed dorm, and the night before one of the final exams, I was studying in my gf's room. At around 2am, she decides to head to sleep, while I decide to continue for a while longer. Around 4am, I am done, but don't want to head back to my room which was 4 floors down and to the end of the hallway with all the books, so I decide to sleep in her room itself. Her bed is covered with soft toys and the like and there is hardly any space for me to get in there, so I decide to take the sleeping bag, put it on the floor and try to go to sleep.

Now a little about the setup: gf is sleeping on the bed, facing the room door and I am sleeping on the floor, facing her (i.e. facing away from the room door). From where I am sleeping on the floor, I can see her easily.

Not 5 minutes have passed and I am still wide awake thinking of the exam, when I see my gf jerk up into a sitting position with her torso 90 degrees to her legs (sort of L shape), her arms spread wide across to her sides (hate to make the analogy, but sort of like Jesus on the crucifix, but sitting; note: we are not Christians), and she blabbers something in some language that I have no idea about, and no more than 5 seconds later, plops back on the bed, and is asleep.

She didn't believe me, but I know what I saw that I can never explain. She never had anything like that before that day or after till we parted ways...

redditjang
â€¢ 13y ago

First year of college, I was sleeping in my dorm with the windows open. My room was on the first floor and there was a nice breeze causing the curtains to blow in and whisper - very soothing.

I had a funny dream that I was using a urinal and then a short, squat creature with REALLY long arms that dragged behind it just walked up to the urinal next to me and starts peeing. I didn't freak out or anything - it was actually kind of funny.

I woke up for some reason and opened my eyes to find my head facing the window and that same creature was standing outside my window and reaching into the room towards me with its really long arms. At that point I started freaking out but found that I could not move a muscle. I couldn't even make a sound.

Everything seemed like slow motion and all of a sudden, the instant the creature was about to reach me, I was able to move and let out a hoarse croak and that is when the thing disappeared.

I remember being scared to hell when I couldn't move but as soon as the thing disappeared, I remember a overwhelming sense of calm flowing through me, like everything was ok and will always be.

I don't know what that was, but it was pretty darn weird.

sandsstorm121
â€¢ 13y ago

I had a weird thing happen in my room. I was getting changed and I looked into my window and I saw a clear reflection of a blonde blue eyed boy wearing stone colored khakis, a brown belt and a white button down shirt. He looked about 5 or 6 and I can still remember what he looked like extremely clearly. I freaked out and ran downstairs told my mom and sister who just laughed at me. A little later I was telling the story to my friend and my mom said that it is a little weird because a previous renter had a young boy who died of an illness. I didn't believe her but asked my dad separately about the previous owners and he verified it. I have seen no pictures of the boy and don't know if he had my room, but it was my scariest moment. Cheesy, but creepy.

massberate
â€¢ 13y ago

I was renting an old place with some roommates when I was in my early 20s. It was kind of a dump, but rent was cheap. The standard unusual noises, cold drafts in summer, and all that happened there. Also the feeling of never quite being alone. This is the thing that I will never forget. Y'know when you get slowly pulled out of a dream by music on your alarm clock or maybe a lawnmower outside? It was like that, but instead it was ~3 or 4am and it was a deep, guttural, heavy breathing sound RIGHT BESIDE MY FUCKING HEAD. Rhythmic and loud. It took a few seconds to figure out what the fuck was happening, and I did what anyone would have done and froze with fear. Did not reach for my glasses, the bedside lamp, nothing. I didn't want to know what was happening, but I know I was awake because I was pulled out of sleep by the sound. Must have just passed out from fear because I just remember laying there for a bit and waiting for the sound to just fucking stop. The following weekend a friend is staying in the spare bedroom upstairs (right above my bedroom) after a drunken night at the bar and complains in the morning about this "creepy ass breathing sound next to my head" waking them out of a drunken passout sleep in the middle of the night. I share my experience. We didn't stay there much longer, maybe a couple more months. I'll never know WTF it was and I'm ok with that.

[tullo](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

I used to explore abandoned buildings a lot, namely hospitals. And a friend and I were in uncharted territory, in the basement of a hospital that was still in use in the center section. We started out at the abandoned right wing, then had to cross over in the basement to get to the other side. The closer we got to the middle the creepier it got, warmer temperatures, lights working, noises etc. Anyway we round a corner, and hear SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEE, and freak out and run for our lives, CLEARLY that was somebody pushing a cart in the basement right in front of us. A couple weeks later I went back with different people, and went to cross over in the basement again, and this time made it further only to hear the SCREEEEEEEE again.....and then realize it was a steam pipe directly next to me making the noise. -____-

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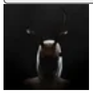

[crackercortex](#)
â€¢ [13y ago](#)

Let me start by saying i am a firm non-believer in anything spiritual. When I tell about our experience, it's simply observations and probably has a good explanation - it just hasn't been figured out yet.

We moved into a house...The previous, elderly owner had died - assumably in the master bedroom in her sleep.

It was a terrible and turbulent closing. The son and daughter (seller) tried to pull out when other, higher bids came in... Lots of hurt feelings and annimosity throughout and then there was the final f-you when they left the home completely trashed for us - I mean trashed - we got the keys the day before we were to leave for our destination wedding.

We came back after a good vacation and I gutted and remodelled the place.. just to get any memory of that family out, permanantly.

I had installed a new ceiling fan in the master - the remote control kind with the dipswitches. Between the hours of 3-5am the fan would turn itself to "high" and the light would come on while we were sleeping underneath. The room would be very bright and violently windy each time we woke up.

No worries.. it was probably a neighbors garage door opener a car driving by.. who knows.. I took down the fan and updated the dipswitches on the unit and wall source. Again it happened.. I removed the fan and tried again.. Again.. again.. 4 times I removed the fan and tried this. I called the company and they insisted it was air traffic over our house. I bought a new remote control.. still happened.. I gave up.. We would just turn it off whenever it happened.

Doors started closing by themselves. Sometimes loudly. "Babe, was that you?"...and neither of us would be in that area of the house.

I would feel super-cold areas in the house - especially in the walk-in closets. AC leak?

Meh...I had heart ghosts were attracted to turbulence. My wife and I disagree about as often as any other married couple... especially during a giant remodel... so... whatever... we figured science would overcome and the magnetic flux that was causing all of this would subside.

Six months later, we had our child. i think whatever force this was realized it couldn't do this anymore with a newborn in the house.. Everything stopped... and that's the end of the story.

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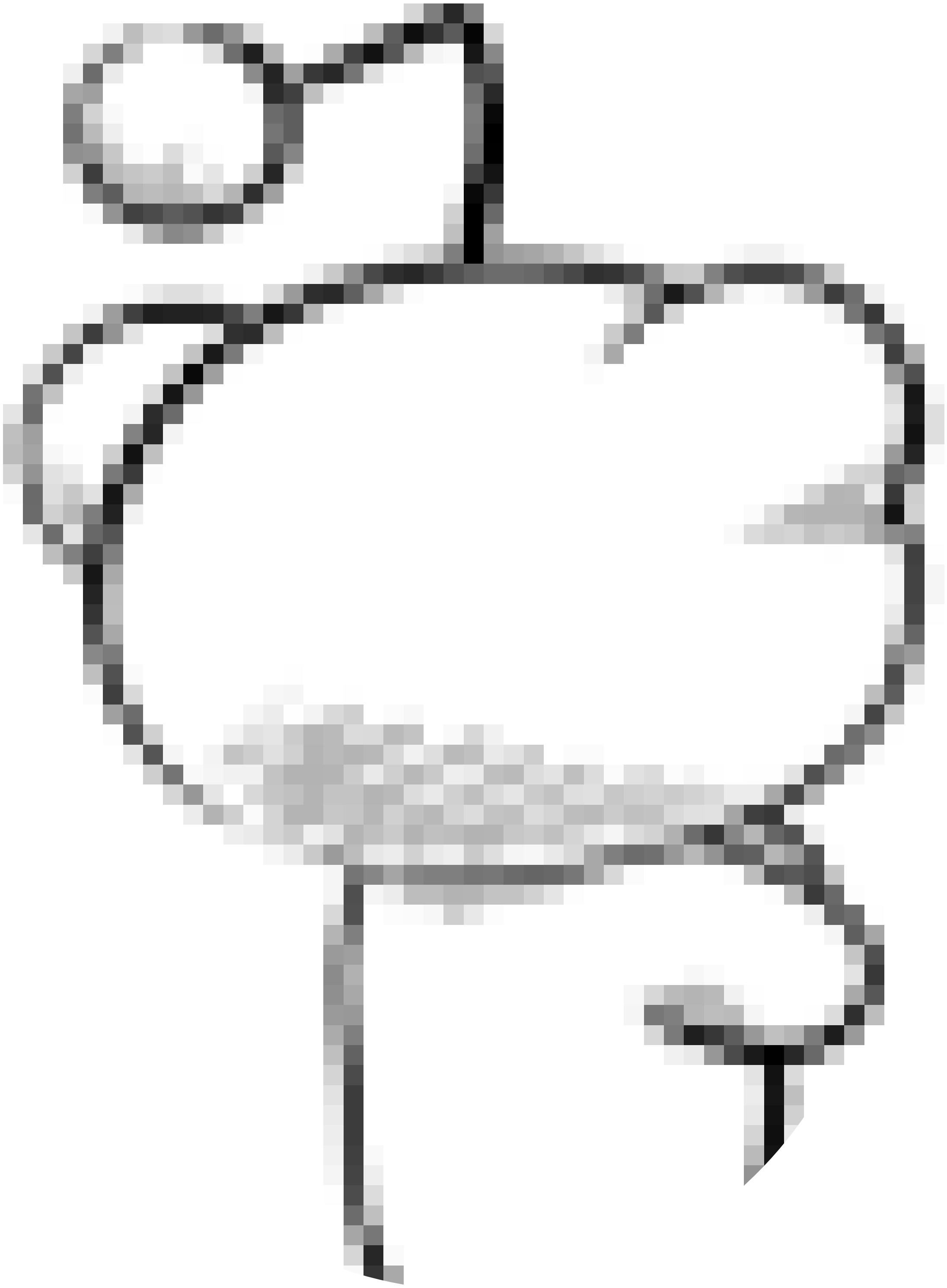

[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago

Iv got two personal ghost experiences to share, and they hang heavy in my heart to this very day. About 6-7 years ago I lived in a little mountain town outside and around of Yosemite forest, I lived in a log cabin that my family built ourselves (my brother is pretty proud that he built a house) living at the end of a dirt/foresty road, and I was about 16 at the time. So it's late at night literally around 3am when creepy things usually happen, I'm up late as usual on my shitty dial-up connection(that's all we got in the forest at the time) playing World of Warcraft, bedroom door is open and I could hear every electronic in the house running especially the fridge that constantly would make a "humming" noise. I look at the clock and think "damn I'm tired I should hit the hay." So I turn off my computer and stand up, I hear everything in the house just go total dead silent as my computer slowly shutsdown. I don't think much of it and lay down in my bed, almost right after laying down I hear a noise iv never heard before the weirdest noise I could ever hear, I heard this woman's voice, but not just 1 voice it was multiple voices all the same voice just different emotions, I heard laughing,crying,screaming,sighing,ect...ect, I kept somewhat calm and looked out the sliding glass door I had my bed up against, and in the thick of the forest in the pure darkness of the night I saw this woman with a glowing a faint light around her and between the trees, she looked pretty and nothing like a scary ghost, she had long white hair and was in a white gown. Yet it scared me so bad i fainted. I remember it all though so well.

Another story I have- a few years ago when me and my girlfriend first started dating, I was at her house playing Forza Motorsports on the xbox360, hanging with her and her dad. Her dad says he needs to go to the store for dinner items that night and my girlfriend says she wanted to go with him, I said I wanted to stay and race more. It's not even that late at night but late enough to be dark out like 8:00pm. They leave and I'm alone. Im upgrading some car and I just get that weird feeling like a presence is around you, so I just focus more onto the game and upgrading my car, I decide to balls up a bit and turn my head to look Down the hallway behind me, and in the corner of my eye I saw a man in a tuxedo with curly blonde hair peeping around the corner in the hallway. I freak out a little bit but just say in my head "that can't be real that can't be real". My girlfriend and her dad come home and I tell them calmly yet kind of excitedly that "hey I saw a ghost! Cool right?" Well I explained what the ghost looked like because It stuck out so much to me in my head... After saying I saw a man in a tux with curly blonde hair they both cover there mouths with their hands and say "you just detailed my wife/moms brother who died when she was just 18 (now 40 something). They told me I gotta tell her when she gets home from work that night. She does, I tell her, she freaks and crys for the rest of the night. And I felt like it was him saying "be good to my niece douchebag" because earlier that day I was being a butthead to my girlfriend and we got into a verbal fight.

hatforthecat
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 12 years old I woke up one night because I felt someone covering me with a blanket, I thought it was my mom so I said "Mom?" But when I opened my eyes of wasn't my mom. It was like a shadow of a guy wearing a very long coat and a hat. He was just sitting there on the corner of my bed. A couple of weeks later it was about 2 A.M. and I was going to the bathroom and there he was again, but this time sitting in the corner of my couch and I freaked out and hit my head on the wall. The third time I saw him I was in the shower and when I opened the curtains there he was. I spoke to my father about this and he said it could've been my uncle who had just passed away and we had a good relationship and that he was just looking out for me. I didn't see him again but I did see this old couple, looked like they were going to a funeral, she was crying and he was just holding her. I feel like they were trying to tell me he wasn't allowed to come see me anymore or something because I never saw him again.

Correct_Answer
â€¢ 13y ago

This was few years ago, but here are three incidents that I experienced first hand.

So the town I am from there are lots of stories flying around about how *God* visited people's body to say things about the family. Yes specifically about the family, and most family people agreed to making those said mistakes and other predictions. I never cared about those things and discarded those things as being a hoax/superstitions.

Note 1 - I am from India. Thought that might be useful information for rest of the post. **Note 2** - Those people are totally mentally stable. It's been years since those incidents (I am 28 years old now) and there is no history or signs of any mental illness in my family or those individuals.

Incident # 1 (I am 17 years old) - Whole family was conducting a prayer in the living room at my grandfather's place. My maternal grandmother went into a trance and started saying in a really odd voice about how during the last visit to the Temple my uncle forgot to submit some offering to the her (the god they worshipped is female, so goddess technically). She (goddess) was really angry about it and gave some time frame before which the said offering must be made in the temple.

Incident # 2 (I am 18 years old) - My mother's elder sister (aunt) went into a trance, no one really noticed until my mother went in the room looking for her. I am not aware (or forgotten) of what my aunt was saying. But it was again attributed to Goddess visiting her body to talk to the family. No prayers or anything were being held that day in the family.

Incident # 3 (around 21 iirc) - My grandmother again. Few years after the Incident # 1. In a city far away from my town. We have gathered for a ritual that is performed before you start living in the house you've bought. For the curious https://www.google.com/search?q=grah+pravesh So after all the rituals are performed, my sister, said grandmother and I were taking a walk in a lawn close to the just bought apartment. We are talking about random stuff while walking round and about. My grandmother goes into a trance and says something along the lines of *don't worry, both you and your sister (who was walking with us) will have a job*. Then she broke out of it and continued like nothing happened. We had to tell her what just happened.

After all 3 incidents the person who *God* visited didn't have any recollection of what they did for that duration. They felt really weak for a short period (few hours) after the incident.

Also those are not the only three incidents that have happened in my family(maternal and paternal). There are far more, those are the only three incidents I was around to see.

What do I think of it? I am not a follower of religion myself. However those incidents did left me dumbfounded about how and what happened. I trust those people to not lie about things and just create an fake event of things that happened that day. Still that does not explain on what happened.

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------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_2qh1i/styles/communityIcon_p6kb2m6b185b1.png?width=32&height=32&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=32%3A32%2Csmart&s=9bb31d9199ae176530789fd4eaff781ee1d2f2d3 RIFFN WEBPVP8X ALPH

------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location:

~~https://accounts.google.com/gsi/style @charset "utf-8"; #credential_picker_container { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 330px; position: fixed; right: 20px; top: 20px; width: 391px; z-index: 9999; } #credential_picker_container .L5Fo6c-PQbLGe { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; width: 391px; height: 330px; } @media only screen and (max-width: 410px) { #credential_picker_container { overflow: hidden auto; right: 0px; width: 100vw; } #credential_picker_container .L5Fo6c-PQbLGe { width: 100vw; } } #g_a11y_announcement { height: 1px; left: -10000px; overflow: hidden; position: absolute; top: auto; width: 1px; } .L5Fo6c-sM5MNb { border: 0px; display: block; left: 0px; position: relative; top: 0px; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb { border-radius: 4px; inset: 0px; cursor: pointer; position: absolute; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb:focus { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; outline: none; } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/pdp-client-css-D3XSOpGh.css @charset "utf-8"; .grid-container:not(.grid-full).pdp-seeker-m2 { --flex-nav-width: 400px; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/pdp-post-client-css-Bwd8sRtM.css @charset "utf-8"; mod-realtime-action-listener[updateanimation~="light"] > * { animation: 3s ease-out 0s 1 normal none running realtimeFade; } mod-realtime-action-listener[updateanimation~="dark"] > * { animation: 3s ease-out 0s 1 normal none running realtimeFadeNight; } @keyframes realtimeFade { 0% { background-color: rgb(255, 242, 189); border: 1px solid rgb(219, 175, 0); } 100% { background-color: rgb(240, 245, 249); border: 1px solid transparent; } } @keyframes realtimeFadeNight { 0% { background-color: rgb(102, 85, 5); border: 1px solid rgb(56, 45, 3); } 100% { background-color: rgb(3, 3, 3); border: 1px solid rgb(52, 53, 54); } } shreddit-post[is-pdp-seeker-m1-lo] [slot="text-body"] p { margin-top: 8px; margin-bottom: 8px; } shreddit-post[is-pdp-seeker-m1-lo] [slot="text-body"] p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } shreddit-post[is-pdp-seeker-m1-lo] [slot="text-body"] p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } html:has(#mtseo-feedback-wrapper) #slot-credit-bar { height: 10px; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/comment-preview-unit-client-css-CES0qfzD.css @charset "utf-8"; .rtjson-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, .rtjson-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, .rtjson-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, .rtjson-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, .rtjson-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, .rtjson-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after { content: "\a "; white-space: pre; } .rtjson-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li, h1) { color-scheme: revert; forced-color-adjust: revert; math-depth: revert; position: revert; position-anchor: revert; text-size-adjust: revert; appearance: revert; color: revert; font-family: revert; font-feature-settings: revert; font-kerning: revert; font-language-override: revert; font-optical-sizing: revert; font-palette: revert; font-size-adjust: revert; font-stretch: revert; font-synthesis: revert; font-variant: revert; font-variation-settings: revert; position-area: revert; text-orientation: revert; text-rendering: revert; text-spacing-trim: revert; -webkit-font-smoothing: revert; -webkit-locale: revert; -webkit-text-orientation: revert; -webkit-writing-mode: revert; writing-mode: revert; zoom: revert; accent-color: revert; place-content: revert; place-items: revert; place-self: revert; alignment-baseline: revert; anchor-name: revert; anchor-scope: revert; animation-composition: revert; animation: revert; animation-trigger: revert; app-region: revert; aspect-ratio: revert; backdrop-filter: revert; backface-visibility: revert; background: revert; background-blend-mode: revert; baseline-shift: revert; baseline-source: revert; block-size: revert; border-block: revert; border: revert; border-radius: revert; border-collapse: revert; border-end-end-radius: revert; border-end-start-radius: revert; border-inline: revert; border-shape: revert; border-start-end-radius: revert; border-start-start-radius: revert; inset: revert; box-decoration-break: revert; box-shadow: revert; box-sizing: revert; break-after: revert; break-before: revert; break-inside: revert; buffered-rendering: revert; caption-side: revert; caret-animation: revert; caret-color: revert; caret-shape: revert; clear: revert; clip: revert; clip-path: revert; clip-rule: revert; color-interpolation: revert; color-interpolation-filters: revert; color-rendering: revert; columns: revert; column-fill: revert; gap: revert; column-rule: revert; column-span: revert; contain: revert; contain-intrinsic-block-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-inline-size: revert; container: revert; content: revert; content-visibility: revert; corner-shape: revert; corner-block-end-shape: revert; corner-block-start-shape: revert; counter-increment: revert; counter-reset: revert; counter-set: revert; cursor: revert; cx: revert; cy: revert; d: revert; dominant-baseline: revert; dynamic-range-limit: revert; empty-cells: revert; field-sizing: revert; fill: revert; fill-opacity: revert; fill-rule: revert; filter: revert; flex: revert; flex-flow: revert; float: revert; flood-color: revert; flood-opacity: revert; grid: revert; grid-area: revert; height: revert; hyphenate-character: revert; hyphenate-limit-chars: revert; hyphens: revert; image-orientation: revert; image-rendering: revert; initial-letter: revert; inline-size: revert; inset-block: revert; inset-inline: revert; interactivity: revert; interest-delay: revert; interpolate-size: revert; isolation: revert; letter-spacing: revert; lighting-color: revert; line-break: revert; line-height: revert; list-style: revert; marker: revert; mask: revert; mask-type: revert; math-shift: revert; math-style: revert; max-block-size: revert; max-height: revert; max-inline-size: revert; max-width: revert; min-block-size: revert; min-height: revert; min-inline-size: revert; min-width: revert; mix-blend-mode: revert; object-fit: revert; object-position: revert; object-view-box: revert; offset: revert; opacity: revert; order: revert; orphans: revert; outline: revert; outline-offset: revert; overflow-anchor: revert; overflow-block: revert; overflow-clip-margin: revert; overflow-inline: revert; overflow-wrap: revert; overflow: revert; overlay: revert; overscroll-behavior-block: revert; overscroll-behavior-inline: revert; overscroll-behavior: revert; padding-block: revert; padding-inline: revert; page: revert; page-orientation: revert; paint-order: revert; perspective: revert; perspective-origin: revert; pointer-events: revert; position-try: revert; position-visibility: revert; print-color-adjust: revert; quotes: revert; r: revert; reading-flow: revert; reading-order: revert; resize: revert; rotate: revert; ruby-align: revert; ruby-position: revert; rx: revert; ry: revert; scale: revert; scroll-behavior: revert; scroll-initial-target: revert; scroll-margin-block: revert; scroll-margin: revert; scroll-margin-inline: revert; scroll-marker-group: revert; scroll-padding-block: revert; scroll-padding: revert; scroll-padding-inline: revert; scroll-snap-align: revert; scroll-snap-stop: revert; scroll-snap-type: revert; scroll-target-group: revert; scroll-timeline: revert; scrollbar-color: revert; scrollbar-gutter: revert; scrollbar-width: revert; shape-image-threshold: revert; shape-margin: revert; shape-outside: revert; shape-rendering: revert; size: revert; speak: revert; stop-color: revert; stop-opacity: revert; stroke: revert; stroke-dasharray: revert; stroke-dashoffset: revert; stroke-linecap: revert; stroke-linejoin: revert; stroke-miterlimit: revert; stroke-opacity: revert; stroke-width: revert; tab-size: revert; table-layout: revert; text-align: revert; text-align-last: revert; text-anchor: revert; text-autospace: revert; text-box: revert; text-combine-upright: revert; text-decoration: revert; text-decoration-skip-ink: revert; text-emphasis: revert; text-emphasis-position: revert; text-indent: revert; text-justify: revert; text-overflow: revert; text-shadow: revert; text-transform: revert; text-underline-offset: revert; text-underline-position: revert; text-wrap: revert; timeline-scope: revert; timeline-trigger: revert; touch-action: revert; transform: revert; transform-box: revert; transform-origin: revert; transform-style: revert; transition: revert; translate: revert; trigger-scope: revert; user-select: revert; vector-effect: revert; vertical-align: revert; view-timeline: revert; view-transition-class: revert; view-transition-group: revert; view-transition-name: revert; view-transition-scope: revert; visibility: revert; border-spacing: revert; -webkit-box-align: revert; -webkit-box-decoration-break: revert; -webkit-box-direction: revert; -webkit-box-flex: revert; -webkit-box-ordinal-group: revert; -webkit-box-orient: revert; -webkit-box-pack: revert; -webkit-box-reflect: revert; -webkit-line-break: revert; -webkit-line-clamp: revert; -webkit-mask-box-image: revert; -webkit-rtl-ordering: revert; -webkit-ruby-position: revert; -webkit-tap-highlight-color: revert; -webkit-text-combine: revert; -webkit-text-decorations-in-effect: revert; -webkit-text-fill-color: revert; -webkit-text-security: revert; -webkit-text-stroke: revert; -webkit-user-drag: revert; white-space-collapse: revert; widows: revert; width: revert; will-change: revert; word-break: revert; word-spacing: revert; x: revert; y: revert; z-index: revert; font-size: inherit; font-style: inherit; font-weight: inherit; margin: 0px; margin-block: unset; margin-inline: unset; padding: 0px; display: inline !important; } .rtjson-text-preview shreddit-spoiler { background: var(--color-category-spoiler); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); color: var(--color-category-spoiler); height: var(--size-md); overflow: hidden; vertical-align: middle; width: var(--size-2xl); display: inline-block !important; } .rtjson-text-full p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } .rtjson-text-full p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/comment-forest-client-css-DHGvxlkb.css @charset "utf-8"; shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p { margin-top: 8px; margin-bottom: 8px; } shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/hui-grid-client-css-DP-dfyG4.css @charset "utf-8"; flex-left-nav-container { --rtl-multiplier: 1; --hover-curve: var(--expand-curve, cubic-bezier(0.65, 0, 0.35, 1)); --unhover-curve: var(--collapse-curve, cubic-bezier(0.87, 0, 0.13, 1)); --hover-duration: var(--expand-duration, 300ms); --unhover-duration: var(--collapse-duraction, 250ms); --flex-nav-closed-size: 32px; --flex-nav-expanded-size: 272px; --closed-floating-translation: calc(var(--rtl-multiplier) * (var(--flex-nav-closed-size) - var(--flex-nav-expanded-size))); --open-floating-translation: 0%; --left-nav-box-shadow-none: 0 0 0 rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); --left-nav-box-shadow-hover: var(--elevation-lg); --left-nav-min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); --flex-nav-z-index: 100; position: relative; box-sizing: border-box; min-height: var(--left-nav-min-height); border-inline-end: none !important; } flex-left-nav-container:dir(rtl) { --rtl-multiplier: -1; } @supports (height:100dvh) { flex-left-nav-container { --left-nav-min-height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } } @media (prefers-reduced-motion) { flex-left-nav-container { --hover-duration: 0ms; --unhover-duration: 0ms; } } flex-left-nav-container[no-animate], flex-left-nav-container[skip-animation] { --hover-duration: 0ms; --unhover-duration: 0ms; } flex-left-nav-container:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } flex-left-nav-container reddit-sidebar-nav#left-sidebar { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } flex-left-nav-container #flex-nav-buttons { position: absolute; top: 20px; z-index: calc(var(--flex-nav-z-index) + 1); inset-inline-end: -16px; } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-container { contain: layout; box-sizing: border-box; will-change: transform, box-shadow, border-inline-end; position: fixed; width: var(--flex-nav-expanded-size); border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); box-shadow: var(--left-nav-box-shadow-none); min-height: var(--left-nav-min-height); } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-contents { will-change: opacity; box-sizing: border-box; opacity: 0; transition: opacity var(--unhover-duration) var(--unhover-curve); } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-contents[hidden] { display: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"].hovered #flex-left-nav-container, flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-left-nav-container { display: block; z-index: var(--flex-nav-z-index); visibility: visible; opacity: 1; transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); transition:~~

~~none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-nav-expand-button, flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-nav-collapse-button { display: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-left-nav-container { opacity: 1; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"].hovered #flex-left-nav-container { transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); transition: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-left-nav-contents { opacity: 1; transition: opacity var(--hover-duration) var(--hover-curve); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] { border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-left-nav-container { transform: translateX(var(--closed-floating-translation)); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"].hovered #flex-left-nav-container { box-shadow: var(--left-nav-box-shadow-hover); transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"].hovered #flex-left-nav-contents { opacity: 1; } .flex-grid--main-container-card { width: 100%; } .grid-container { --expand-duration: 250ms; --collapse-duration: 300ms; --expand-curve: cubic-bezier(0.65, 0, 0.35, 1); --collapse-curve: cubic-bezier(0.87, 0, 0.13, 1); box-sizing: border-box; grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } @media (prefers-reduced-motion) { .grid-container { --expand-duration: 0ms; --collapse-duration: 0ms; } } .grid-container:has(flex-left-nav-container[no-animate]) { --expand-duration: 0ms; --collapse-duration: 0ms; } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .grid-container:not(.grid-full), .grid-container:not(.grid-full).flex-nav-expanded { --flex-nav-width: 272px; --transition-duration: var(--expand-duration); --transition-curve: var(--expand-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full).flex-nav-collapsed { --flex-nav-width: 32px; --transition-duration: var(--collapse-duration); --transition-curve: var(--collapse-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full) { will-change: ; grid-template-columns: var(--flex-nav-width) 1fr; transition: grid-template-columns var(--transition-duration) var(--transition-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full) .subgrid-container { will-change: max-width; max-width: calc(100vw - var(--flex-nav-width,0px)); transition: max-width var(--transition-duration) var(--transition-curve); } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 1128px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-m, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 1400px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-m, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-l { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xl { max-width: 756px; } } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/guides-suggested-queries-client-css-BbOsI5UO.css @charset "utf-8"; .guides-response-preview a { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; color: var(--color-primary-plain); text-decoration: none; } .guides-response-preview a:visited { color: var(--color-primary-plain-visited); } .guides-response-preview a.no-visited:visited { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .guides-response-preview a:hover { color: var(--color-primary-plain-hover); } .guides-response-preview li { margin: 0px; list-style-type: disc; } .guides-response-preview p { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; margin-block: 0.5rem; margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .guides-response-preview h3, .guides-response-preview h4 { margin: 0px; font-weight: 700; font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; display: block; margin-inline: 0px; unicode-bidi: isolate; } .guides-response-preview h3 { margin-block: 1em; } .guides-response-preview h4 { margin-block: 1.33em; } .guides-response-preview ul { margin: 0px; display: block; list-style-type: disc; margin-block: 1em; margin-inline: 0px; padding-inline-start: 40px; unicode-bidi: isolate; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/experiences-client-css-nPypN_OK.css @charset "utf-8"; #credential_picker_container { color-scheme: light; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/nsfw-bypassable-modal-client-css-DFFxdNBl.css @charset "utf-8"; #blocking-modal-contents::part(panel) { max-width: min(90dvw, 656px); } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/google-one-tap-client-css-C556qdmX.css @charset "utf-8"; iframe#credential_picker_iframe { color-scheme: auto; margin-bottom: unset; z-index: 9998; pointer-events: auto; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/header-client-css-BYPk6fcZ.css @charset "utf-8"; #left-nav-drawer::part(base), #left-nav-drawer::part(overlay) { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 1px); } #left-nav-drawer::part(base) { align-items: start; flex-direction: column; justify-content: start; z-index: 5; } #left-nav-drawer::part(panel) { border-radius: 0px; box-shadow: none; max-height: none; width: 280px; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/header-small-client-css-BhMnLYvh.css @charset "utf-8"; reddit-header-small:has(#menu[open]) .reddit-header-small-nav-bar, reddit-header-small:has(#reddit-search-dialog[open]) .reddit-header-small-nav-bar { position: fixed; top: 0px; left: 0px; right: 0px; } reddit-header-small:has(#menu[open]) .prominent-search, reddit-header-small:has(#reddit-search-dialog[open]) .prominent-search { z-index: -1; visibility: hidden; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-347b20a9-ddfa-4507-b9de-70d3ae7247ba@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; shreddit-app { --shreddit-header-height: 48px; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-40e2e051-1e02-4a7d-9f5a-7d02fb58e747@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .rpl-scroll-lock { overflow: hidden !important; padding-right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } body.rpl-scroll-lock .fixed.right-0 { right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-2e81b47e-8101-4c17-a416-9e02a465db3d@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .qJTHM { user-select: none; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); direction: ltr; font-family: Roboto-Regular, arial, sans-serif; -webkit-font-smoothing: antialiased; font-weight: 400; margin: 0px; overflow: hidden; text-size-adjust: 100%; } .ynRLnc { left: -9999px; position: absolute; top: -9999px; } .L6cTce { display: none; } .bltWBb { overflow-wrap: break-word; word-break: break-word; } .hSRGPd { color: rgb(26, 115, 232); cursor: pointer; font-weight: 500; text-decoration: none; } .Bz112c-W3lGp { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .Bz112c-E3DyYd { height: 20px; width: 20px; } .Bz112c-r9oPif { height: 24px; width: 24px; } .Bz112c-u2z5K { height: 36px; width: 36px; } .Bz112c-uaxL4e { border-radius: 10px; } .LgbsSe-Bz112c { display: block; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf * { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .aZ2wEe > div { border-color: rgb(66, 133, 244); } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u { transition: height 0.2s linear; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(1) { transition: width 0.3s linear; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(2) { background-image: linear-gradient(to right, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(to right, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(3) { background-image: linear-gradient(to right, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(to right, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .haAclf { display: inline-block; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border-radius: 4px; box-sizing: border-box; transition: background-color 0.218s, border-color 0.218s; user-select: none; appearance: none; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); background-image: none; border: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); color: rgb(60, 64, 67); cursor: pointer; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; height: 40px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; outline: none; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px 12px; position: relative; text-align: center; vertical-align: middle; white-space: nowrap; width: auto; } @media screen and (-ms-high-contrast:active) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border: 2px solid windowtext; color: windowtext; } } @media screen and (preferes-contrast:more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { font-size: 14px; height: 32px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; padding: 0px 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { font-size: 11px; height: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.3px; padding: 0px 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe { padding: 0px; width: 40px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { width: 32px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK { border-radius: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.pSzOP-SxQuSe { border-radius: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.purZT-SxQuSe { border-radius: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-v3pZbf-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(32, 33, 36); color: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 18px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 14px; min-width: 14px; width: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 10px; min-width: 10px; width: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin-left: 8px; margin-right: -4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-top-left-radius: 3px; border-bottom-left-radius: 3px; display: flex; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); height: 36px; margin-left: -10px; margin-right: 12px; min-width: 36px; width: 36px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 28px; margin-left: -8px; margin-right: 10px; min-width: 28px; width: 28px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 16px; margin-left: -6px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 16px; width: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 3px; margin-left: 2px; margin-~~

~~right: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-bN97Pc-sM5MNb { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-flow: row; -webkit-box-pack: justify; justify-content: space-between; height: 100%; position: relative; width: 100%; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX { -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 500; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; vertical-align: top; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-weight: 300; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 0; flex-grow: 0; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { transition: background-color 0.218s; inset: 0px; position: absolute; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus { box-shadow: none; border-color: rgb(210, 227, 252); outline: none; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus-within { outline: rgb(0, 99, 155) solid 2px; border-color: transparent; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.08); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.1); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.24); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.32); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .n1UuX-DkfjY { border-radius: 50%; display: flex; height: 20px; margin-left: -4px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 20px; width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-family: Roboto; font-size: 12px; text-align: left; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .ssJRIf, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .fmcmS { overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; color: rgb(95, 99, 104); fill: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 11px; font-weight: 400; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(232, 234, 237); fill: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); fill: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .Bz112c { height: 18px; margin: -3px -3px -3px 2px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 0px 3px 3px 0px; margin-left: 12px; margin-right: -10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } .L5Fo6c-sM5MNb { border: 0px; display: block; left: 0px; position: relative; top: 0px; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb { border-radius: 4px; inset: 0px; cursor: pointer; position: absolute; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb:focus { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; outline: none; } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-af52d89d-940e-41df-9431-5c33ac3f3c9c@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; #shreddit-media-lightbox .lightboxed-content { display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; width: 100%; height: 100%; } #shreddit-media-lightbox .non-lightboxed-content { display: none; } #shreddit-media-lightbox .media-lightbox-img { max-height: none; } #shreddit-media-lightbox::part(panel) { max-width: 100svw; max-height: 100svh; width: 100svw; height: 100svh; border-radius: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-2baab49b-8a03-4942-9372-9311e7309b93@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .rpl-scroll-lock { overflow: hidden !important; padding-right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } body.rpl-scroll-lock .fixed.right-0 { right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-74988bc0-f6fc-4845-acc1-ffe2d311ff41@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; faceplate-expandable-section-helper { display: contents; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary { list-style-type: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::-webkit-details-marker, faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::marker { display: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper[rpl] > details > summary { margin: 0px; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper[open] > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not([open]) > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); } faceplate-hovercard:not(:defined) > [slot="content"] { display: none; } .dx-zstack > * { grid-column-start: 1; grid-row-start: 1; } .text-outline-thin-bright { text-shadow: rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 0.5px; } .text-outline-thick-bright { text-shadow: rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 1px; } .text-outline-thin-dark { text-shadow: rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 0.5px; } .text-outline-thick-dark { text-shadow: rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 1px; } .border-dx-thick { border-width: 2px; } .border-dx-thin { border-width: 1px; } .rounded-dx-lg { border-radius: 1.5rem; } .rounded-dx-md { border-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-dx-sm { border-radius: 0.5rem; } :root { --dx-text-color-light: inherit; --dx-text-color-dark: inherit; --dx-bg-color-light: initial; --dx-bg-color-dark: initial; --dx-border-color-light: initial; --dx-border-color-dark: initial; } .dx-bg-color, .light .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-light); } .dx-border-color, .light .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-light); } .dx-text-color, .light .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-light); } .dark .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-dark); } .dark .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-dark); } .dark .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-dark); } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-dark); } .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-dark); } .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-dark); } } svg[rpl].rpl-rtl-icon:dir(rtl) { transform: scaleX(-1); } .border-spacing-xs { --tw-border-spacing-x: 0; --tw-border-spacing-y: 0; } .-rotate-45, .-rotate-90, .-scale-x-100, .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl, .-translate-x-\[4px\], .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\], .-translate-y-full, .before\:scale-\[--emote-scale\]::before, .enabled\:hover\:scale-\[1\.2\], .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\], .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\], .group-hover\:scale-\[1\.03\], .group-open\:rotate-180, .hover\:scale-110, .hover\:scale-\[2\], .rotate-180, .rotate-45, .rotate-90, .scale-0, .scale-100, .scale-75, .scale-90, .scale-\[1\.2\], .scale-\[2\], .scale-\[4\], .scale-\[\.68\], .scale-x-100, .scale-x-\[-1\], .skew-x-0, .transform, .translate-x-0, .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl, .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px, .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2, .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full, .translate-y-px { --tw-translate-x: 0; --tw-translate-y: 0; --tw-rotate: 0; --tw-skew-x: 0; --tw-skew-y: 0; --tw-scale-x: 1; --tw-scale-y: 1; } .snap-x { --tw-scroll-snap-strictness: proximity; } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\], .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .from-\[color\:var\(--gallery-gradient-bg\,var\(--color-neutral-background\)\)\], .from-berrypurple-900, .from-black\/80, .from-orangered-500, .from-transparent, .group-hover\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-hover\)\], .to-\[var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .to-lightblue-500, .to-orangered-400, .to-transparent, .via-black\/25, .xs\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from-position: ; --tw-gradient-via-position: ; --tw-gradient-to-position: ; } .ordinal { --tw-ordinal: ; --tw-slashed-zero: ; --tw-numeric-figure: ; --tw-numeric-spacing: ; --tw-numeric-fraction: ; } .hover\:shadow-\[0_0_0_2px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\], .shadow-\[0_0_0_4px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\], .shadow-\[0_2px_0_0_var\(--color-secondary-background-selected\)\], .shadow-\[0px_-40px_21px_var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .shadow-\[0px_0px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\], .shadow-\[0px_2px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_3px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-md, .shadow-none, .shadow-sm, .shadow-xs, .xs\:shadow-none, .xs\:shadow-sm, :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:shadow-none) { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-ring-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .focus\:ring-1, .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-2, .ring { --tw-ring-inset: ; --tw-ring-offset-width: 0px; --tw-ring-offset-color: #fff; --tw-ring-color: rgba(59,130,246,.5); --tw-ring-offset-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-ring-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .backdrop-blur-2xl, .backdrop-blur-\[16px\], .backdrop-blur-sm, .backdrop-filter { --tw-backdrop-blur: ; --tw-backdrop-brightness: ; --tw-backdrop-contrast: ; --tw-backdrop-grayscale: ; --tw-backdrop-hue-rotate: ; --tw-backdrop-invert: ; --tw-backdrop-opacity: ; --tw-backdrop-saturate: ; --tw-backdrop-sepia: ; } .\!container { width: 100% !important; } .container { width: 100%; } @media (min-width: 768px) { .\!container { max-width: 768px !important; } .container { max-width: 768px; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .\!container { max-width: 960px !important; } .container { max-width: 960px; } } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .\!container { max-width: 1024px !important; } .container { max-width: 1024px; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .\!container { max-width: 1200px !important; } .container { max-width: 1200px; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .\!container { max-width: 1416px !important; } .container { max-width: 1416px; } } @media (min-width: 1472px) { .\!container { max-width: 1472px !important; } .container { max-width: 1472px; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .\!container { max-width: 1920px !important; } .container { max-width: 1920px; } } .\!a { color: var(--color-a-default) !important; font-size: 1em !important; text-decoration: none !important; } .a { color: var(--color-a-default); font-size: 1em; text-decoration: none; } .\!a:hover { color: var(--color-a-hover) !important; } .a:hover { color: var(--color-a-hover); } .a.visited:not(.no-visited), .a:visited:not(.no-visited) { color: var(--color-a-visited); } .\!a.visited:not(.no-visited), .\!a:visited:not(.no-visited) { color: var(--color-a-visited) !important; } .\!button { background: var(--button-color-background) !important; border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent) !important; border-radius: 999px !important; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow) !important; box-sizing: border-box !important; color: var(--button-color-text) !important; cursor: pointer !important; display: inline-block !important; font-style: !important; font-variant-ligatures: !important; font-variant-caps: !important; font-variant-numeric:~~

~~!important; font-variant-east-asian: !important; font-variant-alternates: !important; font-variant-position: !important; font-variant-emoji: !important; font-weight: !important; font-stretch: !important; font-size: !important; font-family: !important; font-optical-sizing: !important; font-size-adjust: !important; font-kerning: !important; font-feature-settings: !important; font-variation-settings: !important; font-language-override: !important; height: var(--button-height) !important; line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2) !important; outline-offset: 0px !important; overflow: hidden !important; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)) !important; text-align: center !important; text-decoration: none !important; text-overflow: ellipsis !important; white-space: nowrap !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default) !important; } .button { background: var(--button-color-background); border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); border-radius: 999px; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2); outline-offset: 0px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); } .\!button.icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .button.icon { width: var(--button-height); } .button.\!icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .\!button:focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; } .button:focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } .\!button.hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)) !important; } .button.hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)); } @media (hover: hover) { .\!button:hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)) !important; } .button:hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)); } } .button.active, .button:active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active); --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed),var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active); } .\!button.active, .\!button:active, .button.\!active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active) !important; --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed),var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active) !important; } .button.anchor-disabled, .button:disabled, .button[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } .\!button.anchor-disabled, .\!button:disabled, .\!button[aria-disabled="true"] { pointer-events: none !important; } .\!button.anchor-disabled, .\!button.disabled.pointer-all, .\!button:disabled, .\!button[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled) !important; cursor: not-allowed !important; } .\!button.disabled.pointer-all { pointer-events: all !important; } .button.disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: all; } .button.\!disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled) !important; cursor: not-allowed !important; pointer-events: all !important; } .\!button.button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated) !important; } .button.button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated); } .button-shell { background: var(--button-color-background); border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); border-radius: 999px; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2); outline-offset: 0px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); } .button-shell.icon { width: var(--button-height); } .button-shell.\!icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .button-disabled { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); } .button-large { --button-height: var(--size-button-lg-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-lg); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-lg-border); } .button-medium { --button-height: var(--size-button-md-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-md); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-md-border); } .button-small { --button-height: var(--size-button-sm-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-2xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-sm); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-sm-border); } .button-x-small { --button-height: var(--size-button-xs-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-sm); --button-font: var(--font-button-xs); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-xs-border); } .button-primary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover),var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-primarynext { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primarynext-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primarynext-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-primarynext-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-primarynext-background-hover),var(--color-primarynext-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-primarynext-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-secondary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); } .button-tertiary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-tertiary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-tertiary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-tertiary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-tertiary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain, .button-plain-weak { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-plain-text-hover); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain-weak { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text-weak); } .button-bordered, .button-bordered-cab { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: transparent; --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(transparent,transparent); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-secondary-plain); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); --~~

~~button-border-color-hover: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-active: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); --button-border-width-activated: var(--line-sm); } .button-bordered-cab { --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-active: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .button-destructive { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-danger-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-danger-background-hover),var(--color-danger-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-border-color-hover: transparent; --button-border-color-active: transparent; } .button-media { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-media-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-media-background-hover),var(--color-media-background-hover)); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-default: #fff; --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-media-background); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); } .button-media-cab { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-media-background-hover),var(--color-media-background-hover)); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-media-background-selected); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-color-disabled: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); } .button-brand { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-brand-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-brand-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-brand-background-hover),var(--color-brand-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-success { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-success-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-success-background-hover),var(--color-success-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-success-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain-inverted { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-background-activated); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-text-activated); } .full-snoo-xs { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem48); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: -0.1875rem; } .full-snoo-xs:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xs:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-xs > img { width: var(--rem36); } .full-snoo-sm { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem64); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem4)*-1); } .full-snoo-sm:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-sm:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-sm > img { width: var(--rem48); } .full-snoo-md { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem88); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-2xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem6)*-1); } .full-snoo-md:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-md:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-md > img { width: var(--rem64); } .full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-lg > img { width: 6.625rem; } .full-snoo-xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem192); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem14)*-1); } .full-snoo-xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xl:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-xl > img { width: 8.8125rem; } .full-snoo-2xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem320); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-sm); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem22)*-1); } .full-snoo-2xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-2xl:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-2xl > img { width: 14.75rem; } .sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .\!visible { visibility: visible !important; } .visible { visibility: visible; } .invisible { visibility: hidden; } .collapse { visibility: collapse; } .static { position: static; } .fixed { position: fixed; } .absolute { position: absolute; } .\!relative { position: relative !important; } .relative { position: relative; } .sticky { position: sticky; } .inset-0 { inset: 0px; } .inset-1\/2 { inset: 50%; } .inset-x-0 { left: 0px; right: 0px; } .inset-y-0 { bottom: 0px; top: 0px; } .-bottom-1\/2 { bottom: -50%; } .-bottom-xl { bottom: -2rem; } .-end-px { inset-inline-end: -1px; } .-end-sm { inset-inline-end: -0.75rem; } .-left-1\/2 { left: -50%; } .-left-\[1rem\] { left: -1rem; } .-left-\[99999px\] { left: -99999px; } .-left-full { left: -100%; } .-right-\[\.65rem\] { right: -0.65rem; } .-right-\[\.75rem\] { right: -0.75rem; } .-right-\[0\.0625rem\] { right: -0.0625rem; } .-right-\[0\.0825rem\] { right: -0.0825rem; } .-right-\[0\.125rem\] { right: -0.125rem; } .-right-\[6px\] { right: -6px; } .-right-px { right: -1px; } .-start-full { inset-inline-start: -100%; } .-top-2xl { top: -3rem; } .-top-2xs { top: -0.25rem; } .-top-\[35px\] { top: -35px; } .-top-\[6px\] { top: -6px; } .-top-\[9rem\] { top: -9rem; } .-top-full { top: -100%; } .-top-xs { top: -0.5rem; } .bottom-0 { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-100 { bottom: 100%; } .bottom-2xl { bottom: 3rem; } .bottom-\[-38px\] { bottom: -38px; } .bottom-\[-50px\] { bottom: -50px; } .bottom-\[-70px\] { bottom: -70px; } .bottom-\[-8px\] { bottom: -8px; } .bottom-\[0px\] { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-\[10px\] { bottom: 10px; } .bottom-\[13px\] { bottom: 13px; } .bottom-\[29px\] { bottom: 29px; } .bottom-\[2px\] { bottom: 2px; } .bottom-\[38px\] { bottom: 38px; } .bottom-\[3px\] { bottom: 3px; } .bottom-\[40px\] { bottom: 40px; } .bottom-\[42px\] { bottom: 42px; } .bottom-\[44px\] { bottom: 44px; } .bottom-\[48px\] { bottom: 48px; } .bottom-\[4px\] { bottom: 4px; } .bottom-\[52px\] { bottom: 52px; } .bottom-\[56px\] { bottom: 56px; } .bottom-\[5px\] { bottom: 5px; } .bottom-\[9\%\] { bottom: 9%; } .bottom-\[96px\] { bottom: 96px; } .bottom-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { bottom: var(--rem20); } .bottom-lg { bottom: 1.5rem; } .bottom-md { bottom: 1rem; } .bottom-sm { bottom: 0.75rem; } .bottom-xl { bottom: 2rem; } .bottom-xs { bottom: 0.5rem; } .end-0 { inset-inline-end: 0px; } .end-2xs { inset-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .end-\[-26px\] { inset-inline-end: -26px; } .end-\[-50px\] { inset-inline-end: -50px; } .end-\[-56px\] { inset-inline-end: -56px; } .end-\[-8px\] { inset-inline-end: -8px; } .end-\[17px\] { inset-inline-end: 17px; } .end-\[20px\] { inset-inline-end: 20px; } .end-\[23px\] { inset-inline-end: 23px; } .end-\[46px\] { inset-inline-end: 46px; } .end-\[4px\] { inset-inline-end: 4px; } .end-\[5\%\] { inset-inline-end: 5%; } .end-\[84px\] { inset-inline-end: 84px; } .end-\[calc\(50\%-380px\)\] { inset-inline-end: calc(50% - 380px); } .end-md { inset-inline-end: 1rem; } .end-sm { inset-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .end-xs { inset-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .left-0 { left: 0px; } .left-1\/2 { left: 50%; } .left-1\/4 { left: 25%; } .left-2\/4 { left: 50%; } .left-\[1\.25rem\] { left: 1.25rem; } .left-\[10px\] { left: 10px; } .left-\[16px\] { left: 16px; } .left-\[18px\] { left: 18px; } .left-\[2\.5rem\] { left: 2.5rem; } .left-\[2rem\] { left: 2rem; } .left-\[3px\] { left: 3px; } .left-\[4px\] { left: 4px; } .left-\[5\%\] { left: 5%; } .left-\[50\%\] { left: 50%; } .left-\[8px\] { left: 8px; } .left-\[9px\] { left: 9px; } .left-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { left: var(--rem20); } .left-md { left: 1rem; } .left-sm { left: 0.75rem; } .left-xs { left: 0.5rem; } .right-0 { right: 0px; } .right-1\/2 { right: 50%; } .right-1\/4 { right: 25%; } .right-\[0\.05rem\] { right: 0.05rem; } .right-\[0\.10rem\] { right: 0.1rem; } .right-\[15px\] { right: 15px; } .right-\[19px\] { right: 19px; } .right-\[29px\] { right: 29px; } .right-\[2rem\] { right: 2rem; } .right-\[318px\] { right: 318px; } .right-\[3px\] { right: 3px; } .right-\[40px\] { right: 40px; } .right-\[4px\] { right: 4px; } .right-\[52px\] { right: 52px; } .right-\[59px\] { right: 59px; } .right-\[5px\] { right: 5px; } .right-\[8px\] { right: 8px; } .right-\[9px\] { right: 9px; } .right-lg { right: 1.5rem; } .right-md { right: 1rem; } .right-sm { right: 0.75rem; } .right-xl { right: 2rem; } .right-xs { right: 0.5rem; } .start-0 { inset-inline-start: 0px; } .start-\[-12\.5px\] { inset-inline-start: -12.5px; } .start-\[1\.25rem\] { inset-inline-start: 1.25rem; } .start-\[11px\] { inset-inline-start: 11px; } .start-\[16px\] { inset-inline-start: 16px; } .start-\[2\.5rem\] { inset-inline-start: 2.5rem; } .start-\[28px\] { inset-inline-start: 28px; } .start-\[2px\] { inset-inline-start: 2px; } .start-\[4px\] { inset-inline-start: 4px; } .start-\[8px\] { inset-inline-start: 8px; } .start-\[\?rem\] { } .start-\[calc\(50\%-360px\)\] { inset-inline-start: calc(50% - 360px); } .start-md { inset-inline-start: 1rem; } .start-xl { inset-inline-start: 2rem; } .start-xs { inset-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .top-0 { top: 0px; } .top-1\/2 { top: 50%; } .top-100 { top: 100%; } .top-2\/4 { top: 50%; } .top-2xs { top: 0.25rem; } .top-3xl { top: 4rem; } .top-5xl { top: 8rem; } .top-\[-0\.25rem\] { top: -0.25rem; } .top-\[-1px\] { top: -1px; } .top-\[-20px\] { top: -20px; } .top-\[-47px\] { top: -47px; } .top-\[-8px\] { top: -8px; } .top-\[0\.125em\] { top: 0.125em; } .top-\[11px\] { top: 11px; } .top-\[12px\] { top: 12px; } .top-\[15\%\] { top: 15%; } .top-\[23px\] { top: 23px; } .top-\[2px\] { top: 2px; } .top-\[2rem\] { top: 2rem; } .top-\[37px\] { top: 37px; } .top-\[3px\] { top: 3px; } .top-\[48px\] { top: 48px; } .top-\[4px\] { top: 4px; } .top-\[50\%\] { top: 50%; } .top-\[56px\] { top: 56px; } .top-\[5px\] { top: 5px; } .top-\[72px\] { top: 72px; } .top-\[7px\] { top: 7px; } .top-\[8px\] { top: 8px; } .top-\[9px\] { top: 9px; } .top-\[calc\(50\%-230px\)\] { top: calc(50% - 230px); } .top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\+1px\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 1px); } .top-\[var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\] { top: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .top-lg { top: 1.5rem; } .top-md { top: 1rem; } .top-px { top: 1px; } .top-sm { top: 0.75rem; } .top-xl { top: 2rem; } .top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .isolate { isolation: isolate; } .-z-10 { z-index: -10; } .z-0 { z-index: 0; } .z-1 { z-index: 1; } .z-10 { z-index: 10; } .z-2 { z-index: 2; } .z-20 { z-index: 20; } .z-30 { z-index: 30; } .z-40 { z-index: 40; } .z-5 { z-index: 5; } .z-50 { z-~~

~~index: 50; } .z-\[-1\] { z-index: -1; } .z-\[1001\] { z-index: 1001; } .z-\[100\] { z-index: 100; } .z-\[10\] { z-index: 10; } .z-\[1\] { z-index: 1; } .z-\[20\] { z-index: 20; } .z-\[2\] { z-index: 2; } .z-\[3\] { z-index: 3; } .z-\[4\] { z-index: 4; } .z-\[9000\] { z-index: 9000; } .z-\[unset\] { z-index: unset; } .order-1 { order: 1; } .order-2 { order: 2; } .order-3 { order: 3; } .order-4 { order: 4; } .order-first { order: -9999; } .order-last { order: 9999; } .col-\[1\] { grid-column: 1; } .col-\[2_\/_-1\] { grid-column: 2 / -1; } .col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; } .col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; } .col-span-5 { grid-column: span 5 / span 5; } .col-span-full { grid-column: 1 / -1; } .col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; } .col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .col-end-1 { grid-column-end: 1; } .col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; } .col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; } .col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .col-end-\[-1\] { grid-column-end: -1; } .row-\[1\] { grid-row: 1; } .row-\[1_\/_2\] { grid-row: 1 / 2; } .row-span-1 { grid-row: span 1 / span 1; } .row-span-3 { grid-row: span 3 / span 3; } .row-span-full { grid-row: 1 / -1; } .row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; } .row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; } .row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; } .row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; } .row-start-6 { grid-row-start: 6; } .row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; } .row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; } .row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; } .row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; } .row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; } .row-end-7 { grid-row-end: 7; } .row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; } .float-start { float: inline-start; } .float-right { float: right; } .float-left { float: left; } .\!m-0 { margin: 0px !important; } .-m-\[0\.5rem\] { margin: -0.5rem; } .-m-\[4px\] { margin: -4px; } .-m-xs { margin: -0.5rem; } .m-0 { margin: 0px; } .m-2xs { margin: 0.25rem; } .m-\[16px\] { margin: 16px; } .m-\[2px\] { margin: 2px; } .m-\[4px\] { margin: 4px; } .m-\[6px\] { margin: 6px; } .m-auto { margin: auto; } .m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; } .m-md { margin: 1rem; } .m-sm { margin: 0.75rem; } .m-xs { margin: 0.5rem; } .\!mx-0 { margin-left: 0px !important; margin-right: 0px !important; } .\!my-\[-10px\] { margin-bottom: -10px !important; margin-top: -10px !important; } .-mx-md { margin-left: -1rem; margin-right: -1rem; } .-mx-sm { margin-left: -0.75rem; margin-right: -0.75rem; } .-mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; } .mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .mx-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mx-\[-16px\] { margin-left: -16px; margin-right: -16px; } .mx-\[12px\] { margin-left: 12px; margin-right: 12px; } .mx-\[2px\] { margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 2px; } .mx-\[3rem\] { margin-left: 3rem; margin-right: 3rem; } .mx-\[40px\] { margin-left: 40px; margin-right: 40px; } .mx-\[4px\] { margin-left: 4px; margin-right: 4px; } .mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .mx-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; } .my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .my-2xl { margin-bottom: 3rem; margin-top: 3rem; } .my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; } .my-\[-10px\] { margin-bottom: -10px; margin-top: -10px; } .my-\[10px\] { margin-bottom: 10px; margin-top: 10px; } .my-\[16px\] { margin-bottom: 16px; margin-top: 16px; } .my-\[18px\] { margin-bottom: 18px; margin-top: 18px; } .my-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-\[20px\] { margin-bottom: 20px; margin-top: 20px; } .my-\[6px\] { margin-bottom: 6px; margin-top: 6px; } .my-\[calc\(var\(--rem8\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { margin-bottom: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); margin-top: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); } .my-auto { margin-bottom: auto; margin-top: auto; } .my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top: 1.5rem; } .my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; } .my-px { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; } .my-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; margin-top: 2rem; } .my-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; margin-top: 0.5rem; } .\!mr-xs { margin-right: 0.5rem !important; } .-mb-2xs { margin-bottom: -0.25rem; } .-mb-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: -1px; } .-mb-\[1rem\] { margin-bottom: -1rem; } .-mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: -2px; } .-mb-\[2rem\] { margin-bottom: -2rem; } .-mb-\[35px\] { margin-bottom: -35px; } .-mb-\[4px\] { margin-bottom: -4px; } .-mb-lg { margin-bottom: -1.5rem; } .-mb-px { margin-bottom: -1px; } .-mb-sm { margin-bottom: -0.75rem; } .-mb-xl { margin-bottom: -2rem; } .-mb-xs { margin-bottom: -0.5rem; } .-me-2xs { margin-inline-end: -0.25rem; } .-me-\[10px\] { margin-inline-end: -10px; } .-me-\[7px\] { margin-inline-end: -7px; } .-me-md { margin-inline-end: -1rem; } .-me-sm { margin-inline-end: -0.75rem; } .-me-xs { margin-inline-end: -0.5rem; } .-ml-2xs { margin-left: -0.25rem; } .-ml-lg { margin-left: -1.5rem; } .-ml-md { margin-left: -1rem; } .-ml-px { margin-left: -1px; } .-ml-sm { margin-left: -0.75rem; } .-ml-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; } .-mr-2xs { margin-right: -0.25rem; } .-mr-\[7px\] { margin-right: -7px; } .-mr-md { margin-right: -1rem; } .-mr-sm { margin-right: -0.75rem; } .-ms-2xs { margin-inline-start: -0.25rem; } .-ms-\[2px\] { margin-inline-start: -2px; } .-ms-\[calc\(var\(--rem4\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem4)*-1 - var(--rem1)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem12)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem14)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem16)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem18\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem18)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem20)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem4)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem6)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem8)*-1); } .-ms-lg { margin-inline-start: -1.5rem; } .-ms-md { margin-inline-start: -1rem; } .-ms-sm { margin-inline-start: -0.75rem; } .-ms-xs { margin-inline-start: -0.5rem; } .-mt-2xs { margin-top: -0.25rem; } .-mt-3xl { margin-top: -4rem; } .-mt-\[103px\] { margin-top: -103px; } .-mt-\[1em\] { margin-top: -1em; } .-mt-\[1px\] { margin-top: -1px; } .-mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: -2px; } .-mt-\[36px\] { margin-top: -36px; } .-mt-\[4px\] { margin-top: -4px; } .-mt-\[var\(--page-y-padding\)\] { margin-top: calc(var(--page-y-padding)*-1); } .-mt-\[var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)\] { margin-top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-large-height)*-1); } .-mt-lg { margin-top: -1.5rem; } .-mt-md { margin-top: -1rem; } .-mt-xl { margin-top: -2rem; } .-mt-xs { margin-top: -0.5rem; } .mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .mb-2xl { margin-bottom: 3rem; } .mb-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; } .mb-3xl { margin-bottom: 4rem; } .mb-\[-1px\] { margin-bottom: -1px; } .mb-\[-2px\] { margin-bottom: -2px; } .mb-\[-32px\] { margin-bottom: -32px; } .mb-\[-40px\] { margin-bottom: -40px; } .mb-\[-4px\] { margin-bottom: -4px; } .mb-\[0\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; } .mb-\[0\.5rem\] { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .mb-\[0px\] { margin-bottom: 0px; } .mb-\[1\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: 1.25rem; } .mb-\[10px\] { margin-bottom: 10px; } .mb-\[12px\] { margin-bottom: 12px; } .mb-\[14px\] { margin-bottom: 14px; } .mb-\[16px\] { margin-bottom: 16px; } .mb-\[18px\] { margin-bottom: 18px; } .mb-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: 1px; } .mb-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-bottom: 2.5rem; } .mb-\[20px\] { margin-bottom: 20px; } .mb-\[24px\] { margin-bottom: 24px; } .mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: 2px; } .mb-\[2rem\] { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .mb-\[300px\] { margin-bottom: 300px; } .mb-\[32px\] { margin-bottom: 32px; } .mb-\[36px\] { margin-bottom: 36px; } .mb-\[3px\] { margin-bottom: 3px; } .mb-\[40px\] { margin-bottom: 40px; } .mb-\[45px\] { margin-bottom: 45px; } .mb-\[4px\] { margin-bottom: 4px; } .mb-\[50px\] { margin-bottom: 50px; } .mb-\[52px\] { margin-bottom: 52px; } .mb-\[8px\] { margin-bottom: 8px; } .mb-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } .mb-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .mb-px { margin-bottom: 1px; } .mb-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; } .mb-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .mb-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .me-2xs { margin-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .me-3xl { margin-inline-end: 4rem; } .me-\[-16px\] { margin-inline-end: -16px; } .me-\[-2px\] { margin-inline-end: -2px; } .me-\[-4px\] { margin-inline-end: -4px; } .me-\[-8px\] { margin-inline-end: -8px; } .me-\[12px\] { margin-inline-end: 12px; } .me-\[2px\] { margin-inline-end: 2px; } .me-\[3px\] { margin-inline-end: 3px; } .me-\[4px\] { margin-inline-end: 4px; } .me-\[6px\] { margin-inline-end: 6px; } .me-\[8px\] { margin-inline-end: 8px; } .me-\[calc\(var\(--size-button-sm-h\)-var\(--rem10\)-var\(--button-border-width-default\)\)\] { margin-inline-end: calc(var(--size-button-sm-h) - var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width-default)); } .me-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem4); } .me-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem6); } .me-auto { margin-inline-end: auto; } .me-lg { margin-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .me-sm { margin-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } .me-xs { margin-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .ml-2xl { margin-left: 3rem; } .ml-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; } .ml-\[-14px\] { margin-left: -14px; } .ml-\[-16px\] { margin-left: -16px; } .ml-\[-1rem\] { margin-left: -1rem; } .ml-\[11px\] { margin-left: 11px; } .ml-\[15px\] { margin-left: 15px; } .ml-\[1px\] { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-left: 2.5rem; } .ml-\[2\.75rem\] { margin-left: 2.75rem; } .ml-\[28px\] { margin-left: 28px; } .ml-\[2px\] { margin-left: 2px; } .ml-\[2rem\] { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-\[40px\] { margin-left: 40px; } .ml-\[4px\] { margin-left: 4px; } .ml-\[6px\] { margin-left: 6px; } .ml-auto { margin-left: auto; } .ml-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; } .ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; } .ml-px { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; } .mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; } .mr-2xl { margin-right: 3rem; } .mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mr-\[-16px\] { margin-right: -16px; } .mr-\[-8px\] { margin-right: -8px; } .mr-\[15px\] { margin-right: 15px; } .mr-\[2px\] { margin-right: 2px; } .mr-\[300px\] { margin-right: 300px; } .mr-\[4px\] { margin-right: 4px; } .mr-\[6px\] { margin-right: 6px; } .mr-\[8px\] { margin-right: 8px; } .mr-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-right: var(--rem6); } .mr-auto { margin-right: auto; } .mr-lg { margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; } .mr-sm { margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; } .mr-xs { margin-right: 0.5rem; } .ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .ms-2xl { margin-inline-start: 3rem; } .ms-2xs { margin-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .ms-\[-\.25rem\] { margin-inline-start: -0.25rem; } .ms-\[-14px\] { margin-inline-start: -14px; } .ms-\[-24px\] { margin-inline-start: -24px; } .ms-\[-2px\] { margin-inline-start: -2px; } .ms-\[-36px\] { margin-inline-start: -36px; } .ms-\[22px\] { margin-inline-start: 22px; } .ms-\[2px\] { margin-inline-start: 2px; } .ms-\[30px\] { margin-inline-start: 30px; } .ms-\[34px\] { margin-inline-start: 34px; } .ms-\[36px\] { margin-inline-start: 36px; } .ms-\[38px\] { margin-inline-start: 38px; } .ms-\[3px\] { margin-inline-start: 3px; } .ms-\[4px\] { margin-inline-start: 4px; } .ms-\[6px\] { margin-inline-start: 6px; } .ms-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-start: var(--rem4); } .ms-auto { margin-inline-start: auto; } .ms-lg { margin-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .ms-md { margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .ms-px { margin-inline-start: 1px; } .ms-sm { margin-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .ms-xl { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .ms-xs { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .mt-2xl { margin-top: 3rem; } .mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .mt-4xl { margin-top: 6rem; } .mt-5xl { margin-top: 8rem; } .mt-\[-0\.125rem\] { margin-top: -0.125rem; } .mt-\[-0\.25rem\] { margin-top: -0.25rem; } .mt-\[-14px\] { margin-top: -14px; } .mt-\[-16px\] { margin-top: -16px; } .mt-\[-21px\] { margin-top: -21px; } .mt-\[-24px\] { margin-top: -24px; } .mt-\[-2px\] { margin-top: -2px; } .mt-\[-40px\] { margin-top: -40px; } .mt-\[-4px\] { margin-top: -4px; } .mt-\[-65vh\] { margin-top: -65vh; } .mt-\[-66px\] { margin-top: -66px; } .mt-\[-8px\] { margin-top: -8px; } .mt-\[1\.5rem\] { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-\[100px\] { margin-top: 100px; } .mt-\[10px\] { margin-top: 10px; } .mt-\[12px\] { margin-top: 12px; } .mt-\[136px\] { margin-top: 136px; } .mt-\[14px\] { margin-top: 14px; } .mt-\[16px\] { margin-top: 16px; } .mt-\[1em\] { margin-top: 1em; } .mt-\[1px\] { margin-top: 1px; } .mt-\[1rem\] { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-top: 2.5rem; } .mt-\[20px\] { margin-top: 20px; } .mt-\[20vh\] { margin-top: 20vh; } .mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: 2px; } .mt-\[30px\] { margin-top: 30px; } .mt-\[36px\] { margin-top: 36px; } .mt-\[48px\] { margin-top: 48px; } .mt-\[4px\] { margin-top: 4px; } .mt-\[50px\] { margin-top: 50px; } .mt-\[60px\] { margin-top: 60px; } .mt-\[6px\] { margin-top: 6px; } .mt-\[76px\] { margin-top: 76px; } .mt-\[80px\] { margin-top: 80px; } .mt-\[8px\] { margin-top: 8px; } .mt-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { margin-top: var(--rem20); } .mt-auto { margin-top: auto; } .mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .box-border { box-sizing: border-box; } .box-content { box-sizing: initial; } .line-clamp-1 { -webkit-line-clamp: 1; }~~

~~.line-clamp-1, .line-clamp-12 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-12 { -webkit-line-clamp: 12; } .line-clamp-2 { -webkit-line-clamp: 2; } .line-clamp-2, .line-clamp-3 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-3 { -webkit-line-clamp: 3; } .line-clamp-4 { -webkit-line-clamp: 4; } .line-clamp-4, .line-clamp-5 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-5 { -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .line-clamp-6 { -webkit-line-clamp: 6; } .line-clamp-6, .line-clamp-8 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-8 { -webkit-line-clamp: 8; } .\!block { display: block !important; } .block { display: block; } .inline-block { display: inline-block; } .inline { display: inline; } .\!flex { display: flex !important; } .flex { display: flex; } .inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .\!table { display: table !important; } .table { display: table; } .inline-table { display: inline-table; } .table-cell { display: table-cell; } .table-row-group { display: table-row-group; } .table-row { display: table-row; } .grid { display: grid; } .inline-grid { display: inline-grid; } .contents { display: contents; } .list-item { display: list-item; } .\!hidden { display: none !important; } .hidden { display: none; } .aspect-\[2\/1\] { aspect-ratio: 2 / 1; } .aspect-\[3\/4\] { aspect-ratio: 3 / 4; } .aspect-\[32\/9\] { aspect-ratio: 32 / 9; } .aspect-\[4\/3\] { aspect-ratio: 4 / 3; } .aspect-square { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .size-sm { height: 0.75rem; width: 0.75rem; } .\!h-\[24px\] { height: 24px !important; } .\!h-auto { height: auto !important; } .h-0 { height: 0px; } .h-100 { height: 100%; } .h-2xl { height: 3rem; } .h-2xs { height: 0.25rem; } .h-3xl { height: 4rem; } .h-4xl { height: 6rem; } .h-5xl { height: 8rem; } .h-\[\.25rem\] { height: 0.25rem; } .h-\[\.375rem\] { height: 0.375rem; } .h-\[\.5rem\] { height: 0.5rem; } .h-\[\.75rem\] { height: 0.75rem; } .h-\[1\.25rem\] { height: 1.25rem; } .h-\[1\.5rem\] { height: 1.5rem; } .h-\[1\.75rem\] { height: 1.75rem; } .h-\[1\.7rem\] { height: 1.7rem; } .h-\[100px\] { height: 100px; } .h-\[100vh\] { height: 100vh; } .h-\[1024px\] { height: 1024px; } .h-\[104px\] { height: 104px; } .h-\[108px\] { height: 108px; } .h-\[10px\] { height: 10px; } .h-\[11\.5px\] { height: 11.5px; } .h-\[110px\] { height: 110px; } .h-\[1120px\] { height: 1120px; } .h-\[112px\] { height: 112px; } .h-\[114px\] { height: 114px; } .h-\[115px\] { height: 115px; } .h-\[118px\] { height: 118px; } .h-\[120px\] { height: 120px; } .h-\[124px\] { height: 124px; } .h-\[125px\] { height: 125px; } .h-\[126px\] { height: 126px; } .h-\[128px\] { height: 128px; } .h-\[129px\] { height: 129px; } .h-\[12px\] { height: 12px; } .h-\[12rem\] { height: 12rem; } .h-\[135\%\] { height: 135%; } .h-\[140px\] { height: 140px; } .h-\[144px\] { height: 144px; } .h-\[148px\] { height: 148px; } .h-\[14px\] { height: 14px; } .h-\[150px\] { height: 150px; } .h-\[151px\] { height: 151px; } .h-\[159px\] { height: 159px; } .h-\[160px\] { height: 160px; } .h-\[161px\] { height: 161px; } .h-\[164px\] { height: 164px; } .h-\[168px\] { height: 168px; } .h-\[16px\] { height: 16px; } .h-\[170px\] { height: 170px; } .h-\[175px\] { height: 175px; } .h-\[176px\] { height: 176px; } .h-\[177px\] { height: 177px; } .h-\[17rem\] { height: 17rem; } .h-\[180px\] { height: 180px; } .h-\[184px\] { height: 184px; } .h-\[185px\] { height: 185px; } .h-\[18px\] { height: 18px; } .h-\[190px\] { height: 190px; } .h-\[192px\] { height: 192px; } .h-\[196px\] { height: 196px; } .h-\[1em\] { height: 1em; } .h-\[1px\] { height: 1px; } .h-\[1rem\] { height: 1rem; } .h-\[2\.25rem\] { height: 2.25rem; } .h-\[2\.5rem\] { height: 2.5rem; } .h-\[2\.875rem\] { height: 2.875rem; } .h-\[200px\] { height: 200px; } .h-\[209px\] { height: 209px; } .h-\[20px\] { height: 20px; } .h-\[210px\] { height: 210px; } .h-\[213px\] { height: 213px; } .h-\[218px\] { height: 218px; } .h-\[21px\] { height: 21px; } .h-\[228px\] { height: 228px; } .h-\[22px\] { height: 22px; } .h-\[240px\] { height: 240px; } .h-\[24px\] { height: 24px; } .h-\[250px\] { height: 250px; } .h-\[268px\] { height: 268px; } .h-\[280px\] { height: 280px; } .h-\[285px\] { height: 285px; } .h-\[289px\] { height: 289px; } .h-\[28px\] { height: 28px; } .h-\[2px\] { height: 2px; } .h-\[2rem\] { height: 2rem; } .h-\[3\.25rem\] { height: 3.25rem; } .h-\[3\.2rem\] { height: 3.2rem; } .h-\[3\.5rem\] { height: 3.5rem; } .h-\[3\.75rem\] { height: 3.75rem; } .h-\[300px\] { height: 300px; } .h-\[305px\] { height: 305px; } .h-\[30px\] { height: 30px; } .h-\[316px\] { height: 316px; } .h-\[320px\] { height: 320px; } .h-\[324px\] { height: 324px; } .h-\[328px\] { height: 328px; } .h-\[32px\] { height: 32px; } .h-\[33px\] { height: 33px; } .h-\[348px\] { height: 348px; } .h-\[34px\] { height: 34px; } .h-\[350px\] { height: 350px; } .h-\[360px\] { height: 360px; } .h-\[36px\] { height: 36px; } .h-\[370px\] { height: 370px; } .h-\[374px\] { height: 374px; } .h-\[38px\] { height: 38px; } .h-\[396px\] { height: 396px; } .h-\[3rem\] { height: 3rem; } .h-\[4\.5rem\] { height: 4.5rem; } .h-\[400px\] { height: 400px; } .h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .h-\[420px\] { height: 420px; } .h-\[42px\] { height: 42px; } .h-\[434px\] { height: 434px; } .h-\[44px\] { height: 44px; } .h-\[452px\] { height: 452px; } .h-\[455px\] { height: 455px; } .h-\[46px\] { height: 46px; } .h-\[470px\] { height: 470px; } .h-\[485px\] { height: 485px; } .h-\[48px\] { height: 48px; } .h-\[494px\] { height: 494px; } .h-\[4px\] { height: 4px; } .h-\[4rem\] { height: 4rem; } .h-\[5\.5rem\] { height: 5.5rem; } .h-\[500px\] { height: 500px; } .h-\[50px\] { height: 50px; } .h-\[50vh\] { height: 50vh; } .h-\[520px\] { height: 520px; } .h-\[52px\] { height: 52px; } .h-\[550px\] { height: 550px; } .h-\[55vh\] { height: 55vh; } .h-\[562px\] { height: 562px; } .h-\[56px\] { height: 56px; } .h-\[580px\] { height: 580px; } .h-\[584px\] { height: 584px; } .h-\[58px\] { height: 58px; } .h-\[5rem\] { height: 5rem; } .h-\[600px\] { height: 600px; } .h-\[60px\] { height: 60px; } .h-\[62px\] { height: 62px; } .h-\[63px\] { height: 63px; } .h-\[644px\] { height: 644px; } .h-\[64px\] { height: 64px; } .h-\[65px\] { height: 65px; } .h-\[66px\] { height: 66px; } .h-\[68px\] { height: 68px; } .h-\[6px\] { height: 6px; } .h-\[6rem\] { height: 6rem; } .h-\[700px\] { height: 700px; } .h-\[70px\] { height: 70px; } .h-\[70vh\] { height: 70vh; } .h-\[72px\] { height: 72px; } .h-\[73px\] { height: 73px; } .h-\[74px\] { height: 74px; } .h-\[768px\] { height: 768px; } .h-\[76px\] { height: 76px; } .h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .h-\[80vh\] { height: 80vh; } .h-\[82px\] { height: 82px; } .h-\[83px\] { height: 83px; } .h-\[84px\] { height: 84px; } .h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .h-\[8px\] { height: 8px; } .h-\[8rem\] { height: 8rem; } .h-\[90px\] { height: 90px; } .h-\[91px\] { height: 91px; } .h-\[92px\] { height: 92px; } .h-\[93px\] { height: 93px; } .h-\[96px\] { height: 96px; } .h-\[97px\] { height: 97px; } .h-\[98px\] { height: 98px; } .h-\[auto\] { height: auto; } .h-\[calc\(100dvh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-7\.5rem\)\] { height: calc(-7.5rem + 100vh); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-8rem\)\] { height: calc(-8rem + 100vh); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-120px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 120px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-2px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 2px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-48px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 48px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-var\(--shreddit-bottom-padding\)\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - var(--shreddit-bottom-padding)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)-100px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 100px); } .h-\[var\(--accessory-container-height\)\] { height: var(--accessory-container-height); } .h-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { height: var(--gallery-max-h); } .h-\[var\(--icon-badge-container-height\)\] { height: var(--icon-badge-container-height); } .h-\[var\(--list-height\)\] { height: var(--list-height); } .h-\[var\(--marketplace-modal-height\)\] { height: var(--marketplace-modal-height); } .h-\[var\(--modal-height\)\] { height: var(--modal-height); } .h-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { height: var(--rem20); } .h-\[var\(--rem28\)\] { height: var(--rem28); } .h-\[var\(--rem32\)\] { height: var(--rem32); } .h-\[var\(--rem36\)\] { height: var(--rem36); } .h-auto { height: auto; } .h-dvh { height: 100dvh; } .h-fit { height: fit-content; } .h-full { height: 100%; } .h-header-large { height: var(--shreddit-header-large-height); } .h-header-small { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .h-lvh { height: 100lvh; } .h-md { height: 1rem; } .h-min { height: min-content; } .h-px { height: 1px; } .h-screen { height: 100vh; } .h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .h-screen-without-header-large { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 1px); } .h-sm { height: 0.75rem; } .h-xl { height: 2rem; } .h-xs { height: 0.5rem; } .\!max-h-0 { max-height: 0px !important; } .\!max-h-none { max-height: none !important; } .max-h-0 { max-height: 0px; } .max-h-2xl { max-height: 3rem; } .max-h-3xl { max-height: 4rem; } .max-h-\[1\.5rem\] { max-height: 1.5rem; } .max-h-\[1000px\] { max-height: 1000px; } .max-h-\[100vw\] { max-height: 100vw; } .max-h-\[107px\] { max-height: 107px; } .max-h-\[1120px\] { max-height: 1120px; } .max-h-\[13\.125rem\] { max-height: 13.125rem; } .max-h-\[130\%\] { max-height: 130%; } .max-h-\[130px\] { max-height: 130px; } .max-h-\[140px\] { max-height: 140px; } .max-h-\[148px\] { max-height: 148px; } .max-h-\[150px\] { max-height: 150px; } .max-h-\[18px\] { max-height: 18px; } .max-h-\[18rem\] { max-height: 18rem; } .max-h-\[1920px\] { max-height: 1920px; } .max-h-\[192px\] { max-height: 192px; } .max-h-\[19rem\] { max-height: 19rem; } .max-h-\[2\.5em\] { max-height: 2.5em; } .max-h-\[2\.5rem\] { max-height: 2.5rem; } .max-h-\[20rem\] { max-height: 20rem; } .max-h-\[228px\] { max-height: 228px; } .max-h-\[232px\] { max-height: 232px; } .max-h-\[25\.5rem\] { max-height: 25.5rem; } .max-h-\[250px\] { max-height: 250px; } .max-h-\[253px\] { max-height: 253px; } .max-h-\[25vh\] { max-height: 25vh; } .max-h-\[260px\] { max-height: 260px; } .max-h-\[276px\] { max-height: 276px; } .max-h-\[294px\] { max-height: 294px; } .max-h-\[2em\] { max-height: 2em; } .max-h-\[2rem\] { max-height: 2rem; } .max-h-\[300px\] { max-height: 300px; } .max-h-\[30vh\] { max-height: 30vh; } .max-h-\[320px\] { max-height: 320px; } .max-h-\[330px\] { max-height: 330px; } .max-h-\[336px\] { max-height: 336px; } .max-h-\[348px\] { max-height: 348px; } .max-h-\[350px\] { max-height: 350px; } .max-h-\[370px\] { max-height: 370px; } .max-h-\[375px\] { max-height: 375px; } .max-h-\[385px\] { max-height: 385px; } .max-h-\[38px\] { max-height: 38px; } .max-h-\[400px\] { max-height: 400px; } .max-h-\[40px\] { max-height: 40px; } .max-h-\[40vh\] { max-height: 40vh; } .max-h-\[432px\] { max-height: 432px; } .max-h-\[472px\] { max-height: 472px; } .max-h-\[480px\] { max-height: 480px; } .max-h-\[500px\] { max-height: 500px; } .max-h-\[50vh\] { max-height: 50vh; } .max-h-\[520px\] { max-height: 520px; } .max-h-\[532px\] { max-height: 532px; } .max-h-\[540px\] { max-height: 540px; } .max-h-\[560px\] { max-height: 560px; } .max-h-\[590px\] { max-height: 590px; } .max-h-\[596px\] { max-height: 596px; } .max-h-\[600px\] { max-height: 600px; } .max-h-\[62px\] { max-height: 62px; } .max-h-\[640px\] { max-height: 640px; } .max-h-\[651px\] { max-height: 651px; } .max-h-\[67vh\] { max-height: 67vh; } .max-h-\[70vh\] { max-height: 70vh; } .max-h-\[711px\] { max-height: 711px; } .max-h-\[740px\] { max-height: 740px; } .max-h-\[768px\] { max-height: 768px; } .max-h-\[80\%\] { max-height: 80%; } .max-h-\[80px\] { max-height: 80px; } .max-h-\[80vh\] { max-height: 80vh; } .max-h-\[90vh\] { max-height: 90vh; } .max-h-\[95vh\] { max-height: 95vh; } .max-h-\[calc\(100dvh_-_8rem\)\] { max-height: calc(-8rem + 100dvh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-128px\)\] { max-height: calc(-128px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-240px\)\] { max-height: calc(-240px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-300px\)\] { max-height: calc(-300px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-64px\)\] { max-height: calc(-64px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-15px-10px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 25px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-33px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 33px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-6\.25rem\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 6.25rem); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--dvh-unit\)*100-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--dvh-unit)*100 - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--viewport-height\)-220px\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - 220px); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--viewport-height\)-var\(--size-5xl\)\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - var(--size-5xl)); } .max-h-\[max\(23vw\,250px\)\] { max-height: max(23vw, 250px); } .max-h-\[min\(20vw\,150px\)\] { max-height:~~

~~min(20vw, 150px); } .max-h-\[min\(230px\,100\%\)\] { max-height: min(230px, 100%); } .max-h-\[unset\] { max-height: unset; } .max-h-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { max-height: var(--gallery-max-h); } .max-h-\[var\(--modal-height\)\] { max-height: var(--modal-height); } .max-h-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { max-height: var(--rem20); } .max-h-dvh { max-height: 100dvh; } .max-h-full { max-height: 100%; } .max-h-none { max-height: none; } .max-h-screen { max-height: 100vh; } .max-h-screen-without-header { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-xl { max-height: 2rem; } .min-h-0 { min-height: 0px; } .min-h-2xl { min-height: 3rem; } .min-h-3xl { min-height: 4rem; } .min-h-4xl { min-height: 6rem; } .min-h-5xl { min-height: 8rem; } .min-h-\[0px\] { min-height: 0px; } .min-h-\[1\.5rem\] { min-height: 1.5rem; } .min-h-\[100px\] { min-height: 100px; } .min-h-\[100vh\] { min-height: 100vh; } .min-h-\[106px\] { min-height: 106px; } .min-h-\[10px\] { min-height: 10px; } .min-h-\[10rem\] { min-height: 10rem; } .min-h-\[128px\] { min-height: 128px; } .min-h-\[12px\] { min-height: 12px; } .min-h-\[132px\] { min-height: 132px; } .min-h-\[144px\] { min-height: 144px; } .min-h-\[150px\] { min-height: 150px; } .min-h-\[15rem\] { min-height: 15rem; } .min-h-\[180px\] { min-height: 180px; } .min-h-\[18px\] { min-height: 18px; } .min-h-\[1rem\] { min-height: 1rem; } .min-h-\[2\.5rem\] { min-height: 2.5rem; } .min-h-\[2\.875rem\] { min-height: 2.875rem; } .min-h-\[200px\] { min-height: 200px; } .min-h-\[20px\] { min-height: 20px; } .min-h-\[240px\] { min-height: 240px; } .min-h-\[24px\] { min-height: 24px; } .min-h-\[260px\] { min-height: 260px; } .min-h-\[28px\] { min-height: 28px; } .min-h-\[2lh\] { min-height: 2lh; } .min-h-\[2rem\] { min-height: 2rem; } .min-h-\[3\.25rem\] { min-height: 3.25rem; } .min-h-\[30px\] { min-height: 30px; } .min-h-\[30rem\] { min-height: 30rem; } .min-h-\[310px\] { min-height: 310px; } .min-h-\[32px\] { min-height: 32px; } .min-h-\[34px\] { min-height: 34px; } .min-h-\[350px\] { min-height: 350px; } .min-h-\[36px\] { min-height: 36px; } .min-h-\[38px\] { min-height: 38px; } .min-h-\[3rem\] { min-height: 3rem; } .min-h-\[4\.5rem\] { min-height: 4.5rem; } .min-h-\[400px\] { min-height: 400px; } .min-h-\[40px\] { min-height: 40px; } .min-h-\[42px\] { min-height: 42px; } .min-h-\[44px\] { min-height: 44px; } .min-h-\[45\%\] { min-height: 45%; } .min-h-\[500px\] { min-height: 500px; } .min-h-\[506px\] { min-height: 506px; } .min-h-\[56px\] { min-height: 56px; } .min-h-\[584px\] { min-height: 584px; } .min-h-\[58px\] { min-height: 58px; } .min-h-\[5rem\] { min-height: 5rem; } .min-h-\[600px\] { min-height: 600px; } .min-h-\[60px\] { min-height: 60px; } .min-h-\[60vh\] { min-height: 60vh; } .min-h-\[640px\] { min-height: 640px; } .min-h-\[64px\] { min-height: 64px; } .min-h-\[65vh\] { min-height: 65vh; } .min-h-\[70px\] { min-height: 70px; } .min-h-\[75vh\] { min-height: 75vh; } .min-h-\[7rem\] { min-height: 7rem; } .min-h-\[80px\] { min-height: 80px; } .min-h-\[84px\] { min-height: 84px; } .min-h-\[900px\] { min-height: 900px; } .min-h-\[90px\] { min-height: 90px; } .min-h-\[93px\] { min-height: 93px; } .min-h-\[auto\] { min-height: auto; } .min-h-\[calc\(100dvh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\], .min-h-\[calc\(100dvh_-_var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .min-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-var\(--page-y-padding\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - var(--page-y-padding)); } .min-h-\[min\(20vw\,150px\)\] { min-height: min(20vw, 150px); } .min-h-\[var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\] { min-height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .min-h-full { min-height: 100%; } .min-h-md { min-height: 1rem; } .min-h-px { min-height: 1px; } .min-h-screen { min-height: 100vh; } .min-h-screen-without-header { min-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .min-h-sm { min-height: 0.75rem; } .min-h-xl { min-height: 2rem; } .\!w-auto { width: auto !important; } .\!w-lg { width: 1.5rem !important; } .\!w-md { width: 1rem !important; } .w-0 { width: 0px; } .w-1\/2 { width: 50%; } .w-1\/3 { width: 33.3333%; } .w-1\/4 { width: 25%; } .w-1\/6 { width: 16.6667%; } .w-100 { width: 100%; } .w-11\/12 { width: 91.6667%; } .w-2\/3 { width: 66.6667%; } .w-2xl { width: 3rem; } .w-2xs { width: 0.25rem; } .w-3\/4 { width: 75%; } .w-3\/5 { width: 60%; } .w-3\/6 { width: 50%; } .w-3xl { width: 4rem; } .w-4\/5 { width: 80%; } .w-4xl { width: 6rem; } .w-5\/6 { width: 83.3333%; } .w-5xl { width: 8rem; } .w-\[\.25rem\] { width: 0.25rem; } .w-\[\.375rem\] { width: 0.375rem; } .w-\[\.5rem\] { width: 0.5rem; } .w-\[\.75rem\] { width: 0.75rem; } .w-\[1\.5rem\] { width: 1.5rem; } .w-\[1\.75rem\] { width: 1.75rem; } .w-\[10\%\] { width: 10%; } .w-\[100px\] { width: 100px; } .w-\[100vw\] { width: 100vw; } .w-\[1024px\] { width: 1024px; } .w-\[1080px\] { width: 1080px; } .w-\[10px\] { width: 10px; } .w-\[11\.5px\] { width: 11.5px; } .w-\[110px\] { width: 110px; } .w-\[1120px\] { width: 1120px; } .w-\[112px\] { width: 112px; } .w-\[113px\] { width: 113px; } .w-\[114px\] { width: 114px; } .w-\[1164px\] { width: 1164px; } .w-\[1200px\] { width: 1200px; } .w-\[120px\] { width: 120px; } .w-\[124px\] { width: 124px; } .w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .w-\[12px\] { width: 12px; } .w-\[12rem\] { width: 12rem; } .w-\[130px\] { width: 130px; } .w-\[131px\] { width: 131px; } .w-\[138px\] { width: 138px; } .w-\[14\%\] { width: 14%; } .w-\[140px\] { width: 140px; } .w-\[142px\] { width: 142px; } .w-\[145px\] { width: 145px; } .w-\[146px\] { width: 146px; } .w-\[15\%\] { width: 15%; } .w-\[150px\] { width: 150px; } .w-\[156px\] { width: 156px; } .w-\[15rem\] { width: 15rem; } .w-\[160px\] { width: 160px; } .w-\[164px\] { width: 164px; } .w-\[165px\] { width: 165px; } .w-\[16px\] { width: 16px; } .w-\[170px\] { width: 170px; } .w-\[172px\] { width: 172px; } .w-\[174px\] { width: 174px; } .w-\[176px\] { width: 176px; } .w-\[178px\] { width: 178px; } .w-\[180px\] { width: 180px; } .w-\[184px\] { width: 184px; } .w-\[187px\] { width: 187px; } .w-\[190px\] { width: 190px; } .w-\[196px\] { width: 196px; } .w-\[19px\] { width: 19px; } .w-\[1em\] { width: 1em; } .w-\[1px\] { width: 1px; } .w-\[1rem\] { width: 1rem; } .w-\[2\.25rem\] { width: 2.25rem; } .w-\[2\.5rem\] { width: 2.5rem; } .w-\[2\.875rem\] { width: 2.875rem; } .w-\[20\%\] { width: 20%; } .w-\[200px\] { width: 200px; } .w-\[204px\] { width: 204px; } .w-\[20px\] { width: 20px; } .w-\[20rem\] { width: 20rem; } .w-\[212px\] { width: 212px; } .w-\[215px\] { width: 215px; } .w-\[219px\] { width: 219px; } .w-\[22\.5rem\] { width: 22.5rem; } .w-\[220px\] { width: 220px; } .w-\[224px\] { width: 224px; } .w-\[225px\] { width: 225px; } .w-\[22px\] { width: 22px; } .w-\[230px\] { width: 230px; } .w-\[236px\] { width: 236px; } .w-\[23px\] { width: 23px; } .w-\[240px\] { width: 240px; } .w-\[24px\] { width: 24px; } .w-\[24rem\] { width: 24rem; } .w-\[25\%\] { width: 25%; } .w-\[250px\] { width: 250px; } .w-\[25rem\] { width: 25rem; } .w-\[260px\] { width: 260px; } .w-\[262px\] { width: 262px; } .w-\[266px\] { width: 266px; } .w-\[268px\] { width: 268px; } .w-\[270px\] { width: 270px; } .w-\[272px\] { width: 272px; } .w-\[273px\] { width: 273px; } .w-\[27rem\] { width: 27rem; } .w-\[28\%\] { width: 28%; } .w-\[280px\] { width: 280px; } .w-\[288px\] { width: 288px; } .w-\[28px\] { width: 28px; } .w-\[293px\] { width: 293px; } .w-\[2px\] { width: 2px; } .w-\[2rem\] { width: 2rem; } .w-\[3\.25rem\] { width: 3.25rem; } .w-\[3\.5rem\] { width: 3.5rem; } .w-\[30\%\] { width: 30%; } .w-\[300px\] { width: 300px; } .w-\[304px\] { width: 304px; } .w-\[306px\] { width: 306px; } .w-\[314px\] { width: 314px; } .w-\[316px\] { width: 316px; } .w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .w-\[322px\] { width: 322px; } .w-\[324px\] { width: 324px; } .w-\[327px\] { width: 327px; } .w-\[328px\] { width: 328px; } .w-\[329px\] { width: 329px; } .w-\[32px\] { width: 32px; } .w-\[32rem\] { width: 32rem; } .w-\[330px\] { width: 330px; } .w-\[336px\] { width: 336px; } .w-\[342px\] { width: 342px; } .w-\[343px\] { width: 343px; } .w-\[346px\] { width: 346px; } .w-\[348px\] { width: 348px; } .w-\[35\%\] { width: 35%; } .w-\[350px\] { width: 350px; } .w-\[360px\] { width: 360px; } .w-\[368px\] { width: 368px; } .w-\[36px\] { width: 36px; } .w-\[370px\] { width: 370px; } .w-\[373px\] { width: 373px; } .w-\[375px\] { width: 375px; } .w-\[380px\] { width: 380px; } .w-\[384px\] { width: 384px; } .w-\[388px\] { width: 388px; } .w-\[38px\] { width: 38px; } .w-\[396px\] { width: 396px; } .w-\[3rem\] { width: 3rem; } .w-\[4\.5rem\] { width: 4.5rem; } .w-\[40\%\] { width: 40%; } .w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .w-\[40px\] { width: 40px; } .w-\[430px\] { width: 430px; } .w-\[448px\] { width: 448px; } .w-\[44px\] { width: 44px; } .w-\[45\%\] { width: 45%; } .w-\[450px\] { width: 450px; } .w-\[452px\] { width: 452px; } .w-\[456px\] { width: 456px; } .w-\[468px\] { width: 468px; } .w-\[46px\] { width: 46px; } .w-\[480px\] { width: 480px; } .w-\[48px\] { width: 48px; } .w-\[494px\] { width: 494px; } .w-\[4rem\] { width: 4rem; } .w-\[5\.5rem\] { width: 5.5rem; } .w-\[50\%\] { width: 50%; } .w-\[500px\] { width: 500px; } .w-\[50px\] { width: 50px; } .w-\[50vw\] { width: 50vw; } .w-\[524px\] { width: 524px; } .w-\[52px\] { width: 52px; } .w-\[532px\] { width: 532px; } .w-\[53px\] { width: 53px; } .w-\[55\%\] { width: 55%; } .w-\[550px\] { width: 550px; } .w-\[56px\] { width: 56px; } .w-\[584px\] { width: 584px; } .w-\[58px\] { width: 58px; } .w-\[5rem\] { width: 5rem; } .w-\[60\%\] { width: 60%; } .w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .w-\[608px\] { width: 608px; } .w-\[60px\] { width: 60px; } .w-\[62\.4px\] { width: 62.4px; } .w-\[62px\] { width: 62px; } .w-\[640px\] { width: 640px; } .w-\[64px\] { width: 64px; } .w-\[66px\] { width: 66px; } .w-\[68px\] { width: 68px; } .w-\[69\%\] { width: 69%; } .w-\[692px\] { width: 692px; } .w-\[69px\] { width: 69px; } .w-\[6rem\] { width: 6rem; } .w-\[70\%\] { width: 70%; } .w-\[70px\] { width: 70px; } .w-\[70vw\] { width: 70vw; } .w-\[728px\] { width: 728px; } .w-\[72px\] { width: 72px; } .w-\[730px\] { width: 730px; } .w-\[736px\] { width: 736px; } .w-\[74px\] { width: 74px; } .w-\[75\%\] { width: 75%; } .w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .w-\[8\%\] { width: 8%; } .w-\[80\%\] { width: 80%; } .w-\[800px\] { width: 800px; } .w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .w-\[84px\] { width: 84px; } .w-\[85\%\] { width: 85%; } .w-\[86px\] { width: 86px; } .w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .w-\[8px\] { width: 8px; } .w-\[90\%\] { width: 90%; } .w-\[90px\] { width: 90px; } .w-\[90vw\] { width: 90vw; } .w-\[92px\] { width: 92px; } .w-\[94px\] { width: 94px; } .w-\[95\%\] { width: 95%; } .w-\[950px\] { width: 950px; } .w-\[95px\] { width: 95px; } .w-\[95vw\] { width: 95vw; } .w-\[96\%\] { width: 96%; } .w-\[96px\] { width: 96px; } .w-\[97px\] { width: 97px; } .w-\[990px\] { width: 990px; } .w-\[calc\(100\%\+4px\)\] { width: calc(100% + 4px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-110px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 110px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-16px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 16px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-1rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 1rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 24px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-2rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 2rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-32px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 32px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-3rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 3rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-70px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 70px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-84px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 84px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-var\(--spacer-xl\)\)\] { width: calc(100% - var(--spacer-xl)); } .w-\[calc\(100\%_-_5rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 5rem); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-2rem\)\] { width: calc(-2rem + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-32px\)\] { width: calc(-32px + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-80px\)\] { width: calc(-80px + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-2xl\)\)\] { width: calc(100vw - var(--size-2xl)); } .w-\[calc\(50\%\+0\.5px\)\] { width: calc(50% + 0.5px); } .w-\[inherit\] { width: inherit; } .w-\[min\(95vw\,560px\)\] { width: min(95vw, 560px); } .w-\[var\(--accessory-container-width\)\] { width: var(--accessory-container-width); } .w-\[var\(--confirmation-modal-width\)\] { width: var(--confirmation-modal-width); } .w-\[var\(--content-width\)\] { width: var(--content-width); } .w-\[var\(--emote-size\)\] { width: var(--emote-size); } .w-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { width: var(--gallery-max-h); } .w-\[var\(--icon-badge-container-width\)\] { width: var(--icon-badge-container-width); } .w-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { width: var(--rem20); } .w-\[var\(--rem28\)\] { width: var(--rem28); } .w-\[var\(--rem36\)\] { width: var(--rem36); } .w-\[var\(--right-rail-width\)\] { width: var(--right-rail-width); } .w-\[var\(--wv-modal-width\)\] { width: var(--wv-modal-width); } .w-auto { width: auto; } .w-fit { width: fit-content; } .w-full { width: 100%; } .w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .w-max { width: max-content; } .w-md { width: 1rem; } .w-min { width: min-content; } .w-px { width: 1px; } .w-screen { width: 100vw; } .w-sm { width: 0.75rem; } .w-xl { width: 2rem; } .w-xs { width: 0.5rem; } .min-w-0 { min-width: 0px; } .min-w-100 { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-2xs { min-width: 0.25rem; } .min-w-4xl { min-width: 6rem; } .min-w-5xl { min-width: 8rem; } .min-w-\[0\.5rem\] { min-width: 0.5rem; } .min-w-\[1\.5rem\] { min-width: 1.5rem; } .min-w-\[100px\] { min-width: 100px; } .min-w-\[120px\] { min-width: 120px; } .min-w-\[130px\] { min-width: 130px; } .min-w-\[150px\] { min-width: 150px; } .min-w-\[15rem\] { min-width: 15rem; } .min-w-\[170px\] { min-width: 170px; } .min-w-\[174px\] { min-width: 174px; } .min-w-\[175px\]~~

~~{ min-width: 175px; } .min-w-\[180px\] { min-width: 180px; } .min-w-\[183px\] { min-width: 183px; } .min-w-\[18rem\] { min-width: 18rem; } .min-w-\[1rem\] { min-width: 1rem; } .min-w-\[2\.5rem\] { min-width: 2.5rem; } .min-w-\[2\.875rem\] { min-width: 2.875rem; } .min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .min-w-\[20px\] { min-width: 20px; } .min-w-\[20rem\] { min-width: 20rem; } .min-w-\[220px\] { min-width: 220px; } .min-w-\[23px\] { min-width: 23px; } .min-w-\[256px\] { min-width: 256px; } .min-w-\[272px\] { min-width: 272px; } .min-w-\[277px\] { min-width: 277px; } .min-w-\[280px\] { min-width: 280px; } .min-w-\[288px\] { min-width: 288px; } .min-w-\[28px\] { min-width: 28px; } .min-w-\[2rem\] { min-width: 2rem; } .min-w-\[3\.25rem\] { min-width: 3.25rem; } .min-w-\[300px\] { min-width: 300px; } .min-w-\[312px\] { min-width: 312px; } .min-w-\[316px\] { min-width: 316px; } .min-w-\[320px\] { min-width: 320px; } .min-w-\[32px\] { min-width: 32px; } .min-w-\[34px\] { min-width: 34px; } .min-w-\[350px\] { min-width: 350px; } .min-w-\[358px\] { min-width: 358px; } .min-w-\[368px\] { min-width: 368px; } .min-w-\[36px\] { min-width: 36px; } .min-w-\[384px\] { min-width: 384px; } .min-w-\[38px\] { min-width: 38px; } .min-w-\[3rem\] { min-width: 3rem; } .min-w-\[4\.5rem\] { min-width: 4.5rem; } .min-w-\[400px\] { min-width: 400px; } .min-w-\[40px\] { min-width: 40px; } .min-w-\[42px\] { min-width: 42px; } .min-w-\[432px\] { min-width: 432px; } .min-w-\[46px\] { min-width: 46px; } .min-w-\[500px\] { min-width: 500px; } .min-w-\[50px\] { min-width: 50px; } .min-w-\[52px\] { min-width: 52px; } .min-w-\[55\%\] { min-width: 55%; } .min-w-\[5rem\] { min-width: 5rem; } .min-w-\[610px\] { min-width: 610px; } .min-w-\[632px\] { min-width: 632px; } .min-w-\[69px\] { min-width: 69px; } .min-w-\[70px\] { min-width: 70px; } .min-w-\[75px\] { min-width: 75px; } .min-w-\[80px\] { min-width: 80px; } .min-w-\[85px\] { min-width: 85px; } .min-w-\[8rem\] { min-width: 8rem; } .min-w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { min-width: calc(100% - 24px); } .min-w-\[var\(--dropdown-menu-width\)\] { min-width: var(--dropdown-menu-width); } .min-w-fit { min-width: fit-content; } .min-w-full { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-lg { min-width: 1.5rem; } .min-w-max { min-width: max-content; } .min-w-px { min-width: 1px; } .\!max-w-\[448px\] { max-width: 448px !important; } .max-w-0 { max-width: 0px; } .max-w-100 { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-2xl { max-width: 42rem; } .max-w-3xl { max-width: 48rem; } .max-w-4xl { max-width: 56rem; } .max-w-\[100\%\] { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-\[100px\] { max-width: 100px; } .max-w-\[100vw\] { max-width: 100vw; } .max-w-\[1080px\] { max-width: 1080px; } .max-w-\[1088px\] { max-width: 1088px; } .max-w-\[10rem\] { max-width: 10rem; } .max-w-\[110px\] { max-width: 110px; } .max-w-\[115px\] { max-width: 115px; } .max-w-\[120px\] { max-width: 120px; } .max-w-\[12rem\] { max-width: 12rem; } .max-w-\[1340px\] { max-width: 1340px; } .max-w-\[140px\] { max-width: 140px; } .max-w-\[144px\] { max-width: 144px; } .max-w-\[148px\] { max-width: 148px; } .max-w-\[14rem\] { max-width: 14rem; } .max-w-\[1500px\] { max-width: 1500px; } .max-w-\[150px\] { max-width: 150px; } .max-w-\[160px\] { max-width: 160px; } .max-w-\[164px\] { max-width: 164px; } .max-w-\[169px\] { max-width: 169px; } .max-w-\[170px\] { max-width: 170px; } .max-w-\[176px\] { max-width: 176px; } .max-w-\[180px\] { max-width: 180px; } .max-w-\[200px\] { max-width: 200px; } .max-w-\[20rem\] { max-width: 20rem; } .max-w-\[220px\] { max-width: 220px; } .max-w-\[236px\] { max-width: 236px; } .max-w-\[240px\] { max-width: 240px; } .max-w-\[24px\] { max-width: 24px; } .max-w-\[250px\] { max-width: 250px; } .max-w-\[260px\] { max-width: 260px; } .max-w-\[262px\] { max-width: 262px; } .max-w-\[274px\] { max-width: 274px; } .max-w-\[280px\] { max-width: 280px; } .max-w-\[285px\] { max-width: 285px; } .max-w-\[294px\] { max-width: 294px; } .max-w-\[300px\] { max-width: 300px; } .max-w-\[316px\] { max-width: 316px; } .max-w-\[320px\] { max-width: 320px; } .max-w-\[336px\] { max-width: 336px; } .max-w-\[340px\] { max-width: 340px; } .max-w-\[343px\] { max-width: 343px; } .max-w-\[348px\] { max-width: 348px; } .max-w-\[350px\] { max-width: 350px; } .max-w-\[352px\] { max-width: 352px; } .max-w-\[360px\] { max-width: 360px; } .max-w-\[370px\] { max-width: 370px; } .max-w-\[375px\] { max-width: 375px; } .max-w-\[378px\] { max-width: 378px; } .max-w-\[380px\] { max-width: 380px; } .max-w-\[38px\] { max-width: 38px; } .max-w-\[392px\] { max-width: 392px; } .max-w-\[400px\] { max-width: 400px; } .max-w-\[40px\] { max-width: 40px; } .max-w-\[432px\] { max-width: 432px; } .max-w-\[448px\] { max-width: 448px; } .max-w-\[453px\] { max-width: 453px; } .max-w-\[460px\] { max-width: 460px; } .max-w-\[480px\] { max-width: 480px; } .max-w-\[500px\] { max-width: 500px; } .max-w-\[532px\] { max-width: 532px; } .max-w-\[540px\] { max-width: 540px; } .max-w-\[550px\] { max-width: 550px; } .max-w-\[560px\] { max-width: 560px; } .max-w-\[562px\] { max-width: 562px; } .max-w-\[570px\] { max-width: 570px; } .max-w-\[584px\] { max-width: 584px; } .max-w-\[600px\] { max-width: 600px; } .max-w-\[608px\] { max-width: 608px; } .max-w-\[61vw\] { max-width: 61vw; } .max-w-\[640px\] { max-width: 640px; } .max-w-\[652px\] { max-width: 652px; } .max-w-\[688px\] { max-width: 688px; } .max-w-\[700px\] { max-width: 700px; } .max-w-\[720px\] { max-width: 720px; } .max-w-\[725px\] { max-width: 725px; } .max-w-\[732px\] { max-width: 732px; } .max-w-\[736px\] { max-width: 736px; } .max-w-\[750px\] { max-width: 750px; } .max-w-\[756px\] { max-width: 756px; } .max-w-\[764px\] { max-width: 764px; } .max-w-\[768px\] { max-width: 768px; } .max-w-\[80\%\] { max-width: 80%; } .max-w-\[800px\] { max-width: 800px; } .max-w-\[8rem\] { max-width: 8rem; } .max-w-\[90\%\] { max-width: 90%; } .max-w-\[90px\] { max-width: 90px; } .max-w-\[90vw\] { max-width: 90vw; } .max-w-\[922px\] { max-width: 922px; } .max-w-\[940px\] { max-width: 940px; } .max-w-\[950px\] { max-width: 950px; } .max-w-\[96\%\] { max-width: 96%; } .max-w-\[960px\] { max-width: 960px; } .max-w-\[973px\] { max-width: 973px; } .max-w-\[990px\] { max-width: 990px; } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-16px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 16px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 24px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-60px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 60px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%_-_2rem\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 2rem); } .max-w-\[calc\(100dvw_-_20rem\)\] { max-width: calc(-20rem + 100dvw); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-32px\)\] { max-width: calc(-32px + 100vw); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-2xl\)\)\] { max-width: calc(100vw - var(--size-2xl)); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-xl\)\)\] { max-width: calc(100vw - var(--size-xl)); } .max-w-\[min\(230px\,100\%\)\] { max-width: min(230px, 100%); } .max-w-\[min\(95vw\,560px\)\] { max-width: min(95vw, 560px); } .max-w-\[unset\] { max-width: unset; } .max-w-\[var\(--flair-max-width\)\] { max-width: var(--flair-max-width); } .max-w-\[var\(--gallery-max-w\)\] { max-width: var(--gallery-max-w); } .max-w-\[var\(--size-switch-input-w\)\] { max-width: var(--size-switch-input-w); } .max-w-container-m { max-width: 1132px; } .max-w-container-xl { max-width: 1524px; } .max-w-fit { max-width: fit-content; } .max-w-full { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-lg { max-width: 32rem; } .max-w-md { max-width: 28rem; } .max-w-none { max-width: none; } .max-w-screen-l { max-width: 1416px; } .max-w-screen-m { max-width: 1200px; } .max-w-sm { max-width: 24rem; } .max-w-xl { max-width: 36rem; } .max-w-xs { max-width: 20rem; } .flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } .flex-\[1\] { flex: 1 1 0%; } .flex-\[1_0_0\] { flex: 1 0 0px; } .flex-\[1_1_9rem\] { flex: 1 1 9rem; } .flex-\[2\] { flex: 2 1 0%; } .flex-\[3\] { flex: 3 1 0%; } .flex-\[4\] { flex: 4 1 0%; } .flex-\[5\] { flex: 5 1 0%; } .flex-auto { flex: 1 1 auto; } .flex-initial { flex: 0 1 auto; } .flex-none { flex: 0 0 auto; } .flex-shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .flex-shrink-0 { flex-shrink: 0; } .shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .shrink-0 { flex-shrink: 0; } .shrink-\[1000\] { flex-shrink: 1000; } .flex-grow { flex-grow: 1; } .flex-grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .grow { flex-grow: 1; } .grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .basis-0 { flex-basis: 0px; } .basis-1\/2 { flex-basis: 50%; } .basis-100 { flex-basis: 100%; } .basis-\[126px\] { flex-basis: 126px; } .basis-\[140px\] { flex-basis: 140px; } .basis-\[18\%\] { flex-basis: 18%; } .basis-\[20px\] { flex-basis: 20px; } .basis-\[210px\] { flex-basis: 210px; } .basis-\[232px\] { flex-basis: 232px; } .basis-\[260px\] { flex-basis: 260px; } .basis-\[28px\] { flex-basis: 28px; } .basis-\[38\%\] { flex-basis: 38%; } .basis-\[400px\] { flex-basis: 400px; } .basis-\[40px\] { flex-basis: 40px; } .basis-\[42\%\] { flex-basis: 42%; } .basis-\[66\%\] { flex-basis: 66%; } .basis-\[70\%\] { flex-basis: 70%; } .basis-\[80\%\] { flex-basis: 80%; } .basis-\[80px\] { flex-basis: 80px; } .basis-\[calc\(33\.33\%-8px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(33.33% - 8px); } .basis-\[calc\(50\%\+44px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(50% + 44px); } .basis-auto { flex-basis: auto; } .basis-full { flex-basis: 100%; } .table-auto { table-layout: auto; } .table-fixed { table-layout: fixed; } .border-collapse { border-collapse: collapse; } .border-separate { border-collapse: initial; } .border-spacing-xs { --tw-border-spacing-x: 0.5rem; --tw-border-spacing-y: 0.5rem; border-spacing: var(--tw-border-spacing-x) var(--tw-border-spacing-y); } .origin-bottom { transform-origin: center bottom; } .origin-bottom-right { transform-origin: right bottom; } .origin-center { transform-origin: center center; } .origin-left { transform-origin: left center; } .origin-top-left { transform-origin: left top; } .-rotate-45, .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl, .-translate-x-\[4px\], .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\], .-translate-y-full, .translate-x-0, .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl, .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px, .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2, .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full, .translate-y-px { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-rotate-45 { --tw-rotate: -45deg; } .-rotate-90 { --tw-rotate: -90deg; } .-rotate-90, .rotate-180 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .rotate-180 { --tw-rotate: 180deg; } .rotate-45 { --tw-rotate: 45deg; } .rotate-45, .rotate-90 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .rotate-90 { --tw-rotate: 90deg; } .skew-x-0 { --tw-skew-x: 0deg; } .scale-0, .skew-x-0 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-0 { --tw-scale-x: 0; --tw-scale-y: 0; } .scale-100 { --tw-scale-x: 1; --tw-scale-y: 1; } .scale-100, .scale-75 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-75 { --tw-scale-x: .75; --tw-scale-y: .75; } .scale-90 { --tw-scale-x: .9; --tw-scale-y: .9; } .scale-90, .scale-\[\.68\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-\[\.68\] { --tw-scale-x: .68; --tw-scale-y: .68; } .scale-\[1\.2\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.2; --tw-scale-y: 1.2; } .scale-\[1\.2\], .scale-\[2\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-\[2\] { --tw-scale-x: 2; --tw-scale-y: 2; } .scale-\[4\] { --tw-scale-x: 4; --tw-scale-y: 4; } .-scale-x-100, .scale-\[4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: -1; } .scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: 1; } .scale-x-100, .scale-x-\[-1\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-x-\[-1\] { --tw-scale-x: -1; } .transform { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .transform-none { transform: none; } .animate-\[fade-in_0\.2s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.2s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } .animate-\[fade-in_0\.5s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.5s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } @keyframes fade-in { 0% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); opacity: 0; } 75% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } 100% { background-color: unset; opacity: 1; } } .animate-\[fade-in_1000ms_ease-in_backwards\] { animation: 1s ease-in 0s 1 normal backwards running fade-in; } .animate-\[spin_2s_linear_infinite\] {~~

~~animation: 2s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.0s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.2s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.2s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes typing-indicator-bounce { 0% { transform: translate(0px); } 20% { transform: translateY(-3px); } 40% { transform: translate(0px); } } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.4s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.4s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes blink { 50% { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } } .animate-blink { animation: 0.9s step-end 0s infinite normal none running blink; } @keyframes ping { 75%, 100% { opacity: 0; transform: scale(2); } } .animate-ping { animation: 1s cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1) 0s infinite normal none running ping; } .animate-pulse { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; } @keyframes spin { 100% { transform: rotate(1turn); } } .animate-spin { animation: 1s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .cursor-auto { cursor: auto; } .cursor-default { cursor: default; } .cursor-grab { cursor: grab; } .cursor-help { cursor: help; } .cursor-none { cursor: none; } .cursor-not-allowed { cursor: not-allowed; } .cursor-nwse-resize { cursor: nwse-resize; } .cursor-pointer { cursor: pointer; } .cursor-text { cursor: text; } .cursor-wait { cursor: wait; } .cursor-zoom-in { cursor: zoom-in; } .cursor-zoom-out { cursor: zoom-out; } .touch-none { touch-action: none; } .select-none { user-select: none; } .select-text { user-select: text; } .select-all { user-select: all; } .select-auto { user-select: auto; } .resize-none { resize: none; } .resize-y { resize: vertical; } .resize { resize: both; } .snap-x { scroll-snap-type: x var(--tw-scroll-snap-strictness); } .snap-mandatory { --tw-scroll-snap-strictness: mandatory; } .snap-start { scroll-snap-align: start; } .scroll-m-\[60px\] { scroll-margin: 60px; } .scroll-m-\[80px\] { scroll-margin: 80px; } .scroll-mt-3xl { scroll-margin-top: 4rem; } .scroll-mt-4xl { scroll-margin-top: 6rem; } .list-inside { list-style-position: inside; } .list-disc { list-style-type: disc; } .list-none { list-style-type: none; } .appearance-none { appearance: none; } .auto-cols-\[calc\(50\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(50% - 0.5rem); } .auto-cols-fr { grid-auto-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-flow-row { grid-auto-flow: row; } .grid-flow-col { grid-auto-flow: column; } .auto-rows-\[minmax\(106px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(106px, auto); } .auto-rows-\[minmax\(140px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(140px, auto); } .auto-rows-fr { grid-auto-rows: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-1 { grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-6 { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-7 { grid-template-columns: repeat(7, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-\[1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_110px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 110px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_1fr_8px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_4fr\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 4fr; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_80px_80px_80px_80px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 80px 80px 80px 80px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_8px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_auto\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr auto; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_min-content\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr min-content; } .grid-cols-\[24px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 24px 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[24px_minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: 24px minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-\[259px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 259px 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[2rem_1fr_2rem\] { grid-template-columns: 2rem 1fr 2rem; } .grid-cols-\[auto_2px_1rem_2px_1rem\] { grid-template-columns: auto 2px 1rem 2px 1rem; } .grid-cols-\[auto_auto_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: auto auto 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(6\,minmax\(32px\,1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(32px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_100px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 100px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_106px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 106px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_110px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 110px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_minmax\(106px\,_auto\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(106px, auto)); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_minmax\(8rem\,_1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(8rem, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-1 { grid-template-rows: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-\[1fr\] { grid-template-rows: 1fr; } .grid-rows-\[1fr_auto\] { grid-template-rows: 1fr auto; } .grid-rows-\[2fr\,1fr\] { grid-template-rows: 2fr 1fr; } .grid-rows-\[32px\] { grid-template-rows: 32px; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto auto; } .\!flex-row { flex-direction: row !important; } .flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; } .flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .flex-col-reverse { flex-direction: column-reverse; } .flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; } .flex-wrap-reverse { flex-wrap: wrap-reverse; } .flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .place-content-between { place-content: space-between; } .place-content-evenly { place-content: space-evenly; } .place-items-center { place-items: center; } .content-center { align-content: center; } .content-start { align-content: flex-start; } .content-end { align-content: flex-end; } .content-stretch { align-content: stretch; } .items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .items-center { align-items: center; } .items-baseline { align-items: baseline; } .items-stretch { align-items: stretch; } .justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .justify-center { justify-content: center; } .justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } .justify-around { justify-content: space-around; } .justify-evenly { justify-content: space-evenly; } .justify-stretch { justify-content: stretch; } .justify-items-start { justify-items: start; } .justify-items-end { justify-items: end; } .justify-items-center { justify-items: center; } .\!gap-0 { gap: 0px !important; } .gap-0 { gap: 0px; } .gap-2xl { gap: 3rem; } .gap-2xs { gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-3xl { gap: 4rem; } .gap-\[0\.5rem\] { gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-\[0\.625rem\] { gap: 0.625rem; } .gap-\[0\.75rem\] { gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-\[1\.5rem\] { gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-\[12px\] { gap: 12px; } .gap-\[15\%\] { gap: 15%; } .gap-\[16px\] { gap: 16px; } .gap-\[1rem\] { gap: 1rem; } .gap-\[2\.5rem\] { gap: 2.5rem; } .gap-\[20px\] { gap: 20px; } .gap-\[24px\] { gap: 24px; } .gap-\[2px\] { gap: 2px; } .gap-\[3px\] { gap: 3px; } .gap-\[40px\] { gap: 40px; } .gap-\[4px\] { gap: 4px; } .gap-\[6px\] { gap: 6px; } .gap-\[6rem\] { gap: 6rem; } .gap-\[75px\] { gap: 75px; } .gap-\[8px\] { gap: 8px; } .gap-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { gap: var(--rem16); } .gap-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { gap: var(--rem4); } .gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .gap-px { gap: 1px; } .gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-x-2xl { column-gap: 3rem; } .gap-x-2xs { column-gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-x-3xl { column-gap: 4rem; } .gap-x-\[10px\] { column-gap: 10px; } .gap-x-\[12px\] { column-gap: 12px; } .gap-x-\[2px\] { column-gap: 2px; } .gap-x-\[5px\] { column-gap: 5px; } .gap-x-\[8px\] { column-gap: 8px; } .gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; } .gap-x-sm { column-gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-x-xl { column-gap: 2rem; } .gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-y-2xs { row-gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-y-\[20px\] { row-gap: 20px; } .gap-y-lg { row-gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-y-md { row-gap: 1rem; } .gap-y-sm { row-gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .gap-y-xs { row-gap: 0.5rem; } .space-x-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(1rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(1rem*var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } .space-y-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(0px*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(0px*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-\[14px\] > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(14px*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(14px*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(1rem*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(1rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-sm > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(.75rem*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(.75rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .divide-x-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-x-reverse: 0; border-left-width: calc(0rem*(1 - var(--tw-divide-x-reverse))); border-right-width: calc(0rem*var(--tw-divide-x-reverse)); } .divide-y > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-y-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(.0625rem*var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(.0625rem*(1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } .divide-y-\[2px\] > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-y-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(2px*var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(2px*(1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } .divide-solid > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-style: solid; } .divide-neutral-border-weak > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .place-self-center { place-self: center; } .self-start { align-self: flex-start; } .self-end { align-self: flex-end; } .self-center { align-self: center; } .self-stretch { align-self: stretch; } .justify-self-start { justify-self: start; } .justify-self-end { justify-self: end; } .overflow-auto { overflow: auto; } .overflow-hidden { overflow: hidden; } .overflow-clip { overflow: clip; } .\!overflow-visible { overflow: visible !important; } .overflow-visible { overflow: visible; } .overflow-scroll { overflow: scroll; } .overflow-x-auto { overflow-x: auto; } .overflow-y-auto { overflow-y: auto; } .overflow-x-hidden { overflow-x: hidden; } .overflow-y-hidden { overflow-y: hidden; } .overflow-x-clip { overflow-x: clip; } .overflow-x-visible { overflow-x: visible; } .overflow-x-scroll { overflow-x: scroll; } .overflow-y-scroll { overflow-y: scroll; } .overscroll-auto { overscroll-behavior: auto; } .overscroll-contain { overscroll-behavior: contain; } .overscroll-none { overscroll-behavior: none; } .scroll-smooth { scroll-behavior: smooth; } .truncate { overflow: hidden; white-space: nowrap; } .overflow-ellipsis, .text-ellipsis, .truncate { text-overflow: ellipsis; } .text-clip { text-overflow: clip; } .whitespace-normal { white-space: normal; } .whitespace-nowrap { white-space: nowrap; } .whitespace-pre { white-space: pre; } .whitespace-pre-line { white-space: pre-line; } .whitespace-pre-wrap { white-space: pre-wrap; } .text-wrap { text-wrap: wrap; } .text-nowrap { text-wrap: nowrap; } .text-balance { text-wrap: balance; } .text-pretty { text-wrap: pretty; } .break-normal { overflow-wrap: normal; word-break: normal; } .break-words { overflow-wrap: break-word; } .break-all { word-break: break-all; } .\!rounded-full { border-radius: 624.938rem !important; } .\!rounded-none { border-radius: 0px !important; } .rounded-1 { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-5 { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-6 { border-radius: 1.5rem; } .rounded-8 { border-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-\[\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .rounded-\[0\.125rem\] { border-radius: 0.125rem; } .rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .rounded-\[100px\] { border-radius: 100px; } .rounded-\[10px\] { border-radius: 10px; } .rounded-\[128px\] { border-radius: 128px; } .rounded-\[12px\] { border-radius: 12px; } .rounded-\[14px\] { border-radius: 14px; } .rounded-\[15px\] { border-radius: 15px; } .rounded-\[16px\] { border-radius: 16px; } .rounded-\[20px\] { border-radius: 20px; } .rounded-\[22px\] { border-radius: 22px; } .rounded-\[24px\] { border-radius: 24px; } .rounded-\[256px\] { border-radius: 256px; } .rounded-\[2px\] { border-radius: 2px; } .rounded-\[3\.25rem\] { border-radius: 3.25rem; } .rounded-\[3px\] { border-radius: 3px; } .rounded-\[4px\] { border-radius: 4px; } .rounded-\[50\%\] { border-radius: 50%; } .rounded-\[52px\] { border-radius: 52px; } .rounded-\[6px\] { border-radius: 6px; } .rounded-\[8px\] { border-radius: 8px; } .rounded-\[9\%\/6\.8\%\] { border-radius: 9% / 6.8%; } .rounded-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { border-radius: var(--rem8); } .rounded-full { border-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-lg { border-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-md { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-none { border-radius: 0px; } .rounded-sm { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-b-\[0\.5rem\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.5rem; border-bottom-right-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-b-\[16px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 16px; border-bottom-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-b-\[8px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 8px; border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-b-none { border-bottom-left-radius: 0px; border-~~

~~bottom-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-b-sm { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-bottom-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-l-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; border-top-left-radius: 12px; } .rounded-l-\[6px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 6px; border-top-left-radius: 6px; } .rounded-l-\[8px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 8px; border-top-left-radius: 8px; } .rounded-l-full { border-bottom-left-radius: 624.938rem; border-top-left-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-l-sm { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-left-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-r-\[12px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 12px; border-top-right-radius: 12px; } .rounded-r-\[6px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 6px; border-top-right-radius: 6px; } .rounded-r-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-r-full { border-bottom-right-radius: 624.938rem; border-top-right-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-r-sm { border-bottom-right-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-s-\[16px\] { border-end-start-radius: 16px; border-start-start-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[0\.5rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 0.5rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-t-\[12px\] { border-top-left-radius: 12px; border-top-right-radius: 12px; } .rounded-t-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[1rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1rem; border-top-right-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-t-\[20px\] { border-top-left-radius: 20px; border-top-right-radius: 20px; } .rounded-t-\[6px\] { border-top-left-radius: 6px; border-top-right-radius: 6px; } .rounded-t-\[8px\] { border-top-left-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-t-lg { border-top-left-radius: 2rem; border-top-right-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-t-md { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-t-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-t-sm { border-top-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-bl-\[0\.5rem\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-bl-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; } .rounded-bl-none { border-bottom-left-radius: 0px; } .rounded-br-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-br-none { border-bottom-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-ee-\[0\.5rem\] { border-end-end-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-ee-\[6px\] { border-end-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-es-\[12px\] { border-end-start-radius: 12px; } .rounded-es-\[6px\] { border-end-start-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-\[6px\] { border-start-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-md { border-start-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-ss-\[6px\] { border-start-start-radius: 6px; } .rounded-ss-md { border-start-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[1\.25rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[1\.25rem\] { border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tr-\[16px\] { border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[8px\] { border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .\!border-0 { border-width: 0px !important; } .border { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-0 { border-width: 0px; } .border-\[0\.125rem\] { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-\[0\.1875rem\] { border-width: 0.1875rem; } .border-\[0\.5px\] { border-width: 0.5px; } .border-\[1px\] { border-width: 1px; } .border-\[2px\] { border-width: 2px; } .border-\[3px\] { border-width: 3px; } .border-\[4px\] { border-width: 4px; } .border-\[5px\] { border-width: 5px; } .border-lg { border-width: 0.25rem; } .border-md { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-sm { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-x-0 { border-left-width: 0px; border-right-width: 0px; } .border-y-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; } .border-y-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b, .border-y-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .border-b-\[1px\] { border-bottom-width: 1px; } .border-b-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-e-0 { border-inline-end-width: 0px; } .border-l { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-l-0 { border-left-width: 0px; } .border-l-\[1px\] { border-left-width: 1px; } .border-l-md { border-left-width: 0.125rem; } .border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r-0 { border-right-width: 0px; } .border-r-sm { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s-0 { border-inline-start-width: 0px; } .border-s-\[1px\] { border-inline-start-width: 1px; } .border-s-lg { border-inline-start-width: 0.25rem; } .border-s-md { border-inline-start-width: 0.125rem; } .border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .border-t-\[1px\] { border-top-width: 1px; } .border-t-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-solid { border-style: solid; } .border-dashed { border-style: dashed; } .border-dotted { border-style: dotted; } .border-hidden { border-style: hidden; } .border-none { border-style: none; } .\!border-\[\#006C56\] { --tw-border-opacity: 1 !important; border-color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-border-opacity)) !important; } .border-\[\#dadce0\] { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(218 220 224/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-\[color\:var\(--button-border-color-default\)\] { border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); } .border-\[color\:var\(--button-border-color-disabled\)\] { border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); } .border-\[var\(--color-a-default\)\] { border-color: var(--color-a-default); } .border-\[var\(--color-divider-default\)\] { border-color: var(--color-divider-default); } .border-\[var\(--color-neutral-border-weak\)\] { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-\[var\(--color-ui-modalbackground\)\] { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-action-downvote { border-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .border-action-secondary { border-color: var(--color-action-secondary); } .border-action-upvote { border-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .border-alert-caution { border-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .border-alienblue-300 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-alienblue-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black\/20 { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .border-coolgray-100 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-350 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(139 162 173/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-450 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(116 135 145/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-danger-background { border-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .border-danger-content { border-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .border-global-gold { border-color: var(--color-global-gold); } .border-global-offline { border-color: var(--color-global-offline); } .border-global-online { border-color: var(--color-global-online); } .border-global-orangered { border-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .border-global-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-inverted-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-border); } .border-mintgreen-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-neutral-background { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .border-neutral-background-container { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .border-neutral-background-gilded { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded); } .border-neutral-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .border-neutral-background-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .border-neutral-background-weak-hover { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .border-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-neutral-border-medium { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .border-neutral-border-strong { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .border-neutral-border-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-neutral-content { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .border-neutral-content-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .border-primary { border-color: var(--color-primary); } .border-primary-border { border-color: var(--color-primary-border); } .border-puregray-700 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(48 48 48/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-puregray-900 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-secondary-background { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .border-secondary-background-hover { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .border-secondary-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .border-tone-2 { border-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .border-tone-3 { border-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-tone-4 { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-tone-5 { border-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .border-transparent { border-color: transparent; } .border-ui-modalbackground { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-warning-content { border-color: var(--color-warning-content); } .border-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-white-opacity-20 { border-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2); } .border-b-neutral-border { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-b-neutral-border-weak { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-e-neutral-border { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-e-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-alienblue-500 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-left-color: rgb(24 112 244/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-l-neutral-border { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-l-neutral-border-weak { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-tone-3 { border-left-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-r-neutral-border { border-right-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-s-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-start-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-coolgray-100 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-top-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-t-neutral-border-weak { border-top-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-tone-4 { border-top-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-t-transparent { border-top-color: transparent; } .border-opacity-10 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.1; } .border-opacity-20 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.2; } .\!bg-\[\#E6FFF9\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1 !important; background-color: rgb(230 255 249/var(--tw-bg-opacity)) !important; } .\!bg-\[var\(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background\)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background) !important; } .\!bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker) !important; } .\!bg-transparent { background-color: initial !important; } .bg-\[\#00E2B7\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#82959b\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(130 149 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#B6E9FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(182 233 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#BFEEB8\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(191 238 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#C5C5C5\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(197 197 197/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#C6DCFF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(198 220 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#D2DADD\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(210 218 221/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#D8D4FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(216 212 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#F2C8FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(242 200 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FF9C1A\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 156 26/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFC5EC\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 197 236/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFCCD2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 204 210/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFD5C6\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 213 198/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFE88F\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 232 143/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#d7dfe2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(215 223 226/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#ffffff\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[--slider-bg\] { background-color: var(--slider-bg); } .bg-\[--slider-fill\] { background-color: var(--slider-fill); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--button-color-background-default\)\] { background-color: var(--button-color-background-default); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--button-color-background-disabled\)\] { background-color: var(--button-color-background-disabled); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--color-button-plain-background-disabled\)\] { background-color: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--color-tone-6\)\] { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--shreddit-content-background\)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-content-background); } .bg-\[rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.6\)\] { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-\[var\(--color-banner-~~

~~plain\)\] { background-color: var(--color-banner-plain); } .bg-\[var\(--color-caution-background\)\] { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-\[var\(--rpl-hovercard-background-color\)\] { background-color: var(--rpl-hovercard-background-color); } .bg-action-downvote { background-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .bg-action-upvote { background-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .bg-alert-caution { background-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .bg-alienblue-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(220 226 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(184 197 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 240 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-600 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-700 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 68 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-berrypurple-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(243 218 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black-opacity-60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black-opacity-80 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); } .bg-black\/20 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .bg-black\/50 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.5); } .bg-black\/60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black\/70 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.7); } .bg-brand-background { background-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .bg-brand-secondary-limegreen_base { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(174 239 15/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-category-spoiler { background-color: var(--color-category-spoiler); } .bg-caution-background { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-coolgray-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-150 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(201 215 222/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(183 202 212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(127 148 159/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 241 243/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(102 119 128/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-550 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(92 108 116/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-danger-background { background-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker); } .bg-downvote-background { background-color: var(--color-downvote-background); } .bg-global-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-brand-orangered { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-orangered { background-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .bg-global-white { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-interactive-background-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); } .bg-interactive-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .bg-inverted-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-background); } .bg-kiwigreen-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 245 160/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(88 225 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-25 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(235 253 231/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(221 248 215/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-600 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 110 11/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-900 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(13 32 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-lightblue-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(2 185 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-media-background { background-color: var(--color-media-background); } .bg-mintgreen-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mintgreen-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 135 109/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mods-filtered-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background); } .bg-mods-reported-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background); } .bg-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .bg-neutral-background-container { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .bg-neutral-background-container-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-gilded-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-highlighted-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-medium { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .bg-neutral-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .bg-neutral-background-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .bg-neutral-background-weak-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .bg-neutral-border { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .bg-neutral-border-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .bg-neutral-content { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .bg-neutral-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); } .bg-neutral-content-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .bg-online { background-color: var(--color-online); } .bg-opacity-08 { background-color: var(--color-opacity-08); } .bg-orangered-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 219 207/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(253 180 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 238 232/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(217 57 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(230 223 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-700 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-primary { background-color: var(--color-primary); } .bg-primary-background { background-color: var(--color-primary-background); } .bg-puregray-900 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(251 219 212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(235 0 31/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-sakurapink-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 56 187/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-scrim { background-color: var(--color-scrim); } .bg-secondary-background { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .bg-secondary-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .bg-secondary-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .bg-secondary-plain { background-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .bg-streak-not-reached-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background); } .bg-streak-progress { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-progress); } .bg-success-background { background-color: var(--color-success-background); } .bg-tone-1 { background-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .bg-tone-2 { background-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .bg-tone-3 { background-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .bg-tone-4 { background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .bg-tone-5 { background-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .bg-tone-6 { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-tone-7 { background-color: var(--color-tone-7); } .bg-transparent { background-color: initial; } .bg-ui-canvas { background-color: var(--color-ui-canvas); } .bg-ui-modalbackground { background-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .bg-warning-background { background-color: var(--color-warning-background); } .bg-white { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-white\/30 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.3); } .bg-white\/60 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.6); } .bg-yellow-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 226 132/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 191 11/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(216 161 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(183 136 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 243 192/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 220 200/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(228 108 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-opacity-0 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0; } .bg-opacity-15 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.15; } .bg-opacity-55 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.55; } .bg-opacity-60 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.6; } .bg-opacity-70 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.7; } .bg-opacity-\[0\.07\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.07; } .bg-\[image\:var\(--color-avatar-gradient\)\] { background-image: var(--color-avatar-gradient); } .bg-\[image\:var\(--small-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--small-banner); } .bg-gradient-to-bl { background-image: linear-gradient(to bottom left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-l { background-image: linear-gradient(to left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-r { background-image: linear-gradient(to right,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-t { background-image: linear-gradient(to top,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-none { background-image: none; } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-\[color\:var\(--gallery-gradient-bg\,var\(--color-neutral-background\)\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--gallery-gradient-bg,var(--color-neutral-background)) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-berrypurple-900 { --tw-gradient-from: #300643 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(48,6,67,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-black\/80 { --tw-gradient-from: rgba(0,0,0,.8) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-orangered-500 { --tw-gradient-from: #d93900 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(217,57,0,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-transparent { --tw-gradient-from: transparent var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .via-black\/25 { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),rgba(0,0,0,.25) var(--tw-gradient-via-position),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .to-\[var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-gradient-to: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-lightblue-500 { --tw-gradient-to: #007fac var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-orangered-400 { --tw-gradient-to: #ff4500 var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-transparent { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-100\% { --tw-gradient-to-position: 100%; } .bg-\[length\:100\%_177px\] { background-size: 100% 177px; } .bg-\[length\:296px\] { background-size: 296px; } .bg-contain { background-size: contain; } .bg-cover { background-size: cover; } .bg-clip-content { background-clip: content-box; } .bg-\[center_35\%\] { background-position: center 35%; } .bg-center {~~

~~background-position: 50% center; } .bg-left { background-position: 0px center; } .bg-top { background-position: center top; } .bg-no-repeat { background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-danger-content\)\] { fill: var(--color-danger-content); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-identity-coins\)\] { fill: var(--color-identity-coins); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-identity-moderator\)\] { fill: var(--color-identity-moderator); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-online\)\] { fill: var(--color-online); } .fill-action-primary { fill: var(--color-action-primary); } .fill-current { fill: currentcolor; } .fill-global-brand-orangered { fill: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .fill-neutral-border { fill: var(--color-neutral-border); } .fill-neutral-border-medium { fill: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .fill-neutral-content-weak { fill: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .fill-primary-background { fill: var(--color-primary-background); } .fill-secondary-plain { fill: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .object-contain { object-fit: contain; } .object-cover { object-fit: cover; } .object-fill { object-fit: fill; } .object-scale-down { object-fit: scale-down; } .object-center { object-position: center center; } .object-top { object-position: center top; } .\!p-0 { padding: 0px !important; } .\!p-2xs { padding: 0.25rem !important; } .p-0 { padding: 0px; } .p-2xl { padding: 3rem; } .p-2xs { padding: 0.25rem; } .p-3xl { padding: 4rem; } .p-\[10px\] { padding: 10px; } .p-\[12px\] { padding: 12px; } .p-\[16px\] { padding: 16px; } .p-\[1px\] { padding: 1px; } .p-\[1rem\] { padding: 1rem; } .p-\[2\.5rem\] { padding: 2.5rem; } .p-\[2\.75rem\] { padding: 2.75rem; } .p-\[20px\] { padding: 20px; } .p-\[24px\] { padding: 24px; } .p-\[2px\] { padding: 2px; } .p-\[4px\] { padding: 4px; } .p-\[56px\] { padding: 56px; } .p-\[6px\] { padding: 6px; } .p-\[72px\] { padding: 72px; } .p-\[8px\] { padding: 8px; } .p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .p-md { padding: 1rem; } .p-px { padding: 1px; } .p-sm { padding: 0.75rem; } .p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .p-xs { padding: 0.5rem; } .\!px-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .\!px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem !important; padding-right: 0.25rem !important; } .\!px-md { padding-left: 1rem !important; padding-right: 1rem !important; } .\!px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem !important; padding-right: 0.75rem !important; } .\!px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem !important; padding-right: 0.5rem !important; } .\!py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px !important; padding-top: 0px !important; } .px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; } .px-\[10px\] { padding-left: 10px; padding-right: 10px; } .px-\[11px\] { padding-left: 11px; padding-right: 11px; } .px-\[12px\] { padding-left: 12px; padding-right: 12px; } .px-\[16px\] { padding-left: 16px; padding-right: 16px; } .px-\[1rem\] { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-\[20px\] { padding-left: 20px; padding-right: 20px; } .px-\[2px\] { padding-left: 2px; padding-right: 2px; } .px-\[2rem\] { padding-left: 2rem; padding-right: 2rem; } .px-\[30\.5px\] { padding-left: 30.5px; padding-right: 30.5px; } .px-\[3px\] { padding-left: 3px; padding-right: 3px; } .px-\[40px\] { padding-left: 40px; padding-right: 40px; } .px-\[4px\] { padding-left: 4px; padding-right: 4px; } .px-\[4rem\] { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .px-\[5px\] { padding-left: 5px; padding-right: 5px; } .px-\[6px\] { padding-left: 6px; padding-right: 6px; } .px-\[80px\] { padding-left: 80px; padding-right: 80px; } .px-\[8px\] { padding-left: 8px; padding-right: 8px; } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem10\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem12\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem16\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem16) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem16) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem8\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[var\(--horizontal-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--horizontal-padding); } .px-\[var\(--list-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--list-padding); padding-right: var(--list-padding); } .px-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem10); padding-right: var(--rem10); } .px-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem14); padding-right: var(--rem14); } .px-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem6); padding-right: var(--rem6); } .px-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem8); padding-right: var(--rem8); } .px-\[var\(--topbar-horizontal-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); } .px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-px { padding-left: 1px; padding-right: 1px; } .px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .px-xl { padding-left: 2rem; padding-right: 2rem; } .px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .py-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem; padding-top: 3rem; } .py-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem; padding-top: 0.25rem; } .py-\[1\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .py-\[10px\] { padding-bottom: 10px; padding-top: 10px; } .py-\[12px\] { padding-bottom: 12px; padding-top: 12px; } .py-\[19px\] { padding-bottom: 19px; padding-top: 19px; } .py-\[1px\] { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px; } .py-\[2\.875rem\] { padding-bottom: 2.875rem; padding-top: 2.875rem; } .py-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; padding-top: 20px; } .py-\[27px\] { padding-bottom: 27px; padding-top: 27px; } .py-\[2px\] { padding-bottom: 2px; padding-top: 2px; } .py-\[3px\] { padding-bottom: 3px; padding-top: 3px; } .py-\[40px\] { padding-bottom: 40px; padding-top: 40px; } .py-\[44px\] { padding-bottom: 44px; padding-top: 44px; } .py-\[6px\] { padding-bottom: 6px; padding-top: 6px; } .py-\[7px\] { padding-bottom: 7px; padding-top: 7px; } .py-\[8px\] { padding-bottom: 8px; padding-top: 8px; } .py-\[calc\(var\(--rem4\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-bottom: calc(var(--rem4) - var(--rem1)); padding-top: calc(var(--rem4) - var(--rem1)); } .py-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem10); padding-top: var(--rem10); } .py-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem14); padding-top: var(--rem14); } .py-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem6); padding-top: var(--rem6); } .py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .py-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; padding-top: 1rem; } .py-px { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px; } .py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .py-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; padding-top: 2rem; } .py-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; padding-top: 0.5rem; } .\!pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; } .pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .pb-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem; } .pb-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem; } .pb-5xl { padding-bottom: 8rem; } .pb-\[\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .pb-\[0\.4rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.4rem; } .pb-\[16px\] { padding-bottom: 16px; } .pb-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; } .pb-\[22px\] { padding-bottom: 22px; } .pb-\[2px\] { padding-bottom: 2px; } .pb-\[30px\] { padding-bottom: 30px; } .pb-\[36px\] { padding-bottom: 36px; } .pb-\[3px\] { padding-bottom: 3px; } .pb-\[4px\] { padding-bottom: 4px; } .pb-\[50px\] { padding-bottom: 50px; } .pb-\[64px\] { padding-bottom: 64px; } .pb-\[6px\] { padding-bottom: 6px; } .pb-\[8px\] { padding-bottom: 8px; } .pb-\[calc\(var\(--spacer-xl\)\+env\(safe-area-inset-bottom\)\)\] { padding-bottom: calc(var(--spacer-xl) + env(safe-area-inset-bottom)); } .pb-\[env\(safe-area-inset-bottom\)\] { padding-bottom: env(safe-area-inset-bottom); } .pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; } .pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; } .pb-px { padding-bottom: 1px; } .pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; } .pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .pe-2xl { padding-inline-end: 3rem; } .pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .pe-3xl { padding-inline-end: 4rem; } .pe-\[10px\] { padding-inline-end: 10px; } .pe-\[12px\] { padding-inline-end: 12px; } .pe-\[2px\] { padding-inline-end: 2px; } .pe-\[3px\] { padding-inline-end: 3px; } .pe-\[40px\] { padding-inline-end: 40px; } .pe-\[6px\] { padding-inline-end: 6px; } .pe-\[calc\(var\(--rem6\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-inline-end: calc(var(--rem6) - var(--rem1)); } .pe-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem12); } .pe-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem14); } .pe-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem16); } .pe-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem8); } .pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .pe-sm { padding-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem; } .pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .pl-0 { padding-left: 0px; } .pl-2xl { padding-left: 3rem; } .pl-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; } .pl-\[115px\] { padding-left: 115px; } .pl-\[12px\] { padding-left: 12px; } .pl-\[26px\] { padding-left: 26px; } .pl-\[6px\] { padding-left: 6px; } .pl-\[8px\] { padding-left: 8px; } .pl-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem10); } .pl-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; } .pl-md { padding-left: 1rem; } .pl-px { padding-left: 1px; } .pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; } .pl-xl { padding-left: 2rem; } .pl-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; } .pr-0 { padding-right: 0px; } .pr-2xl { padding-right: 3rem; } .pr-2xs { padding-right: 0.25rem; } .pr-\[15px\] { padding-right: 15px; } .pr-\[4px\] { padding-right: 4px; } .pr-\[50px\] { padding-right: 50px; } .pr-\[6px\] { padding-right: 6px; } .pr-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-right: var(--rem14); } .pr-lg { padding-right: 1.5rem; } .pr-md { padding-right: 1rem; } .pr-sm { padding-right: 0.75rem; } .pr-xl { padding-right: 2rem; } .pr-xs { padding-right: 0.5rem; } .ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px; } .ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .ps-\[10px\] { padding-inline-start: 10px; } .ps-\[110px\] { padding-inline-start: 110px; } .ps-\[115px\] { padding-inline-start: 115px; } .ps-\[12px\] { padding-inline-start: 12px; } .ps-\[15px\] { padding-inline-start: 15px; } .ps-\[1rem\] { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .ps-\[20px\] { padding-inline-start: 20px; } .ps-\[2px\] { padding-inline-start: 2px; } .ps-\[32px\] { padding-inline-start: 32px; } .ps-\[3px\] { padding-inline-start: 3px; } .ps-\[4px\] { padding-inline-start: 4px; } .ps-\[6px\] { padding-inline-start: 6px; } .ps-\[calc\(var\(--rem12\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-inline-start: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--rem1)); } .ps-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem10); } .ps-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem12); } .ps-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem14); } .ps-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem16); } .ps-lg { padding-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .ps-xl { padding-inline-start: 2rem; } .ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .pt-2xs { padding-top: 0.25rem; } .pt-3xl { padding-top: 4rem; } .pt-\[0\.6rem\] { padding-top: 0.6rem; } .pt-\[10px\] { padding-top: 10px; } .pt-\[12px\] { padding-top: 12px; } .pt-\[13px\] { padding-top: 13px; } .pt-\[20px\] { padding-top: 20px; } .pt-\[2px\] { padding-top: 2px; } .pt-\[40px\] { padding-top: 40px; } .pt-\[42px\] { padding-top: 42px; } .pt-\[4px\] { padding-top: 4px; } .pt-\[50px\] { padding-top: 50px; } .pt-\[52px\] { padding-top: 52px; } .pt-\[64px\] { padding-top: 64px; } .pt-\[6px\] { padding-top: 6px; } .pt-\[72px\] { padding-top: 72px; } .pt-\[80px\] { padding-top: 80px; } .pt-\[8px\] { padding-top: 8px; } .pt-\[var\(--page-y-padding\)\] { padding-top: var(--page-y-padding); } .pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .pt-xl { padding-top: 2rem; } .pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem; } .text-left { text-align: left; } .text-center { text-align: center; } .text-right { text-align: right; } .text-justify { text-align: justify; } .text-start { text-align: start; } .text-end { text-align: end; } .indent-0 { text-indent: 0px; } .align-baseline { vertical-align: initial; } .align-top { vertical-align: top; } .align-middle { vertical-align: middle; } .align-bottom { vertical-align: bottom; } .align-text-bottom { vertical-align: text-bottom; } .font-mono { font-family: var(--font-mono); } .font-sans { font-family: var(--font-sans); } .\!text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem !important; line-height: 1.25rem !important; } .text-10 { font-size: 0.625rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-11 { font-size: 0.6875rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-12, .text-12\/4 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-13 { font-size: 0.8125rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-14, .text-14\/5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-15 { font-size: 0.9375rem; } .text-15, .text-16 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-16 { font-size: 1rem; } .text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .text-48 { font-size: 3rem; line-height: 3rem; } .text-64 { font-size: 4rem; line-height: 4rem; } .text-\[1\.4rem\] { font-size: 1.4rem; } .text-\[1\.75rem\] { font-size: 1.75rem; } .text-\[10px\] { font-size: 10px; } .text-\[11px\] { font-size: 11px; } .text-\[12px\] { font-size: 12px; } .text-\[13px\] { font-size: 13px; } .text-\[14px\] { font-size: 14px; } .text-\[15px\] { font-size: 15px; } .text-\[16px\] {~~

~~font-size: 16px; } .text-\[17px\] { font-size: 17px; } .text-\[2\.25rem\] { font-size: 2.25rem; } .text-\[2\.5rem\] { font-size: 2.5rem; } .text-\[2\.625rem\] { font-size: 2.625rem; } .text-\[24px\] { font-size: 24px; } .text-\[2em\] { font-size: 2em; } .text-\[2rem\] { font-size: 2rem; } .text-\[3\.5rem\] { font-size: 3.5rem; } .text-\[32px\] { font-size: 32px; } .text-\[32px\]\/\[44\.52px\] { font-size: 32px; line-height: 44.52px; } .text-\[34px\] { font-size: 34px; } .text-\[3rem\] { font-size: 3rem; } .text-\[40px\] { font-size: 40px; } .text-\[4rem\] { font-size: 4rem; } .text-\[56px\] { font-size: 56px; } .text-\[5rem\] { font-size: 5rem; } .text-\[60px\] { font-size: 60px; } .text-\[72px\]\/\[80px\] { font-size: 72px; line-height: 80px; } .text-\[88px\] { font-size: 88px; } .text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height); } .text-body-2 { font-size: var(--font-body-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-2-line-height); } .text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height); } .text-caption-2 { font-size: var(--font-caption-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-2-line-height); } .text-display { font-size: var(--font-display-size); font-weight: var(--font-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-display-line-height); } .text-headline { font-size: var(--font-headline-size); font-weight: var(--font-headline-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-headline-kerning); line-height: var(--font-headline-line-height); } .text-huge-display { font-size: var(--font-huge-display-size); font-weight: var(--font-huge-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-huge-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-huge-display-line-height); } .text-inherit { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .text-label-1 { font-size: var(--font-label-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-label-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-label-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-1-line-height); } .text-label-2 { font-size: var(--font-label-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-label-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-label-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-2-line-height); } .text-title-1 { font-size: var(--font-title-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-1-line-height); } .text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height); } .text-title-3 { font-size: var(--font-title-3-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-3-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-3-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-3-line-height); } .font-\[500\] { font-weight: 500; } .font-\[600\] { font-weight: 600; } .font-\[800\] { font-weight: 800; } .font-\[900\] { font-weight: 900; } .font-\[var\(--font-title-h4\)\] { font-weight: var(--font-title-h4); } .font-bold { font-weight: 700; } .font-medium { font-weight: 500; } .font-normal { font-weight: 400; } .font-semibold { font-weight: 600; } .uppercase { text-transform: uppercase; } .lowercase { text-transform: lowercase; } .capitalize { text-transform: capitalize; } .normal-case { text-transform: none; } .italic { font-style: italic; } .not-italic { font-style: normal; } .ordinal { --tw-ordinal: ordinal; font-variant-numeric: var(--tw-ordinal) var(--tw-slashed-zero) var(--tw-numeric-figure) var(--tw-numeric-spacing) var(--tw-numeric-fraction); } .leading-3 { line-height: 0.75rem; } .leading-4 { line-height: 1rem; } .leading-5 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .leading-6 { line-height: 1.5rem; } .leading-7 { line-height: 1.75rem; } .leading-8 { line-height: 2rem; } .leading-9 { line-height: 2.25rem; } .leading-\[--emote-line-height\] { line-height: var(--emote-line-height); } .leading-\[0\.85rem\] { line-height: 0.85rem; } .leading-\[0\] { line-height: 0; } .leading-\[1\.25\] { line-height: 1.25; } .leading-\[14px\] { line-height: 14px; } .leading-\[20px\] { line-height: 20px; } .leading-\[28px\] { line-height: 28px; } .leading-\[38px\] { line-height: 38px; } .leading-\[52px\] { line-height: 52px; } .leading-\[58px\] { line-height: 58px; } .leading-\[64px\] { line-height: 64px; } .leading-\[68px\] { line-height: 68px; } .leading-\[96px\] { line-height: 96px; } .leading-none { line-height: 1; } .leading-normal { line-height: 1.5; } .leading-relaxed { line-height: 1.625; } .leading-tight { line-height: 1.25; } .tracking-\[-0\.2px\] { letter-spacing: -0.2px; } .tracking-\[1\.2px\] { letter-spacing: 1.2px; } .tracking-normal { letter-spacing: 0px; } .tracking-tight { letter-spacing: -0.025em; } .tracking-tighter { letter-spacing: -0.05em; } .tracking-wide { letter-spacing: 0.025em; } .tracking-wider { letter-spacing: 0.05em; } .tracking-widest { letter-spacing: 0.1em; } .\!text-\[\#00C29D\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1 !important; color: rgb(0 194 157/var(--tw-text-opacity)) !important; } .\!text-danger-content { color: var(--color-danger-content) !important; } .\!text-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong) !important; } .\!text-tone-1 { color: var(--color-tone-1) !important; } .text-\[\#0F1A1C\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(15 26 28/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#131313\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#949798\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(148 151 152/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#B06400\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(176 100 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#C33700\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(195 55 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#FF4500\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#fffc\] { color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.8); } .text-\[color\:inherit\] { color: inherit; } .text-\[color\:var\(--button-color-text-default\)\] { color: var(--button-color-text-default); } .text-\[color\:var\(--button-color-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--button-color-text-disabled); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-a-default\)\] { color: var(--color-a-default); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-button-plain-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-input-helper-text\)\] { color: var(--color-input-helper-text); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-tone-2\)\] { color: var(--color-tone-2); } .text-\[var\(--color-alert-negative\)\] { color: var(--color-alert-negative); } .text-\[var\(--color-alert-positive\)\] { color: var(--color-alert-positive); } .text-\[var\(--color-banner-plain-text\)\] { color: var(--color-banner-plain-text); } .text-\[var\(--color-caution-onBackground\)\] { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } .text-\[var\(--color-identity-coins\)\] { color: var(--color-identity-coins); } .text-action-downvote { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .text-action-secondary { color: var(--color-action-secondary); } .text-action-upvote { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .text-ai-plain { color: var(--color-ai-plain); } .text-alert-caution { color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .text-alert-negative { color: var(--color-alert-negative); } .text-alienblue-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-alienblue-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-alienblue-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(10 68 155/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-berrypurple-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(118 0 163/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-black { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-brand-background { color: var(--color-brand-background); } .text-brand-onBackground { color: var(--color-brand-onBackground); } .text-category-nsfw { color: var(--color-category-nsfw); } .text-category-spoiler { color: var(--color-category-spoiler); } .text-caution-onBackground { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } .text-caution-plain { color: var(--color-caution-plain); } .text-coolgray-200 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(183 202 212/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-350 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(139 162 173/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-450 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(116 135 145/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-50 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(238 241 243/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-525 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(87 111 118/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-550 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(92 108 116/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(83 97 104/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-650 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(72 84 91/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(61 73 78/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-750 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(51 61 66/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-850 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(33 39 42/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-900 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(24 28 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-950 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(14 17 19/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-current { color: currentcolor; } .text-danger-background { color: var(--color-danger-background); } .text-danger-content { color: var(--color-danger-content); } .text-danger-plain { color: var(--color-danger-plain); } .text-global-admin { color: var(--color-global-admin); } .text-global-alienblue { color: var(--color-global-alienblue); } .text-global-black { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-global-brand-orangered { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-global-gold { color: var(--color-global-gold); } .text-global-moderator { color: var(--color-global-moderator); } .text-global-nsfw { color: var(--color-global-nsfw); } .text-global-offline { color: var(--color-global-offline); } .text-global-online { color: var(--color-global-online); } .text-global-orangered { color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .text-global-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-identity-admin { color: var(--color-identity-admin); } .text-identity-moderator { color: var(--color-identity-moderator); } .text-interactive-content-disabled { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .text-inverted-neutral-content { color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content); } .text-inverted-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content-strong); } .text-inverted-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-onBackground); } .text-inverted-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-plain); } .text-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-kiwigreen-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 83 6/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-lightblue-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(2 157 213/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-media-onBackground { color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .text-media-onbackground { color: var(--color-media-onbackground); } .text-media-onbackground-weak { color: var(--color-media-onbackground-weak); } .text-mintgreen-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-mods-filtered-onBackground { color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground); } .text-mods-reported-onBackground { color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground); } .text-neutral-background { color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .text-neutral-border-medium { color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .text-neutral-border-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .text-neutral-content { color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .text-neutral-content-disabled { color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); } .text-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .text-online { color: var(--color-online); } .text-orangered-300 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-orangered-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(217 57 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-orangered-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(132 33 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-periwinkle-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(106 92 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-periwinkle-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-primary { color: var(--color-primary); } .text-primary-background { color: var(--color-primary-background); } .text-primary-onBackground { color: var(--color-primary-onBackground); } .text-primary-plain { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .text-puregray-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(118 118 118/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 79 64/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(235 0 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 0 15/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-sakurapink-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(222 1 159/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-secondary { color: var(--color-secondary); } .text-secondary-background { color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .text-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .text-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .text-secondary-plain-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .text-secondary-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-weak); } .text-streak-not-reached-text { color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text); } .text-success-background { color: var(--color-success-~~

~~background); } .text-success-content { color: var(--color-success-content); } .text-success-plain { color: var(--color-success-plain); } .text-tone-1 { color: var(--color-tone-1); } .text-tone-2 { color: var(--color-tone-2); } .text-tone-3 { color: var(--color-tone-3); } .text-tone-7 { color: var(--color-tone-7); } .text-upvote-content { color: var(--color-upvote-content); } .text-warning-content { color: var(--color-warning-content); } .text-warning-onBackground { color: var(--color-warning-onBackground); } .text-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-yellow-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(91 66 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-yelloworange-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(115 51 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .underline { text-decoration-line: underline; } .line-through { text-decoration-line: line-through; } .\!no-underline { text-decoration-line: none !important; } .no-underline { text-decoration-line: none; } .decoration-solid { text-decoration-style: solid; } .decoration-dotted { text-decoration-style: dotted; } .caret-transparent { caret-color: transparent; } .opacity-0 { opacity: 0; } .opacity-10 { opacity: 0.1; } .opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } .opacity-20 { opacity: 0.2; } .opacity-25 { opacity: 0.25; } .opacity-30 { opacity: 0.3; } .opacity-35 { opacity: 0.35; } .opacity-40 { opacity: 0.4; } .opacity-50 { opacity: 0.5; } .opacity-55 { opacity: 0.55; } .opacity-60 { opacity: 0.6; } .opacity-75 { opacity: 0.75; } .opacity-80 { opacity: 0.8; } .opacity-90 { opacity: 0.9; } .opacity-\[--slider-opacity\] { opacity: var(--slider-opacity); } .shadow-\[0_0_0_4px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0 0 0 4px var(--color-primary-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 0 4px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0_2px_0_0_var\(--color-secondary-background-selected\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0 2px 0 0 var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 2px 0 0 var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_-40px_21px_var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px -40px 21px var(--color-neutral-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px -40px 21px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_0px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 0px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 0px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 1px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 1px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\] { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 1px 8px 0px; --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 1px 8px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-\[0px_2px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 2px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 2px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_3px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 3px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 3px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 4px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 4px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-md { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-md { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-md); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-md); } .shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .shadow-none, .shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm); } .shadow-xs { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-xs); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-xs); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0\.75rem\] { --tw-shadow-color: 0.75rem; --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .shadow-neutral-border-weak { --tw-shadow-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .outline-none { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .outline { outline-style: solid; } .outline-0 { outline-width: 0px; } .outline-1 { outline-width: 1px; } .outline-2 { outline-width: 2px; } .outline-\[3px\] { outline-width: 3px; } .-outline-offset-1 { outline-offset: -1px; } .outline-offset-0 { outline-offset: 0px; } .outline-offset-2, .outline-offset-\[2px\] { outline-offset: 2px; } .outline-\[\#FF9C1A\] { outline-color: rgb(255, 156, 26); } .outline-\[--color-neutral-border-strong\] { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .outline-\[var\(--color-brand-background\)\] { outline-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .outline-danger-content { outline-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .outline-global-brand-orangered { outline-color: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .outline-global-white { outline-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .outline-lightblue-300 { outline-color: rgb(2, 185, 251); } .outline-neutral-background-medium { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .outline-neutral-border-weak { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .outline-transparent { outline-color: transparent; } .ring { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(3px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000); } .blur-\[6px\] { --tw-blur: blur(6px); } .blur-\[6px\], .drop-shadow { filter: var(--tw-blur) var(--tw-brightness) var(--tw-contrast) var(--tw-grayscale) var(--tw-hue-rotate) var(--tw-invert) var(--tw-saturate) var(--tw-sepia) var(--tw-drop-shadow); } .drop-shadow { --tw-drop-shadow: drop-shadow(0 1px 2px rgba(0,0,0,.1)) drop-shadow(0 1px 1px rgba(0,0,0,.06)); } .grayscale { --tw-grayscale: grayscale(100%); } .grayscale, .invert { filter: var(--tw-blur) var(--tw-brightness) var(--tw-contrast) var(--tw-grayscale) var(--tw-hue-rotate) var(--tw-invert) var(--tw-saturate) var(--tw-sepia) var(--tw-drop-shadow); } .invert { --tw-invert: invert(100%); } .backdrop-blur-2xl { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(2.5rem); } .backdrop-blur-2xl, .backdrop-blur-\[16px\] { backdrop-filter: var(--tw-backdrop-blur) var(--tw-backdrop-brightness) var(--tw-backdrop-contrast) var(--tw-backdrop-grayscale) var(--tw-backdrop-hue-rotate) var(--tw-backdrop-invert) var(--tw-backdrop-opacity) var(--tw-backdrop-saturate) var(--tw-backdrop-sepia); } .backdrop-blur-\[16px\] { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(16px); } .backdrop-blur-sm { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(0.25rem); } .backdrop-blur-sm, .backdrop-filter { backdrop-filter: var(--tw-backdrop-blur) var(--tw-backdrop-brightness) var(--tw-backdrop-contrast) var(--tw-backdrop-grayscale) var(--tw-backdrop-hue-rotate) var(--tw-backdrop-invert) var(--tw-backdrop-opacity) var(--tw-backdrop-saturate) var(--tw-backdrop-sepia); } .transition { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: color, background-color, border-color, text-decoration-color, fill, stroke, opacity, box-shadow, transform, filter, backdrop-filter; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[max-height\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: max-height; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[max-width\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: max-width; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[opacity\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: opacity; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[transform\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: transform; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[width\,height\,border-radius\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: width, height, border-radius; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-all { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: all; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-colors { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: color, background-color, border-color, text-decoration-color, fill, stroke; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-opacity { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: opacity; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-transform { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: transform; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .delay-100 { transition-delay: 0.1s; } .delay-200 { transition-delay: 0.2s; } .delay-300 { transition-delay: 0.3s; } .duration-1000 { transition-duration: 1s; } .duration-150 { transition-duration: 0.15s; } .duration-200 { transition-duration: 0.2s; } .duration-300 { transition-duration: 0.3s; } .duration-500 { transition-duration: 0.5s; } .duration-75 { transition-duration: 75ms; } .duration-\[1500ms\] { transition-duration: 1.5s; } .duration-\[250ms\] { transition-duration: 0.25s; } .ease-\[cubic-bezier\(0\.22\,1\,0\.36\,1\)\] { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.22, 1, 0.36, 1); } .ease-\[cubic-bezier\(0\.54\,1\.15\,1\,1\)\] { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.54, 1.15, 1, 1); } .ease-in { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 1, 1); } .ease-in-out { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .ease-out { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1); } .will-change-transform { will-change: transform; } .leading-inherit { line-height: inherit; } .\@container { container-type: inline-size; } .text-14-scalable { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-16-scalable { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-18-scalable { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .text-24-scalable { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .text-title-1-scalable { font-size: var(--font-title-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-1-line-height); } .scalable-text, .text-10-scalable, .text-11-scalable, .text-12-scalable, .text-13-scalable, .text-14-scalable, .text-15-scalable, .text-16-scalable, .text-17-scalable, .text-18-scalable, .text-19-scalable, .text-20-scalable, .text-24-scalable, .text-32-scalable, .text-48-scalable, .text-64-scalable, .text-body-1-scalable, .text-body-2-scalable, .text-caption-1-scalable, .text-caption-2-scalable, .text-display-scalable, .text-headline-scalable, .text-huge-display-scalable, .text-inherit-scalable, .text-label-1-scalable, .text-label-2-scalable, .text-title-1-scalable, .text-title-2-scalable, .text-title-3-scalable, .text-undefined-scalable { text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100%*var(--preferred-text-scale)),140%); } .scrollbar-hide { scrollbar-width: none; } .scrollbar-hide::-webkit-scrollbar { display: none; width: 0px !important; } .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4 { --tw-translate-x: -50%; } .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-x-4xl { --tw-translate-x: -6rem; } .-translate-x-\[4px\] { --tw-translate-x: -4px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4 { --tw-translate-y: -50%; } .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\] { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-\[2px\] { --tw-translate-y: -2px; } .-translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: -100%; } .-translate-y-full, .translate-x-0 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-0 { --tw-translate-x: 0px; } .translate-x-1\/2 { --tw-translate-x: 50%; } .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-4xl { --tw-translate-x: 6rem; } .translate-x-full { --tw-translate-x: 100%; } .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-px { --tw-translate-x: 1px; } .translate-y-0 { --tw-translate-y: 0px; } .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-~~

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x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-1\/2 { --tw-translate-y: 50%; } .translate-y-4xl { --tw-translate-y: 6rem; } .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full { transform:
translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--
tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: 100%; } .translate-y-px { --tw-translate-y: 1px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0)
rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .\[--button-border-color\:var\(--color-
global-white\)\] { --button-border-color: var(--color-global-white); } .\[--button-color-text\:var\(--color-global-white\)\] { --button-color-text: var(--color-global-white); } .\[--
color-neutral-background-hover\:var\(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover\)\] { --color-neutral-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .\[--
emote-size\:20px\] { --emote-size: 20px; } .\[--emote-size\:60px\] { --emote-size: 60px; } .\[backface-visibility\:hidden\] { backface-visibility: hidden; } .\[box-
shadow\:0_-6px_8px_var\(--color-tone-5\)\] { box-shadow: 0 -6px 8px var(--color-tone-5); } .\[caret-color\:var\(--color-tone-1\)\] { caret-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .\
[color\:transparent\] { color: transparent; } .\[font-size\:var\(--emote-size\)\] { font-size: var(--emote-size); } .\[perspective\:1000px\] { perspective: 1000px; } .\[text-
shadow\:1px_0_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,-1px_0_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,0_1px_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,0_-1px_0_var\(--color-media-
background\)\] { text-shadow: 1px 0 0 var(--color-media-background),-1px 0 0 var(--color-media-background),0 1px 0 var(--color-media-background),0 -1px 0 var(--color-
media-background); } .\[transform-style\:preserve-3d\] { transform-style: preserve-3d; } .\[transform\:rotateY\(180deg\)\] { transform: rotateY(180deg); } .\
[transform\:translate3d\(0\,0\,0\)\] { transform: translateZ(0px); } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer:
0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer);
width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg > img { width: 6.625rem; } } @media
(min-width: 960px) { .s\:button-medium { --button-height: var(--size-button-md-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-md); --button-border-
width-default: var(--line-button-md-border); } } .\*\:m-0 > * { margin: 0px; } .\*\:rounded-1 > * { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .first-letter\:capitalize::first-letter { text-
transform: capitalize; } .marker\:hidden ::marker { display: none; } .marker\:text-primary-plain ::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .marker\:hidden::marker {
display: none; } .marker\:text-primary-plain::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .selection\:text-transparent ::selection { color: transparent; } .selection\:text-
transparent::selection { color: transparent; } .placeholder\:text-neutral-content-weak::placeholder { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .before\:absolute::before {
content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .before\:left-\[-1rem\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .before\:start-0::before { content: var(--tw-content);
inset-inline-start: 0px; } .before\:top-0::before, .before\:top-\[0\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .before\:top-lg::before { content: var(--tw-content); top:
1.5rem; } .before\:top-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0.75rem; } .before\:mx-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right:
0.25rem; } .before\:ml-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.75rem; } .before\:ms-md::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-inline-start: 1rem; }
.before\:block::before { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .before\:h-\[--emote-size\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: var(--emote-size); } .before\:h-
full::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .before\:w-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); width: 0.25rem; } .before\:w-\[--emote-size\]::before { content:
var(--tw-content); width: var(--emote-size); } .before\:origin-top-left::before { content: var(--tw-content); transform-origin: left top; } .before\:scale-\[--emote-scale\]::before
{ content: var(--tw-content); --tw-scale-x: var(--emote-scale); --tw-scale-y: var(--emote-scale); transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--
tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .before\:rounded-full::before { border-radius:
624.938rem; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-y-0::before { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-l-\
[1px\]::before { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-r-\[0px\]::before { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-
solid::before { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-tone-4::before { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:bg-
secondary-background::before { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:bg-\[size\:--emote-size\]::before { background-
size: var(--emote-size); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:text-12::before { content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .before\:text-14::before {
content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .before\:content-\[\'\'\]::before { --tw-content: ""; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\
[\'Â·\'\]::before { --tw-content: "Â·"; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[\'â€¢\'\]::before { --tw-content: "â€¢"; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\
[attr\(priority\)\]::before { --tw-content: attr(priority); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:invisible::after { content: var(--tw-content); visibility: hidden; }
.after\:absolute::after { content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .after\:left-\[-1rem\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .after\:start-0::after { content:
var(--tw-content); inset-inline-start: 0px; } .after\:top-0::after, .after\:top-\[0\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .after\:col-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-
content); grid-column-start: 1; } .after\:col-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-column-end: 2; } .after\:row-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-
start: 1; } .after\:row-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-end: 2; } .after\:clear-both::after { clear: both; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:ms-\
[0\.375rem\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); margin-inline-start: 0.375rem; } .after\:box-border::after { box-sizing: border-box; content: var(--tw-content); }
.after\:block::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .after\:table::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: table; } .after\:h-\[20px\]::after { content: var(--tw-
content); height: 20px; } .after\:h-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .after\:w-100::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after\:w-\
[24px\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 24px; } .after\:w-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after\:resize-y::after { content: var(--tw-content);
resize: vertical; } .after\:whitespace-pre-wrap::after { content: var(--tw-content); white-space: pre-wrap; } .after\:rounded-l-\[6px\]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 6px;
border-top-left-radius: 6px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:rounded-bl-\[12px\]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-
sm::after { border-width: 0.0625rem; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-y-0::after { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); }
.after\:border-b-\[1px\]::after { border-bottom-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-e-0::after { border-inline-end-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); }
.after\:border-l-\[1px\]::after { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-r-\[0px\]::after { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); }
.after\:border-solid::after { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-neutral-border-weak::after { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak);
content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-tone-4::after { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:px-md::after { content: var(--tw-content);
padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .after\:py-sm::after { content: var(--tw-content); padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .after\:font-mono::after {
content: var(--tw-content); font-family: var(--font-mono); } .after\:leading-5::after { content: var(--tw-content); line-height: 1.25rem; } .after\:content-\[\'\'\]::after { --tw-
content: ""; content: var(--tw-content); } .first\:ml-0:first-child { margin-left: 0px; } .first\:ms-0:first-child { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .first\:ms-md:first-child { margin-
inline-start: 1rem; } .first\:ms-xs:first-child { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .first\:mt-0:first-child { margin-top: 0px; } .first\:pl-md:first-child { padding-left: 1rem; }
.last\:mb-0:last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .last\:me-0:last-child { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .last\:me-md:last-child { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .last\:me-xs:last-child {
margin-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .last\:mr-0:last-child { margin-right: 0px; } .last\:hidden:last-child { display: none; } .last\:border-0:last-child { border-width: 0px; }
.last\:border-b-0:last-child { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .last\:border-none:last-child { border-style: none; } .last\:pb-0:last-child { padding-bottom: 0px; } .last\:pr-md:last-
child { padding-right: 1rem; } .last-of-type\:mb-0:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } .visited\:border-\[var\(--color-a-visited\)\]:visited { border-color: var(--color-a-
visited); } .visited\:bg-transparent:visited { background-color: initial; } .visited\:text-inherit:visited { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .visited\:\!text-secondary-
plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain) !important; } .visited\:\!text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak) !important; }
.visited\:\!text-white:visited { color: rgb(255, 255, 255) !important; } .visited\:text-media-onbackground:visited { color: var(--color-media-onbackground); } .visited\:text-
neutral-background-weak:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .visited\:text-neutral-content-strong:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); }
.visited\:text-neutral-content-weak:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .visited\:text-secondary:visited { color: var(--color-secondary); } .visited\:text-
secondary-plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .visited\:text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .visited\:no-
underline:visited { text-decoration-line: none; } .empty\:hidden:empty { display: none; } .empty\:pr-0:empty { padding-right: 0px; } .focus-within\:border-neutral-border-
medium:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .focus-within\:border-neutral-border-strong:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-
border-strong); } .focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .focus-within\:bg-neutral-
background-strong-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .focus-within\:opacity-100:focus-within { opacity: 1; } .focus-
within\:outline:focus-within { outline-style: solid; } .focus-within\:outline-1:focus-within { outline-width: 1px; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .hover\:scale-
110:hover { --tw-scale-x: 1.1; --tw-scale-y: 1.1; } .hover\:scale-110:hover, .hover\:scale-\[2\]:hover { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y))
rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .hover\:scale-\[2\]:hover { --tw-scale-x: 2;
--tw-scale-y: 2; } .hover\:cursor-pointer:hover { cursor: pointer; } .hover\:rounded-2:hover { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .hover\:border-\[color\:var\(--button-border-color-
disabled\)\]:hover { border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); } .hover\:border-\[var\(--color-a-hover\)\]:hover { border-color: var(--color-a-hover); } .hover\:border-
global-brand-orangered:hover { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .hover\:border-global-orangered:hover { border-color: var(--
color-global-orangered); } .hover\:border-neutral-content-weak:hover { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .hover\:border-primary-hover:hover { border-
color: var(--color-primary-hover); } .hover\:border-secondary-background-hover:hover { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .hover\:border-tone-
3:hover { border-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .hover\:border-l-neutral-border:hover { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .hover\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-
prim-hover\)\]:hover { background-color: var(--notification-banner-prim-hover) !important; } .hover\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-sec-hover\)\]:hover { background-
color: var(--notification-banner-sec-hover) !important; } .hover\:\!bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover)
```

~~!important; } .hover\:bg-black\/70:hover { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.7); } .hover\:bg-black\/80:hover { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); } .hover\:bg-coolgray-950:hover { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(14 17 19/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .hover\:bg-downvote-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-global-brand-orangered:hover { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .hover\:bg-interactive-pressed:hover { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .hover\:bg-mods-filtered-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-mods-reported-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-selected:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-weak:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-weak-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .hover\:bg-secondary-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-tone-4:hover { background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .hover\:bg-transparent:hover { background-color: initial; } .hover\:bg-upvote-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-white-opacity-20:hover { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2); } .hover\:text-inherit:hover { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .hover\:text-\[\#949798\]:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(148 151 152/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:text-action-downvote:hover { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .hover\:text-action-upvote:hover { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .hover\:text-brand-background-hover:hover { color: var(--color-brand-background-hover); } .hover\:text-danger-content-hover:hover { color: var(--color-danger-content-hover); } .hover\:text-global-white:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:text-inverted-secondary-plain-hover:hover { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover); } .hover\:text-neutral-content:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .hover\:text-neutral-content-strong:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .hover\:text-neutral-content-weak:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .hover\:text-primary-hover:hover { color: var(--color-primary-hover); } .hover\:text-primary-plain:hover { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .hover\:text-secondary:hover { color: var(--color-secondary); } .hover\:text-secondary-hover:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-hover); } .hover\:text-secondary-onBackground:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-hover:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-weak:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .hover\:text-secondary-weak:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-weak); } .hover\:text-success-content:hover { color: var(--color-success-content); } .hover\:text-success-hover:hover { color: var(--color-success-hover); } .hover\:text-white:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:underline:hover { text-decoration-line: underline; } .hover\:no-underline:hover { text-decoration-line: none; } .hover\:decoration-solid:hover { text-decoration-style: solid; } .hover\:opacity-100:hover { opacity: 1; } .hover\:opacity-30:hover { opacity: 0.3; } .hover\:opacity-75:hover { opacity: 0.75; } .hover\:opacity-80:hover { opacity: 0.8; } .hover\:opacity-90:hover { opacity: 0.9; } .hover\:shadow-\[0_0_0_2px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\]:hover { --tw-shadow: 0 0 0 2px var(--color-primary-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 0 2px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .hover\:shadow-elevation-small:hover { --tw-shadow-color: var(--color-elevation-small); --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .hover\:visited\:border-\[var\(--color-a-visited\)\]:visited:hover { border-color: var(--color-a-visited); } } .focus\:not-sr-only:focus { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal; } .focus\:rounded-1:focus { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .focus\:border-global-brand-orangered:focus { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .focus\:border-global-focus:focus { border-color: var(--color-global-focus); } .focus\:border-primary-plain:focus { border-color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .focus\:bg-interactive-pressed:focus { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .focus\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .focus\:bg-transparent:focus { background-color: initial; } .focus\:text-white:focus { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .focus\:no-underline:focus { text-decoration-line: none; } .focus\:opacity-100:focus { opacity: 1; } .focus\:outline-none:focus { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .focus\:outline-neutral-content-weak:focus { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .focus\:ring-1:focus { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(1px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000); } .focus\:ring-global-brand-orangered:focus { --tw-ring-opacity: 1; --tw-ring-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-ring-opacity)); } .focus\:ring-opacity-30:focus { --tw-ring-opacity: 0.3; } .focus-visible\:bg-transparent:focus-visible { background-color: initial; } .focus-visible\:text-action-downvote:focus-visible { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .focus-visible\:text-action-upvote:focus-visible { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .focus-visible\:outline-none:focus-visible { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .focus-visible\:outline:focus-visible { outline-style: solid; } .focus-visible\:outline-2:focus-visible { outline-width: 2px; } .focus-visible\:-outline-offset-1:focus-visible { outline-offset: -1px; } .focus-visible\:outline-offset-2:focus-visible { outline-offset: 2px; } .active\:cursor-grabbing:active { cursor: grabbing; } .active\:border-primary-plain:active { border-color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .active\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-prim-active\)\]:active { background-color: var(--notification-banner-prim-active) !important; } .active\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-sec-active\)\]:active { background-color: var(--notification-banner-sec-active) !important; } .active\:bg-interactive-pressed:active { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .active\:bg-neutral-background-selected:active { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .active\:bg-orangered-50:active { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 238 232/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .active\:bg-secondary-background:active { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .active\:bg-transparent:active { background-color: initial; } .active\:bg-none:active { background-image: none; } .active\:text-neutral-content-strong:active { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .active\:no-underline:active { text-decoration-line: none; } .enabled\:cursor-pointer:enabled { cursor: pointer; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .enabled\:hover\:scale-\[1\.2\]:hover:enabled { --tw-scale-x: 1.2; --tw-scale-y: 1.2; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } } .disabled\:pointer-events-none:disabled { pointer-events: none; } .disabled\:cursor-not-allowed:disabled { cursor: not-allowed; } .disabled\:bg-interactive-background-disabled:disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); } .disabled\:bg-neutral-background:disabled { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .disabled\:bg-primary-background:disabled { background-color: var(--color-primary-background); } .disabled\:text-global-white:disabled { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .disabled\:text-interactive-content-disabled:disabled { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .disabled\:no-underline:disabled { text-decoration-line: none; } .disabled\:opacity-50:disabled { opacity: 0.5; } .disabled\:opacity-60:disabled { opacity: 0.6; } .group[open] .group-open\:order-1 { order: 1; } .group[open] .group-open\:inline { display: inline; } .group[open] .group-open\:hidden { display: none; } .group[open] .group-open\:rotate-180 { --tw-rotate: 180deg; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:not-sr-only { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal; } .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:flex { display: flex; } .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:hidden { display: none; } .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:border-global-brand-orangered { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-2 { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(2px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000); } .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-global-brand-orangered { --tw-ring-opacity: 1; --tw-ring-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-ring-opacity)); } .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-opacity-30 { --tw-ring-opacity: 0.3; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .group:hover .group-hover\:sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .group:hover .group-hover\:not-sr-only { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal; } .group:hover .group-hover\:visible { visibility: visible; } .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:invisible { visibility: hidden; } .group:hover .group-hover\:z-1 { z-index: 1; } .group:hover .group-hover\:block, .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:block { display: block; } .group:hover .group-hover\:flex, .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:flex { display: flex; } .group:hover .group-hover\:inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .group:hover .group-hover\:hidden, .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:hidden { display: none; } .group:hover .group-hover\:w-auto { width: auto; } .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.4; --tw-scale-y: 1.4; } .group:hover .group-hover\:scale-\[1\.03\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.03; --tw-scale-y: 1.03; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-neutral-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-secondary-plain-weak { background-color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-tone-2 { background-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .group:hover .group-hover\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-hover\)\] { --tw-~~

~~gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-hover) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .group:hover .group-hover\:text-primary-plain { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .group:hover .group-hover\:underline { text-decoration-line: underline; } .group:hover .group-hover\:opacity-0 { opacity: 0; } .group:hover .group-hover\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\] { --tw-translate-y: -10px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } } .group.tab-bottom-border.tab-selected .group-\[\.tab-bottom-border\.tab-selected\]\:block { display: block; } .group.expanded .group-\[\.expanded\]\:flex { display: flex; } .group.expanded .group-\[\.expanded\]\:hidden, .group\/reckw.active .group-\[\&\.active\]\/reckw\:hidden, .group\/reckw:not(.active) .group-\[\&\:not\(\.active\)\]\/reckw\:hidden { display: none; } .group\/dropdown:not(:defined) .group-\[\:not\(\:defined\)\]\/dropdown\:hidden { display: none; } .group\/overflow-menu:not(:defined) .group-\[\:not\(\:defined\)\]\/overflow-menu\:hidden { display: none; } .group\/verdict[show-removal-reason-cta] .group-\[\[show-removal-reason-cta\]\]\/verdict\:hidden { display: none; } .group.expanded .group-\[\.expanded\]\:\!h-auto { height: auto !important; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .group\/reckws:not([adding]) .group-\[\&\:not\(\[adding\]\)\]\/reckws\:hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } } .group\/reckws:not([adding]) .group-\[\&\:not\(\[adding\]\)\]\/reckws\:active\:bg-interactive-pressed:active { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:visible { visibility: visible; } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:border-alienblue-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:bg-\[\#D2DADD\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(210 218 221/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:text-alienblue-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .group .peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:border-global-brand-orangered { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .group .peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:bg-orangered-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 219 207/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .group .peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } .has-\[\#resize-handle\:focus\]\:rounded-tl-\[4px\]:has(#resize-handle:focus) { border-top-left-radius: 4px; } .has-\[\#resize-handle\:hover\]\:rounded-tl-\[4px\]:has(#resize-handle:hover) { border-top-left-radius: 4px; } .has-\[\.achievement-link\:hover\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover:has(.achievement-link:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .has-\[\.achievement-modal-trigger\:hover\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover:has(.achievement-modal-trigger:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .has-\[\.task-name-link\:hover\]\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong-hover:has(.task-name-link:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover); } .has-\[faceplate-checkbox-input\[checked\]\]\:bg-neutral-background-selected:has(faceplate-checkbox-input[checked]) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .aria-checked\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-checked="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .aria-pressed\:border-caution-background[aria-pressed="true"] { border-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .aria-pressed\:bg-neutral-background-gilded[aria-pressed="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded); } .aria-pressed\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-pressed="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .aria-pressed\:outline[aria-pressed="true"] { outline-style: solid; } .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:border[aria-expanded="true"] { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:border-solid[aria-expanded="true"] { border-style: solid; } .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:border-neutral-border-medium[aria-expanded="true"] { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-expanded="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.4; --tw-scale-y: 1.4; } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\] { --tw-translate-y: -10px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } @container (min-width: 32px) { .\@\[32px\]\:flex { display: flex; } } @container (min-width: 64rem) { .\@5xl\:flex { display: flex; } .\@5xl\:hidden { display: none; } } .nd\:visible:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } .nd\:invisible:not(:defined) { visibility: hidden; } .nd\:mx-md:not(:defined) { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .nd\:mb-md:not(:defined) { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .nd\:mt-lg:not(:defined) { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .nd\:block:not(:defined) { display: block; } .nd\:flex:not(:defined) { display: flex; } .nd\:hidden:not(:defined) { display: none; } .nd\:aspect-square:not(:defined) { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .nd\:h-0:not(:defined) { height: 0px; } .nd\:h-2xl:not(:defined) { height: 3rem; } .nd\:h-\[110px\]:not(:defined) { height: 110px; } .nd\:h-\[32px\]:not(:defined) { height: 32px; } .nd\:h-\[40px\]:not(:defined) { height: 40px; } .nd\:h-\[64px\]:not(:defined) { height: 64px; } .nd\:h-\[88px\]:not(:defined) { height: 88px; } .nd\:h-\[var\(--gallery-initial-height\)\]:not(:defined) { height: var(--gallery-initial-height); } .nd\:h-lg:not(:defined) { height: 1.5rem; } .nd\:h-xl:not(:defined) { height: 2rem; } .nd\:max-h-\[32px\]:not(:defined) { max-height: 32px; } .nd\:max-h-xl:not(:defined) { max-height: 2rem; } .nd\:min-h-xl:not(:defined) { min-height: 2rem; } .nd\:w-\[104px\]:not(:defined) { width: 104px; } .nd\:w-\[380px\]:not(:defined) { width: 380px; } .nd\:w-\[54px\]:not(:defined) { width: 54px; } .nd\:w-fit:not(:defined) { width: fit-content; } .nd\:w-lg:not(:defined) { width: 1.5rem; } .nd\:w-xl:not(:defined) { width: 2rem; } @keyframes pulse { 50% { opacity: 0.5; } } .nd\:animate-pulse:not(:defined) { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; } .nd\:flex-row:not(:defined) { flex-direction: row; } .nd\:gap-xs:not(:defined) { gap: 0.5rem; } .nd\:overflow-hidden:not(:defined) { overflow: hidden; } .nd\:rounded-4:not(:defined) { border-radius: 1rem; } .nd\:bg-neutral-background-selected:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .nd\:bg-neutral-background-weak:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .nd\:bg-secondary-background:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .nd\:pb-0:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 0px; } .nd\:pb-2xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 3rem; } .nd\:pb-\[var\(--rem36\)\]:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: var(--rem36); } .nd\:pb-xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .nd\:pt-\[54px\]:not(:defined) { padding-top: 54px; } .nd\:pt-xs:not(:defined) { padding-top: 0.5rem; } @media (display-mode: minimal-ui), (display-mode: standalone), (display:window-controls-overlay) { .pwa\:block { display: block; } .pwa\:hidden { display: none; } } @media (prefers-reduced-motion: reduce) { .motion-reduce\:transition-none { transition-property: none; } } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:block) { display: block; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hidden) { display: none; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:w-px) { width: 1px; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:border-black-opacity-10) { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.098); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#090F11\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(9 15 17/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#95DCFB\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(149 220 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A0B0B5\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(160 176 181/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A3E398\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(163 227 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A7CCFF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(167 204 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A8A8A8\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 168 168/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#C3BDFF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(195 189 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#EEA7FF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 167 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FADB61\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(250 219 97/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFA5E3\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 165 227/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFADB8\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 173 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFBEA6\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 190 166/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-alienblue-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 26 63/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-berrypurple-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(48 6 67/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-black\/30) { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-600) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(83 97 104/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-750) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(51 61 66/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-800) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 50 54/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-950\/30) { background-color: rgba(14, 17, 19, 0.3); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-danger-content-default) { background-color: var(--color-danger-content-default); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-global-black) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-kiwigreen-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(13 32 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-lime-700) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 80 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-weak) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-orangered-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-periwinkle-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(22 14 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(52 15 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-950) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(31 11 4/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yellow-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(35 26 3/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yelloworange-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 23 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-\[var\(--color-global-stars\)\]) { color: var(--color-global-stars); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-400) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-berrypurple-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(234 179 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-caution-onBackground) { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(151 175 188/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-900) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(24 28 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-global-white) {~~

~~--tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-kiwigreen-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 198 28/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-neutral-content-strong) { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-orangered-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-periwinkle-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-red-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-white) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-yellow-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(216 161 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-yelloworange-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 138 53/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:shadow-none) { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .peer:checked ~ .group .dark\:peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:bg-orangered-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:absolute { position: absolute; } .lg\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .lg\:row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; } .lg\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .lg\:mb-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } .lg\:mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; } .lg\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .lg\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .lg\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .lg\:block { display: block; } .lg\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .lg\:flex { display: flex; } .lg\:hidden { display: none; } .lg\:max-h-\[700px\] { max-height: 700px; } .lg\:w-5\/12 { width: 41.6667%; } .lg\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .lg\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .lg\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .lg\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:visible { visibility: visible; } .xs\:sticky { position: sticky; } .xs\:-left-\[2rem\] { left: -2rem; } .xs\:-top-\[2\.25rem\] { top: -2.25rem; } .xs\:start-\[-16\.5px\] { inset-inline-start: -16.5px; } .xs\:top-\[-2px\] { top: -2px; } .xs\:top-\[56px\] { top: 56px; } .xs\:top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\+16px\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 16px); } .xs\:top-md { top: 1rem; } .xs\:z-10 { z-index: 10; } .xs\:order-first { order: -9999; } .xs\:order-none { order: 0; } .xs\:col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; } .xs\:col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; } .xs\:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; } .xs\:col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; } .xs\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .xs\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .xs\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .xs\:col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; } .xs\:col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; } .xs\:col-end-6 { grid-column-end: 6; } .xs\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .xs\:row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; } .xs\:row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; } .xs\:row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; } .xs\:row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; } .xs\:row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; } .xs\:row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; } .xs\:row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; } .xs\:row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; } .xs\:row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; } .xs\:m-0 { margin: 0px; } .xs\:m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; } .xs\:-mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; } .xs\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .xs\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .xs\:mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .xs\:mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; } .xs\:my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .xs\:my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; } .xs\:my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; } .xs\:my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:-mb-\[2\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: -2.25rem; } .xs\:-ms-sm { margin-inline-start: -0.75rem; } .xs\:-mt-sm { margin-top: -0.75rem; } .xs\:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .xs\:mb-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .xs\:mb-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; } .xs\:mb-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .xs\:mb-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .xs\:me-3xl { margin-inline-end: 4rem; } .xs\:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .xs\:ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .xs\:ml-auto { margin-left: auto; } .xs\:ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; } .xs\:ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; } .xs\:mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; } .xs\:mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; } .xs\:mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; } .xs\:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .xs\:ms-auto { margin-inline-start: auto; } .xs\:ms-sm { margin-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .xs\:ms-xs { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .xs\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .xs\:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .xs\:mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: 2px; } .xs\:mt-\[4\.7rem\] { margin-top: 4.7rem; } .xs\:mt-\[80px\] { margin-top: 80px; } .xs\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .xs\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .xs\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .xs\:line-clamp-1 { -webkit-line-clamp: 1; } .xs\:line-clamp-1, .xs\:line-clamp-2 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .xs\:line-clamp-2 { -webkit-line-clamp: 2; } .xs\:line-clamp-3 { -webkit-line-clamp: 3; } .xs\:line-clamp-3, .xs\:line-clamp-4 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .xs\:line-clamp-4 { -webkit-line-clamp: 4; } .xs\:line-clamp-6 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 6; } .xs\:line-clamp-none { display: block; overflow: visible; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-line-clamp: none; } .xs\:block { display: block; } .xs\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .xs\:inline { display: inline; } .xs\:flex { display: flex; } .xs\:inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .xs\:grid { display: grid; } .xs\:contents { display: contents; } .xs\:hidden { display: none; } .xs\:h-2xl { height: 3rem; } .xs\:h-3xl { height: 4rem; } .xs\:h-4xl { height: 6rem; } .xs\:h-\[--shreddit-header-height\] { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .xs\:h-\[100px\] { height: 100px; } .xs\:h-\[110px\] { height: 110px; } .xs\:h-\[161px\] { height: 161px; } .xs\:h-\[200px\] { height: 200px; } .xs\:h-\[22px\] { height: 22px; } .xs\:h-\[240px\] { height: 240px; } .xs\:h-\[30px\] { height: 30px; } .xs\:h-\[330px\] { height: 330px; } .xs\:h-\[38px\] { height: 38px; } .xs\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .xs\:h-\[48px\] { height: 48px; } .xs\:h-\[52px\] { height: 52px; } .xs\:h-\[56px\] { height: 56px; } .xs\:h-\[64px\] { height: 64px; } .xs\:h-\[78px\] { height: 78px; } .xs\:h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .xs\:h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .xs\:h-\[90px\] { height: 90px; } .xs\:h-\[98px\] { height: 98px; } .xs\:h-full { height: 100%; } .xs\:h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:h-xl { height: 2rem; } .xs\:max-h-\[400px\] { max-height: 400px; } .xs\:max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-32px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 32px); } .xs\:max-h-screen-without-header { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:min-h-\[20rem\] { min-height: 20rem; } .xs\:min-h-\[40px\] { min-height: 40px; } .xs\:min-h-\[72px\] { min-height: 72px; } .xs\:min-h-\[80px\] { min-height: 80px; } .xs\:min-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height)); } .xs\:min-h-screen-without-header { min-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:w-1\/2 { width: 50%; } .xs\:w-100 { width: 100%; } .xs\:w-\[100px\] { width: 100px; } .xs\:w-\[1010px\] { width: 1010px; } .xs\:w-\[104px\] { width: 104px; } .xs\:w-\[120px\] { width: 120px; } .xs\:w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .xs\:w-\[130px\] { width: 130px; } .xs\:w-\[15\.5px\] { width: 15.5px; } .xs\:w-\[150px\] { width: 150px; } .xs\:w-\[161px\] { width: 161px; } .xs\:w-\[163px\] { width: 163px; } .xs\:w-\[200px\] { width: 200px; } .xs\:w-\[300px\] { width: 300px; } .xs\:w-\[316px\] { width: 316px; } .xs\:w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .xs\:w-\[352px\] { width: 352px; } .xs\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .xs\:w-\[440px\] { width: 440px; } .xs\:w-\[470px\] { width: 470px; } .xs\:w-\[485px\] { width: 485px; } .xs\:w-\[48px\] { width: 48px; } .xs\:w-\[500px\] { width: 500px; } .xs\:w-\[532px\] { width: 532px; } .xs\:w-\[56px\] { width: 56px; } .xs\:w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .xs\:w-\[640px\] { width: 640px; } .xs\:w-\[68px\] { width: 68px; } .xs\:w-\[752px\] { width: 752px; } .xs\:w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .xs\:w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .xs\:w-\[840px\] { width: 840px; } .xs\:w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .xs\:w-\[96\%\] { width: 96%; } .xs\:w-\[960px\] { width: 960px; } .xs\:w-auto { width: auto; } .xs\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .xs\:w-full { width: 100%; } .xs\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .xs\:w-xl { width: 2rem; } .xs\:min-w-\[19rem\] { min-width: 19rem; } .xs\:min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .xs\:min-w-\[316px\] { min-width: 316px; } .xs\:min-w-\[400px\] { min-width: 400px; } .xs\:min-w-\[513px\] { min-width: 513px; } .xs\:max-w-\[180px\] { max-width: 180px; } .xs\:max-w-\[200px\] { max-width: 200px; } .xs\:max-w-\[25rem\] { max-width: 25rem; } .xs\:max-w-\[280px\] { max-width: 280px; } .xs\:max-w-\[316px\] { max-width: 316px; } .xs\:max-w-\[432px\] { max-width: 432px; } .xs\:max-w-\[513px\] { max-width: 513px; } .xs\:max-w-\[550px\] { max-width: 550px; } .xs\:max-w-\[800px\] { max-width: 800px; } .xs\:max-w-\[90\%\] { max-width: 90%; } .xs\:max-w-\[calc\(100\%-30px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 30px); } .xs\:max-w-\[min\(756px\,calc\(100\%-\(16px\+316px\)\)\)\] { max-width: min(756px, 100% - 332px); } .xs\:max-w-none { max-width: none; } .xs\:max-w-sm { max-width: 24rem; } .xs\:flex-grow { flex-grow: 1; } .xs\:basis-\[calc\(50\%-6px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(50% - 6px); } .xs\:basis-full { flex-basis: 100%; } .xs\:scroll-m-\[120px\] { scroll-margin: 120px; } .xs\:auto-cols-\[calc\(33\.33\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(33.33% - 0.5rem); } .xs\:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-8 { grid-template-columns: repeat(8, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-\[15rem_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 15rem 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[1fr_178px_178px_178px_178px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 178px 178px 178px 178px; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[2fr_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 2fr 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[32px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 32px 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[32px_minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: 32px minmax(0px, 1fr); } .xs\:grid-cols-\[min-content_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: min-content 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,minmax\(340px\,1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(340px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-rows-\[auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; } .xs\:grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto; } .xs\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .xs\:flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; } .xs\:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .xs\:items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .xs\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .xs\:items-center { align-items: center; } .xs\:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .xs\:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .xs\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .xs\:gap-\[5rem\] { gap: 5rem; } .xs\:gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .xs\:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .xs\:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .xs\:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .xs\:gap-x-3xl { column-gap: 4rem; } .xs\:gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .xs\:gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; } .xs\:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .xs\:overflow-hidden { overflow: hidden; } .xs\:overflow-y-auto { overflow-y: auto; } .xs\:overflow-x-hidden { overflow-x: hidden; } .xs\:text-ellipsis { text-overflow: ellipsis; } .xs\:whitespace-nowrap { white-space: nowrap; } .xs\:rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .xs\:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .xs\:rounded-\[12px\] { border-radius: 12px; } .xs\:rounded-\[16px\] { border-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-lg { border-radius: 2rem; } .xs\:rounded-md { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .xs\:rounded-b-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; border-bottom-right-radius: 12px; } .xs\:rounded-b-\[16px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 16px; border-bottom-right-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-t-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-t-md { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .xs\:border-x-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .xs\:border-solid { border-style: solid; } .xs\:border-s-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-start-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .xs\:bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .xs\:bg-\[image\:var\(--medium-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--medium-~~

~~banner); } .xs\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .xs\:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .xs\:p-md { padding: 1rem; } .xs\:\!px-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .xs\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .xs\:px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; } .xs\:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .xs\:px-\[5rem\] { padding-left: 5rem; padding-right: 5rem; } .xs\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .xs\:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .xs\:px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .xs\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .xs\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .xs\:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .xs\:pb-\[40px\] { padding-bottom: 40px; } .xs\:pb-\[5\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 5.5rem; } .xs\:pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; } .xs\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .xs\:pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .xs\:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .xs\:pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .xs\:pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .xs\:pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem; } .xs\:pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pl-xl { padding-left: 2rem; } .xs\:ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .xs\:ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .xs\:ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .xs\:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .xs\:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .xs\:pt-\[20px\] { padding-top: 20px; } .xs\:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .xs\:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem; } .xs\:text-left { text-align: left; } .xs\:text-start { text-align: start; } .xs\:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .xs\:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-16 { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .xs\:text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .xs\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .xs\:text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height); } .xs\:text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height); } .xs\:text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height); } .xs\:uppercase { text-transform: uppercase; } .xs\:leading-\[1\.5em\] { line-height: 1.5em; } .xs\:leading-\[30px\] { line-height: 30px; } .xs\:leading-\[38px\] { line-height: 38px; } .xs\:leading-\[40px\] { line-height: 40px; } .xs\:text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .xs\:shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .xs\:shadow-none, .xs\:shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .xs\:shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm); } .xs\:text-14-scalable { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-16-scalable { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-18-scalable { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .xs\:text-20-scalable { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-14-scalable, .xs\:text-16-scalable, .xs\:text-18-scalable, .xs\:text-20-scalable { text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100%*var(--preferred-text-scale)),140%); } .first\:xs\:pl-2xs:first-child { padding-left: 0.25rem; } .last\:xs\:block:last-child { display: block; } .last\:xs\:pr-2xs:last-child { padding-right: 0.25rem; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:bg-neutral-background-container) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:text-secondary-plain-weak) { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { :is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:hover\:text-secondary-plain-weak:hover) { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:invisible { visibility: hidden; } .s\:fixed { position: fixed; } .s\:relative { position: relative; } .s\:bottom-auto { bottom: auto; } .s\:left-auto { left: auto; } .s\:right-auto { right: auto; } .s\:top-auto { top: auto; } .s\:top-sm { top: 0.75rem; } .s\:order-1 { order: 1; } .s\:order-2 { order: 2; } .s\:col-span-3 { grid-column: span 3 / span 3; } .s\:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; } .s\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .s\:col-end-10 { grid-column-end: 10; } .s\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .s\:mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .s\:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .s\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .s\:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .s\:me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } .s\:ml-\[381px\] { margin-left: 381px; } .s\:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .s\:ms-lg { margin-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .s\:ms-xl { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .s\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .s\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .s\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .s\:block { display: block; } .s\:flex { display: flex; } .s\:grid { display: grid; } .s\:contents { display: contents; } .s\:hidden { display: none; } .s\:h-100 { height: 100%; } .s\:h-5xl { height: 8rem; } .s\:h-\[128px\] { height: 128px; } .s\:h-\[160px\] { height: 160px; } .s\:h-\[210px\] { height: 210px; } .s\:h-\[32\.5rem\] { height: 32.5rem; } .s\:h-\[400px\] { height: 400px; } .s\:h-\[478px\] { height: 478px; } .s\:h-\[75px\] { height: 75px; } .s\:h-\[785px\] { height: 785px; } .s\:h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .s\:h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-240px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 240px); } .s\:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .s\:max-h-\[24px\] { max-height: 24px; } .s\:max-h-\[318px\] { max-height: 318px; } .s\:max-h-\[432px\] { max-height: 432px; } .s\:max-h-\[48px\] { max-height: 48px; } .s\:max-h-\[640px\] { max-height: 640px; } .s\:max-h-\[64px\] { max-height: 64px; } .s\:min-h-\[22px\] { min-height: 22px; } .s\:min-h-\[38px\] { min-height: 38px; } .s\:min-h-\[48px\] { min-height: 48px; } .s\:w-4\/5 { width: 80%; } .s\:w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .s\:w-\[144px\] { width: 144px; } .s\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .s\:w-\[40vw\] { width: 40vw; } .s\:w-\[45\%\] { width: 45%; } .s\:w-\[558px\] { width: 558px; } .s\:w-\[730px\] { width: 730px; } .s\:w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .s\:w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .s\:w-\[960px\] { width: 960px; } .s\:w-\[calc\(var\(--flex-nav-width\)-1px\)\] { width: calc(var(--flex-nav-width) - 1px); } .s\:w-auto { width: auto; } .s\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .s\:w-full { width: 100%; } .s\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .s\:min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .s\:min-w-\[48px\] { min-width: 48px; } .s\:min-w-\[500px\] { min-width: 500px; } .s\:max-w-\[100\%\] { max-width: 100%; } .s\:max-w-\[1094px\] { max-width: 1094px; } .s\:max-w-\[20rem\] { max-width: 20rem; } .s\:max-w-\[230px\] { max-width: 230px; } .s\:max-w-\[291px\] { max-width: 291px; } .s\:max-w-\[360px\] { max-width: 360px; } .s\:max-w-\[450px\] { max-width: 450px; } .s\:max-w-\[48px\] { max-width: 48px; } .s\:max-w-\[590px\] { max-width: 590px; } .s\:max-w-\[890px\] { max-width: 890px; } .s\:max-w-\[922px\] { max-width: 922px; } .s\:max-w-\[940px\] { max-width: 940px; } .s\:max-w-container-s { max-width: 994px; } .s\:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } .s\:shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .s\:flex-grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .s\:basis-1\/4 { flex-basis: 25%; } .s\:auto-rows-\[minmax\(144px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(144px, auto); } .s\:grid-cols-12 { grid-template-columns: repeat(12, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-\[auto_400px\] { grid-template-columns: auto 400px; } .s\:grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_144px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, 144px); } .s\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .s\:flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; } .s\:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .s\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .s\:items-center { align-items: center; } .s\:items-stretch { align-items: stretch; } .s\:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .s\:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .s\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .s\:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } .s\:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .s\:gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .s\:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .s\:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .s\:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .s\:gap-x-\[20px\] { column-gap: 20px; } .s\:gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; } .s\:gap-y-lg { row-gap: 1.5rem; } .s\:overflow-x-auto { overflow-x: auto; } .s\:rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .s\:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .s\:rounded-r-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .s\:rounded-ee-md { border-end-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-es-md { border-end-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-tl-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; } .s\:rounded-tr-none { border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .s\:border-e-sm { border-inline-end-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:bg-\[image\:var\(--large-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--large-banner); } .s\:bg-center { background-position: 50% center; } .s\:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .s\:p-md { padding: 1rem; } .s\:p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .s\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .s\:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .s\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .s\:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .s\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .s\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .s\:py-\[50px\] { padding-bottom: 50px; padding-top: 50px; } .s\:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .s\:pb-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; } .s\:pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; } .s\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .s\:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .s\:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .s\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .s\:pr-0 { padding-right: 0px; } .s\:ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px; } .s\:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .s\:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .s\:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .s\:text-left { text-align: left; } .s\:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; } .s\:text-14, .s\:text-20 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .s\:text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; } .s\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .first\:s\:ms-xl:first-child { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .last\:s\:me-xl:last-child { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } @container (min-width: 80rem) { .s\:\@7xl\:h-\[12rem\] { height: 12rem; } .s\:\@7xl\:bg-\[image\:var\(--x-large-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--x-large-banner); } } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .m\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .m\:col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .m\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .m\:col-end-11 { grid-column-end: 11; } .m\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .m\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .m\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .m\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .m\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .m\:mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: 2px; } .m\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .m\:ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .m\:mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .m\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .m\:block { display: block; } .m\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .m\:flex { display: flex; } .m\:contents { display: contents; } .m\:hidden { display: none; } .m\:h-\[700px\] { height: 700px; } .m\:max-h-\[337px\] { max-height: 337px; } .m\:max-h-\[60vh\] { max-height: 60vh; } .m\:max-h-\[calc\(50vh-70px\)\] { max-height: calc(-70px + 50vh); } .m\:w-1\/3 { width: 33.3333%; } .m\:w-\[1120px\] { width: 1120px; } .m\:w-\[1200px\] { width: 1200px; } .m\:w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .m\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .m\:w-\[50vw\] { width: 50vw; } .m\:w-\[520px\] { width: 520px; } .m\:w-\[560px\] { width: 560px; } .m\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .m\:max-w-\[1072px\] { max-width: 1072px; } .m\:max-w-\[380px\] { max-width: 380px; } .m\:max-w-container-m { max-width: 1132px; } .m\:basis-\[calc\(33\.33\%-8px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(33.33% - 8px); } .m\:grid-cols-14 { grid-template-columns: repeat(14, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .m\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .m\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .m\:gap-x-4xl { column-gap: 6rem; } .m\:gap-x-\[16px\] { column-gap: 16px; } .m\:space-x-2xs > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(.25rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(.25rem*var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } .m\:border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .m\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .m\:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .m\:\!pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; } .m\:\!pl-lg { padding-left:~~

~~1.5rem !important; } .m\:\!pr-0 { padding-right: 0px !important; } .m\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .m\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .m\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .m\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .m\:text-14\/5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .m\:text-18\/6 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .m\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .m\:font-bold { font-weight: 700; } .m\:font-semibold { font-weight: 600; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .l\:absolute { position: absolute; } .l\:left-0 { left: 0px; } .l\:right-0 { right: 0px; } .l\:top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .l\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .l\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .l\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .l\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .l\:col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .l\:col-end-19 { grid-column-end: 19; } .l\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .l\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .l\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .l\:block { display: block; } .l\:flex { display: flex; } .l\:contents { display: contents; } .l\:hidden { display: none; } .l\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .l\:h-\[600px\] { height: 600px; } .l\:max-h-\[352px\] { max-height: 352px; } .l\:w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .l\:min-w-\[448px\] { min-width: 448px; } .l\:max-w-\[1352px\] { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:max-w-\[590px\] { max-width: 590px; } .l\:max-w-container-l { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:auto-cols-\[calc\(25\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(25% - 0.5rem); } .l\:grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .l\:gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .l\:rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .l\:p-4xl { padding: 6rem; } .l\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .l\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .l\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .l\:pt-5xl { padding-top: 8rem; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .xl\:col-start-5 { grid-column-start: 5; } .xl\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .xl\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .xl\:block { display: block; } .xl\:flex { display: flex; } .xl\:contents { display: contents; } .xl\:hidden { display: none; } .xl\:max-h-\[452px\] { max-height: 452px; } .xl\:max-w-\[1524px\], .xl\:max-w-container-xl { max-width: 1524px; } .xl\:grid-cols-18 { grid-template-columns: repeat(18, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xl\:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .xl\:rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .xl\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .xl\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } } @media (max-width: 500px) { .embed-m\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-m\:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } } @media (max-width: 325px) { .embed-s\:absolute { position: absolute; } .embed-s\:right-md { right: 1rem; } .embed-s\:top-\[10px\] { top: 10px; } .embed-s\:ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .embed-s\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .embed-s\:block { display: block; } .embed-s\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-s\:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .embed-s\:items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .embed-s\:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } } @media (max-width: 260px) { .embed-xs\:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .embed-xs\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-xs\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .embed-xs\:h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .embed-xs\:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:max-h-\[540px\] { max-height: 540px; } .embed-xs\:w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .embed-xs\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:px-\[5px\] { padding-left: 5px; padding-right: 5px; } .embed-xs\:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; } .embed-xs\:leading-4, .embed-xs\:text-12 { line-height: 1rem; } } @media (min-width: 1472px) { .pdp-float-back-btn\:absolute { position: absolute; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:-start-\[2\.5rem\] { inset-inline-start: -2.5rem; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:top-md { top: 1rem; } } .\[\&\.active\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover.active { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .xs\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .s\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[66\%_32\%\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: 66% 32%; } .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .l\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .xl\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .xs\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .s\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[66\%_32\%\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: 66% 32%; } .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .l\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .xl\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } .\[\&\.hidden\~*\]\:block.hidden ~ * { display: block; } .\[\&\:not\(\&\:has\(\[data-keyword-card\]\)\)\]\:hidden:not(.\[\&\:not\(\&\:has\(\[data-keyword-card\]\)\)\]\:hidden:has([data-keyword-card])) { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)\>\[slot\]\]\:hidden:not(:defined) > [slot] { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)\]\:hidden:not(:defined) { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)_\.community-details\]\:hidden:not(:defined) .community-details { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:focus-within\)\]\:sr-only:not(:focus-within) { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .\[\&\>*\]\:invisible > * { visibility: hidden; } .\[\&\>*\]\:min-w-0 > * { min-width: 0px; } .\[\&\>\.threadline\>*\\\]\:border-tone-2 > .threadline > undefined, .\[\&\>\.threadline\>*\]\:border-tone-2 > .threadline > * { border-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .\[\&\>\.threadline\>*\]\:border-tone-4 > .threadline > * { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:mb-0 > :first-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:h-full > :first-child { height: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:max-h-full > :first-child { max-height: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:w-full > :first-child { width: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:overflow-hidden > :first-child { overflow: hidden; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:rounded-\[inherit\] > :first-child { border-radius: inherit; } .\[\&\>\:not\(\.pointer-events-none\)\]\:pointer-events-auto > :not(.pointer-events-none) { pointer-events: auto; } .\[\&\>a\]\:text-interactive-content-disabled > a { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .\[\&\>div\]\:\!pr-0 > div { padding-right: 0px !important; } .\[\&\>div\]\:pl-xs > div { padding-left: 0.5rem; } .\[\&\>li\>div\]\:px-0 > li > div { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:m-0 > p { margin: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:my-0 > p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:line-clamp-5 > p { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .\[\&\>span\>span\]\:text-12 > span > span { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:block > svg { display: block; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:aspect-square > svg { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-\[1\.25rem\] > svg { height: 1.25rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-lg > svg { height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-md > svg { height: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-sm > svg { height: 0.75rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-\[1\.25rem\] > svg { width: 1.25rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-lg > svg { width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-md > svg { width: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-sm > svg { width: 0.75rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:text-center > svg { text-align: center; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:align-middle > svg { vertical-align: middle; } .\[\&\[faceplate-validity\=invalid\]\[faceplate-dirty\]\]\:mb-0[faceplate-validity="invalid"][faceplate-dirty] { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&_*\:first-child\:not\(li\)\]\:mt-0 :first-child:not(li) { margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&_*\:last-child\]\:mb-0 :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&_*\]\:animate-none * { animation: auto ease 0s 1 normal none running none; } .\[\&_\.emote\]\:whitespace-pre .emote { white-space: pre; } .\[\&_\.emote\]\:leading-\[1\.25rem\] .emote { line-height: 1.25rem; } .\[\&_\.flair-image\]\:align-middle .flair-image { vertical-align: middle; } .\[\&_\.flair-image\]\:align-bottom .flair-image { vertical-align: bottom; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:h-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:min-h-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { min-height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:w-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:min-w-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { min-width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_a\]\:\!pointer-events-auto a { pointer-events: auto !important; } .\[\&_a\]\:\!text-current a { color: currentcolor !important; } .\[\&_a\]\:underline a { text-decoration-line: underline; } .\[\&_faceplate-img\.flair-image\]\:align-bottom faceplate-img.flair-image { vertical-align: bottom; } .\[\&_faceplate-img\]\:leading-normal faceplate-img { line-height: 1.5; } .\[\&_figure\]\:order-2 figure { order: 2; } .\[\&_figure\]\:p-md figure { padding: 1rem; } .\[\&_figure\]\:p-xs figure { padding: 0.5rem; } .\[\&_img\]\:h-\[40px\] img { height: 40px; } .\[\&_img\]\:w-\[40px\] img { width: 40px; } .\[\&_label\]\:hidden label { display: none; } .\[\&_li_*\]\:\!px-0 li * { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .\[\&_p\:nth-child\(n\+2\)\]\:hidden p:nth-child(n+2) { display: none; } .\[\&_p\]\:m-0 p { margin: 0px; } .\[\&_p\]\:my-0 p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&_p\]\:line-clamp-5 p { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .\[\&_p\]\:inline p { display: inline; } .\[\&_strong\]\:font-\[800\] strong { font-weight: 800; } .\[\&\~*\]\:hidden ~ * { display: none; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:h-\[390px\] { height: 390px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:gap-0 { gap: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:bg-\[length\:358px\] { background-size: 358px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:bg-\[center_25\%\] { background-position: center 25%; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:*\:w-full > * { width: 100%; } .rpl-dialog .\[\.rpl-dialog_\&\]\:max-w-\[320px\] { max-width: 320px; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .\[faceplate-textarea-input\[faceplate-validity\=\'valid\'\]\~div\>\&\]\:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .\[faceplate-textarea-input\[faceplate-~~

~~validity\=\'valid\'\]\-div\>\&\]\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-d6318ede-2f56-47b1-b10a-a9e9a1c7f127@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; :root, button, html, input, select { font-family: var(--font-sans); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary, menu { list-style-type: none; } del, ins { text-underline-position: under; } ac-activate, ac-call, ac-contents, ac-dispatch, ac-publish, ac-render-template, ac-toggle, ac-track, faceplate-dropdown-menu:not(.connected) [slot="menu"], faceplate-hovercard:not(:defined) > [slot="content"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="credit-bar"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="action-bar-ad-cta"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="credit-bar"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="action-bar-ad-cta"] { display: none; } .theme-light, :root { --rem360: 22.5rem; --rem320: 20rem; --rem192: 12rem; --rem144: 9rem; --rem128: 8rem; --rem96: 6rem; --rem90: 5.625rem; --rem88: 5.5rem; --rem64: 4rem; --rem56: 3.5rem; --rem48: 3rem; --rem40: 2.5rem; --rem36: 2.25rem; --rem32: 2rem; --rem28: 1.75rem; --rem26: 1.625rem; --rem24: 1.5rem; --rem22: 1.375rem; --rem20: 1.25rem; --rem18: 1.125rem; --rem16: 1rem; --rem15: 0.9375rem; --rem14: 0.875rem; --rem12: 0.75rem; --rem10: 0.625rem; --rem8: 0.5rem; --rem6: 0.375rem; --rem4: 0.25rem; --rem2: 0.125rem; --rem1: 0.0625rem; --spacer-4xs: 0.125rem; --spacer-2xs: 0.25rem; --spacer-xs: 0.5rem; --spacer-sm: 0.75rem; --spacer-md: 1rem; --spacer-lg: 1.5rem; --spacer-xl: 2rem; --spacer-2xl: 3rem; --spacer-a-px: 0px; --spacer-button-lg-px: var(--spacer-lg); --spacer-button-md-px: var(--spacer-lg); --spacer-button-sm-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-input-padding-left: 0px; --spacer-input-padding-top: 0px; --spacer-label-default: 0px; --spacer-switch-input-active-pl: 0px; --size-2xs: 0.25rem; --size-xs: 0.5rem; --size-sm: 0.75rem; --size-md: 1rem; --size-lg: 1.5rem; --size-xl: 2rem; --size-2xl: 3rem; --size-3xl: 4rem; --size-4xl: 6rem; --size-5xl: 8rem; --size-button-lg-h: 3.375rem; --size-button-md-h: 2.75rem; --size-button-sm-h: 2.125rem; --size-button-xs-h: 1.375rem; --size-switch-input-h: 1.25rem; --size-switch-input-w: 2rem; --line-sm: 0.0625rem; --line-md: 0.125rem; --line-lg: 0.25rem; --line-a-focus: 0px; --line-a-outline-moz: 0.0625rem; --line-a-outline-wb: 0.3125rem; --line-button-lg-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-md-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-sm-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-xs-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-border-activated: 0.0625rem; --line-input-border: var(--line-sm); --radius-1: 0.25rem; --radius-2: 0.5rem; --radius-4: 1rem; --radius-5: 1.25rem; --radius-6: 1.5rem; --radius-8: 2rem; --radius-sm: 0.25rem; --radius-lg: 2rem; --radius-full: 624.9375rem; --radius-accordion-size: var(--radius-sm); --font-10-15-bold: 700 0.625rem/0.9375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: 700 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-md: 700 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-md-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-sm: 700 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-sm-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-xs: 700 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-xs-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-default: var(--font-10-15-bold); --misc-accordion-border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); --misc-accordion-open-list-style-type: disclosure-open; --misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type: disclosure-closed; --misc-divider-margin: 0.5rem auto; --misc-label-text-transform: uppercase; --misc-label-letter-spacing: 0.5px; --color-primary-visited: #660099; --color-primary-background: #24a0ed; --color-primary-background-hover: #006cbf; --color-danger-content: #ea0027; --color-success-content: #46d160; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-white: #ffffff; --color-global-orangered: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #0079d3; --color-global-darkblue: #1d2535; --color-tone-1: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-2: #6a6d6f; --color-tone-3: #878a8c; --color-tone-4: #d3d6da; --color-tone-5: #edeff1; --color-tone-6: #f6f7f8; --color-tone-7: #ffffff; --color-action-primary: var(--color-primary-background); --color-action-secondary: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-action-upvote: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-action-downvote: #7193ff; --color-alert-positive: var(--color-success-content); --color-alert-negative: var(--color-danger-content); --color-alert-caution: #ffb000; --color-identity-admin: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-identity-moderator: #46d160; --color-identity-self: #0dd3bb; --color-identity-coins: #ddbd37; --color-category-live: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-category-nsfw: #ff3881; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-7); --color-opacity-highlight: linear-gradient(#006cbf1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-opacity-08: #1a1a1b14; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-scrim: #1a1a1b4d; --color-a-default: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-visited: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-overlay-focus: #ffffff1a; --color-button-overlay-active: #00000014; --color-button-primary-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-primary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-primary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-disabled: transparent; --color-button-primary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-background: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-focus: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-secondary-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-active: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --color-button-tertiary-background: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-focus: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-hover: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-activated: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-tertiary-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-7); --color-button-plain-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-active: transparent; --color-button-plain-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-divider-default: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-default: var(--color-tone-6); --color-input-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-input-border: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-label-default: var(--color-tone-1); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked: var(--color-global-alienblue); --color-switch-input-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-tone-5); --color-switch-input-background-hover: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-global-alienblue); --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #0000001a,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000026,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-focus-ring: 0 0 0 0.25rem var(--color-global-alienblue); --font-sans: -apple-system,BlinkMacSystemFont,'Segoe UI',Roboto,'Helvetica Neue',Arial,'Apple Color Emoji','Segoe UI Emoji','Segoe UI Symbol',sans-serif; --font-mono: Noto Mono,Menlo,Monaco,Consolas,monospace; --font-title-h0: normal 500 1.625rem/2rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h1: normal 500 1.375rem/1.625rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h2: normal 500 1.25rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h3: normal 500 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h4: normal 500 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h5: normal 500 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h6: normal 500 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-body: 0.875rem; --font-small: 0.75rem; --font-code: 0.875rem; --font-subheading: 0.75rem; --font-label: 0.625rem; --font-button-b1: normal bold 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b2: normal bold 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b3: normal bold 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b4: normal bold 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --color-gradient-orangeyellow: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #ec0623 0%, #ff8717 100%); --color-gradient-bluepink: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #51b9ff 0%, #7785ff 52.6%, #b279ff 73.96%, #ff81ed 100%); --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(26, 26, 27, 0.3); --boxshadow-navigation: 0px 4px 14px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.1); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.15),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.15); color-scheme: light; } .theme-light dialog::backdrop, :root dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #00000080; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) { --color-primary-visited: #c58af9; --color-primary-background: #006cbf; --color-primary-background-hover: #24a0ed; --color-tone-1: #d7dadc; --color-tone-2: #818384; --color-tone-3: #565758; --color-tone-4: #3a3a3c; --color-tone-5: #272729; --color-tone-6: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-7: #121213; --color-identity-coins: #ffe600; --color-ui-canvas: #050505; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-6); --color-opacity-50: #d7dadc80; --color-scrim: #0000004d; --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #000000ab; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #00000033,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000080; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000033,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000080; --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33); color-scheme: dark; } :root:not(.theme-light) dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #d7dadc80; } } .theme-dark { --color-primary-visited: #c58af9; --color-primary-background: #006cbf; --color-primary-background-hover: #24a0ed; --color-tone-1: #d7dadc; --color-tone-2: #818384; --color-tone-3: #565758; --color-tone-4: #3a3a3c; --color-tone-5: #272729; --color-tone-6: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-7: #121213; --color-identity-coins: #ffe600; --color-ui-canvas: #050505; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-6); --color-opacity-50: #d7dadc80; --color-scrim: #0000004d; --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #000000ab; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #00000033,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000080; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000033,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000080; --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33); color-scheme: dark; } .theme-dark dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #d7dadc80; } .theme-beta, .theme-light.theme-beta, .theme-light.theme-rpl, .theme-rpl { --spacer-a-px: 0.125rem; --spacer-button-lg-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-button-md-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-button-sm-px: var(--spacer-sm); --spacer-input-padding-left: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-input-padding-top: var(--spacer-2xs); --spacer-label-default: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-switch-input-active-pl: var(--spacer-xs); --size-banner-height: var(--size-rem40); --size-button-lg-h: var(--size-2xl); --size-button-md-h: 2.5rem; --size-button-sm-h: var(--size-xl); --size-~~

~~button-xs-h: var(--size-lg); --size-switch-input-h: var(--size-xl); --size-switch-input-w: var(--size-2xl); --line-a-focus: var(--line-md); --line-a-outline-moz: 0px; --line-a-outline-wb: 0px; --line-button-lg-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-md-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-sm-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-xs-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-border-activated: var(--line-lg); --line-input-border: var(--line-lg); --radius-md: 1.25rem; --radius-accordion-size: 0px; --font-10: 400 0.625rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12: 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-14: 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16: 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-18: 400 1.125rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-20: 400 1.25rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-24: 400 1.5rem/1.75rem var(--font-sans); --font-32: 400 2rem/2.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-48: 400 3rem/3rem var(--font-sans); --font-64: 400 4rem/4rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h0: var(--font-64); --font-title-h1: var(--font-32); --font-title-h2: var(--font-24); --font-title-h3: var(--font-18); --font-title-h4: var(--font-16); --font-title-h5: var(--font-14); --font-title-h6: var(--font-12); --font-14-20-regular: 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-14-20-semibold: 600 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16-20-regular: 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-12-16-regular: 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12-16-semibold: 600 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-huge-display-weight: 700; --font-huge-display-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-huge-display: var(--font-huge-display-weight) var(--font-huge-display-size)/var(--font-huge-display-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-display-weight: 700; --font-display-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-display: var(--font-display-weight) var(--font-display-size)/var(--font-display-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-1-weight: 700; --font-title-1: var(--font-title-1-weight) var(--font-title-1-size)/var(--font-title-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-2-weight: 700; --font-title-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-title-2: var(--font-title-2-weight) var(--font-title-2-size)/var(--font-title-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-3-weight: 700; --font-title-3-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.005em); --font-title-3: var(--font-title-3-weight) var(--font-title-3-size)/var(--font-title-3-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-headline-weight: 600; --font-headline-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-headline: var(--font-headline-weight) var(--font-headline-size)/var(--font-headline-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-1-weight: 400; --font-body-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-body-1: var(--font-body-1-weight) var(--font-body-1-size)/var(--font-body-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-2-weight: 400; --font-body-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-body-2: var(--font-body-2-weight) var(--font-body-2-size)/var(--font-body-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-1-weight: 600; --font-label-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-label-1: var(--font-label-1-weight) var(--font-label-1-size)/var(--font-label-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-2-weight: 600; --font-label-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-2: var(--font-label-2-weight) var(--font-label-2-size)/var(--font-label-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-caption-1-weight: 400; --font-caption-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-caption-1: var(--font-caption-1-weight) var(--font-caption-1-size)/var(--font-caption-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-caption-2-weight: 400; --font-caption-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-caption-2: var(--font-caption-2-weight) var(--font-caption-2-size)/var(--font-caption-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-md: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-sm: var(--font-12-16-semibold); --font-label-default: var(--font-12-16-regular); --misc-accordion-border: 0; --misc-accordion-open-list-style-type: none; --misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type: none; --misc-divider-margin: 0; --misc-label-text-transform: capitalize; --misc-label-letter-spacing: initial; --blur-sm: 0.25rem; --blur-normal: 0.5rem; --blur-md: 0.75rem; --blur-lg: 1rem; --blur-xl: 1.5rem; --blur-2xl: 2.5rem; --blur-3xl: 4rem; --color-action-downvote: #6A5CFF; --color-action-upvote: #D93900; --color-ai-background-weaker: #E7FDF5; --color-ai-plain: #006C56; --color-ai-plain-hover: #015140; --color-alert-caution: #977000; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #97AFBCff, #ffffffff 75%); --color-avatar-media-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #00000099, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-gradient-active: linear-gradient(180deg, #cd3700ff, #db3b00ff 68%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-active-highlight: linear-gradient(83deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default: linear-gradient(180deg, #D93900ff, #db3b00ff 30%, #AE2C00ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default-highlight: linear-gradient(258deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover: linear-gradient(180deg, #e23d00ff 15%, #cb3600ff 49%, #b43000ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover-highlight: linear-gradient(323deg, #cb360000 65%, #cb3600ff 100%); --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-category-live: #D93900; --color-category-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-caution-background: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #785800; --color-caution-plain-hover: #5B4200; --color-danger-background: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-disabled: #FDB3A4; --color-danger-background-hover: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-weaker: #FBDBD4; --color-danger-content: #BC0117; --color-danger-content-default: #ffffff; --color-danger-content-hover: #90000F; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #BC0117; --color-danger-plain-hover: #90000F; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #523DFF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #523DFF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(82, 61, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000026; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000019; --color-elevation-small: #00000026; --color-elevation-xsmall: #0000003F; --color-favorite: #977000; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #1870F4; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-darkblue: #2A3236; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #B78800; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #977000; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-gradient-media: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-gradient-media-strong: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #000000cc 60%, #000000e6 100%); --color-identity-admin: #D93900; --color-identity-coins: #B78800; --color-identity-moderator: #008A10; --color-identity-self: #01876D; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-media-onbackground: #ffffff; --color-media-onbackground-disabled: #ffffff40; --color-media-onbackground-weak: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-container: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #FFF9E0; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #FFF3C0; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #FFF9E0; --color-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-medium: #F8F8F8; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-selected: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background-strong: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-weak: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-neutral-border-medium: #0000007F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-border-weak: #00000019; --color-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #D6D6D6; --color-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-content-weak: #5C6C74; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-08: #13131314; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-opacity-highlight: linear-gradient(#0A2F6C1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-pizzaRed: #ef5350; --color-primary: #115BCA; --color-primary-background: #0A449B; --color-primary-background-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-background-selected: #0A1A3F; --color-primary-border: #0A449B; --color-primary-border-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-hover: #0A449B; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-plain: #0A449B; --color-primary-plain-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-plain-visited: #7600A3; --color-primary-visited: #9B00D4; --color-primarynext-background: #000000; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #21272A; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-plain: #0A449B; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #7600A3; --color-scrim: #00000099; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-scrim-gradient: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-scrim-strong: #000000cc; --color-secondary: #21272A; --color-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-secondary-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #5C6C74; --color-secondary-weak: #576F76; --color-success-background: #008A10; --color-success-background-hover: #016E0B; --color-success-content: #016E0B; --color-success-hover: #005306; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #016E0B; --color-success-plain-hover: #005306; --color-tone-1: #131313; --color-tone-2: #434343; --color-tone-3: #ACACAC; --color-tone-4: #E4E4E4; --color-tone-5: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-6: #F8F8F8; --color-tone-7: #ffffff; --color-transparent-background-hover: #7487911a; --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #AE2C004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(174, 44, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-~~

~~hover: #977000; --color-warning-content: #785800; --color-warning-content-hover: #5B4200; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-a-default: var(--color-primary); --color-a-hover: var(--color-primary-hover); --color-a-visited: var(--color-primary-visited); --color-banner-plain: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-banner-plain-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-banner-error: var(--color-danger-background); --color-banner-caution: var(--color-warning-background); --color-banner-success: var(--color-success-background); --color-banner-brand: var(--color-brand-background); --color-banner-plain-text: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-banner-plain-inverted-text: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); --color-banner-error-text: var(--color-danger-onBackground); --color-banner-caution-text: var(--color-warning-onBackground); --color-banner-caution-hover: var(--color-warning-background-hover); --color-banner-success-text: var(--color-success-onBackground); --color-banner-brand-text: var(--color-brand-onBackground); --color-button-overlay-focus: transparent; --color-button-overlay-active: transparent; --color-button-border-width: tomato; --color-button-border-width-activated: tomato; --color-button-primary-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-primary-background-activated: var(--color-primary-background-selected); --color-button-primary-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-primary-border-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-primary-border-active: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-primary-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-primary-text-activated: var(--color-primary-onBackground-selected); --color-button-secondary-background: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-background-focus: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-secondary-background-activated: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --color-button-secondary-border: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border-disabled: transparent; --color-button-secondary-text: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-secondary-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-secondary-text-activated: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-tertiary-background: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-focus: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-background-disabled: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-activated: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-tertiary-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-tertiary-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-text: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-button-tertiary-text-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); --color-button-tertiary-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-button-plain-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-background-disabled: transparent; --color-button-plain-background-activated: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --color-button-plain-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-plain-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-text: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-button-plain-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-primary-border-activated: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-plain-text-weak: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); --color-button-plain-inverted-background-activated: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-plain-inverted-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-button-media-border-color-activated: var(--color-media-border-selected); --color-button-favorite-text: var(--color-favorite); --color-button-caution-background: var(--color-caution-background); --color-button-caution-background-hover: var(--color-caution-background-hover); --color-button-caution-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-caution-text: var(--color-caution-onBackground); --color-divider-default: var(--color-neutral-border); --color-input-secondary: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-input-secondary-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-input-border: transparent; --color-input-bordered: transparent; --color-input-bordered-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); --color-input-secondary-text: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-input-bordered-text: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-input-pressed: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --color-input-radio: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-label-default: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-shimmer-background: #00000008; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #00000000, #00000005 20%, #0000000f 50%, #00000008 70%, #00000000 100%); --color-switch-input-background-pressed-scrim: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --color-switch-input-background-handle: var(--color-global-white); --color-switch-input-background-handle-disabled: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-switch-input-background-default-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-switch-input-background-checked: var(--color-primary-background); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-tooltip-bg-neutral: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-tooltip-text-neutral: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-bg-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-text-inverted: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-tooltip-bg-primary: var(--color-primary-background); --color-tooltip-text-primary: var(--color-primary-onBackground); --elevation-sm-inset: inset 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000021; --elevation-button-focus: var(--elevation-focus-ring); --elevation-switch-input-default-inset: var(--elevation-sm-inset); --font-huge-display-size: 4rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 4rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.125rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.875rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.875rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.75rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.75rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.625rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } .theme-beta[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-beta[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-rpl[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-rpl[device="tablet"] .text-responsive { --font-huge-display-size: 3rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.1875rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1.0625rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1.0625rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.9375rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.9375rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.8125rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.8125rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.6875rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) .theme-beta, :root:not(.theme-light) .theme-rpl, :root:not(.theme-light).theme-beta, :root:not(.theme-light).theme-rpl { --color-ai-background-weaker: #00382B; --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-caution-background: #D8A100; --color-caution-background-hover: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-plain-hover: #FFE284; --color-danger-background: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-disabled: #340F05; --color-danger-background-hover: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-weaker: #650405; --color-danger-content: #FF4F40; --color-danger-content-hover: #FF8773; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #FF8773; --color-danger-plain-hover: #FDB3A4; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #9580FF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #9580FF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(149, 128, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000033; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000033; --color-elevation-small: #00000054; --color-elevation-xsmall: #000000AA; --color-favorite: #B78800; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #D8A100; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #D8A100; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-container: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-medium: #131313; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-selected: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #0E1113; --color-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-neutral-border-medium: #FFFFFF7F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #F6F8F9; --~~

~~color-neutral-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #303030; --color-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-content-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-50: #F2F2F280; --color-pizzaRed: #c62828; --color-primary: #648EFC; --color-primary-background: #115BCA; --color-primary-background-hover: #1870F4; --color-primary-background-selected: #648EFC; --color-primary-border: #648EFC; --color-primary-border-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #000000; --color-primary-plain: #648EFC; --color-primary-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primary-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primarynext-background: #EEF1F3; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #000000; --color-primarynext-plain: #648EFC; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-secondary: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-secondary-hover: #ffffff; --color-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-secondary-weak: #748791; --color-success-background: #016E0B; --color-success-background-hover: #008A10; --color-success-content: #01A816; --color-success-hover: #00C61C; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #00C61C; --color-success-plain-hover: #58E15B; --color-tone-1: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-2: #ACACAC; --color-tone-3: #434343; --color-tone-4: #303030; --color-tone-5: #1E1E1E; --color-tone-6: #131313; --color-tone-7: #080808; --color-transparent-background-hover: #6677801a; --color-ui-canvas: #080808; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #FF4500; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #FF45004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #FF895D; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-content: #B78800; --color-warning-content-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-shimmer-background: #ffffff08; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #ffffff00, #ffffff05 20%, #ffffff0f 50%, #ffffff08 70%, #ffffff00 100%); } } .theme-dark .theme-beta, .theme-dark .theme-rpl, .theme-dark.theme-beta, .theme-dark.theme-rpl { --color-ai-background-weaker: #00382B; --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-caution-background: #D8A100; --color-caution-background-hover: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-plain-hover: #FFE284; --color-danger-background: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-disabled: #340F05; --color-danger-background-hover: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-weaker: #650405; --color-danger-content: #FF4F40; --color-danger-content-hover: #FF8773; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #FF8773; --color-danger-plain-hover: #FDB3A4; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #9580FF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #9580FF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(149, 128, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000033; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000033; --color-elevation-small: #00000054; --color-elevation-xsmall: #000000AA; --color-favorite: #B78800; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #D8A100; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #D8A100; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-container: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-medium: #131313; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-selected: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #0E1113; --color-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-neutral-border-medium: #FFFFFF7F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #303030; --color-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-content-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-50: #F2F2F280; --color-pizzaRed: #c62828; --color-primary: #648EFC; --color-primary-background: #115BCA; --color-primary-background-hover: #1870F4; --color-primary-background-selected: #648EFC; --color-primary-border: #648EFC; --color-primary-border-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #000000; --color-primary-plain: #648EFC; --color-primary-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primary-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primarynext-background: #EEF1F3; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #000000; --color-primarynext-plain: #648EFC; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-secondary: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-secondary-hover: #ffffff; --color-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-secondary-weak: #748791; --color-success-background: #016E0B; --color-success-background-hover: #008A10; --color-success-content: #01A816; --color-success-hover: #00C61C; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #00C61C; --color-success-plain-hover: #58E15B; --color-tone-1: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-2: #ACACAC; --color-tone-3: #434343; --color-tone-4: #303030; --color-tone-5: #1E1E1E; --color-tone-6: #131313; --color-tone-7: #080808; --color-transparent-background-hover: #6677801a; --color-ui-canvas: #080808; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #FF4500; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #FF45004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #FF895D; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-content: #B78800; --color-warning-content-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-shimmer-background: #ffffff08; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #ffffff00, #ffffff05 20%, #ffffff0f 50%, #ffffff08 70%, #ffffff00 100%); } :root { font-size: 16px; } .theme-dark, .theme-light, :root { background: var(--color-tone-7); color: var(--color-neutral-content,var(--color-tone-1)); } :not(:defined):not(faceplate-auto-height-animator, faceplate-dropdown-menu, faceplate-expandable-section-helper, faceplate-hovercard, faceplate-tracker) { visibility: hidden; } .nd-visible :not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } .theme-beta, .theme-beta.theme-dark, .theme-beta.theme-light, .theme-rpl, .theme-rpl.theme-dark, .theme-rpl.theme-light { --og-font: normal var(--font-sans); --font-10: var(--og-font); --font-12: var(--og-font); --font-14: var(--og-font); --font-16: var(--og-font); --font-18: var(--og-font); --font-20: var(--og-font); --font-24: var(--og-font); --font-32: var(--og-font); --font-48: var(--og-font); --font-64: var(--og-font); } .rpl-fonts-fix { --font-10: normal 400 0.625rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12: normal 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-14: normal 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16: normal 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-18: normal 400 1.125rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-20: normal 400 1.25rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-24: normal 400 1.5rem/1.75rem var(--font-sans); --font-32: normal 400 2rem/2.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-48: normal 400 3rem/3rem var(--font-sans); --font-64: normal 400 4rem/4rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h0: var(--font-64); --font-title-h1: var(--font-32); --font-title-h2: var(--font-24); --font-title-h3: var(--font-18); --font-title-h4: var(--font-16); --font-title-h5: var(--font-14); --font-title-h6: var(--font-12); } [rpl][avatar]:dir(rtl):not([flip]):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"], img[src$="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]), [rpl][avatar][flip]:not(:dir(rtl)):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"], img[src$="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]) { transform: scaleX(-1); } faceplate-banner [slot="closeButton"] { margin-inline-start: var(--spacer-sm); } faceplate-~~

~~banner [slot="actionButtons"] button:first-of-type { margin-inline-end: var(--spacer-xs); } faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"] button { color: var(--color-banner-caution-text); } faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"] button:hover { background-color: var(--color-banner-caution-hover); } .button-favorite { --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .button-favorite-toggled { --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-favorite-text); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-favorite-text); } .button-secondary-toggled { --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border); } .button-caution { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-caution-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-caution-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-caution-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-caution-text); } .rpl-vote-button-group { --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .rpl-vote-button-group:not([disabled]) .rpl-vote-button-group-label { color: var(--vote-button-label-color); } .rpl-vote-button-group:not([disabled]):hover.rpl-vote-button-group-label { color: var(--vote-button-label-color-hover); } .rpl-vote-button-group .rpl-vote-button-group-divider { background-color: var(--vote-button-divider-color); } code, details, header, kbd, pre, samp, th, tr:nth-child(2n) { background: var(--color-tone-6); } .rpl-vote-button-group[disabled] button[rpl]:disabled { --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote, .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote button[rpl] { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote button[rpl]:not([disabled]), .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote:not([disabled]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-upvote-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote, .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote button[rpl] { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote button[rpl]:not([disabled]), .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote:not([disabled]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-downvote-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-media-onBackground); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-media-border-weak); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled); } faceplate-dropdown-menu faceplate-menu li[rpl]:first-child [role="menuitem"] { border-start-start-radius: var(--rem8); border-start-end-radius: var(--rem8); } faceplate-dropdown-menu faceplate-menu li[rpl]:last-child [role="menuitem"] { border-end-start-radius: var(--rem8); border-end-end-radius: var(--rem8); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper { display: contents; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::-webkit-details-marker, faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::marker { display: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper[rpl] > details > summary { margin: 0px; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper[open] > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not([open]) > details > summary svg[rpl] [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); } address, area, article, aside, audio, blockquote, datalist, details, dl, fieldset, figure, form, iframe, img, input, menu, meter, nav, ol, optgroup, option, output, p, pre, progress, ruby, section, textarea, ul, video { margin-bottom: 1rem; } body { font-size: var(--font-body); margin: 0px auto; padding: var(--faceplate-body-padding); overflow-x: hidden; word-break: break-word; overflow-wrap: break-word; line-height: 1.5; } @media (max-width: 599px) { body { --faceplate-body-padding: 1rem; } } h1, h2, h3, h4, h5, h6 { margin: 1em 0px 0.5em; } h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } h2 { font: var(--font-title-h2); } h3 { font: var(--font-title-h3); } h4 { font: var(--font-title-h4); } h5 { font: var(--font-title-h5); } h6 { font: var(--font-title-h6); } label { text-transform: var(--misc-label-text-transform); letter-spacing: var(--misc-label-letter-spacing); font: var(--font-label-default); color: var(--color-label-default); } label > input, label > textarea { margin-top: var(--spacer-label-default); } faceplate-switch-input + label, input[type="checkbox"] + label, input[type="radio"] + label { font-size: inherit; text-transform: inherit; letter-spacing: inherit; font-weight: inherit; vertical-align: middle; } a { color: var(--color-a-default); text-decoration: none; } a:hover { text-decoration: underline; } abbr, abbr:hover { cursor: help; } blockquote :last-child { padding-bottom: 0px; margin-bottom: 0px; } header { padding-inline: calc(-50% + 50vw); margin-inline: calc(50% + 0px - 50vw); padding-top: var(--faceplate-body-padding); padding-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); margin-top: calc(-1 * var(--faceplate-body-padding)); margin-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); } article header, aside header, dialog header, faceplate-dialog header, main header, section header { padding: 0.5rem 0px; margin: 1rem 0px; background: 0px 0px; } article header h1, aside header h1, dialog header h1, faceplate-dialog header h1, main header h1, section header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h0); } header > :first-child { margin-top: 0px; } header > :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } :where(button), :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { background: var(--button-color-background); border-radius: 999px; border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display:~~

~~inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - (2 * var(--button-border-width,0px))); overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; outline-offset: 0px; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); --button-height: var(--size-button-sm-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-2xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-sm); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-sm-border); --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); } .align-left, td, th { text-align: start; } :where(button).icon, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).icon { width: var(--button-height); } :where(button):focus, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } :where(button).hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } @media (hover: hover) { :where(button):hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } } :where(button).active, :where(button):active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active); --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed), var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active); } :where(button).anchor-disabled, :where(button):disabled, :where(button)[aria-disabled="true"], :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).anchor-disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"])[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } :where(button).disabled.pointer-all, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: all; } :where(button).button-activated, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated); } small :where(button), small :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { --button-height: var(--size-button-xs-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-sm); --button-font: var(--font-button-xs); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-xs-border); } :where(button).button-large, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-large { --button-height: var(--size-button-lg-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-lg); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-lg-border); } :where(button).button-primary, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-primary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :where(button).button-plain, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-plain { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-plain-text-hover); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :root { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); background: var(--color-ui-canvas); --shreddit-content-background: var(--color-tone-7); --preferred-text-scale: env(preferred-text-scale); text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100% * var(--preferred-text-scale)),100%); } :where(button, input):where([type="submit"]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } faceplate-tablist button { border-radius: 0px; } faceplate-tablist button:first-child { border-radius: 999px 0px 0px 999px; } faceplate-tablist button:last-child { border-radius: 0px 999px 999px 0px; } faceplate-tablist a { border-bottom: 2px solid var(--button-color-primary); color: inherit; display: inline-block; font: var(--font-button-b3); padding: 0.5rem 1rem 0.375rem; } faceplate-tablist a:hover { text-decoration: none; } code, kbd, pre, samp { font-family: var(--font-mono); border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); border-radius: 4px; padding: 2px 4px; font-size: 0.9em; } pre { background: var(--color-tone-5); border-color: var(--color-tone-4); padding: 1rem 1.4rem; max-width: 100%; overflow: auto; } kbd { border-bottom-width: 3px; } code pre, pre code { background: inherit; font-size: inherit; color: inherit; border: 0px; padding: 0px; margin: 0px; } code pre { display: inline; } details { padding: 0.5rem 1rem; border: var(--misc-accordion-border); border-radius: var(--radius-accordion-size); } details summary { cursor: pointer; font-weight: 700; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type); } details[open] summary { margin-bottom: 0.375rem; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-open-list-style-type); } details[open] summary icon-caret-down, details[open] summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } details summary icon-caret-down, details summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } .fp-avatar-container img, details[open] > :last-child, menu menu, ol ol, ol ul, ul ol, ul ul { margin-bottom: 0px; } dt, table caption { font-weight: 700; margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } dd { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } hr { border-top: 0px; border-right: 0px; border-left: 0px; border-image: initial; border-bottom: 1px solid var(--color-divider-default); background-color: transparent; margin: var(--misc-divider-margin); } hr[padding="2xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-2xs); } hr[padding="xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-xs); } hr[padding="sm"] { padding: var(--spacer-sm); } hr[padding="md"] { padding: var(--spacer-md); } hr[color="subdued"] { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } hr[color="inverted"] { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } fieldset { margin-top: 1rem; padding: 1rem 2rem; border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); border-radius: 0.25rem; background: var(--color-tone-7); min-width: 0px; } legend { padding: 0px; font-weight: 700; } table { border-collapse: collapse; width: 100%; word-break: normal; margin-bottom: 1rem; } td, th { padding: 0.5rem; } img, input, textarea { max-width: 100%; } ol, ul { padding-inline-start: 2rem; } li { margin-top: 0.25rem; } menu { padding-inline-start: 0px; border-radius: 4px; width: fit-content; border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); } menu li { padding: 0.5rem 0.75rem; border-block-end: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); } menu li:last-child { border-block-end: none; } ins { text-decoration-color: var(--color-success-content); text-decoration-line: underline overline; } del { text-decoration-color: var(--color-danger-content); text-decoration-line: underline overline line-through; } input, select, textarea { font-family: var(--font-sans); color: var(--color-input-text); padding: 0.5rem 0.75rem; margin-bottom: 0.5rem; background: var(--color-input-default); border: var(--color-input-default) solid var(--line-input-border); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); box-shadow: none; box-sizing: border-box; font-size: 1rem; } input:disabled, select:disabled, textarea:disabled { cursor: not-allowed; opacity: 0.5; } input:invalid, select:invalid, textarea:invalid { border-color: var(--color-danger-content); } input[type="checkbox"], input[type="radio"] { vertical-align: middle; margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } input[type="color"], input[type="range"] { padding: initial; } input[type="search"] { border-radius: 400px; appearance: textfield; } dialog { border: 0px; border-radius: 4px; padding: 1rem; box-shadow: var(--boxshadow-modal); background: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } dialog::backdrop { background: var(--color-scrim); } .scroll-is-blocked { touch-action: none; overflow: hidden; overscroll-behavior: none; } .grecaptcha-badge { visibility: hidden; } faceplate-partial[loading="eager"], noscript *, shreddit-app activate-feature:not(:defined), shreddit-app click-location-tracker:not(:defined), shreddit-app devvit-post:not(:defined), shreddit-app shreddit-devvit-~~

~~ui-loader:not(:defined), shreddit-app shreddit-dynamic-ad-link:not(:defined), shreddit-app:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } :root, :root.theme-light { --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #fff2bd; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #ffe88f; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #665505; --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #FBDBD4; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #FDB3A4; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #BC0117; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #ffdda8; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #f9fafa; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #576f76; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) { --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-white); --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #251e02; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #382d03; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #dbaf00; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #1F0B04; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #650405; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #FF4F40; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #623a00; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #131f23; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #82959b; } } :root.theme-dark { --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-white); --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #251e02; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #382d03; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #dbaf00; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #1F0B04; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #650405; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #FF4F40; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #623a00; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #131f23; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #82959b; } :root.theme-beta, :root.theme-rpl { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); --shreddit-content-background: var(--color-neutral-background); --styled-scrollbar-background: var(--color-neutral-background); } :root.theme-beta.iframe, :root.theme-rpl.iframe { background-color: transparent; } :root.theme-beta.theme-embed, :root.theme-rpl.theme-embed { background: 0px 0px; } body { -webkit-font-smoothing: antialiased; overflow-y: scroll; --faceplate-body-padding: 0px !important; } .search-input { border-radius: 0px; appearance: none; } .search-input::-webkit-search-cancel-button { display: none; } .hide-scrollbar { scrollbar-width: none; } .hide-scrollbar::-webkit-scrollbar { display: none; } .styled-scrollbars { scrollbar-color: transparent transparent; scrollbar-width: thin; scrollbar-gutter: stable; --scrollbar-background: var(--styled-scrollbar-background, var(--shreddit-content-background)); } .styled-scrollbars::-webkit-scrollbar { width: 16px; height: 16px; } .styled-scrollbars::-webkit-scrollbar-track { background: var(--scrollbar-background); } .styled-scrollbars.visible, .styled-scrollbars:hover { scrollbar-color: var(--color-neutral-border) transparent; } .styled-scrollbars.visible::-webkit-scrollbar-thumb, .styled-scrollbars:hover::-webkit-scrollbar-thumb { background: var(--color-neutral-border); border: 6px solid var(--scrollbar-background); border-radius: 8px; } shreddit-app { --shreddit-header-height: 56px; --shreddit-header-large-height: 56px; --shreddit-bottom-padding: 52px; --page-y-padding: var(--shreddit-header-height); display: block; } shreddit-app:has(reddit-header-small:not(.fixed)) { --page-y-padding: 0px; } shreddit-app shreddit-dynamic-ad-link:not(:defined) { display: flex; height: 100%; align-items: center; } shreddit-app nav details summary::-webkit-details-marker { display: none; } shreddit-app.no-top-bar { --shreddit-header-height: 0px; --shreddit-header-large-height: 0px; --shreddit-bottom-padding: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post, shreddit-post { grid-template-columns: auto 1fr auto; } shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined), shreddit-post:not(:defined) { position: relative; } shreddit-ad-post.focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-ad-post.hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-post.focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-post.hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover .read-more-overflow-cover { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } shreddit-ad-post .post-content, shreddit-post .post-content { grid-column: 1 / 4; } shreddit-ad-post iframe, shreddit-post iframe { width: 100%; max-width: 100%; margin: 0px auto; } shreddit-ad-post table, shreddit-post table { display: inline-block; max-width: 100%; overflow-x: scroll; width: 100%; table-layout: fixed; } shreddit-ad-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface, shreddit-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface { --devvit2-surface-height: var(--devvit2-surface-height-post-style); --devvit2-surface-background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color-post-style); display: block; height: var(--devvit2-surface-height); overflow: hidden; background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color); } .theme-dark shreddit-ad-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface, .theme-dark shreddit-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface { --devvit2-surface-background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color-dark-post-style); } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined), shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) { display: flex; flex-wrap: wrap; padding: 4px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="call-to-action"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="call-to-action"] { flex-basis: 100%; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"] { flex: 1 1 0%; margin-top: 24px; padding-left: 16px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) > [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) > [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-left: 0.25rem; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-bottom: 40px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="recommendation-bar"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="recommendation-bar"] { width: 100%; height: 32px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"] { margin-top: -32px; } @media (min-width: 767px) { shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined)::after, shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined)::after { display: none; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-bottom: 0px; } } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after { content: "\a "; white-space: pre; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview shreddit-spoiler, shreddit-post .feed-card-text-preview shreddit-spoiler { background: var(--color-category-spoiler); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); color: var(--color-category-spoiler); height: var(--size-md); overflow: hidden; vertical-align: middle; width: var(--size-2xl); display: inline-block !important; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li), shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li, h1) { color-scheme: revert; forced-color-adjust: revert; math-depth: revert; position: revert; position-anchor: revert; text-size-adjust: revert; appearance: revert; color: revert; font-family: revert; font-feature-settings: revert; font-kerning: revert; font-language-override: revert; font-optical-sizing: revert; font-palette: revert; font-size-adjust: revert; font-stretch: revert; font-synthesis: revert; font-variant: revert; font-variation-settings: revert; position-area: revert; text-orientation: revert; text-rendering: revert; text-spacing-trim: revert; -webkit-font-smoothing: revert; -webkit-locale: revert; -webkit-text-orientation: revert; -webkit-writing-mode: revert; writing-mode: revert; zoom: revert; accent-color: revert; place-content: revert; place-items: revert; place-self: revert; alignment-baseline: revert; anchor-name: revert; anchor-scope: revert; animation-composition: revert; animation: revert; animation-trigger: revert; app-region: revert; aspect-ratio: revert; backdrop-filter: revert; backface-visibility: revert; background: revert; background-blend-mode: revert; baseline-shift: revert; baseline-source: revert; block-size: revert; border-block: revert; border: revert; border-radius: revert; border-collapse: revert; border-end-end-radius: revert; border-end-start-radius: revert; border-inline: revert; border-shape: revert; border-start-end-radius: revert; border-start-start-radius: revert; inset: revert; box-decoration-break: revert; box-shadow: revert; box-sizing: revert; break-after: revert; break-before: revert; break-inside: revert; buffered-rendering: revert; caption-side: revert; caret-animation: revert; caret-color: revert; caret-shape: revert; clear: revert; clip: revert; clip-path: revert; clip-rule: revert; color-interpolation: revert; color-interpolation-filters: revert; color-rendering: revert; columns: revert; column-fill: revert; gap: revert; column-rule: revert; column-span: revert; contain: revert; contain-intrinsic-block-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-inline-size: revert; container: revert; content: revert; content-visibility: revert; corner-shape: revert; corner-block-end-shape: revert; corner-block-start-shape: revert; counter-increment: revert; counter-reset: revert; counter-set: revert; cursor: revert; cx: revert; cy: revert; d: revert; dominant-baseline: revert; dynamic-range-limit: revert; empty-cells: revert; field-sizing: revert; fill: revert; fill-opacity: revert; fill-rule: revert; filter: revert; flex: revert; flex-flow: revert; float: revert; flood-color: revert; flood-opacity: revert; grid: revert; grid-area: revert; height: revert; hyphenate-character: revert; hyphenate-limit-chars: revert; hyphens: revert; image-orientation: revert; image-rendering: revert; initial-letter: revert; inline-size: revert; inset-block: revert; inset-inline: revert; interactivity: revert; interest-delay: revert; interpolate-size: revert; isolation: revert; letter-spacing: revert; lighting-color: revert; line-break: revert; line-height: revert; list-style: revert; marker: revert; mask: revert; mask-type: revert; math-shift: revert; math-style: revert; max-block-size: revert; max-height: revert; max-inline-size: revert; max-width: revert; min-block-size: revert; min-height: revert; min-inline-size: revert; min-width: revert; mix-blend-mode: revert; object-fit: revert; object-position: revert; object-view-box: revert; offset: revert; opacity: revert; order: revert; orphans: revert; outline: revert; outline-offset: revert; overflow-anchor: revert; overflow-block: revert; overflow-clip-margin: revert; overflow-inline: revert; overflow-wrap: revert; overflow: revert; overlay: revert; overscroll-behavior-block: revert; overscroll-behavior-inline: revert; overscroll-behavior: revert; padding-block: revert; padding-inline: revert; page: revert; page-orientation: revert; paint-order: revert; perspective: revert; perspective-origin: revert; pointer-events: revert; position-try: revert; position-visibility: revert; print-color-adjust: revert; quotes: revert; r: revert; reading-flow: revert; reading-order: revert; resize: revert; rotate: revert; ruby-align: revert; ruby-position: revert; rx: revert; ry: revert; scale: revert; scroll-behavior: revert; scroll-initial-target: revert; scroll-margin-block: revert; scroll-margin: revert; scroll-margin-inline: revert; scroll-marker-group: revert; scroll-padding-block: revert; scroll-padding: revert; scroll-padding-inline: revert; scroll-snap-align: revert; scroll-snap-stop: revert; scroll-snap-type: revert; scroll-target-group: revert; scroll-timeline: revert; scrollbar-color: revert; scrollbar-gutter: revert; scrollbar-width: revert; shape-image-threshold: revert; shape-margin: revert; shape-~~

~~outside: revert; shape-rendering: revert; size: revert; speak: revert; stop-color: revert; stop-opacity: revert; stroke: revert; stroke-dasharray: revert; stroke-dashoffset: revert; stroke-linecap: revert; stroke-linejoin: revert; stroke-miterlimit: revert; stroke-opacity: revert; stroke-width: revert; tab-size: revert; table-layout: revert; text-align: revert; text-align-last: revert; text-anchor: revert; text-autospace: revert; text-box: revert; text-combine-upright: revert; text-decoration: revert; text-decoration-skip-ink: revert; text-emphasis: revert; text-emphasis-position: revert; text-indent: revert; text-justify: revert; text-overflow: revert; text-shadow: revert; text-transform: revert; text-underline-offset: revert; text-underline-position: revert; text-wrap: revert; timeline-scope: revert; timeline-trigger: revert; touch-action: revert; transform: revert; transform-box: revert; transform-origin: revert; transform-style: revert; transition: revert; translate: revert; trigger-scope: revert; user-select: revert; vector-effect: revert; vertical-align: revert; view-timeline: revert; view-transition-class: revert; view-transition-group: revert; view-transition-name: revert; view-transition-scope: revert; visibility: revert; border-spacing: revert; -webkit-box-align: revert; -webkit-box-decoration-break: revert; -webkit-box-direction: revert; -webkit-box-flex: revert; -webkit-box-ordinal-group: revert; -webkit-box-orient: revert; -webkit-box-pack: revert; -webkit-box-reflect: revert; -webkit-line-break: revert; -webkit-line-clamp: revert; -webkit-mask-box-image: revert; -webkit-rtl-ordering: revert; -webkit-ruby-position: revert; -webkit-tap-highlight-color: revert; -webkit-text-combine: revert; -webkit-text-decorations-in-effect: revert; -webkit-text-fill-color: revert; -webkit-text-security: revert; -webkit-text-stroke: revert; -webkit-user-drag: revert; white-space-collapse: revert; widows: revert; width: revert; will-change: revert; word-break: revert; word-spacing: revert; x: revert; y: revert; z-index: revert; font-size: inherit; font-style: inherit; font-weight: inherit; margin: 0px; margin-block: unset; margin-inline: unset; padding: 0px; display: inline !important; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview ol, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview ul { display: inline; list-style: none; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview li { display: inline; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .md :first-child:not(li) { margin-top: 0px; } .md :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .md li p { margin: 0px; } .md code { white-space: pre-wrap; } .align-center { text-align: center; } .align-right { text-align: end; } .rte-media { margin: 0px 0px 1rem; } .rte-media a { display: block; } .rte-media img { display: block; width: auto; } .rte-media-caption { font-size: 0.8em; margin-top: 0.4em; text-align: center; } .rte-video-placeholder { background: var(--color-global-black); } .continue { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .shreddit-pagination { display: grid; gap: 1rem; margin-bottom: 1rem; grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 50%)); padding: 1rem; } .shreddit-pagination * { grid-column: 1 / span 1; } .shreddit-pagination * button { display: block; width: 100%; } .shreddit-pagination .right { grid-column: 2 / span 1; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) { display: block; position: relative; padding-left: 24px; } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment:not(:defined) { padding-left: 32px; } } rpl-hovercard:not(:defined) [slot="content"], shreddit-comment:not(:defined) [slot="commentAvatar"] { display: none; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined)::before { content: ""; position: absolute; left: 0px; top: 4px; display: inline-block; border-radius: 100%; width: 24px; height: 24px; background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment:not(:defined)::before { width: 32px; height: 32px; } } shreddit-comment .load-more::after, shreddit-comment .load-more::before { position: absolute; left: -1.5em; width: 6px; content: ""; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) [slot="commentMeta"] { height: 36px; margin-bottom: 2px; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) author-flair-event-handler { display: flex; } shreddit-ad-post del { text-decoration-color: inherit; text-decoration-line: line-through; } shreddit-comment .load-more::before { top: 0px; height: calc(100% + 12px); background-color: var(--color-tone-7); } shreddit-comment .load-more::after { top: 50%; transform: translateY(-50%); border-radius: 50%; height: 6px; background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } shreddit-comment .admin { color: var(--color-identity-admin); } shreddit-comment .moderator { color: var(--color-identity-moderator); } shreddit-comment .op { color: var(--color-action-secondary); } shreddit-comment .self { color: var(--color-identity-self); } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji { display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji .md { padding: 0px; font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 0.75rem; display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { width: 0.875rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } shreddit-comment .avatar { border-radius: 50%; overflow: hidden; margin-right: 0.5rem; flex-shrink: 0; height: 20px; width: 20px; font-size: 20px; text-align: center; } shreddit-comment .author-flair { white-space: nowrap; text-overflow: ellipsis; overflow: hidden; display: inline; border-radius: 20px; margin-bottom: -2px; } shreddit-comment .author { color: inherit; } shreddit-comment .summary-flex, shreddit-comment [slot="commentMeta"] { display: flex; margin-inline-end: 0px; flex-direction: row; align-items: center; max-width: 100%; font-size: 0.875rem; } alert-controller, banner-controller, faceplate-toaster, toaster-lite { z-index: 9999; pointer-events: all; } blockquote { border-inline-start: 5px solid var(--color-tone-5); margin: 0.5rem 0px 1rem; margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; padding: 0.5rem 1rem; background: 0px 0px; } shreddit-comment-tree .top-level { padding: 1rem 1rem 0px; } shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) { display: block; padding: 0px 16px; } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) { padding: 0px; } } shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) > shreddit-comment { margin-bottom: 16px; } shreddit-aspect-ratio:not(:defined) { --default-aspect-ratio: 2; --configured-aspect-ratio: var(--aspect-ratio, var(--default-aspect-ratio)); --computed-aspect-ratio: calc(100% / var(--configured-aspect-ratio)); --default-min-height: 150px; --configured-min-height: var(--min-height, var(--default-min-height)); --default-max-height: 100vh; --configured-max-height: var(--max-height, var(--default-max-height)); --aspect-ratio-padding: min(max(var(--configured-min-height), var(--computed-aspect-ratio)), var(--configured-max-height)); padding-bottom: var(--aspect-ratio-padding); position: relative; } shreddit-aspect-ratio:not(:defined):not(.visible) { display: block; height: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="subredditFeedPagePostDescriptor"], shreddit-ad-post [slot="aggregateFeedPostDescriptor"] { grid-column: 1 / 2; min-width: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="subredditFeedIcon"] { grid-column: 2 / 3; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title"], shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] { grid-column: 1 / 2; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] { color: inherit; text-decoration: none; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] h3 { display: inline; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] { border-top: .5rem solid var(--color-ui-canvas); } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header { display: grid; grid-column: 1 / 2; grid-template-columns: 1fr auto; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header .transcript-header-text { font-size: var(--font-body); font-weight: 600; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header .transcript-header-button { background-color: inherit; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; border-radius: unset; font-size: 20px; height: 20px; line-height: 20px; color: var(--color-tone-1); } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-body { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } shreddit-ad-post .group { align-items: center; display: flex; } shreddit-ad-post .post-descriptor-overflow { min-width: 0px; flex: 1 1 0%; } shreddit-ad-post .separator::after { content: "â€¢"; display: inline-block; margin: 0px 0.25em; position: relative; } shreddit-ad-post .separator.flair-separator::after { margin-right: 0px; margin-left: 0.375rem; } shreddit-ad-post .author-flair { flex-shrink: 9999; } shreddit-ad-post .post-img { height: 100%; width: 100%; } shreddit-ad-post .post-img--deferred { background-color: var(--color-global-black); } shreddit-ad-post .post-descriptor-overflow a { align-items: center; color: inherit; display: flex; text-decoration: none; } shreddit-ad-post .join-btn { background-color: inherit; border-width: 0px; color: var(--color-action-secondary); font: inherit; padding: 0px 0.25rem; margin-left: 0.25rem; } shreddit-ad-post .author-flair { margin: 0px 0.375rem -2px; display: inline-block; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji { display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji .md { padding: 0px; font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 0.75rem; display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { width: 0.875rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .shreddit-subreddit-icon__default-icon { border-radius: 50%; height: 100%; margin-bottom: 1rem; overflow: hidden; width: 100%; background: var(--color-tone-7); text-align: center; } .community-list { background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 4.75rem 4.75rem; display: grid; grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(18rem, 1fr)); grid-template-rows: 4.75rem; margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } @media (max-width: 607px) { .community-list > div:first-child { background: linear-gradient(var(--color-tone-5) 0 .125rem,transparent 0 4.75rem); } } @media (max-width: 607px) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .community-list > div:first-child { background: linear-gradient(var(--color-ui-canvas) 0 .125rem,transparent 0 4.75rem); } } @media (min-width: 608px) { .community-list { background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 4.75rem 9.5rem; } } .page-number { display: flex; font-weight: 700; justify-content: center; padding: 0.25rem 0px; position: relative; width: 4rem; } #right-sidebar-container faceplate-partial[name="pdp-right-rail-content"][loading="programmatic"]:not([is-loading]), faceplate-hovercard a[aria-expanded="false"] + div[hidden], faceplate-tabgroup:not(:defined) .button.icon, faceplate-tooltip:not(:defined) > :not([slot="trigger"]), rpl-dropdown:not(:defined) > [slot="content"], rpl-tooltip:not(:defined) > [slot="content"] { display: none; } .page-number:hover::after { content: ""; border-bottom: 0.125rem solid; position: absolute; top: 85%; width: 30%; } .post-background-image-filter { filter: blur(24px); } .theme-dark .embed-background-cta:active { background-color: rgb(89, 27, 2); } .thumbnail-shadow { box-shadow: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2) 0px 0px 6px inset; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .thumbnail-shadow { box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2) 0px 0px 6px inset; } } faceplate-screen-reader-content { position: absolute; width: 1px; height: 1px; padding: 0px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); white-space: nowrap; border-width: 0px; } .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { vertical-align: text-bottom; } main#main-content { scroll-margin-top: var(--shreddit-header-height); } #shreddit-skip-link { height: auto; width: auto; overflow: auto; transform: scale(1); z-index: 9999; left: 8px; top: -100vh; display: inline-block; position: fixed; } #shreddit-skip-link:focus { top: 8px; } shreddit-gallery-carousel a:focus-visible .carousel-item-cover { outline: auto var(--color-global-focus); outline-offset: -1px; } shreddit-app > :not(reddit-debug-panel) { --rpl-debugger-color: rgba(255, 0, 255, 0.4); } gallery-carousel:not(:defined) ul { padding: 0px; margin: 0px; height: 100%; } gallery-carousel:not(:defined) li { height: 100%; } @keyframes bg-shimmer-animation { 0% { background-position-x: 100%; } 100% { background-position-x: -100%; } } .bg-shimmer { position: relative; background: var(--color-shimmer-background); overflow: hidden; } .bg-shimmer::before { content: ""; position: absolute; inset: 0px; background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 200% 100%; animation: 2.5s ease 0s infinite normal none running bg-shimmer-animation; } suspense-placeholder:empty ~ * { visibility: hidden !important; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location:~~
~~https://www.google.com/recaptcha/enterprise/anchor?~~
~~ar=1&k=6LfirrMoAAAAAHZOipvza4kpp_VtTwLNuXVwURNQ&co=aHR0cHM6Ly93d3cucmVkZGl0LmNvbTo0NDM.&hl=en&v=gTpTIWhbKpxADzTzkcabhXN4&s~~
~~ms=20000&execute-ms=30000&cb=ck9h8b78s457~~

~~protected by reCAPTCHA~~

~~------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: image/png Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location:~~
~~https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/logo_48.png ‰PNG □ IHDR00□□W□ù‡□gAMA±□□üa□ cHRMz&€„ú€èu0ê`:˜□pœºQ<�□bKGDùC»□~~
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~~×jµÛ¡»}æ□□□x__ßß”Jå‹¨l|□ÿ…ZvÓã"□’š□□½µµõ ³Ùü_OÁm6Ûý——723□¼ •…w±□□Ö{…□-7E»□h!·V‘—÷¯□‘à-ó□¼ã□□A3Ù□¼ƒ□…?§ãïžÀ¿ Æ×>Ò79¶Œ?†~~
~~äÙI□àßø□ú□7Cõ+(•□/IEND®B`, ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-~~
~~Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/releases/gTpTIWhbKpxADzTzkcabhXN4/styles__ltr.css @charset "utf-8"; .goog-inline-block {~~
~~position: relative; display: inline-block; } * html .goog-inline-block { display: inline; } :first-child + html .goog-inline-block { display: inline; } .recaptcha-checkbox {~~
~~border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; font-size: 1px; height: 28px; margin: 4px; width: 28px; overflow: visible;~~
~~outline: 0px; vertical-align: text-bottom; } .recaptcha-checkbox-border { border-radius: 2px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); font-~~
~~size: 1px; height: 24px; position: absolute; width: 24px; z-index: 1; } .recaptcha-checkbox-borderAnimation { background-image:~~
~~url("data:image/png;base64,iVBORw0KGgoAAAANSUhEUgAAAFQAAANICAYAAABZl8i8AAAAIGNIUk0AAHomAACAhAAA+gAAAIDoAAB1MAAA6mAAADq~~
~~background-repeat: no-repeat; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 28px; outline: 0px; position: absolute;~~
~~width: 28px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-nodatauri.recaptcha-checkbox-borderAnimation { background-image:~~
~~url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/checkbox_sprite.png"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border-radius: 2px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255);~~
~~background-size: 24px; border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); height: 24px; left: 0px; position: absolute; top: 0px; width: 24px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner { background-~~
~~color: rgb(249, 249, 249); border-width: 6px; border-style: solid; border-color: rgb(77, 144, 254) rgb(77, 144, 254) transparent transparent; border-image: initial; border-~~
~~radius: 36px; height: 36px; left: -4px; outline: 0px; position: absolute; top: -4px; width: 36px; box-sizing: border-box; opacity: 0; animation: 2.5s linear 0s infinite normal~~
~~none paused spinner-spin; transition-duration: 1s; } @-webkit-keyframes spinner-spin { 0% { transform: rotateZ(0deg); } 10% { transform: rotateZ(135deg); } 25% {~~
~~transform: rotateZ(245deg); } 60% { transform: rotateZ(700deg); } 75% { transform: rotateZ(810deg); } 100% { transform: rotateZ(3turn); } } @keyframes spinner-spin {~~
~~0% { transform: rotateZ(0deg); } 10% { transform: rotateZ(135deg); } 25% { transform: rotateZ(245deg); } 60% { transform: rotateZ(700deg); } 75% { transform:~~
~~rotateZ(810deg); } 100% { transform: rotateZ(3turn); } } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-overlay { content: ""; position: absolute; top: -7px; left: -7px; width: 38px; height:~~
~~19px; background-color: rgb(249, 249, 249); animation: 1s linear 0s 1 normal none paused overlay-spin; transform-origin: center bottom; border-radius: 38px 38px 0px 0px;~~
~~transform: rotateZ(45deg); opacity: 0; } @-webkit-keyframes overlay-spin { 0% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(45deg); } 100% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(225deg); }~~
~~} @keyframes overlay-spin { 0% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(45deg); } 100% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(225deg); } } .recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark {~~
~~background-image:~~
~~url("data:image/png;base64,iVBORw0KGgoAAAANSUhEUgAAACYAAATsCAMAAADb3wBdAAAAIGNIUk0AAHomAACAhAAA+gAAAIDoAAB1MAAA6mAAAI~~
~~background-repeat: no-repeat; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 30px; left: -5px; outline: 0px; position:~~
~~absolute; width: 38px; } .rc-anchor-dark .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner, .rc-anchor-dark .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-overlay { background-color: rgb(34, 34, 34); }~~
~~.recaptcha-checkbox-nodatauri.recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/checkmark_sprite.png"); } .recaptcha-~~
~~checkbox-hover .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-hover .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.1) 0px 1px 1px inset; border: 2px~~
~~solid rgb(178, 178, 178); } .recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid~~
~~rgb(77, 144, 254); } .recaptcha-checkbox-active .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-active .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-color: rgb(235, 235,~~
~~235); } .recaptcha-checkbox-disabled .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-disabled .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-color: rgb(241, 241, 241); }~~
~~.recaptcha-checkbox-loading .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/loading.gif"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-~~
~~checked .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { visibility: hidden; } .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-~~
~~checkbox-checkmark { background-position: 0px -600px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-expired .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-expired .recaptcha-checkbox-~~
~~spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .recaptcha-checkbox-clearOutline.recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-~~
~~clearOutline.recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); } body { margin: 0px; } .rc-anchor { border-radius: 3px; box-~~
~~shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.08) 0px 0px 4px 1px; } .rc-anchor-normal { height: 74px; width: 300px; } .rc-anchor-compact { height: 136px; width: 156px; } .rc-anchor-compact~~
~~#rc-anchor-classic-warning { width: 140px; text-align: center; } .rc-anchor-dark { background: rgb(34, 34, 34); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-~~
~~normal, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact { border: 1px solid rgb(82, 82, 82); } .rc-anchor-dark #rc-anchor-over-quota, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-over-~~
~~quota, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal #rc-anchor-classic-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-classic-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal #rc-~~
~~anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-anchor-light { background:~~
~~rgb(249, 249, 249); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .rc-anchor-light.rc-anchor-normal, .rc-anchor-light.rc-anchor-compact { border: 1px solid rgb(211, 211, 211); } .rc-inline-block {~~
~~display: inline-block; height: 100%; } .rc-anchor-center-container { display: table; height: 100%; } .rc-anchor-center-item { display: table-cell; vertical-align: middle; } .rc-~~
~~anchor-content { display: inline-block; position: relative; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-content { height: 74px; width: 206px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-content {~~
~~height: 85px; } .rc-anchor-error-message { color: rgb(255, 0, 0); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 16px;~~
~~padding: 0px 10px; } .rc-anchor-checkbox { margin: 0px 12px 2px; } .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-~~
~~weight: 400; line-height: 17px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { width: 152px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { width: 95px; } .rc-anchor-~~
~~error-msg-container { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; left: 0px; line-height: 14px; margin: 2px;~~
~~position: absolute; top: 0px; } .rc-anchor-normal.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-error-msg-container { width: 240px; } .rc-anchor-normal.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-content {~~
~~margin-top: 10px; } .rc-anchor-compact.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-content { margin-top: 25px; } .rc-anchor-normal-footer { display: inline-block; height: 74px; vertical-~~
~~align: top; width: 70px; } .rc-anchor-compact-footer { margin: 0px 12px; text-align: center; width: 136px; } .rc-anchor-logo-img { background:~~
~~url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/logo_48.png") no-repeat; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-ie8 { } .rc-anchor-logo-text { cursor: default; font-family: Roboto, helvetica,~~
~~arial, sans-serif; font-size: 10px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 10px; margin-top: 5px; text-align: center; } .rc-anchor-light .rc-anchor-logo-text, .rc-anchor-light div a:link,~~
~~.rc-anchor-light div a:visited { color: rgb(85, 85, 85); } .rc-anchor-dark .rc-anchor-logo-text, .rc-anchor-dark div a:link, .rc-anchor-dark div a:visited { color: rgb(245, 245,~~
~~245); } .rc-anchor-logo-portrait { margin: 10px 0px 0px 26px; width: 58px; user-select: none; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-portrait { background-size: 32px; height: 32px; margin:~~
~~0px 13px; width: 32px; } .rc-anchor-logo-landscape { user-select: none; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-landscape { background-size: 24px; display: inline-block; height: 24px;~~
~~width: 24px; } .rc-anchor-logo-landscape-text-holder { display: inline-block; height: 24px; margin: 0px 2px; width: 54px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-~~
~~invisible .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-pt { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 8px; font-weight: 400; } .rc-anchor-pt { background-~~
~~image:~~
~~url("data:image/png;base64,iVBORw0KGgBX2EQZQBOnoDD2UeBhW1sSiNmRQ8RLXQFNGEcygBY2e9ObVv9U1t63RNBe6wgU2VvBPuEb0HROhDgBXlGjaztkBW~~

~~} .rc-anchor-pt a { display: inline; padding: 2px 1px; text-decoration: none; } .rc-anchor-pt a:hover { text-decoration: underline; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt { margin: 2px 11px 0px 0px; padding-right: 2px; position: absolute; right: 0px; text-align: right; width: 276px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-pt { margin: 0px 0px 2px; width: 132px; } .rc-anchor-aria-status { display: none; } #rc-anchor-alert, .rc-anchor-alert { color: red; font-size: 9px; margin: 2px; position: absolute; top: 0px; } #rc-anchor-classic-warning, #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { bottom: 0px; color: rgb(85, 85, 85); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 9px; padding: 4px; position: absolute; width: 190px; display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; height: 20px; } #rc-anchor-classic-warning a { display: inline-block; position: relative; z-index: 1; padding: 4px; margin: -4px; } #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning a { display: inline-block; position: relative; z-index: 1; padding: 4px; margin: -4px; } #rc-anchor-over-quota { bottom: 0px; color: rgb(85, 85, 85); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 9px; padding: 4px; position: absolute; width: 170px; display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; height: 20px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-content #rc-anchor-over-quota { width: 148px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt.rc-anchor-over-quota-pt { width: 130px; } .rc-anchor-logo-portrait.rc-anchor-over-quota-logo { margin-top: 6px; } #rc-anchor-invisible-over-quota, #rc-anchor-invisible-classic-warning { font-size: 9px; line-height: normal; } #rc-anchor-invisible-over-quota a, #rc-anchor-invisible-classic-warning a, #rc-anchor-invisible-v1beta1-shutdown-warning a { color: white; } #rc-anchor-invisible-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { font-size: 9px; line-height: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible { height: 60px; width: 256px; display: flex; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); color: white; display: flex; flex-basis: 166px; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px; font-weight: 400; height: 100%; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; line-height: 20px; padding: 0px 16px; white-space: nowrap; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext { font-size: 12px; padding: 0px 10px; line-height: 16px; white-space: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt { line-height: 12px; white-space: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt a:link { font-size: 9px; } .rc-anchor-normal-footer.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt { font-size: 5px; line-height: 6px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text strong { font-weight: 500; } .rc-anchor-invisible .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt { transition: opacity 0.3s; text-align: center; width: 70px; margin-top: 2px; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-large { transition: 0.3s; background-size: 40px; margin: 5px 15px 0px; height: 40px; width: 40px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-logo-img-large, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-logo-img-large { background-size: 44px; margin: 8px 13px 0px; height: 44px; width: 44px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt { opacity: 0; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt { opacity: 1; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt { transition: opacity 0.3s; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:visited { color: white; font-size: 10px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-hover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: none; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: inline; } .rc-anchor-invisible-hover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: inline; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: none; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field .rc-response-input-field { width: 220px; } .rc-audiochallenge-error-message { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-audiochallenge-instructions { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-button { margin: 0px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-button .rc-button-default { background: rgb(216, 216, 216); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); font-weight: 500; width: 100%; } .rc-audiochallenge-input-label { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-control audio { height: 30px; width: 240px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload { margin: 5px 20px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download_white.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download_white.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:focus, .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:focus, .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .fake-focus-audio { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .rc-button-default { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; border-radius: 2px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 500; height: 42px; line-height: 42px; min-width: 100px; padding: 0px 10px; text-align: center; text-transform: uppercase; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-button-default:focus { outline: 0px; box-shadow: rgb(24, 90, 188) 0px 0px 0px 2pt; } .rc-button-default-disabled { background: rgba(73, 143, 225, 0.5); cursor: default; } .rc-button-red { background: rgb(226, 74, 74); } .rc-button-default-disabled.rc-button-red { background: rgba(226, 74, 74, 0.49); } .rc-canvas-image { display: none; } .rc-canvas-canvas { cursor: pointer; } body { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-instructions strong { font-weight: 900; display: block; font-size: 28px; } .rc-footer { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; position: relative; width: 100%; } .rc-separator { border-top: 1px solid rgb(223, 223, 223); margin-bottom: 1px; } .rc-controls { width: 100%; } .primary-controls { height: 60px; } .rc-buttons { float: left; height: 48px; margin: 6px 0px 6px 6px; background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fake-focus { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .button-holder, .qr-button-holder { float: left; height: 48px; } .rc-button-reload { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-reload { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-reload-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-audio { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-audio { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-audio-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-image { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-image { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-image-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-liveness { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_dark.png"); } .rc-button-qr { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_dark.png"); } .rc-button-liveness:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-qr:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-liveness { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-qr { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_light.png"); } } .rc-button-liveness-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } .rc-button-qr-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/qr_light.png"); } .rc-button-liveness-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-qr-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-help { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-help { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-help-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-undo { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-undo { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-undo-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button { background-size: 32px 32px; cursor: pointer; height: 48px; opacity: 0.55; width: 48px; padding: 0px; border: 0px; background-repeat: no-repeat; background-position: center center; } .rc-button:focus, .rc-button:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .verify-button-holder { float: right; margin: 8px 8px 9px 0px; } .rc-challenge-help { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; overflow-y: scroll; padding: 5px 20px; } .reload-icon { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .apps-toast { position: relative; text-align: center; width: 100%; z-index: 101; } .apps-toast-content { background: rgb(50, 50, 50); border-radius: 2px; box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.14) 0px 6px 10px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.12) 0px 1px 18px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.4) 0px 3px 5px -1px; color: rgb(238, 238, 238); display: inline-block; font: 12px / 20px Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; padding: 14px; text-align: center; } .goog-container:focus { outline: none; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field .rc-response-input-field { width: 230px; } .rc-defaultchallenge-payload { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; min-height: 61px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-incorrect-response { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 14px; margin-left: 20px; } .rc-doscaptcha-header { padding: 10px; margin: 10px; height: 20%; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .rc-doscaptcha-header-text { font-family: Roboto,~~

~~helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 22px; font-weight: 400; text-align: center; color: white; } .rc-doscaptcha-body { height: 80%; } .rc-doscaptcha-body-text { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; padding: 10px 15px; } .rc-doscaptcha-footer { pointer-events: none; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeLivenessOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeLivenessContainer { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; } .goog-container:focus { outline: none; } #rc-imageselect { min-width: 240px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } #rc-imageselect .rc-button:focus { outline: none; } .rc-imageselect-desc { margin-left: -10px; margin-top: -10px; padding-right: 100px; position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-instructions .rc-imageselect-desc strong { font-size: 22px; } .rc-imageselect-desc span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-payload { min-width: 240px; margin: 0px 7px; padding: 7px 0px; } .rc-imageselect-challenge { position: relative; width: 100%; height: 100%; } .rc-footer { min-width: 240px; } .rc-imageselect-incorrect-response, .rc-imageselect-error-dynamic-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-something { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-size: 14px; padding: 7px 0px; text-align: center; width: 100%; background-color: white; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper { margin-bottom: 6px; } .rc-imageselect-checkbox { background: url("data:image/png;base64,iVBORw0KGgoAAAANSUhEUgAAACAAAAAgCAYAAABzenr0AAAACXBIWXMAAAsTAAALEwEAmpwYAAAGnmlUWHRYTUw6Y display: none; position: absolute; } .rc-imageselect-report-image { inset: 0px; display: none; position: absolute; } .rc-imageselect-table-42, .rc-imageselect-table-33, .rc-imageselect-table-44 { border-collapse: separate; border-spacing: 0px; width: 100%; height: 100%; transition: 1s; } .rc-imageselect-table-42, .rc-imageselect-table-33 { margin: -2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 { margin: -1px; } .rc-imageselect-table-42 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-33 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 td { padding: 1px; } .rc-image-tile-target tr, td { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-keyboard { position: relative; z-index: 100; outline: orange solid !important; } td:focus { outline: none; } .rc-image-tile-overlay { display: none; opacity: 0; position: absolute; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); width: 100%; height: 100%; z-index: 2; transition: opacity 1s cubic-bezier(0.49, 0.78, 0.46, 1.34); } .rc-image-followup-tile { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected { position: relative; transition: 2s; opacity: 0.01; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected .rc-image-tile-target { opacity: 1; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected .rc-imageselect-checkbox { display: block; opacity: 1; background-size: cover; width: 60px; height: 60px; left: 50%; top: 50%; margin-left: -30px; margin-top: -30px; } .rc-image-tile-target { -webkit-tap-highlight-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected .rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(0.8); } .rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(1); } .rc-imageselect-tileselected .rc-imageselect-checkbox { display: block; background-repeat: no-repeat; inset: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-candidates { border: 2px solid white; box-sizing: border-box; height: 94px; overflow: hidden; position: absolute; right: 7px; top: 7px; width: 112px; } .rc-imageselect-candidates > div { background-size: 112px 94px; display: inline-block; height: 94px; margin: 2px; position: relative; width: 112px; } .rc-imageselect-challenge { box-sizing: border-box; text-align: center; user-select: none; } .rc-imageselect-response-field-error { border-bottom: 1px solid rgb(255, 0, 0); } .rc-imageselect-desc { font-size: 16px; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper span { font-size: 14px; } .rc-imageselect-clear { clear: both; } .rc-image-tile-wrapper { overflow: hidden; position: relative; transition: 0.1s; } .rc-image-tile-wrapper img { position: relative; -webkit-user-drag: none; backface-visibility: hidden; } .rc-image-tile-11 { width: 100%; height: 100%; } .rc-image-tile-42 { width: 200%; height: 400%; } .rc-image-tile-33 { width: 300%; height: 300%; } .rc-image-tile-44 { width: 400%; height: 400%; } .rc-imageselect-instructions { height: 113px; width: 100%; margin-bottom: 7px; position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); position: relative; padding: 24px; color: white; height: 66px; font-size: 16px; } .rc-imageselect-progress { background-color: rgb(65, 124, 193); position: absolute; bottom: 0px; right: 0px; width: 0px; height: 15px; transition: 1s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-offscreen-right { left: 105%; position: absolute; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-entering-right { left: 0px; position: absolute; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-mock-margin-1 { top: 1px; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-mock-margin-2 { top: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-leaving-left { left: 0px; opacity: 0.5; position: relative; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-offscreen-left { left: -105%; opacity: 0.5; position: relative; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-instructions { transition: 0.2s; opacity: 1; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-instructions-hidden { opacity: 0.5; } .rc-canonical-stop-sign { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/stop_sign.jpg") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-speed-limit { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_speed_limit.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-street-name { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_street_name.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-other { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_other.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-bounding-box { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/boundingbox2.gif") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-car { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_car.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-road { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_road.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-bridge { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_bridge.png") no-repeat; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrContainer { align-items: anchor-center; position: relative; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; margin: 10px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCanvas { min-width: 200px; min-height: 200px; max-height: 45%; max-width: 40%; outline-offset: 0px; outline: solid 2px; border-radius: 2pt; padding: 20px; position: relative; border: 1px solid rgb(153, 153, 153); box-shadow: rgba(26, 115, 232, 0.3) 0px 0px 9px 2px; background: white; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrBackground { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_qr_background.svg") no-repeat; position: absolute; top: 50%; margin-top: -20%; width: 100%; height: 100%; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButton { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; transition: 0.5s; border-radius: 25px; padding: 15px; text-transform: uppercase; text-decoration: none; position: relative; margin: 25% auto; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrInstructionsContainer { text-align: center; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrShortInstructionsContainer { top: 0px; height: 113px; position: relative; background: rgb(26, 115, 232); text-align: center; margin: 0px auto; width: 100%; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrShortInstructions { font-weight: 700; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); font-size: 20px; margin-top: 45px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructionsContainer { position: relative; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: row; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; padding: 10px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCameraIcon { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_camera_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width: 30px; height: 30px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrMobileIcon { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width: 30px; height: 30px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructions { font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; padding: 10px 20px 10px 10px; max-width: 80%; line-height: 1.3; color: rgb(119, 119, 119); } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCodeHidden { height: 0px; width: 0px; display: none; visibility: hidden; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCodeVisible { height: 200px; width: 200px; display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButtonHidden { display: none; visibility: hidden; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButtonVisible { display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .rc-prepositional-payload { padding: 20px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; } .rc-prepositional-select-more, .rc-prepositional-verify-failed { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-prepositional-target label { margin: 5px; float: right; } .rc-prepositional-instructions { margin-bottom: 20px; } .rc-prepositional-table { width: 100%; } .rc-prepositional-table td { background: rgb(249, 249, 249); border: 1px solid rgb(255, 255, 255); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; width: 40%; padding: 15px; } .rc-prepositional-table td.rc-prepositional-selected { background: rgb(239, 239, 239); border: 1px solid rgb(101, 101, 101); } .rc-2fa-payload { font-family: Roboto, Helvetica, Arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-background { background-color: rgb(236, 236, 236); width: 100%; height: 100%; overflow: auto; } .rc-2fa-container { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); width: 328px; overflow: auto; margin: 100px auto; } .rc-2fa-header { margin: 36px 0px 24px; font-size: 16px; } .rc-2fa-instructions { margin: 24px 40px; line-height: 17.5px; } .rc-2fa-response-field { text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-response-field input { width: 11.2ch; height: 40px; line-height: 40px; margin: auto; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); font-size: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.8ch; padding-left: 1.2ch; padding-right: 0px; } .rc-2fa-response-field input:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input { border: 1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-error-message { height: 36px; font-size: 12px; color: rgb(217, 48, 37); margin: 2px 40px; } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button { margin: 0px auto; min-width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight: 500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background-color: rgb(24, 90, 188); border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button:disabled { background-color: white; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.38); } .rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button { margin: 20px auto; min-width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight: 500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background: none; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(24, 90, 188); } .rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button:active { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; } .rc-response-input-field { border: 1px solid rgb(116, 119, 117); border-radius: 2px; height: 36px; margin: 5px 0px; padding: 1px 9px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; outline: none; width: 270px; } .rc-~~

~~response-input-field:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(26, 115, 232); } .re-response-input-field-error, .re-response-input-field-error:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(255, 0, 0); } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEocy---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-9658bcc6-2d58-4419-9149-64f3d47f91f7@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src:~~

~~url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEoey---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEoey---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary ------MultipartBoundary--jIBTCZ3bW5KQDSITXt8MdgYVpdOw2CfkBSpozlEoey------~~